

[1] Vaardag, Op. 75 nr. 3*Ivar Aasen: Symra*

Upp av krakken!
 Sumarsoli skin i grøne Bakken.
 Jordi heve fenget Helgarplagget paa
 Skogen stend i Lauv so lystelig at sjaa.
 Livet lettmar,
 Vollen turkar seg,
 og vegen slettnar.

Kvar ein kagar,
 alltid nokot nytt seg uppedagar.
 Nye Blomar spretta fram paa alle Rom;
 Lette Fivrel'd' yppa seg fraa Blom til Blom;
 Fuglar sviva
 upp med Song
 og rundt um Rusti driva.

[2] Pinselilje, Op. 90 nr. 2

Herman Wildenvey: Nyinger
 Du gror, når våren gennem græset suser,
 i pinseveir du spirer gald og hvid.
 Din duft er deilig og din hvide glød beruser...
 indtil du sygner hen blandt lyse sommerminder.

Du ligner grant de unge kyske kvinder,
 der dør i uskylds skønhed i sin bedste tid.

[3] Rav, Op. 19 nr. 2*Holger Drachmann*

De gik langs det legende Hav,
 Og Bølgerne dansed saa lette
 Med Skum ad den gyngende Slette;
 De vandrede langsomt Fod for Fod,
 Stansed, og bukked sig
 hvor de stod;
 De søgte sig Rav.

Hun fik hvad af Havet han tog,
 Skønt blev det slebet,
 i Form af et Hjærte,
 Det skinned saa klart
 som den klareste Kærte.

Hun bar det paa Barmen,
 hun kyssed det tidt,
 Hun gav ham til Gengæld sit;
 Men det var et Hjærte, som slog.

Han for paa det gyngende Hav;
 Hun mødte ham ingensinde.
 Hun bar paa hans Hjærte der inde,
 Hun bar det hos sit,
 bedrøvet og glad,
 Hun vidste ikke at skille dem ad; -
 Og hans var kun Rav.

[4] Liden Kirsten Op. 18 nr. 4*Vilhelm Krag*

Liden Kirsten sad på silde,
 mens gjøgen gol udi grønne skov.
 Liden Kirsten nynnede en vise,
 imens hun sit brudeiln vov.

Liden Kirsten sad ved sit vindue
 og så på sin ring af guld,

Spring Day

Up from the bench!
 The summer sun shines on the green slope.
 The earth has put on its Sunday best
 The woods are blooming and pleasing to behold.
 Life is easier,
 The meadows dry out
 and the road evens out.

Everyone stares,
 something new always appears.
 New blooms sprout in every corner;
 Delicate butterflies flit from flower to flower;
 Birds circle
 above in song
 and hover around the ridge.

Narcissus

You grow, when spring blows through the grass,
 in Whitsun weather you sprout happy and white.
 Your scent is sweet and your white glow intoxicating...
 until you vanish among bright summer memories.

You are like the young chaste women,
 who die in the beauty of their innocence, in their prime.

Amber

They walked beside the playful sea,
 and the waves danced so lightly,
 foaming on the rolling slope;
 They wandered slowly step by step,
 stopped, and bowed their heads
 where they stood;
 They were looking for amber.

He gave her what he took from the sea,
 it was polished beautiful,
 in the form of a heart,
 it shone as clearly
 as the brightest candle.

She wore it on her breast,
 she kissed it often.
 She gave him what she had to give;
 But it was a beating heart.

He went out on the rolling sea;
 she never met him again.
 She carried his heart,
 She wore it next to hers,
 despairing and glad,
 she could not distinguish them; -
 And his was just amber.

Little Kirsten

Little Kirsten sat up late
 while the cuckoo sang in the green forest.
 Little Kirsten hummed a tune,
 as she wove her bridal gown.

Little Kirsten sat at her window
 and looked at her ring of gold,

skotted nedad sit sorte skjørt
og smilte så tankefuld.

Liden Kirsten hun lagde sit hoved til ro
på armens snehvide lin.
Og hæggen dufted,
mens Kirsten drømte om kjæresten sin.

Liden Kirsten loste sit gule hår
og gik til ro i sin kove
Liden Kirsten folded de hænder små,
mens gjøgen gol udi skove.

[5] Der skreg en fugl, Op. 18 nr. 5
Vilhelm Krag

Der skreg en fugl over øde hav
langt fra lande.
Den skreg så sårt i den høstgrå dag,
flaksed i brudte, afmæktige slag,
seiled på sorte vinger bort over hav.

[6] Det er Sommerkvæld som da, Op. 36 nr. 7
Nils Collett Vogt: Fra Vaar til Høst"

Det er Sommerkvæld som da,
Duft af Blomster langveis fra,
Gud, jeg synes under tiden,
at det er saa længe siden.
Og der slaar et lummert Drag
gjennem Løvet's tunge Tag
og det suser: Kjære, vene,
hvorfor gaar de her alene?

[7] Sylvelin, Op. 55 nr. 1
Vetle Vislie

Aa, Sylvelin, Gud deg signe
kvar evige Livsens Stund.
Dei Augo blaa, dei ljose Kinn,
Din raude Munn...
Som Sol over alle Heimar,
som Dag etter lange natt,
Lyste du yver min tunge Hug,
Og Vetti dei vonde batt!

Sylvelin, Sylvelin,
for deg eg bed,
For deg og for alt ditt Væl,
Gud signe deg alle Dagar,
Du hev so rein ei Sjæl!

[8] Den Jomfru gik i Valmu-Vang, Op. 50 nr. 5
Carl Ewald

Den Jomfru gik i Valmu-Vang
saa rød, saa rød var Vangen!
Hun lyttede til Fuglesang,
saa sød, saa sød var Sangen!

Og Præsten skreg: Ak Jomfru-lil,
fly fluks de røde Vange!
Du dør ifald du lytter til
de søde Fuglesange!

Den Jomfru lo: Hvem tændte da
de røde Valmu-Vange?
Og hvor er de vel kommen fra,
de søde Fuglesange?

pressed down her black skirt
and smiled thoughtfully.

Little Kirsten lay her head down
on her pale white arm.
And the hedge smelt sweet
as Kirsten dreamed of her beloved.

Little Kirsten let down her fair hair
and went quietly to her room.
Little Kirsten folded her small hands
while the cuckoo sang in the forest.

A bird cried

A bird cried above a bleak sea
far from land.
It cried so bitterly that grey autumn day,
beating its wings with sudden, weak movements,
sailing on black wings across the sea.

It is summer evening as before

It is summer evening as before,
A distant scent of flowers,
God, it really seems
so long ago.
And a light breeze is blowing
through the canopy of leaves
and it whispers: dear friend,
why are you walking here alone?

Sylvelin

Oh, Sylvelin, may God bless you
each eternal moment.
Your blue eyes, your bright cheeks,
Your red mouth...
Like the sun over all worlds,
like day after a long night,
You shone over my dark soul
And turned evil to good.

Sylvelin, Sylvelin,
I pray for you,
For you and all that is good for you,
God bless you every day,
You have such a pure soul!

The Maiden in the Poppy Field

The maiden walked in the poppy field,
so red, so red was the field!
She listened to the bird-song,
so sweet, so sweet was the song!

And the priest cried: 'Oh, little maid
flee from the red fields!
You will die if you listen to
the sweet bird-songs!'

The maiden laughed: 'Who set fire
to the red poppy fields?
And where have they come from,
the sweet bird songs?'

[9] Det var sig den lille Høne, Op. 50 nr. 1*Carl Ewald*

Det var sig den lille Høne,
hun gav i Gaarden Varsel,
at førend Solen dalede,
saa vilde hun gjøre Barsel.

Alle løb de tilsammen
og saa paa den Høne lille,
men forend Solen dalede,
saa lod hun et Vindæg trille

[10] Valmu i Vange, Op. 50 No. 6*Carl Ewald*

Valmu i Vange, er du saa rød
for den længsel du bær' i dit Silkeskød...
blues du ved dine Drømme?

Valmu i Vange, Søster sød!
jeg drømmer om dig i mit Kammer.
Mit Hjerte skælver, min Kind saa rød –
Valmu, Valmu i Flamme...

[11] Herrens moder, høje, milde, Op. 50 nr. 11*Edvard Brandes*

Herrens Moder, høje, milde,
evigt rene Uskylds-Kilde,
før mig bort fra Synd og Vaade,
lad mig signes af din Naade!
Se, jeg ængstes!
Hør, jeg græder!
Du, kun du kan Taaren stille;
Roser spirer,
hvor du træder,
Himmeldronning, høje, milde!

[12] Flyver en bange Fugl af Lund, Op. 50 nr. 2

Flyver en bange Fugl af Lund,
tusinde blev i Lunden.
Kysser du ej min røde Mund,
En anden rækker jeg Munden.

Mirje, marje det er Vaar,
jeg har Roser i mit Haar,
Roser har jeg funden!

Kryber en Stoder krum med Stok,
danser jeg gald paa Bene.
Verden har raske Svende nok,
jeg danser aldrig alene.

Mirje, marje Sang og Dans,
Mandemod og Jomfrukrans,
røde Rosengrene!

[13] Der flakker så røde stjerner, Op. 128 nr. 1*Arnulf Øverland*

Der flakker så røde stjerner,
og sorgen har ingen skam.
Og den, som går vild i sin egen sjæl,
Gud hjælpe ham!

Det lyser så rødt av en rute.
Der ligger en stue, et hjem.
Men lukker du mig ind hos dig,

There once was a little hen

There once was a little hen,
who warned them on the farm,
that before the sun went down,
she would give birth.

They all ran together
to look at the little hen,
but before the sun went down,
she merely laid an egg.

Poppy in the Field

Poppy in the field, are you so red
from the longing you bear in your silky heart...
do you blush at your dreams?

Poppy in the field, sweet sister!
I dream of you in my room.
My heart trembles, my cheek is red –
Poppy, Poppy in flames...

Mother of God, exalted, mild

Mother of God, exalted, mild,
eternally pure source of innocence,
lead me from sin and misfortune,
bless me with you mercy!
See, I am frightened!
Hear, I cry!
You, only you can still the tears;
Roses grow,
where you tread,
Heaven's Queen, exalted, mild!

A frightened bird flies from the grove

A frightened bird flies from the grove,
thousands remain there.
If you do not kiss my red mouth,
I will offer it to another.

Mirrie, marrie it is spring,
I have roses in my hair,
I have found roses!

If a beggar hobbles around with a stick,
I will dance around on my feet.
The world has enough healthy boys,
I will never dance alone.

Mirrie, marrie song and dance,
the courage of men and maidens' garlands,
red rose bushes!

The stars shine so red

The stars shine so red,
and sorrow has no shame.
And he, who goes mad,
may God help him!

There is a red light from a window.
There lies a cottage, a home.
But will you let me in,

når jeg engang finder frem?

[14] Den sorte vin, Op. 128 nr. 3

Arnulf Øverland

Den sorte vin på den gamle kro...
Løvet er faldt.
Så falder mit gamle hjerte til ro.
En ny vår vil komme.

Dig gjorde vinen ikke rød.
Løvet er faldt.
Jeg syntes, jeg sat og drak min død.
En ny vår vil komme.

Der sat vi og visste og så, hvad det gjaldt.
Løvet er faldt.
Og vovet intet og tabte alt.
En ny vår vil komme.

Det flammer av sol i den brede allé.
Løvet er faldt.
Og os kan det være det samme med.
En ny vår vil komme.

[15] Barcarole, Op. 128 nr. 4

Arnulf Øverland

Det dryper stille fra bådens årer.
Det dryper stille som tulle tårer.
Sma bølger risler omkring min båt som klynk i søvne,
som stille gråt.

Min båt går også i dype drømme
på sjøens slumrende, sakte strømme.
Og alting sover, hvorhen jeg føres,
og mine øjne og tanker sløres.

Jeg glider ind i en gylden rus,
hvor nattens slummer, mit hjertes kummer
og havets sus og alt forstummer.

[16] Im Walde liegt ein stiller See, Op. 77 nr. 2

Albert Sergel

Im Walde liegt ein stiller See.
Der Volmond übersteigt das Rohr
und eine Wasserrose blüht
in seinem weißen Licht empor.

Durch ihre Blumenseele geht
ein stiller Sommerabendtraum.
Sie zittert. Leise Wellen ziehn
in Kreisen an den Ufersaum

[17] Maria Gnadenmutter, Op. 15 nr. 1

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Wunderschön prächtige,
Große und mächtige,
Liebreich holdselige, himmlische Frau,
Welcher auch ewiglich
Kindlich verbinde mich,
Ja mit Leib und Seel' gänzlich vertrau.

Billig mein Leben
Alles beineben,
Alles, ja alles, was immer ich bin,
Geb ich mit Freuden, Maria, dir hin,
Geb ich mit Freuden, Maria, dir hin.

when I finally reach you?

The dark wine

The dark wine at the old inn...
The leaves have fallen.
And my old heart finds peace.
A new spring will come.

The wine did not turn you red.
The leaves have fallen.
I think I sat and drank myself to death.
A new spring will come.

We sat there and knew and saw what was happening.
The leaves have fallen.
And dared do nothing and lost everything.
A new spring will come.

The sun is blazing in the broad avenue.
The leaves have fallen.
And it does not matter about us.
A new spring will come.

Barcarole

Water drips silently from the oars.
It drips silently like tears fall.
Ripples form around my boat like faint moans in sleep,
like silent tears.

My boat too drifts in dreams
on the lake's slumbering, slow current.
And everything sleeps, wherever I go,
and my eyes and thoughts blur.

I am gliding into a golden ecstasy,
where the sleep of night, my heart's desire
and the whispering of the sea and everything falls silent.

In the forest lies a calm lake

In the forest lies a calm lake.
The full moon rises above the reeds
and a water-rose blooms
and rises in its white light.

Through her flower soul passes
a calm summer-evening dream.
She trembles. Gentle waves
play on the shore.

Mary, Mother of Mercy

Beautiful and splendid,
Great and powerful,
Full of love, fair, heavenly lady,
How eternally
and childlike I bind myself to you,
Yes, with body and soul I put my trust in you.

My life is cheap
and everything besides,
All, yes all, what ever I am,
I gladly give to you, Mary,
I gladly give to you, Mary,

[18] Wiegenlied, Op. 15 nr. 5*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Da oben auf dem Berge, da rauscht der Wind,
 Da sitzt Maria und wieget ihr Kind,
 Sie wiegt es mit ihrer schneeweißen Hand,
 Dazu braucht sie kein Wiegenband.

[19] Viel Träume, Op. 11 nr. 4*Robert Hamerling*

Viel Vögel sind geflogen,
 viel Blumen sind verblüht,
 viel Wolken sind gezogen,
 viel Sterne sind verglüht,
 vom Fels aus Waldesbronnen
 sind Wasser viel geschäumt.
 Viel Träume sind zerronnen,
 die du, mein Herz, geträumt.

[20] Ein Weib, Op. 11 nr. 5*Heinrich Heine*

Sie hatten sich beide so herzlich lieb,
 Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb.
 Wenn er Schelmenstreiche machte,
 sie warf sich auf's Bett und lachte.

Der Tag verging in Freud' und Lust,
 des Nachts lag sie an seiner Brust.
 Als man in's Gefängniß ihn brachte,
 sie stand am Fenster und lachte.

Er ließ ihr sagen: O komm zu mir,
 ich sehne mich so sehr nach dir,
 ich rufe nach dir, ich schmachte;
 sie schüttelt' das Haupt und lachte.

Um sechse des Morgens ward er gehenkt,
 Um sieben ward er in's Grab gesenkt.
 Sie aber schon um Achte
 trank rothen Wein und lachte.

[21] Schifferlied, Op. 11 nr. 1*Gottfried Keller*

Schon hat die Nacht
 den Silberschein des Himmels aufgetan;
 Nun spült der See
 den Widerschein zu dir, zu dir hinan!

Und in dem Glanze
 schaukelt sich ein leichter dunkler Kahn,
 der aber trägt
 und schaukelt mich zu dir, zu dir hinan.

Ich höre schon den Brunnen gehn,
 dem Pförtlein nebenan,
 und dieses hat ein gütig Wehen
 von Osten aufgetan.
 Das Sternlein schießt,
 vom Baume fällt das Blust in meinen Kahn.
 Nach Liebe dürstet alle Welt,
 nun Schifflein, leg' dich an!

[22] Wie glänzt der helle Mond, Op. 1 nr. 5*Gottfried Keller*

Wie glänzt der helle Mond so kalt und fern,

Lullaby

High in the mountains, where the wind blows,
 There sits Mary and rocks her child,
 She rocks it with her snow-white hand,
 So she needs no cradle.

Many Dreams

Many birds have flown,
 many flowers have bloomed,
 many clouds have passed,
 many stars have burned out,
 from a boulder, from a fount in the wood
 a torrent bubbles forth.
 Many dreams have faded away,
 which you, my heart have dreamed.

A Woman

They loved each other so dearly,
 She was a trickster, he was a thief.
 When he played roguish pranks,
 she threw herself onto the bed and laughed.

Days passed in joy and merriment,
 at night she lay at his breast.
 When they took him to prison,
 she stood at the window and laughed.

He sent word to her: 'Oh come to me,
 I long for you so much,
 I am calling you, I languish';
 she shook her head and laughed.

At six in the morning he was hanged,
 at seven lowered into the grave.
 But she already at eight
 was drinking red wine and laughing.

Boat-Song

Night has already donned
 the silver glow of the heavens;
 Now the see washes
 the reflection to you, to you!

And in the glow
 rocks a small dark barge,
 which however carries
 and rocks me to you, to you.

I can hear the fount run
 to the little gate beside,
 which has put on a gentle breeze
 from the east.
 There is a shooting star,
 a breeze drops from the tree into my boat.
 The whole world thirsts for love,
 now little boat, put ashore!

How the bright moon shines

How the bright moon shines so cold and distant,

Doch ferner schimmert meiner Schönheit Stern!
 Wohl rauschet weit von mir des Meeres Strand,
 Doch weiterhin liegt meiner Jugend Land!

Ohn' Rad und Deichsel gibt's ein Wäglein,
 Drin fahr' ich bald zum Paradies hinein,
 Dort sitzt Gott Vater, der den heil'gen Geist
 Aus seiner Hand mit Himmelskörnern speist.

In einem Silberschleier sitz' ich dann
 Und schaue meine weißen Finger an.
 Sankt Petrus aber gönnt sich keine Ruh',
 Hockt vor der Tür und flickt die alten Schuh'.

[23] Mir glänzen die Augen, Op. 1 nr. 1

Gottfried Keller

Mir glänzen die Augen
 Wie der Himmel so klar;
 Heran und vorüber,
 Du schlanker Husar!
 Heran und vorüber
 Und wieder zurück!
 Vielleicht kann's geschehen,
 Da findest dein Glück!

Was weidet dein Rapp' mir
 Den Reseda dort ab?
 Soll das nun der Dank sein
 Für die Lieb', so ich gab?

Was richten deine Sporen
 Mein Spinn garn zu Grund?
 Was Hängt mir am Hage
 Deine Jacke so bunt?
 Troll dich nur von hinnen
 Auf deinem groben Tier
 Und laß meine freudigen
 Sternaugen mir!

[24] Rös'chen biß den Apfel an, Op. 1 nr. 4

Gottfried Keller

Rös'chen biß den Apfel an,
 Und zu ihrem Schrecken
 Brach und blieb ein Perlenzahn
 In demselben stecken.

Und das gute Kind vergaß
 Seine Morgenlieder;
 Tränen ohne Unterlaß
 Perlten nun hernieder

[25] Ich fürcht' nit Gespenster, Op. 1 nr. 3

Gottfried Keller

Ich fürcht' nit Gespenster,
 Keine Hexen und Feen,
 Und lieb's,
 in ihre tiefen Glühaugen zu seh'n.
 Am Wald in dem grünen
 Unheimlichen See,
 Da wohnt ein Nachtweib,
 Das ist weiß wie der Schnee.
 Es haßt meiner Schönheit
 Unschuldige Zier;
 Wenn ich spät noch vorbeigeh',
 So zankt es mit mir.

Jüngst, als ich im Mondschein

yet more distant is the star of my beauty!
 The sea crashes on the shore far from me,
 yet beyond that is the land of my youth.

There is a carriage without wheels or frame,
 in which I will soon travel to paradise,
 where sits God the Father, who feeds the Holy Ghost
 with heavenly crumbs from his hand.

Now I sit in a silver mist
 and look at my white fingers.
 Saint Peter allows himself no rest,
 squats by the gate and mends the old shoes.

My eyes shine

My eyes shine
 like the clear heavens;
 Here and beyond,
 you slim hussar!
 Here and beyond
 and back again!
 Perhaps it will happen,
 that you will find happiness there!

Why does your black horse graze
 on my mignonette?
 Is that the thanks I get
 for the love I gave?

Why are your spurs
 destroying my spinning yarn?
 Why do you hang on my fence
 your colourful jacket?
 Away from here,
 on your rude beast,
 and leave my yoyful
 star-like eyes to me!

Little Rose bit into the apple

Little Rose bit into the apple,
 and to her horror
 a pearly tooth broke and was left
 where she had bitten.

And the good child forgot
 her morning songs;
 A constant stream of pearly tears
 now flowed forth.

I fear no ghosts

I fear no ghosts,
 nor witches or fairies,
 and I love
 to look into their glowing eyes.
 In the forest by the green
 frightening lake,
 there lives a nocturnal creature,
 she is as white as snow.
 She hates my beauty,
 my innocent virtue;
 When I pass by late at night,
 she squabbles with me.

Recently, as I stood in the moonlight

Am Waldwasser stand,
Fuhr sie auf ohne Schleier,
Ohne alles Gewand.
Es schwammen ihre Glieder
In der taghellen Nacht;
Der Himmel war trunken
Von der höllischen Pracht.

Aber ich hab' entblösset
Meine lebendige Brust;
Da hat sie mit Schande
Versinken gemußt!

[26] Alle meine Weisheit, Op. 1 nr. 4

Gottfried Keller

Alle meine Weisheit hing in meinen Haaren,
Und all mein Wissen lag auf meinem roten Mund;
Alle meine Macht saß auf dem wasserklaren,
Ach, auf meiner Augen blauem, blauem Grund!

Hundert Schüler hingen an meinem weisen Munde
Und ließen sich von meinen klugen Locken fahn,
Hundert Knechte spähten nach meiner Augen Grunde
Und waren ihren Winken und Blinken untertan.

Nun hängt totenstill das Haar mir armem Weibe,
Wie auf dem Meer ein Segel, wenn keine Luft sich regt,
Und einsam pocht mein Herz in dem verlass'nen Leibe,
Wie eine Kukuksuhr in leerer Kammer schlägt!

[27] Das Lied vom bißchen Sonnenschein Op. 85 nr. 6

Gottfried Keller

Es ist ein bißchen Sonnenschein
auf meinen Weg gefallen,
da hört ich gleich des Glücks Schalmei'n
aus allen Himmeln hallen,
und glaubt gleich,
das Himmelreich,
das Himmelreich sei mein.

Der Sonnenschein ist weg geglänzt
er galt nicht meinem Wege,
Ich habe mich zu früh bekränzt,
nun kreischt des grames Sänge:
der Winter naht, der Potentat,
es hat sich ausgelenzet.

[28] Es starben zwei Schwestern, Op. 15 nr. 3

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Es starben zwei Schwestern an einem Tag,
Sie wurden an einem Tag begraben.
Und als sie kamen vors himmlische Thor,
Sanct Petrus sprach: „Wer ist davor?“
„Es sind davor zwei arme Seelen,
Sie möchten gern bei Gott einkehren.“
„Die erste, die soll zu ihm gehn,
Die zweite soll den breiten Weg gehn.“

Der breite Weg gar böse steht,
der zu der leidigen Höll' eingeht.
Und da sie den breiten Weg aufße kam,
Begegnet ihr die heilige Frau:
„Wo 'naus, wohin, du arme Seele,
wir wollen jetzt bei Gott einkehren?“
„Ich hab ja schon bei Gott eingekehrt,
Er hat mir hinaus gewehrt.“

by the lake in the forest,
She rose up with no mist,
without garment.
Her limbs floated
in the night as bright as day;
the heavens were intoxicated
by the dreadful splendour.

But I bared
my breast to her;
And she sank down
in shame again!

All my wisdom

All my wisdom hung in my hair,
All my knowledge lay on my red lips;
All my power sat in the water-clear,
Oh, the blue, blue depth of my eyes.

Hundreds of schoolboys hung on my wise lips
and were wrapped in my clever locks,
Hundreds of boys looked deep into my eyes
and were enthralled by their sparks and flashes.

Now my hair hangs dead around me, poor woman,
like a sail at sea, when there is no wind,
And my lonely heart beats in my empty body,
like a cuckoo clock chiming in an empty room!

Song of a little sunshine

A little sunshine
fell across my path,
when I heard shawms of joy
from the vaults of heaven,
and I thought,
that heaven,
heaven was mine.

The sunshine is gone,
it was not for my path,
I rejoiced too early,
now the songs of sorrow screech:
winter draws near, the potentate,
the sun is gone.

Two sisters died

Two sisters died on the same day,
They were buried on the same day.
And as they came to the heavenly gates,
Saint Peter said: 'Who is there?'
'Two poor souls,
who would like to be near God.'
'The first shall go to him,
the second must travel the long road.'

The long road stretched before her
and led to fearful Hell.
And when she came to the end of the road,
She met the holy mother:
'Where have you come from, where are you going,
poor soul, shall we return to God?'
'I have already been to God,
he turned me away.'

„Was hast du dann für Sünd gethan,
Daß du nicht darfst in Himmel gahn?“
„Ich hab ja alle Samstag Nacht
Ein Rosenkränzlein 'naus gemacht.“
„Hast du sonst keine Sünd gethan,
Darfst du mit mir in Himmel gahn.“

Und als sie kamen vors himmlische Thor,
Sanct Petrus sprach: „Wer ist davor?“
„Es ist davor eine arme Seele,
Sie möchte gern bei Gott einkehren.“
Maria nahm sie bei der Hand,
Und führt sie ins gelobte Land.
Da ward ihr gleich ein Stuhl bereit't,
Von nu an bis in Ewigkeit.

'What was your sin,
that you could not enter Heaven?'
I spent all Saturday night
making a garland of roses.'
'If you have committed no other sin,
you should enter Heaven with me.'

And when they came to the heavenly gates,
Saint Peter said: 'Who is outside?'
'It is a poor soul,
who would like to be with God.'
Mary took her by the hand,
And led her to the promised land.
A chair was waiting for her there,
from now until eternity.

English translations: Andrew Smith