

Spring Awakening: Songs of Grief, Love, Hope and Dreams

Allerseelen

Hermann von Gilm

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls' Day

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.
Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.
Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Cäcilie

Heinrich Hart

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

Cecily

English Translation © Richard Stokes

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
In the frightening storm,
With no soft voice
To comfort
The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.

If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Zueignung

Hermann von Gilm

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Dedication

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,

Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.
Once, revelling in freedom,
I held The amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.
And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Urlicht

Anon.

O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein,
Je lieber möcht ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engellein und wollt mich abweisen,
Ach nein ich liess mich nicht abweisen.
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig Leben.

Primordial light

English Translation © Richard Stokes

O red rose,
Man lies in direst need,
Man lies in direst pain,
I would rather be in heaven.
I then came upon a broad path,
An angel came and sought to turn me back,
Ah no! I refused to be turned away.
I am from God and to God I will return,
Dear God will give me a light,

Will light my way to eternal blessed life.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt

Anon.

Antonius zur Predigt
Die Kirche findt ledig.
Er geht zu den Flüssen
und predigt den Fischen;
Sie schlagen mit den Schwänzen,
Im Sonnenschein glänzen.
Die Karpfen mit Rogen
Sind all hierher gezogen,
Haben d'Mäuler aufrissen,
Sich Zuhörens beflissen;
Kein Predigt niemalen
Den Karpfen so gefallen.
Spitzgoshete Hechte,
Die immerzu fechten,
Sind eilend herschwommen,
Zu hören den Frommen;
Auch jene Phantasten,
Die immerzu fasten;
Die Stockfisch ich meine,
Zur Predigt erscheinen;
Kein Predigt niemalen
Den Stockfisch so gefallen.
Gut Aale und Hausen,
Die vornehme schmausen,
Die selbst sich bequemen,
Die Predigt vernehmen:
Auch Krebse, Schildkroten,
Sonst langsame Boten,
Steigen eilig vom Grund,
Zu hören diesen Mund:
Kein Predigt niemalen
den Krebsen so gefallen.
Fisch große, Fisch kleine,
Vornehm und gemeine,

Erheben die Köpfe
Wie verständige Geschöpfe:
Auf Gottes Begehren
Die Predigt anhören.
Die Predigt geendet,
Ein jeder sich wendet,
Die Hechte bleiben Diebe,
Die Aale viel lieben.
Die Predigt hat gefallen.
Sie bleiben wie alle.
Die Krebs gehn zurücke,
Die Stockfisch bleiben dicke,
Die Karpfen viel fressen,
Die Predigt vergessen.
Die Predigt hat gefallen.
Sie bleiben wie allen.

Anthony of Padua's sermon to the fishes

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Anthony finds the church
Empty for his sermon,
He goes to the river
To preach to the fishes;
They all flick their tails
And glint in the sun.
The carp, fat with roe
Have all come along,
Their mouths open wide,
Attentive and rapt:
No sermon was ever
So pleasing to fish.
Sharp-snouted pike,
Perpetually fighting,
Swam swiftly along
To hear this devout.
Those strange creatures even,
Perpetually fasting,
It's the cod I refer to,
Appear for the sermon.

No sermon was ever
So pleasing to fish.
Good eels and sturgeon,
Prized by the wealthy,
Even they condescend
To hear the sermon:
Even crabs, even turtles,
Slow-coaches at most times,
Shoot-up from below
To hear the address:
No sermon was ever
So pleasing to fish.
Large fish, small fish,
High-born and low-born,
They all lift their heads up
Like intelligent creatures:
At God's behest
They give ear to the sermon.
The sermon concluded,
They all swim away
The pike remain thieves,
The eels remain lechers.
The sermon was pleasing
All stay as they were.
The crabs still go backwards,
The cod are still bloated,
The carp are still gorging,
The sermon's forgotten.
The sermon was pleasing
All stay as they were.
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Es sungen drei Engel einen süssen Gesang

Anon.

Es sungen drei Engel einen süßen Gesang,
Mit Freuden es selig in dem Himmel klang;
Sie jauchzten fröhlich auch dabei,
Daß Petrus sei von Sünden frei.
Und als der Herr Jesus zu Tische saß,

Mit seinen zwölf Jüngern das Abendmahl aß,
Da sprach der Herr Jesus: Was stehst du denn hier?
Wenn ich dich anseh', so weinest du mir!
'Und sollt' ich nicht weinen, du gütiger Gott?
Ich hab übertreten die zehn Gebot;
Ich gehe und weine ja bitterlich.
Ach komm' und erbarme dich über mich!
Hast du denn übertreten die zehn Gebot,
So fall auf die Knie und bete zu Gott!
Liebe nur Gott in alle Zeit!
So wirst du erlangen die himmlische Freud'.
Die himmlische Freud' ist eine selige Stadt,
Die himmlische Freud', die kein Ende mehr hat!
Die himmlische Freud' war Petro bereit't,
Durch Jesum, und allen zur Seligkeit.
Three angels were singing

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Three angels were singing a sweet song,
It rang in Heaven with blissful joy;
And as they sang they shouted with joy,
That Peter was free from sin.
And when the Lord Jesus was seated at table,
And ate the supper with his disciples,
Lord Jesus said: why are you standing here?
When I look at you, you weep at me.
'And should I not weep, O bounteous God?
I have broken the ten commandments;
I wander and weep most bitterly,
Ah come and have mercy upon me.'
If you have broken the ten commandments,
Then fall on your knees and pray to God,
Love only God for ever and ever,
And you will attain heavenly joy.
Heavenly joy is a blessed city,
Heavenly joy that has no end;
Heavenly joy was granted to Peter,
Through Jesus, and to all men for eternal bliss.
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Il tramonto

Ottorino Respighi

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Già v'ebbe un uomo, nel cui tenue spirto
(qual luce e vento in delicata nube
che ardente ciel di mezzo-giorno stempri)
la morte e il genio contendeano. Oh! quanta tenera gioia,
che gli fè il respiro venir meno
(così dell'aura estiva l'ansia talvolta)
quando la sua dama, che allor solo conobbe l'abbandono
pieno e il concorde palpitar di due creature che s'amano,
egli addusse pei sentieri d'un campo,
ad oriente da una foresta biancheggiante ombrato
ed a ponente scoperto al cielo!
Ora è sommerso il sole; ma linee d'oro
pendon sopra le cineree nubi,
sul verde piano sui tremanti fiori
sui grigi globi dell' antico smirnio,
e i neri boschi avvolgono,
del vespro mescolandosi alle ombre.
Lenta sorge ad oriente
l'infocata luna tra i folti rami delle piante cupe:
brillan sul capo languide le stelle.
E il giovine sussura: "Non è strano?
Io mai non vidi il sorgere del sole,
o Isabella. Domani a contemplarlo verremo insieme."

Il giovin e la dama giacquer tra il sonno e il dolce amor
congiunti ne la notte: al mattin
gelido e morto ella trovò l'amante.

Oh! nessun creda che, vibrando tal colpo,
fu il Signore misericorde.

Non morì la dama, né folle diventò:
anno per anno visse ancora.

Ma io penso che la queta sua pazienza, e i trepidi sorrisi,
e il non morir... ma vivere a custodia del vecchio padre
(se è follia dal mondo dissimigliare)

fossero follia. Era, null'altro che a vederla,
come leggere un canto da ingegnoso bardo
intessuto a piegar gelidi cuori in un dolor pensoso.

Neri gli occhi ma non fulgidi più;
consunte quasi le ciglia dalle lagrime;
le labbra e le gote parevan cose morte tanto eran bianche;
ed esili le mani e per le erranti vene e le giunture rossa
del giorno trasparia la luce.

La nuda tomba, che il tuo fral racchiude,
cui notte e giorno un'ombra tormentata abita,
è quanto di te resta, o cara creatura perduta!

"Ho tal retaggio, che la terra non dà:
calma e silenzio, senza peccato e senza passione.
Sia che i morti ritrovino (non mai il sonno!) ma il riposo,
imperturbati quali appaion,
o vivano, o d'amore nel mar profondo scendano;
oh! che il mio epitaffio, che il tuo sia: Pace!"

Questo dalle sue labbra l'unico lamento.

The sunset

There late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods - and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep - but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on - in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead - so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreproved,
Where the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, a drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were - Peace!"

This was the only moan she ever made.

Ricky Ian Gordon

Otherwise

by Jane Kenyon

I got out of bed

On two strong legs, it might have been

Otherwise, I ate

Cereal, sweet

Milk, ripe, flawless

Peach. It might

Have been otherwise

I took the dog uphill

To the birch wood

All morning I did

The work I love

At noon I lay down

With my mate, it might

Have been otherwise

We ate dinner together

At a table with silver

Candlesticks. It might

Have been otherwise. I slept in a bed

In a room with paintings

On the walls, and

Planned another day

Just like this day

But one day, I know
It will be otherwise

Stars

by Langston Hughes

O, sweep of stars over Harlem streets,
O, little breath of oblivion that is night.

A city building

To a mother's song.

A city dreaming

To a lullaby.

Reach up your hand, dark boy, and take a star.

Out of the little breath of oblivion

That is night,

Take just

One star.

Will there really be a "Morning"?

by Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a "Morning"?

Is there such a thing as "Day"?

Could I see it from the mountains

If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?

Has it feathers like a Bird?

Is it brought from famous countries

Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!

Oh some Wise Man from the skies!

Please to tell a little Pilgrim

Where the place called "Morning" lies!