

## English translations of choral movements from *Liebeslieder-Walzer*

### *Love Song Waltzes*

SATB = Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass

#### 1. **Tell Me, Dear Girl (SATB)**

Tell me, dear girl, whom I love too much,  
Who has thrown into my cool heart, with just  
a look,  
These wild, hot feelings!

Won't you soften your heart?  
Do you want to remain a pious saint,  
Without sweet bliss?  
Or do you want me to come to you?

Live without sweet bliss?  
I would never suffer so bitterly.  
But come, you dark-eyed beauty;  
Come when the stars are greeting.

#### 2. **The Tide Rushes Over the Rocks (SATB)**

The tide rushes over the rocks,  
Driven violently;  
Those there, who don't know how to sigh,  
Learn it from loving.

#### 3. **Oh Women (TB)**

Oh women, oh women,  
How they delight!  
I would have become a monk a long time ago  
If it were not for women!

#### 4. **Like the Lovely Blush of the Evening (SA)**

Like the lovely blush of the evening,  
I, a poor girl, would glow  
To please One, one special person,  
In bliss forever.

#### 5. **The Green Hops Vine (SATB)**

The green hops vine,  
It winds down to the earth.  
The young, lovely girl,  
Her thoughts are so sad.

Listen, green tendril!  
Why don't you lift yourself up to the sky?  
Listen, lovely girl,  
Why is your heart so hard?

How would the vine suspend itself  
If no support offers it strength?  
How will the girl be happy  
When her Love is far away?

#### 6. **A Small, Pretty Bird (SATB)**

A small, pretty bird  
Took flight back to the garden;  
There was enough fruit there.  
If I were a pretty little bird  
I would not delay,  
I would do just as he.

The malice of lime branches  
Lurks in the place;  
The poor bird could not escape.  
If I were a pretty little bird  
I would wait,  
I would not do as he.

The bird landed in a lovely hand,  
And was safe there,  
That lucky thing!  
If I were a pretty little bird  
I would not delay,  
I would do just as he.

- 8. When Your Eyes Look at Me So Gently (SATB)**  
 When your eyes look at me so gently  
 And gaze so sweetly,  
 Every last disturbing cloud flies away.  
 The beautiful glow of this love,  
 Don't let it vanish!  
 Never will another love you as faithfully as I do.
- 9. On the Danube Shore (SATB)**  
 On the Danube shore, there stands a house,  
 There, a rosy girl looks out.  
 The girl is guarded well;  
 Ten bars of iron are placed in front of the door.  
 Ten bars of iron, this is a fun game;  
 I will blast them like they were made of glass!
- 10. Oh, How Gently (SATB)**  
 Oh, how gently the stream  
 winds through the meadow!  
 Oh, how delightful, when Love itself finds love!
- 11. No, You Can't Get Along with People (SATB)**  
 No, you can't get along with people;  
 Everything they know  
 gets a toxic interpretation.  
 If I'm cheerful, they say I cherish loose morals;  
 If I'm quiet, they say I'm going crazy about love.
- 12. Locksmith, Go and Make Locks(SATB)**  
 Locksmith, go and make locks,  
 As many locks as you can;  
 Then I will shut the evil mouths altogether.
- 13. The Little Bird Rushes Through the Air (SA)**  
 The little bird rushes through the air,  
 Looking for a branch;  
 And your heart, a heart, a heart's desire,  
 Where there is blessed rest.
- 14. See How Clear the Ripples Are (TB)**  
 See how clear the ripples are  
 As the moon looks down!  
 You who are my Love,  
 Love me again!
- 15. The Nightingale Sings So Beautifully (SATB)**  
 The nightingale sings so beautifully  
 When the stars twinkle.  
 Love me, beloved heart,  
 Kiss me in the dark!
- 16. Love Is a Dark Shaft (SATB)**  
 Love is a dark shaft,  
 A far too dangerous well;  
 I fell in, poor me,  
 And can neither hear nor see;  
 I can only think on my pleasures  
 And only groan in my pains.
- 18. The Bushes Tremble (SATB)**  
 The bushes tremble;  
 A little bird streaked them in flight.  
 In the same way,  
 My soul trembles, shaken by  
 Love, Pleasure and Sorrow,  
 As it thinks of your soul.

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Texts from *Polydora, ein weltpoetisches Liederbuch*

Russian, Russian-Polish, Polish, and Magyar (Hungarian) folk poems  
 collected and translated into German by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

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