

[1] On Craig Ddu (An Impression of Nature)

The sky thro' the leaves of the bracken,
Tenderly, pallidly blue,
Nothing by sky as I lie on the mountain-tops
Hark! for the wind as it blew,
Rustling the tufts of my bracken above me,
Brought from below
Into the silence the sound of the water.
Hark! for the oxen low,
Sheep are bleating, a dog barks,
at a farm in the vale:
Blue thro' the bracken, softly enveloping,
Silence, a veil.

Arthur Symons (1865-1945)

[2] Ave Maria

Ave Maria! Meer und Himmel ruh'n,
Von allen Türmen hallt der Glocken Ton,
Ave Maria! Laßt von ird'schen Tun,
Zur Jungfrau betet, zu der Jungfrau Sohn,
Des Himmels Scharen selber knien nun
Mit Lilienstäben vor des Vaters Thron,
Und durch die Rosenwolken weh'n die Lieder
Der sel'gen Geister feierlich hernieder.

Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

Ave Maria! Sea and heaven are resting,
From every tower echoes the sound of bells,
Ave Maria! Leave off your earthly endeavours,
Pray to the Virgin, to the Virgin's son,
The hosts of Heaven themselves are now kneeling
With staves of lilies before the Father's throne,
And through the rosy clouds the songs
Of the blessed spirits waft solemnly down.

Trans. © Sharon Krebs

[3] Durch den Wald

Durch den Wald wie schimmert es sonnig in Grün.
Durch den Wald wie jubelt der Vogelschall!
Und des Jadhorns Ruf und der Widerhall
Sie rufen und ziehen, ich Weiss schon wohin.
Durch den Wald kommt die eine bald
des freut sich mein Herz und der fröhliche Wald.

In dem Wald wie wird es so dunkel und still.
Kaum weiss ich ob draussen die Sonne noch tagt.
Und des Baches Rauschen als ob er klagt
und alles um sie die nicht kommen will!
Durch den Wald, ach käm' sie doch bald,
des freut sich mein Herz und der fröhliche Wald.

Horch! ein Klang von Gesang und wie hallt es so nah,
Durch die Sträucher was schimmert so bunt dort, so hell!
So singt kein Vogel, so blinkt nicht der Quell,
Das war ihre Stimme, sie kommt, sie kommt, sie ist da!
Und ein Jubel, ein Jubel erschallt aller Vögel im Wald
und es jauchzet mein Herz und der fröhliche Wald.

Von Schreck

[4] An den Sonnenschein

O Sonnenschein! o Sonnenschein!
Wie scheinst du mir ins Herz hinein,
Weckst drinnen lauter Liebeslust,
Daß mir so enge wird die Brust!

Und enge wird mir Stub' und Haus,
Und wenn ich lauf' zum Thor hinaus,
Da lockst du gar ins frische Grün
Die allerschönsten Mädchen hin!

O Sonnenschein! Du glaubest wohl,
Daß ich wie du es machen soll,
Der jede schmucke Blume küßt,
Die eben nur sich dir erschließt?

Through the Woods

Through the woods, how brightly the sun shines amid the verdure.
Through the woods, how joyfully the birds are singing!
And the call of the hunting horn and its echo,
They call me and draw me in, I know already where.
Through the woods, if only she would come soon,
My heart and the merry woods would rejoice.

In the woods, how dark and still it's becoming.
I hardly know if outside the sun is still shining.
And the rustling stream seems to be lamenting,
And all because she will not come!
Through the woods, oh that she might come soon,
My heart and the merry woods would rejoice.

Listen! The sound of singing approaches,
Through the bushes, what shines so brightly there, so light?
And no birds sing like that, no stream glimmers so,
That was her voice, she's approaching, she's coming, she's here!
And a sound of exultation resounds from all the birds in the forest
And my heart and the merry woods rejoice.

Trans. Lachlan Hughes

O Shining, Golden Sun

O sunshine, o sunshine!
How you shine into my heart,
awakening in it such a pure joy in love
that my chest soon feels too narrow!

And narrow grows my room and house,
and when I run out to the gate,
I see you tempt to the fresh green
even the fairest maidens!

O sunshine, do you well believe
that I should do just as you do,
and kiss each attractive flower,
that blooms just for you?

Hast doch so lang' die Welt erblickt,
Und weißt, daß sich's für mich nicht schickt;
Was machst du mir denn solche Pein?
O Sonnenschein! o Sonnenschein!

Robert Reinick (1805-1852)

You have watched the world for a long time
and you know that, for me, that is not right;
why then do you cause me such pain?
O sunshine, o sunshine!

Trans. © Edmund Lobedant

[5] Frühlingsanbruch

Was dämmert im Ost in den purpurnen Höhen?
Vielleicht schon der Frühling mit Grüßen so schön?
Ich hör' eine Stimme belebend sie ruft,
Es weht um die Wange mir mildere Luft!
Die Lerchen schon singen: "hier hast du uns, Freund!"
Wir kommen mit Hoffnung für den, der da weint!"
Der Zephyr singt küssend den Pflanzen ins Ohr:
"Ihr Blüten wo seid ihr, hervor, hervor!"
O Gott, wie es rieselt und duftet und klingt!
Was fesselt und drückt es zerreisst und zerpringt.
Die Buche belaubt sich mit grünende Pracht,
Die Welt ist zur seligsten Freude erwacht!

*Carl Andersen (1828-1883)
trans. Edmund Lobedanz*

The Coming of Spring

What's glowing in the east, in the purple hills?
Perhaps springtime is coming, with its greetings so fair?
I hear a voice, its call enlivens me,
And the wind blows softly on my cheeks!
The larks are now singing: "welcome, friend!
We come bringing hope for him who weeps!"
The Zephyr is singing, whispering to the trees:
"Ye blossoms, where are you, come forth, come forth!"
O God, such rippling and fragrances, such sounds!
What once was shackled and bound now bursts and erupts.
The beech trees are bursting into bloom with verdant grandeur,
The world is awoken to most blessed joy!

Trans. Lachlan Hughes

[6] Her ute skal gildet staa

Her ute skal gildet staa
alt mens de fugle blude,
hvor lystig aa leke mellem blomster smaa
I birkelunde.
Her ute skal lyst og skjemt.
Lyde fra alle munne,
all kvide maa enda naar felen er stemt
i birkelunde.

Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), from Gildet på Solhaug

Here We Shall Feast

Here we shall feast
While the birds sleep
Where streams play amid the flowers
In the birch grove.
Here will be fun and games
Sounds from every mouth,
All sorrow will cease when the fiddle sounds
In the birch grove.

Trans. Daniel M. Grimley

[7] Sonnenscheinlied

Es war so ein heller Sonnentag,
nichts hielt mich in dumpfigen Räumen.
Ich schlendert in's Holz, unter duftigem Dach
Da lag ich, zu sinnem und träumen.
Da kroch die Ameis' und stach die Mück',
Und Bremse und Wespe mir störten mein Glück.

*Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910),
trans. Edmund Lobedanz (1820-1882)*

Song of Sunshine

It was such a bright and sunny day;
out there I could see the world gleaming.
I slipped through the forest and there far a way
I lay 'neath the trees idly dreaming.
Then out came the gnats and midges to bite,
and gadfly and hornet to end my delight.

Trans. Robert Threlfall

[10] The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory;
Blow, bugle, blow, send the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying, dying.
O hark, o hear, how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going,
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying, dying.

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

[11] Midsummer Song

On midsummer day we'll dance and we'll play
And we'll wander and stray through the woods.
We'll dance and we'll kiss whilst it's youth, love and bliss
And the night is not far away, heigh-ho!

*Original German text by R. S. Hoffmann,
trans. Frederick Delius*

[12] This Worldes Joie

Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leaves waxeth bare;
Oft I sigh and mourne sare
When it cometh in my thought
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.
Now it is and now it nis,
All so it ne'er were, Iwis*;
That many man saith, sooth it is:
All go'th bote** Godes will:
All we shall die, though us like ill.
All that green me growth green
Now it fadeth albydene***:
Jesu, help that it be seen
And shield us from hell!
For I (know) not whither I shall, nor how long here dwell.

*Circa 1300.
*Iwis = indeed
**Bote = but, except
***Albydene = altogether*