

BEETHOVEN: An die ferne Geliebte (To the Distant Beloved)

Aloys Jeitteles

1
On the hill I sit, gazing
into the blue haze,
towards the far meadows
where, beloved, I found you.

Far am I parted from you,
mountain and valley intervene
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see the look
that hastens so warm your way,
and sighs—they are lost
in the separating space.

Will then nothing reach you any more,
be messenger of love?
I shall sing, sing songs,
to pour out my pain to you!

For at sound of song,
time and space recede,
and a loving heart is reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

2
Where the mountains so blue,
from the misty grey,
look hither,
where the sun's glow fades,
where sky clouds over,
there would I be!

There, in the peaceful valley,
pain and torment cease.
Where, in the rock,
the pensive primrose is,
and the wind blows so soft,
there would I be!

Away to the thoughtful wood
am I driven by force of love,
by inner pain.
Ah, I would not be drawn from here,
could I, beloved, but be with you
eternally!

3
Light sailing clouds on high,
and you, small brook,
if you can spy my love—
a thousand greetings to her.

If, clouds, you then see her walk,
thoughtful in the quiet valley,
make me appear to her
in heaven's airy hall.

If she be standing by bushes,
autumn yellow now and bare,
pour out to her my fate,
pour out, birds, my torment.

Quiet westwinds, carry
to my true-love
my sighs which fade
as the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,
let her, small brooklet,
truly see in your ripples,
my never-ending tears!

4
These clouds on high,
this cheerful flight of birds
will see you, O fairest.
Take me lightly winging too.

These westwinds playfully
will waft on cheek and breast,
will ruffle your silken tresses.
Would I might share that joy!

To you from those hills
this busy brook hurries.
Should she be mirrored in you,
flow forthwith back to me.

5
May returns, the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
The brooks run chattering.
The swallow returns to the hospitable
roof,
builds eagerly her bridal
chamber,
wherein love shall dwell.
From here, from there busily she
brings
many soft bits for the bridal
bed,
many warm bits for the little ones.
Now the pair live together
so true.
What winter has parted, May has
joined.
All who love he can unite.
May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
I alone cannot journey from here.
When spring is uniting all who
love,
for our love alone does no spring appear,
and tears are its only gain.

6
Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
sing them again at evening
to the lute's sweet sound.

As evening red draws
toward the calm blue lake,
and its last ray fades
behind that mountain height;

and you sing what I sang
from a full heart
without art or show,
aware only of longing;

then, at these songs, shall
what parts us so far, recede,
and a loving heart be reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

II.

Chanson Triste

In your heart sleeps a moonlight,
A sweet moonlight of summer.
And to escape the wearisome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget my past woes, my love,
When you rock my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms!
You will take my aching head,
Oh! sometimes upon your knees,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes full of sadness,
In your eyes then shall I drink
So many kisses and caresses
That perhaps - I shall be healed.

L'Invitation au Voyage

My child, my sister,
Dream of the delight
Of going away, and living together,
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In a land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those misty skies,
For my spirit, has the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Brilliant through their tears.
There all is order and beauty,
Splendor, calm, and delight!
See on the canals
Sleep the ships
Whose spirit is vagrant;
This is to satisfy
Your slightest wish
That they come from the ends of the earth
The setting suns
Color the fields,
The canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world is asleep
In a warm light!
There all is order and beauty
Splendor, calm, and delight.

Extase

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
In a slumber sweet like death
Exquisite death, perfumed death
By the breath of my beloved
On your pale bosom my heart
is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death

Le Manoir de Rosamonde

With its sudden and voracious
teeth,
Like a dog, love has bitten me.
Follow my blood that was shed
Go, you will be able to follow
my trail.
Take a horse of good breed,
There and follow my arduous
road,
Through pitfalls and lost
trails,
If the chase does not make you
weary!
Passing by where I have passed,
You will see that alone and
wounded
I have travelled over this
sad world.
And thus I have wrought my
own death.
Far away, far away without
discovering
The blue manor of Rosamonde.

III.

Le Le Yaman

This is a popular love song of sustained tenderness evoking warm, innocent and rustic charm.

Karoun

In this song, the turtle dove bemoans the approach of autumn and winter. The flowers and leaves will wither and die; streams and brooks will freeze and every stone will be icebound. How will the dove feed her young? The hawk raucously reproaches her for weeping and reminds her that spring will come again soon when all will leap into life and the song of the partridge will once more fill the meadow.

Hayasdan

Armenia, earthly paradise, you are the birthplace of my people, my native fatherland.

Your majestic name fills my heart, and with burning heart, I wait for you. My only hope dear Armenia!

IV.

A per sempre ("I Puritani")

Upon returning from war, Riccardo is devastated to find out that his betrothed, Elvira, loves and intends to marry another man. He laments singing, "without hope and love what remains in this life?"

VI.

Lerner Hayreni

Oh, how much I miss you,
proud mountains of the
Armenians.

Emerald mountains, my
heart trembles for you,
My strength comes from
my motherland.

The mountains of my nation.

Ay Vart

Oh, rose listen to my plea,
allow me to pick you, so
that I may adorn the bosom
of my virgin.

Don't be afraid, you won't
wilt delicate rose in
this place of great life.

Oh rose, it is my burning
wish that with your sweet
fragrance you open her
heart to love.

Yerevan

Yerevan, you are spring,
sweet Yerevan.
You are roses on my way
Wherever I go, wherever I stay,
Eternally I'm yours.
To my young heart, burning
with love, you are the
light of the eye of my
people.
You are an ornament, my
Yerevan!