

## Translations

### Ständchen D. 957

Softly through the moonlit night  
I sing to you, my love.  
As I wait to hear your footsteps  
To the silent grove.

In the moonlight, swaying treetops,  
Whispering breezes blow.  
Have no fear of harsh intruders  
Here I'll hold you close.

Hear the nightingales calling  
Through the leaves above.  
Silvery music over the garden  
For the one I love.

How they know the tender burning  
Of my heart so true  
Crying for the pain of yearning,  
All my love for you.

Calling you to love and passion,  
Nightingales implore.  
Trembling now my arms are open.  
For you who I adore.

### An die Musik, D. 547

Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,  
While into life's untamed cycle hurled,  
Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited  
To transport me into a better world!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,  
A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,  
A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted.  
Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.

### Die Forelle D. 55

In a bright little brook  
there shot in merry haste  
a capricious trout:  
past it shot like an arrow.  
I stood upon the shore  
and watched in sweet peace  
the cheery fish's bath  
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod  
stood at the water-side,  
and watched with cold blood  
as the fish swam about.  
So long as the clearness of the water  
remained intact, I thought,  
he would not be able to capture the trout  
with his fishing rod.

But suddenly the thief grew weary  
of waiting. He stirred up  
the brook and made it muddy,  
and before I realized it,  
his fishing rod was twitching:  
the fish was squirming there,  
and with raging blood I  
gazed at the deceived fish.

### Auflösung, D.807

Hide yourself, o sun,  
for the glow of bliss  
burns my entire being.  
Be silent, sounds;  
Spring beauty,  
go away and leave me alone!

Welling up from every recess  
of my soul are pleasing powers  
that envelop me,  
with heavenly singing.  
End, world, and never disturb  
the sweet, ethereal choir again.

### **Lo fiolairé**

When I was a little girl,  
I tended the sheep.  
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

I had a spindle  
and I called a shepherd to me.  
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

For looking after my flock  
He demanded a kiss.  
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

And I, not one to be ungrateful,  
Instead of one, I gave him two!  
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

### **Passo pel prat**

Lo lo lo lo lo, etc.

Come through the meadow, beauty,  
I'll pass through the woods :  
When you're there, pretty one,  
Wait [for me], if you will !

Lo lo lo lo lo,.

We'll talk, little girl,  
We'll talk, us two ;  
That you love me, darling,  
That makes me happy !

Lo lo lo lo lo.

### **Lou boussu**

Jeanne sat under an apple tree  
Was resting in the shade,  
Was resting in the shade here,  
Was resting in the shade there,  
Was resting in the shade.

A hunchback passed  
Gazed at her,  
Gazed at her this way,  
Gazed at her that way,  
Gazed at her.

Ah! Pretty Jeanne!  
You'll be mine!  
You'll be mine here,  
You'll be mine there,  
You'll be mine!

Why should I be yours?  
Chop off that hump!  
Chop off that hump here,  
Chop off that hump there,  
Chop off that hump!

Ah! Damn it, Jeanne!  
I'll keep my hump!  
I'll keep my hump here,  
I'll keep my hump there,  
I'll keep my hump!

### **Brezairola**

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now !  
Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, from where you dwell\* !  
The sleep, sleep won't come, my dear !  
The sleep, sleep won't come,  
The babe won't fall asleep ! Oh !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now,  
The sleep, sleep won't come.  
The child won't fall asleep !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;  
Sleep, sleep, come, for the child ! Oh !

### **Malurous qu'o uno fenno**

Unhappy is he who has a wife,  
Unhappy who doesn't!  
He who doesn't wants one,  
He who has one doesn't!  
Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro  
ladèra, ladèri dèra.

Fortunate is the wife  
Whose man is the one she wants!  
More fortunate is she  
Who doesn't have one!  
Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro  
ladèra, ladèri dèra.

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**“Rinaldo amato sposo ... Combatti da forte”**

Rinaldo, beloved spouse, Ah! You remember,  
Remember that every delay and obstacle in a  
warrior's career,  
Is fought boldly upon the field, until Zion shakes  
that unworthy yoke!  
But now the face of love freezes before martial  
ardore

Fight strong, that I stop my waiting  
Pleasure prepares you, happy with everyone.

With a face of glory and beautiful serenity  
Now shine in your high heart.

**“Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante”**

This is the Smuggler lair!  
He is here, I will see him!  
And the task that his mother gave me  
Without trembling, I will accomplish it.

I say that nothing can frighten me.  
I say, alas, that I respond to myself;  
But I play the part of the courageous one in  
vain...  
From the bottom of my heart, I die of fear!

Alone in this savage place  
All alone I am afraid,  
But I am wrong to have fear.  
Whose cursed guile  
Has ended up to make a vile person  
Of him that I love once!

She is dangerous, she is beautiful!  
But I do not want to be afraid!  
No, no, I do not want to be afraid!  
I will speak up before her...ah!  
Lord, you will protect me.  
Protect me! O Lord!  
Give me courage! You will give me courage;  
You will protect me, Lord!  
I am going to see, face to face, this woman

**La zingara**

Within grasses and iced hoarfrost,  
Covered only with the huge mantle of the  
sky above,  
my mother, exulting, brought me to life.

Still a little girl, I lived with goats and  
emulated their behavior;  
When I grew up, I danced through towns  
and cities,  
And many ladies reached to me their palms  
asking me to read their future.