

## **1. The sea princess**

Come here to me in darkest night,  
o trav'ler young and fair!

For undersea it is chilly and serene.

Here you shall find rest, here you shall find peace,  
the ripples shall rock you to sleep,

where blissfully waves just manage to beach  
on barren sands and shores.

On rollicking swells the sea nymph herself  
swims closer to sweep you away!

She sings to you, she calls to you,  
she carries you away...

## 2. Song of the dark forrest

The dark forest purred, the dark forest whirred,  
sang a song,

song, an ageless song--tale,  
an ancient tale-- told a tale:

how there in the woods lived a willful soul,  
free and bold;

how there gathered and grew strong a mighty power,  
hearty and hale;

how that willful soul swept the firs aside,

how that mighty power knocked the birches dawn,

and the soul went wild, pillaging,

and the power burst forth, sacking towns,

taunting challengers, mocking enemies,

drinking wine and blood of its mortal foes  
to the dregs.

Free and willful soul, hale and mighty power.

### **3. For the shores of your far homeland**

For the shores of your far homeland  
you abandoned this foreign place;  
and in that sad, unending moment  
I wept and wept over your face.

Your arms, already cooling,  
tried to keep me close by;  
the terrible languor of leaving  
your wail begged to prolong.

But you tore your lips away from  
our long and passionate embrace;  
and from this land of endless exile  
you called me to another place.

You said: "At the appointed hour,  
under the ever-azure sky,  
shaded by olive trees and myrtles,  
we'll kiss, my friend, you and I."

But there, alas, where the heavens  
shine in their azure glory deep,  
where under cliffs nod gentle waters,  
you drifted off into the last sleep.

Your beauty and your sufferings  
have disappeared into the grave,  
and vanished, too, your kiss of greeting...  
I wait for it--you owe it me!...

### **3a. FOR THE SHORES OF YOUR FAR HOMELAND**

VERTALING VAN M.H. ROLLE

[http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/get\\_text.html?TextId=13027](http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=13027)

For the shores of your far homeland

You left this strange land;

Within this unforgettable hour, this hour of sadness,

I wept lingeringly before you.

My chilling hands

Tried to detain you;

Dreading the anguish of parting

My moan beseeched you not to go.

But you wrenched your lips away

From our bitter kisses;

From this country of gloomy exile

You bid me to another land.

You said: "On the day of our rendezvous

Under the ever-blue skies,

In the shade of olive trees,

Our kisses, my friend, will again re-unite us."

But there, where the horizons

are radiant blue,

and the waters dream beneath the cliffs,

you fell into eternal slumber.

Your beauty, your suffering has

Disappeared into the grove;

The kiss of our rendezvous has also disappeared...

But I still await it: You promised it to me!

#### 4. Pride

Pride parades puffed up and prancing,  
tilting side to side and dancing,  
Pride parades.

Pride 's only two and a half feet tail,  
but his beret is seven feet wide.

Pride parades puffed up and prancing,  
tilting side to side and dancing,  
Pride parades.

Pride 's little belly 's set in pearl,  
Pride 's backside 's decked with silver and gold,

Pride would visit his father and mother  
but the fence needs painting.

Pride would go to church on Sunday  
but the floor needs sweeping.

Pride parades puffed up and prancing, side to side,  
side to side, tilting and dancing,  
Pride parades.

Pride parades and spies a rainbow in the sky,  
Pride stops right there and heads the other way:  
“It is not fitting for me to bow down!”

Pride parades puffed up and prancing,  
tilting side to side and dancing,  
Pride parades!

## 5. The sleeping princess

Sleeping, sleeping in the forest  
sleeps a magic sleep a princess  
under cover of dark night,  
sleep has shut her eyes so tight. Sleep, sleep.

Then the forest deep awakened,  
by wild laughter from sleep shaken,  
imps' and witches' screaming slew  
at the princess madly flew.

But the princess in the woods  
sleeps and sleeps her deathly sleep.  
Sleep, sleep.

Then the word that to the forest  
comes a brave and daring warrior:  
he shall break the spell by force,  
vanquish sleep forevermore  
and release the fair princess, the fair princess.

But the days and days keep passing,  
and the years and years keep passing...

Not a living soul around,  
all a deathly sleep surrounds.

In the forest dark and deep  
sleeps the maid her silent sleep;  
sleep has shut her eyes so tight  
that she sleeps all day and night. Sleep, sleep.

No one knows, and none can augur  
when the hour will toll for waking.

## 5b. The sleeping princess

Hush! Hush! (Engelse vertaling Henry G. Chapman)

With lovely eyes  
Closed in sleep, the princess lies,  
By a fairy charm enchanted,  
Doomed to dream in forests haunted:  
Hush! Hush!  
Pale and wan, as dead she were,  
Sleeps the princess ever there.  
Hush! Hush!

Sudden on the silence breaking,  
Laughing, shouting, merrymaking,  
Thro' the gloom the woodnymphs sweep,  
Yet they do not break her sleep.

Fast asleep the princess lies,  
Wrapped in mystery her eyes,  
By a fairy charm enchanted,  
Doomed to dream in forests haunted!  
Hush! Hush!

Baleful charm and slumber fell:  
Will she wake?  
Ah, none can tell!  
Hush! Hush!

## 6. My songs are poisoned

My songs are full of poison,  
and how can it otherwise be?

You, dearest, by fatal venom,  
have poisoned the whole of my life.

My songs are full of poison,  
and how can it otherwise be?

So many snakes in my heart where instead  
you should forever be.

VERTALING UIT DUIJS (HEINRICH HEINE) VAN HET WEB:

[http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/get\\_text.html?TextId=19042](http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=19042)

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder -  
Wie könnt es anders sein?  
Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen  
Ins blühende Leben hinein.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder -  
Wie könnt es anders sein?  
Ich trag' im Herzen viel Schlangen,  
Und dich, Geliebte mein!



## 7. The haves at home

The haves have houses all nice and clean, clean and nice,

But our houses all are close and cramped, full of lice.

The haves' stew pot's brimming with mutton and beef,

but in ours all you 'll find are some roaches and fleas!

The haves' granddads just beat on the kids,

but our granddads eat up our bread and our grits!

All the haves have to think of is chewing the fat,

but all we think about is, Where's our next meal at? Ekh!

Oh, if we lived like them we would light up the world:

we 'd have cash in the purse and corn in the barn;

buy a harness with bells and a fancy oxbow,

and some shirts made of linen instead of sackcloth;

and at last we would get some respect from the haves,

the priest would stop by and the kids would learn reading;

and the kids would be happy as bees in the honey,

and the housewife would bloom like a raspberry bush!