

Knowest thou the tears that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them, thou beloved man?

Stay by my heart, feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster, hold thee.

Here, at my bed, the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals my lovely dream;
the morning will come where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image shall smile at me.

7. *At my heart, at my breast*

At my heart, at my breast, thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.
I've thought myself rapturous, but now I'm happy beyond
that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves the child,
to whom she gives nourishment;
Only a mother knows alone what it is to love and be happy.
O how I pity then the man who cannot feel a mother's joy!

Thou dear, dear angel, thou lookst at me and smiles,
At my heart, at my breast, thou my rapture, my happiness!

8. *Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain*

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepst, thou hard, merciless man, the sleep of death.
The abandoned one gazes straight ahead, the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself, the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness, o thou my world!

TRANSLATIONS

Piangerò la sorte mia (from *Giulio Cesare*)

Therefore in one day I lose fame and greatness?
Oh, treacherous fate!
Ceasar, my protector, is perhaps no more;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless, they cannot assist me.
O God! No hope remains in my life.

I will lament my destiny, so cruel and merciless,
as long as there is life in my body.
But once I am dead, everywhere, night and day,
my spirit will torment the tyrant.

Frauenliebe und Leben (Woman's Life and Love)

1. *Since I saw him*

Since I saw him I believe myself to be blind,
wherever I cast my gaze, I see only him.
As in waking dreams his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness, brighter in ascent.

All else is dark and colorless around me,
for the games of my sisters I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep, silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind.

2. *He, the best of all*

He, the best of all, the noblest, - O, how gentle, O, how kind.
Lips of sweetness, eyes of brightness, brave of heart, and
clear of mind.

Down from endless realms of heaven, bright and sparkling
shines his star,
So he soars now, beyond the others, bright and glorious,
high and far.
Man of valor meant for glory - far behind you I remain.

Here to watch you move in radiance
Thrills my heart with joy and pain.
You won't know my prayers in silence,

For good heaven to guide your way,
For your calling -- I am unworthy,
For this hour -- your greatest day.

Only she, the best the finest - could be chosen for your love,
And I would bow in awe and wonder
Relinquish to the power above.

Through my tears I'd still be joyful - and happy for your lot -
For even though my heart be broken
My heart, it matters not!

3. *I can't grasp it, nor believe it*

I can't grasp it, nor believe it, a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others, choose poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke, "I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on, it could never be so.

O let me die in this dream, cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

4. *Thou ring on my finger*

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips, piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it, the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips, piously upon my heart.

5. *Help me, ye sisters*

Help me, ye sisters, friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified, of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out, yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters, help me to banish a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear eyes receive him,
the source of my joy.

Dost, my beloved, thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion, let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters, strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses, but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.

6. *Sweet friend, thou gazest*

Sweet friend, thou gazest upon me in wonderment,
thou cannot grasp why I weep;
Let the moist pearls' tremble,
Joyful and bright in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom, how rapturous!
If I only knew how I should say it;
come and bury thy face here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear all my happiness.