

**Va tacito e nascosto**

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Quand’avido è di preda

L’astuto cacciator

E chi è a mal far disposto

Non brama che si veda

L’inganno del suo cor.

**Ich will dir mein Herze schenken**

Ich will dir mein Herze schenken,

Senke dich, mein Heil, hinein!

Ich will mich in dir versenken;

Ist dir gleich die Welt zu klein,

Ei, so sollst du mir allein

Mehr als Welt und Himmel sein.

**I will give you my heart**

I will give you my heart;

sink within, my Savior!

I will sink into you;

although the world is too small for you,

ah, you alone shall be for me

more than heaven and earth.

**Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt**

Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt,

Dass Jesus von mir Abschied nimmt,

So macht mich doch sein Testament erfreut:

Sein Fleish und Blut, o Kostbarkeit,

Vermacht er mir in meine Hände.

Wie er es auf der Welt mit dene Seinen

Nicht böse können meinen,

So liebt er sie bis an das Ende.

**Although my heart is swimming in tears**

Although my heart is swimming in tears,

since Jesus takes leave of me,

yet his Testament brings my joy:

his flesh and blood, o preciousness,

he bequeaths to my hands.

Just as in the world, among his own,

he could not wish them harm,

just so he loves them to the end.

**Quiet and camouflaged**

Quiet and camouflaged

Is the wily hunter,

A predator stalking its prey

And one that harbors ill intent

Isn’t quick to utter

What his heart conceals away

**Ganymed**

Wie im Morgenglanze

Du rings mich anglühst,

Frühling, Geliebter!

Mit tausendfacher Libeswonne

Sich an mein Herze drängt

Deiner ewigen Wärme

Heilig Gefühl,

Unendliche Schöne!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht’

In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen

Lieg’ ich und schmachte,

Und diene Blumen, dein Gras

Drängen sich an mien Herz.

Du kühlst den brennenden

Durst meines Busens,

Lieblicher Morgenwind!

Ruft drein die Nachtigall

Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm’, ich komme!

Ach, wohin, wohin?

Hinauf! Strebt’s hinauf

Es schweben die Wolken

Abwärts, die Wolken

Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.

Mir! Mir!

In eurem Schoße

Aufwärts!

Umfangend umfangen!

Aufwärts an dienen Busen,

Alliebender Vater!

**Ganymede**

How your glow envelops me

in the morning radiance,

spring, my beloved!

With love’s thousandfold joy

the hallowed sensation

of your eternal warmth

floods my heart,

infinite beauty!

O that I might clasp you

in my arms!

Ah, on your breast                                   I I lie languishing,

And your flowers, your grass

Press close to my heart.

You cool the burning

thirst within my breast,

sweet morning breeze!

As the nightingale calls

tenderly to me from the misty valley.

I come, I come!

But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!

The clouds drift

down, yielding

to yearning love.

To me, to me!

In your lap,

Upwards!

Embracing and embraced!

Upwards to your bosom,

all-loving Father!

**Les berceaux**

Le long du quai,

Les grands vaisseaux,

Que la houle incline en silence.

Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,

Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendre le jour des adieux,

Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,

Et que les hommes curieux,

Tentent les horizons qui leurent!

Et ce jourlà, les grands vaisseaux,

Fuyant le port qui diminue,

Sentent leur masse retenue

Par l’âme des lointains berceaux.

**The cradles**

Along the pier,

The great ships,

Listing silently with the surge.

Pay no heed to the cradles,

Rocked by the women’s hands.

But the day of parting will come,

For it is decreed that women shall weep,

And that men with questing spirits,

Shall seek enticing horizons!

And on that day the great ships,

Leaving the dwindling harbor behind,

Shall feel their hulls held back

By the soul of the distant cradles.

**Now Time throws off his cloak again**

Now Time throws off his cloak again

Of ermined frost and rain,

And clothes him in the embroidery

Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.

He neither has a beast nor a bird

That in its jargon does not sing nor shout.

River, fount, and brook

Wear in their dainty livery

Drops of silver jewelry.

Everyone dresses anew,

And time throws off his cloak again.

**Le Temps a laissié son Manteau**

Le temps a laissié son manteau

De vent du fruidure et de pluye,

Et s’est vestu de broderye

De soleil raiant, cler et beau.

Il n’y a beste ni oiseau

Qui en son jargon ne chante ou crye.

Rivière, fontaine, et ruisseau

Portent en livrée jolye

Goultes d’argent d’orfaverie.

Chascun s’abille de nouveau,

Le temps a laissié son manteau.

**Sunday**

For a whole week now

I have not seen my love.

I saw her on a Sunday,

Standing at her front door.

My loveliest girl,

My loveliest sweet,

Would to God

I were with her today!

Yet I’ll still be able

To laugh all week.

I saw her on a Sunday,

As she went church.

**Sonntag**

So hab’ich doch die ganze Woche

Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh’n.

Ich sah es an einem Sonntag,

Wohl vor der Türe steh’n.

Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,

Das tausendschöne Herzelein,

Wollte Gott, Wollte Gott

Ich wär’ heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche

Das Lachen nicht vergeh’n.

Ich sah es an einem Sonntag,

Wohl in die Kirche geh’n.

**Here she is, oh God!**

**Annio:** Here she is, oh God!

She has never seemed so lovely to my eyes.

**Servilia:** My dearest…

**A:** Hush, Servilia.

Now it is forbidden to call me so.

**S:** Why?

**A:** Caesar has chosen you

(What martyrdom)!

To be his bride.

He imposed upon me (I feel close to death)!

To bring you the tidings,

(Oh, agony)!

And I… I was…

(I cannot speak)

My Empress, farewell!

**S:** What? Wait.

I Caesar’s bride!

But why?

**A:** Because he could not find beauty, virtue,

More worthy of an empire,

Beloved…

Oh heavens! What have I said?

Permit me, my Empress, to take my leave.

**S:** Will you leave me in such confusion?

Explain, tell me, how did it happen?

In what way…

**A:** I am lost unless I go,

My beloved.

**Eccola, oh Dei!**

**Annio:** Eccola, oh Dei!

Mai non parve sì bella agli occhi miei.

**Servilia:** Mio ben…

**A:** Taci, Servilia.

Ora è delitto il chiamarmi così.

**S:** Perchè?

**A:** Ti scelse Cesare

(Che martir)!

Per sua consorte.

A te (morir mi sento)!

A te m’impose di recarne l’aviso,

(Oh, pena)!

Ed io… io fui…

(Parlar non posso)

Augusta, addio!

**S:** Come? Fermati.

Io sposa di Cesare!

E perchè?

**A:** Perchè non trova beltà, virtù,

Che sia più degna d’un impero,

Anima…

Oh stelle! Che dirò?

Lascia, Augusta, deh lasciami partir.

**S:** Così confusa abbandonarmi vuoi?

Spiegati, dimmi, come fù?

Per qual via…

**A:** Mi perdo s’io non parto,

Anima mia.

**Ah, forgive, my former love**

**Annio:** Ah, forgive, my former love

That thoughtless word;

It was the fault of lips

Accustomed always to call you so.

**Servilia:** Ah, you were the first person

Whom I ever truly loved,

And you will be the last

To be sheltered in my heart.

**A:** Dear words of my beloved!

**S:** Oh my sweet, dear hope!

**Both:** The more I hear your words,

The greater grows my passion.

When one soul unites with another,

What joy a heart feels!

Ah, eliminate from life

All that is not love.

**Ah, perdona, al primo affetto**

**Annio:** Ah, perdona, al primo affetto

Questo accento sconsigliato;

Colpa fù del labbro usato

A così chiamarti ognor.

**Servilia:** Ah, tu fosti il primo oggetto

Che sinor fedel amai,

E tu l’ultima sarai

Ch’abbia nido in questo cor.

**A:** Cari accenti del mio bene!

**S:** Oh mia dolce, cara speme!

**Tutti:** Più che a scolto I sensi tuoi,

In me cresce più l’ardor.

Quando un’alma e altra unita,

Qual piacer un cor risente!

Ah, si tolga dalla vita

Tutto quel che no e amor.

Translations from:

*Lyricstranslate.com*

*Oxfordlieder.co.uk*