

**48 'Tis summer in thine eyes**, no. 3 of *Eleven small songs as unpretentious as the wild rose*, 1901

**Carrie Jacobs-Bond** (1862-1945), after numerous personal tragedies and in spite of constant ill health, started publishing her own songs in Chicago in the 1890s, earning more money from her music than any other woman of her time.

Sung in English, translation by composer.

Other settings of this poem: 21

Es liegt der heiÙe Sommer  
Auf deinen Wangelein;  
Es liegt der Winter, der kalte,  
In deinem Herzchen klein.

Das wird sich bei dir andern,  
Du Vielgeliebte mein!  
Der Winter wird auf den Wangen,  
Der Sommer im Herzen sein.

'Tis summer glorious summer  
Within thine eyes divine,  
'Tis winter, icy winter  
In that silent heart of thine,

'Twill not be so forever,  
Mine own true love thou art;  
In thine eyes it may be winter,  
'Twill be summer in thine heart;