

When I am laid in earth

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me
On thy bosom let me rest
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest

When I am laid in earth, May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei
qui tolis peccata mundi

miserere nobis

lamb of God
who takes away the sin of the
world
have mercy on us

Che farò senza Euridice

Che farò senza Euridice
Dove andrò senza il mio ben.

Euridice, o Dio, risponde
Io son pure il tuo fedele.
Euridice! Ah, non m'avvanza
più soccorso, più speranza
ne dal mondo, ne dal cel.

What will I do without Euridice
Where will I go without my
wonderful one.
Euridice, oh God, answer
I am entirely your loyal one.
Euridice! Ah, it doesn't give me
any help, any hope
neither this world, neither heaven.

Die Krahe

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

A crow has come with me
from the town,
and to this day
has been flying ceaselessly about
my head
Crow, you strange creature
will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
to seize my body as prey?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehen

An dem Wanderstabe.

Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn

Treue bis zum Grabe!

Well I do not have much further to
walk

with my staff

Crow, let me at last see

faithfulness unto the grave!

Gretchen am Spinrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy
I shall never
Ever find peace again

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

When he is not with me
Life is like the grave
The whole world
is turned to gall

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

my poor head
is crazed
My poor mind
is shattered

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

If only for him
I gaze from the window
it's only for him
I leave the house

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

His proud bearing
His noble form
The smile on his lips
The power of his eyes

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!
Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen

And the magic flow
of his words
The touch of his hand
And ah, his kiss
My bosom
Yearns for him
Ah? If I could clasp

Und halten ihn.

And hold him

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him
To my hearts content
And in his kisses
Perish!

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant
les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court
sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux
semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

When at sunset
the rivers are pink
A warm breeze ripples
the fields of wheat,
All things seem
to advise content
And rise toward the troubled heart

Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune
et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Advise us to savor
the gift of life
While we are young
and the evening fair,
For our life slips by,
as the river does:
It to the sea- we to the tomb.

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoëure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart
What! Was there no treason?

Ce deuil est sans raison.

That's grief without reason.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

A nun takes the veil

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

The Secrets of the Old

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone

How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down

Sure on this Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

A Dream

That was a curious dream; I thought the three
Great planets that are drawing near the sun
With such unerring certainty, begun
To talk together in a mighty glee.
They spoke of vast convulsions which would be
Throughout the solar system---the rare fun
Of watching haughty stars drop, one by one,
And vanish in a seething vapour sea.

I thought I heard them comment on the earth---
That small dark object---doomed beyond a doubt.
They wondered if live creatures moved about
Its tiny surface, deeming it of worth.
And then they laughed---'twas such a ringing shout
That I awoke and joined too in their mirth.