

# TRANSLATIONS

Vom Nachen getragen (Carried by the Barque) (Achim von Arnim) (1805)<sup>7</sup>

Bettina Brentano von Arnim (1785-1859)

Carried by the barque, my life dissolves in sorrow as it sinks, the future drowns.  
There is sighing in the reeds, rustling in the grass, the birds listen, the waves encircle me.  
The shooting stars greet the wells' water as it flows into the sea waves.  
Now those who were lost find each other again, love is reborn in the valley.  
The tips of the foam shine as it sings. As I hear these songs, I take anxious breaths.

Auf dem Land und in der Stadt (In the Country and in the City) (Goethe) (1776)<sup>6</sup>

Duchess Anna Amalia (1739-1807)

In the country and in the city man is plagued by hopelessness  
For the little that man has, he must struggle with his neighbors.  
All round God's earth is hunger, grief, jealousy, enough to drive you away.  
But early need is no need, except to the cowardly and idle,  
work provides our daily bread, bed and board and shelter.  
All round where God's sun shines you'll find a girl, you'll find a friend.  
Let us stay here always.

Wanderers Nachtlied (Wanderer's Night Song), D.768 (Goethe) (1822)<sup>2</sup>

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Above all summits it is calm.  
In all the tree-tops you feel hardly a breath;  
The little birds in the forest are silent;  
just wait, soon you will rest too.

Erlkönig (The Elfking), D.328 (Goethe) (1815)<sup>4</sup>

Franz Schubert

Who rides so late through the night and wind? It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms; he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

FATHER: "My son, why do you hide your face in fear?"

SON: "Father, can you not see the Elfking? The Elfking with his crown and tail?"

FATHER: "My son, it is a streak of mist"

ELFKING: "Sweet child, come with me. I'll play wonderful games with you.

Many a pretty flower grows on the shore; my mother has many a golden robe."

SON: "Father, father, do you not hear what the Elfking softly promises me?"

FATHER: "Calm, be calm, my child: the wind is rustling in the withered leaves."

ELFKING: "Won't you come with me, my fine lad?"

My daughters shall wait upon you; my daughters lead the nightly dance,  
and will rock you, and dance, and sing you to sleep."

SON: "Father, father, can you not see Elfking's daughters there in the darkness?"

FATHER: "My son, my son, I can see clearly: it is the old grey willows gleaming."

ELFKING: "I love you, your fair form allures me,  
and if you don't come willingly, I'll use force."

SON: "Father, father, now he's seizing me! The Elfking has hurt me!"

The father shudders, he rides swiftly, he holds the moaning child in his arms;  
with one last effort he reaches home; the child lies dead in his arms.

Sonata No. 14 in C-sharp minor, Op. 27 No. 2 ("Moonlight") (1801)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

I. Adagio sostenuto

II. Allegretto

III. Presto agitato



Die Hochzeit des Camacho (Camacho's Wedding), Op. 10 (Voigts) (1825) Duet: So kehrest du wieder<sup>5</sup> Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

LUCINDA: So you are here again, my love, true as ever?

VIVALDO: My songs, like my love, are true to you forever.

LUCINDA: Students and soldiers are fickle by nature.

VIVALDO: Poets and soldiers are lovers at heart

They sing, they roam, and they fight for hearts,  
when all others merely jest and banter.

BOTH: And when they have found their beloved, a wedding is arranged;  
and in their little home they find the whole wide world.

Italien (Italy), Op. 8 No.3 (Grillparzer) (1826)<sup>1</sup>

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)

The plain grows fairer and fairer; flattering breezes blow in my face;  
away from the burden and effort of prose, I fly to the land of poetry;  
The sun is more golden, the air is more blue, green is more green, fragrance more fragrant!  
There, by the cornfields, swelling with sap, the aloe rises up with stubborn strength!  
Olive tree, cypress, white and brown, do you not greet us like gracious women?  
What gleams in the foliage, sparkling like gold? Is it you, orange-tree, so charmingly concealed?  
Defiant Neptune, was it you joking and murmuring so sweetly below?  
What seemed half-meadow and half-heaven above, was really the ocean's awesome horror?  
Here, divine one, is where I would live! Can you, Parthenope, quieten waves?  
Then try, O Eden of delight, to quieten the panting of this breast!

Lieder ohne Worte: "Spring Song", Op. 62 No. 6 in A major (1842-4)

Felix Mendelssohn



Am Strande (On the Shore), ICS 36 (Gerhard) (1840)\*

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Musing on the roaring ocean which divides my love and me;  
Wearied heaven in warm devotion, for his weal where'er he be;  
Hope and fear's alternate billow yielding late to nature's law;  
Whispering spirits round my pillow talk of him that's far away.  
Ye whom sorrow never wounded, ye who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, gaudy day to you is dear.  
Gentle night, do thou befriend me; downy sleep, the curtain draw;  
Spirits kind, again attend me, talk of him that's far away!

Spanisches Liederspiel: In der Nacht (In the Night), Op. 74 No. 4 (Geibel) (1849)<sup>1</sup>

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

All have gone to their rest. O heart, all are sleeping, all but you.  
For hopeless grief frightens slumber away from your bed,  
and your thoughts wander in silent sorrow to their love.

Wie bist du meine Königin (How blissful you are, my queen), Op. 32 No. 9 (Eichendorff) (1865)<sup>1</sup>

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

How blissful you are, my queen, by reason of your gentle kindness!  
You merely smile, and springtime fragrance wafts through my soul, blissfully!  
Shall I compare the radiance of freshly blown roses to yours?  
Ah! More blissful than all that blooms is your blissful bloom!  
Roam through desert wastes, and green shade will spring up –  
though fearful sultriness broods endlessly there – blissfully.  
Let me perish in your arms!  
Death in your embrace will be – though bitterest, mortal agony rage through my breast – blissful.

Intermezzo in A major, Op. 118 No. 2 (1893)

Johannes Brahms



From the sea-green pond near the red villa, beneath the dead oak, the moon is shining.  
Where her dark image gleams through the water, a man stands, and draws a ring from his hand.  
Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones float red and green sparks, then sink.  
And he kisses her, and his eyes gleam like the sea-green depths: a window opens.  
From the red villa near the dead oak, a woman's pale hand waves to him.

A town lies in the valley, a pale day is fading;  
it will not be long before neither moon nor stars but night alone will deck the skies.  
From every mountain mists weigh on the town;  
no roof, no courtyard, no house, no sound can penetrate the smoke, scarcely towers and bridges even.  
But as fear seized the traveler, a gleam appeared in the valley;  
and through the smoke and mist came a faint song of praise from a child's lips.

First lesson: art demands persistence.  
If this is the life you want then here's your second lesson:  
Find someone to promote your work or never make an impression.  
But most importantly:

Find your muse. Find your fire.  
Find the things that make you grow.  
Find your voice inside.  
Find your light inside.  
Find your truth inside.  
Find your muse. Find your fire. Find your light.  
Then you'll know.

My heart sees her yet, my heart can't forget, Vienna, dear city of dreams.  
In visions of night, I see every light, each casement of fairyland gleams.  
Along every street, pass hurrying feet, no moment is sad there, or vain,  
Oh! Were I but free, it's there I would be, in happy Vienna again.  
Ah! Then I should hear this song from the past, this song of love would wake at last!

REFRAIN:

Call, call, Vienna mine, call night and day with your songs divinest  
Show me your radiant skies of blue, bring back the glory that once I knew!  
Call, call, Vienna mine, round me a garland of love you twine,  
Make all my wonderful dreams come true, my heart belongs to you.

Translations from the German

1. Richard Stokes
2. Anonymous
3. Edward Lockton
4. Richard Wigmore
5. David Shapero
6. Emily Ezust
7. Mary Dibbern

+ Robert Burns, translation from the English by Wilhelm Gerhard

Please join in the final refrain:

REFRAIN

Call, call, Vi - en - na mine, call night and day with your songs di - vine!  
Show me your ra - diant skies of blue, bring back the glo - ry that I once knew!  
Call, call, Vi - en - na mine, round me a gar-land of love you twine.  
Make all my won - der - ful dreams come true, my heart be - longs to you!

## ALESSANDRA COMINI BIBLIOGRAPHY

Gustav Klimt (New York: George Braziller, 1975).

Egon Schiele (New York: George Braziller, 1976).

Nudes: Egon Schiele (Rizzoli, 1995).

The Changing Image of Beethoven. A study in Mythmaking (New York, 1986) and (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 2008).

\*Egon Schiele's Portraits, Berkeley (University of California Press, 1974) and (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 2014).

\*Nominated for a National Book Award.

Egon Schiele: Portraits (Prestel Publishing, 2014).

In Passionate Pursuit: A Memoir (New York: George Braziller, 2004) and (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 2016).

Schiele in Prison (Greenwich, 1973) and (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 2016).

The Fantastic Art of Vienna (New York, 1978) and (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 2016).

Megan Crespi Mystery Series Novels (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press).

Killing for Klimt (2014)

The Mahler Mayhem (2019)

The Schiele Slaughters (2015)

The Beethoven Boomerang (2020)

The Kokoschka Capers (2015)

The Brahms Bust (2021)

The Kollwitz Calamities (2016)

The Schumann Shaming (2022)

The Munch Murders (2016)

The Mendelssohn Malice (2023)

The Kandinsky Conundrum (2018)

The Wagner Victims (late 2024)