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5-1-2012

# Senior Recital: Alexander Canovas, tenor

Alexander Canovas

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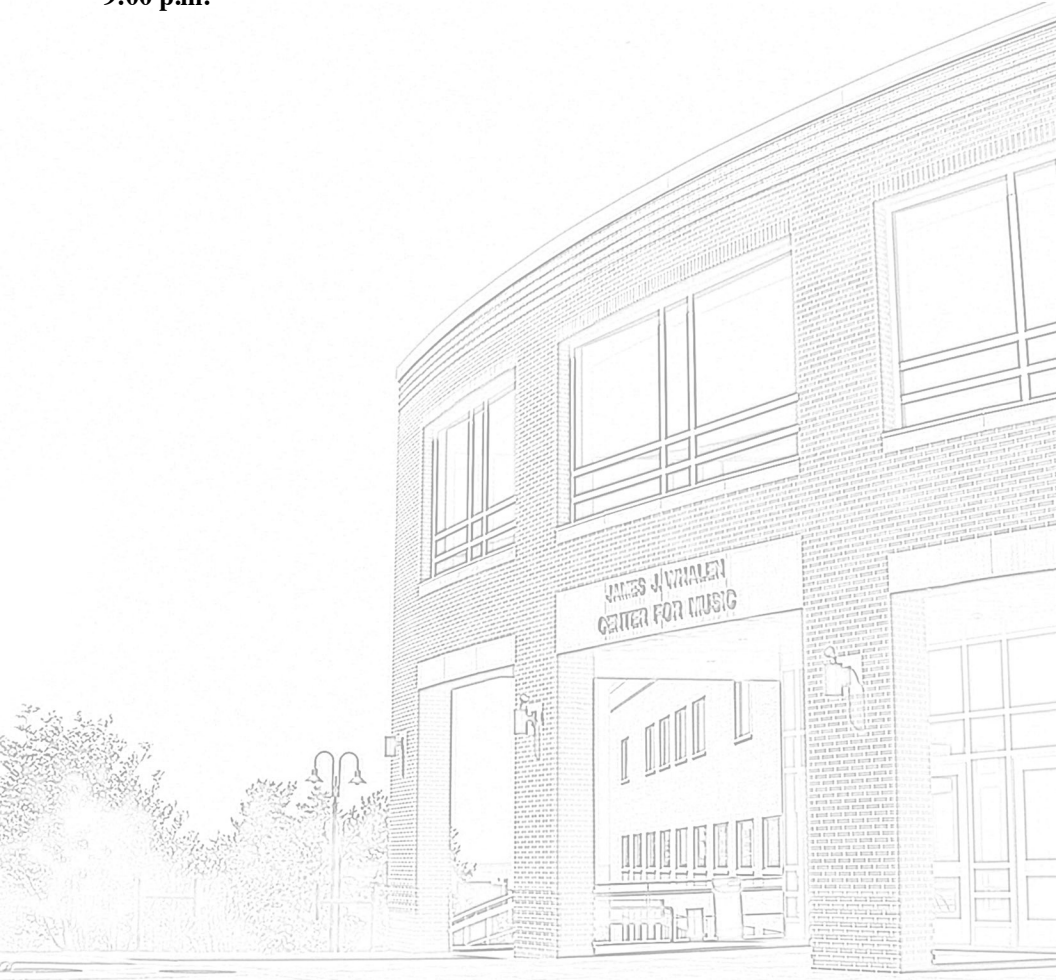
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**Senior Recital:  
Alexander Canovas, tenor**

**Mary Holzhauser, piano**

**Ford Hall  
Tuesday, May 1, 2012  
9:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

*Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.*

## Program

Five Elizabethan Songs ("The Elizas")

I. Orpheus

II. Tears

III. Under the Greenwood Tree

IV. Sleep

V. Spring

Ivor Gurney  
(1890-1937)

Le portrait  
Toréador

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

## Intermission

Покинем, милая (Beloved, let us fly)  
Здесь кхорошо... (How peaceful...)  
Я опять одинок! (I am again alone.)  
Пошчады я молю! (I beg for mercy!)

Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

Selections from *Die schöne Müllerin*

XIV. Der Jäger

XV. Eifersucht und Stolz

XVI. Die liebe Farbe

XVII. Die böse Farbe

XVIII. Trockne Blumen

XIX. Der Müller und der Bach

XX. Des Baches Wiegenlied

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

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This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Alexander Canovas is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

## Notes & Translations

### Five Elizabethan Songs ("The Elizas") by Ivor Gurney

Ivory Gurney is among the least known of the English composers who came to prominence in the early-20th century, but whose compositions display a communion of intellectual depth and emotional transcendence. Plagued by mental illness most of his life, Gurney was also known as a poet, and has been recognized as one of the most important poetic voices of the Great War. After his death in 1937, the composers Marion Scott and Gerald Finzi worked to keep his legacy alive. In "The Elizas", Gurney sets well-known Elizabethan-era songs through his own distinctive voice, using varying harmonic techniques paired with equally unique melodic lines.

### "Le portrait" and "Toréador" by Francis Poulenc

The following two songs explore Francis Poulenc's compositional approaches to two very different texts. "Le portrait", with text by Collette, is a personal and direct message to a loved one, while "Toréador", with text by Jean Cocteau, tells the story of an unfortunate toréador who can defeat all beasts but his own desire.

#### Le portrait

Belle, méchante, menteuse, injuste,  
plus changeante que le vent d'avril,  
tu pleures de joie, tu ris de colère,  
  
tu m'aimes quand je te fais mal,  
tu te moques de moi quand je suis  
bon.  
Tu m'as a peine dit merci  
lorsque je t'ai donné le beau collier  
  
mais tu as rougi de plaisir  
comme une petite fille  
le jour où je t'ai fait cadeau de ce  
mouchoir  
et tous disent de toi:  
"C'est à n'y rien comprendre!"  
Mais je t'ai un jour volé ce mouchoir  
  
que tu venais de presser sur ta  
bouche fardée  
Et, avant que tu ne me l'aies enlevé  
d'un coup de griffe

#### The Portrait

Beautiful, nasty, untruthful, unjust,  
More fickle than the wind of April,  
You cry with joy, you laugh with  
anger,  
You love me when I hurt you,  
you make fun of me when I am  
good.  
You have just said thank you  
When I gave you the beautiful  
necklace  
But you blushed with pleasure  
Like a little girl,  
The day I brought you this gift of a  
handkerchief  
And all you say is:  
"I can't understand it!"  
But, one day, I stole the  
handkerchief  
that you came to press upon your  
mouth  
And, painted before you scratched  
me,

j'ai eu le temps de voir  
que ta bouche venait d'y peindre,  
rouge, naïf, dessiné à ravir,  
simple et pur  
Le portrait même de ton cœur.

### **Toréador**

Pépita reine de Venise  
Quand tu vas sous ton mirador  
Tous les gondoliers se disent:  
Prends garde... Toréador!

Sur ton coeur personne ne règne  
Dans le grand palais ou tu dors  
Et près de toi la vieille duègne

Guette le Toréador.

Toréador brave des braves  
Lorsque sur la place Saint marc  
Le taureau en fureur qui bave  
Tombe tué par ton poignard.

Ce n'est pas l'orgueil qui caresse  
Ton coeur sous la baouta d'or

Car pour une jeune déesse  
Tu brûles toréador.

Belle Espagnole  
Dans ta gondole  
Tu caracoles  
Carmencita  
Sous ta mantille  
Oeil qui pétille  
Bouche qui brille  
C'est Pépita.

C'est demain jour de Saint Escure  
Qu'aura lieu le combat à mort  
Le canal est plein de voitures  
Fêtant le Toréador!

I had time to see it come from your  
mouth,  
To paint, red, naive,  
simple and pure  
The portrait even of your heart.

### **Toréador**

Pepita queen of Venice  
When you go beneath your shutter  
All gondoliers call out:  
Watch out--Toreador!

No one rules your heart  
In the grand palace where you sleep  
And near you the old duenna lies in  
waiting  
for the Toreador.

Toreador, bravest of the brave  
When in Piazza San Marco  
The wild, slobbering bull  
Falls slain by your blade

It is not pride that caresses  
Your heart beneath your golden  
cape

It is for a young goddess  
That your passion burns, toreador.

Lovely Spanish girl  
In your gondola  
Dancing and prancing  
Carmencita  
Under your mantilla  
Sparkling eyes  
Shining mouth  
That's Pepita

Tomorrow is St. Escurio's Day,  
With its combat to the death  
The canal is full of sails  
Celebrating the Toreador.

De Venise plus d'une belle  
Palpite pour savoir ton sort  
Mais tu méprises leurs dentelles

Tu souffres Toréador.

Car ne voyant pas apparaître.  
Caché derrière un oranger,  
Pépita seule à sa fenêtre  
Tu médites de te venger,

Sous ton caftan passe ta dague  
La jalousie au coeur te mord  
Et seul avec le bruit des vagues

Tu pleures toréador.

Belle Espagnole  
Dans ta gondole  
Tu caracoles  
Carmencita  
Sous ta mantille  
Oeil qui pétille  
Bouche qui brille  
C'est Pépita.

Que de cavaliers! que de monde!

Remplit l'arène jusqu'au bord  
On vient de cent lieues à la ronde

T'acclamer Toréador!

C'est fait il entre dans l'arène  
Avec plus de flegme qu'un lord.  
Mais il peut avancer à peine  
Le pauvre Toréador.

Il ne reste à son rêve morne  
Que de mourir sous tous les yeux  
En sentant pénétrer des cornes  
Dans son triste front soucieux

Car Pépita se montre assise  
Offrant son regard et son corps

More than one Venetian beauty  
Trembles to know your fate  
But you despise all their laces—you  
suffer—

Toreador.

Since not seeing her appear  
Hidden behind an orange tree,  
Pepita alone at her window  
You think about vengeance.

Under your caftan slips your dagger  
Jealousy gnaws at your heart  
And alone with the noise of the  
waves

You weep toreador.

Lovely Spanish girl  
In your gondola  
Dancing and prancing  
Carmencita  
Under your mantilla  
Sparkling eyes  
Shining mouth  
That's Pepita

So many horsemen! so great a  
crowd!

Filling the arena to its limits  
From a hundred leagues people keep  
coming

To cheer you—Toreador!

And so he enters the arena  
With more composure than a lord  
But he can scarcely walk, the poor  
Toreador.

His gloomy dream contains no more  
Than to die before the eyes of all  
As he feels the piercing horns  
Within his sad, troubled brow

He sees Pepita sitting there,  
Offering her gaze and her body

Au plus vieux doge de Venise  
Et rit du toréador.

Belle Espagnole  
Dans ta gondole  
Tu caracoles  
Carmencita  
Sous ta mantille  
Oeil qui pétille  
Bouche qui brille  
C'est Pépita.

To the oldest doge of Venice  
Laughing at the toreador.

Lovely Spanish girl  
In your gondola  
Dancing and prancing  
Carmencita  
Under your mantilla  
Sparkling eyes  
Shining mouth  
That's Pepita



### **Four Songs from Op. 21 and Op. 26 by Sergei Rachmaninoff**

Known for his prolific output of piano music, Sergei Rachmaninoff also wrote extensively for the voice. These four songs have been paired together with the following Schubert selections to tell a story of losing love and falling into mental disarray from a place of comfortability and complacency.

#### **Покинем, милая,**

Покинем, милая,  
шумящий круг  
столицы. Пора в родимый край,  
пора в лесную глушь!  
Ты слышишь?  
нас зовёт на волю из темницы  
Весны победной шум  
и пеньэ птиц...  
К чему-ж нам усмирять  
души волшебныя порывы?  
Иль разлюбила ты желтеюшчия  
нивы,  
И рошчи свежая,  
и кхмурьэ леца,  
Где, помнишь,  
мы вдвоём задумчиво блуждали  
В вечерний час,  
когда темнеют небеса,  
И молча бродит взор  
в тумане спящей дали?

#### **Здесь кхорошо...**

Здесь кхорошо...  
Взгляни, вдали  
Огнём горит река;  
Цветным ковром луга легли,  
Белеют облака.  
Здесь нет людей...  
Здесь тишина...  
Здесь только Бог да я.  
Цветы, да старая сосна,  
Да ты, мечта моя!

#### **Beloved, let us fly**

Beloved, let us fly  
from the noisy bustling capital.  
And return to the remote forests  
of our native land!  
Do you hear  
spring's triumphant sound  
and the birdsongs  
freeing us from the dungeon?  
Why must we suppress  
the magical impulses of the soul?  
Or do you no longer love the  
yellowing cornfields,  
fresh groves,  
and the gloomy forests?  
Where, you remember,  
we wandered together lost in thought,  
And in the evening hours  
when the heavens were darkening,  
Your gaze roamed silently  
in the mist of the sleeping distance.

#### **How peaceful...**

How peaceful...  
Look - far away,  
The river is a blaze of fire;  
The meadows lie like rugs of color,  
The clouds are white.  
Here there is no one...  
Here it is silent...  
Here is only God and I,  
The flowers, the old pine tree,  
And you, my dream!

**Я опять одинок!**

Как светла, как нарядна весна!  
Погляди мне в глаза, как бывало,  
И скажи: отчего ты грустна?  
Отчего ты так ласкова стала?

Но молчишь, ты, слаба, как  
цветок...

О молчи! Мне не надо признанья:  
Я узнал `ету ласку прощанья, --  
Я опять одинок!

**I am again alone.**

How bright, how dressy is spring!  
Look into my eyes, as you used to,  
And tell me: why have you become  
so melancholy?

Why have you become so clingy?  
But you are silent, as weak as a  
flower...

Hush now! I need no confession;  
I know this affection of parting, --  
I am again alone

**Пошчады я молю!**

Пошчады я молю!  
Не мучь меня, весна,  
Не подходи ко мне с болезненною  
лаской,  
И сердца не буди от  
мертвенного сна  
Своей младенческой, но  
трогательной сказкой.  
Ты видишь, как я слаб, о, сжался  
надо мной!  
Меня томит и жжет твой ветер  
благовонный,  
Я дорого купил забвеньэ и покой,  
Оставь же их душе, страданьэм  
утомленной...

**I beg for mercy!**

I beg for mercy!  
Do not vex me, Spring,  
Do not approach me with painful  
caress,  
And do not wake the heart from  
deathly sleep  
With your infantile but touching tale.  
You see how weak I am, o, have  
mercy upon me!  
Your fragrant wind torments and  
burns me,  
I purchased rest and peace at great  
expense,  
So leave them to the soul, weary  
from suffering.

## Die schöne Müllerin

One of the most important song cycles ever written, Franz Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* tells the tale of a young miller who, after following a brook upstream to a mill, falls in love with a maiden. He courts the maiden as best he can, but inevitably his efforts are in vain; her desires lie with a hunter. The miller falls into a deep psychological collapse, fixating on the color green, and eventually taking his life. The brook, which is embodied by the piano and the voice at various parts in the work through melismatic action and arpeggiation, acts as both companion to the hunter, as well as a Mephistopheles-like character.

### Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am  
Mühlbach hier?  
Bleib, trotziger Jäger, in deinem  
Revier!  
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für  
dich,  
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein  
zahmes, für mich,  
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein  
sehn,  
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde  
stehn,  
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu  
Haus,  
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und  
Braus,  
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige  
Haar,  
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das  
Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde  
dazu  
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller  
in Ruh.  
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen  
Gezweig?  
Was will den das Eichhorn im  
bläulichen Teich?  
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im  
Hain,  
Und laß mich mit meinen drei

### The Hunter

What, then, does the hunter seek at  
the mill-brook here?  
Remain, presumptuous hunter, in  
your own hunting-grounds!  
Here there is no game for you to  
hunt;  
Here dwells only a little doe, a tame  
one, for me.  
And if you wish to see the tender  
doe,  
Then leave your guns in the woods,  
And leave your barking dogs at  
home,  
And stop the horn from blowing and  
hooting,  
And clip from your chin your shaggy  
hair;  
Otherwise the doe will hide itself  
away in the garden.

Or better yet, remain in the forest  
And leave the mills and the miller in  
peace!  
What use are fishes in green  
branches?  
What would the squirrel want in a  
blue pond?  
Therefore stay, presumptuous hunter,  
in the meadow,  
And leave me with my three wheels

Rädern allein;  
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich  
machen beliebt,  
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr  
Herzchen betrübt:  
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus  
dem Hain  
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein  
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem  
Feld:  
Die Eber, die schieß, du Jägerheld!

### **Eifersucht und Stolz**

Wohin so schnell, so kraus, so wild,  
mein lieber Bach?  
  
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen  
Bruder Jäger nach?  
Kehr um, kehr um, und schilt erst  
deine Müllerin  
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen  
Flattersinn.  
  
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am  
Tore stehn,  
Mit langem Halse nach der großen  
Straße sehn?  
Wenn vom den Fang der Jäger lustig  
zieht nach Haus,  
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den  
Kopf zum Fenster 'naus.  
  
Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das;  
doch sag ihr nicht,  
Hörst du, kein Wort von meinem  
traurigen Gesicht.  
Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine  
Pfeif' aus Rohr  
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz'  
und Lieder vor.

alone!  
And if you would like to make  
yourself liked by my sweetheart,  
Then know, friend, what troubles her  
heart:  
The boars, they come at night from  
the grove  
And break into her cabbage-garden  
And tread and wallow around in the  
field.  
The boars - shoot them, you  
hunter-hero.

### **Jealousy and Pride**

To where are you going so quickly,  
so ruffled and wild, my dear  
brook?  
Do you hurry full of anger for the  
arrogant hunter?  
Turn around and scold first your  
miller-maid,  
For her light, loose, little flirtatious  
mind,  
  
Didn't you see her standing at the  
gate last night,  
Craning her neck toward the large  
street?  
When the hunter returns gaily home  
from the catch,  
No decent girl sticks her head out the  
window.  
  
Go, brooklet, and tell her that; but  
tell her not,  
do you hear? - tell her no word of my  
sad face.  
Tell her: he is carving a pipe of cane  
And plays pretty dances and songs  
for the children.

### **Die liebe Farbe**

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,  
In grüne Tränenweiden:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,  
Eine Heide von grünen Rosmarenin:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!  
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.  
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der  
    Tod;  
Die Heide, die heiß ich die  
    Liebesnot:  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,  
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein  
    Blümlein bunt,  
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

### **Die böse Farbe**

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,  
Hinaus in die weite Welt;  
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht  
    wär,  
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all  
    Pflücken von jedem Zweig,  
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all  
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,  
Was siehst mich immer an  
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,  
Mich armen weißen Mann?

### **The Loved Color**

In green will I dress myself,  
In green weeping willows;  
My sweetheart is so fond of green.  
I'll look for a thicket of cypresses,  
A hedge of green rosemary;  
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

Away to the joyous hunt!  
Away through heath and hedge!  
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.  
The game that I hunt is Death;  
  
The heath is what I call the grief of  
    love.  
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the ground,  
Cover me with green grass:  
My sweetheart is so fond of green.  
No black cross, no colorful flowers,  
Green, everything green all around!  
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

### **The Hated Color**

I'd like to go out into the world,  
Out into the wide world;  
If only it weren't so green, so green,  
  
Out there in the forest and field!

I would like to pluck all the green  
    leaves  
From every branch,  
I would like to weep on all the grass  
Until it is deathly pale.

Ah, Green, you hateful color, you,  
Why do you always look at me,  
So proud, so bold, so gloating,  
And me only a poor, flour-covered  
    man?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür  
In Sturm und Regen und Schnee.  
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und  
Nacht  
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn  
ruft,  
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein!  
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht  
aus,  
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab  
Das grüne, grüne Band;  
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir  
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

### **Trockne Blumen**

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab,  
Euch soll man legen  
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle  
Mich an so weh,  
Als ob ihr wüßtet,  
Wie mir gescheh?

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blaß?  
Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen  
Nicht maiengrün,  
Machen tote Liebe  
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen,  
Und Winter wird gehn,  
Und Blümlein werden  
Im Grase stehn.

I would like to lay in front of her  
door,  
In storm and rain and snow.  
And sing so softly by day and by  
night  
One little word: farewell!

Hark, when in the forest a hunter's  
horn sounds -  
Her window clicks!  
And she looks out, but not for me;  
Yet I can certainly look in.

Oh, do unwind from your brow  
That green, green ribbon;  
Farewell, farewell! And give me  
Your hand in parting!

### **Dry Flowers**

All you little flowers,  
That she gave me,  
You shall lie  
With me in my grave.

Why do you all look  
At me so sadly,  
As if you had known  
What would happen to me?

You little flowers all,  
How wilted, how pale!  
You little flowers all,  
Why so moist?

Ah, tears will not make  
the green of May,  
Will not make dead love  
bloom again.

And Spring will come,  
And Winter will go,  
And flowers will  
grow in the grass.

Und Blümlein liegen  
In meinem Grab,  
Die Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab.

And flowers will lie  
in my grave,  
all the flowers  
That she gave me.

Und wenn sie wandelt  
Am Hügel vorbei  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
Der meint' es treu!

And when she wanders  
Past the hill  
And thinks in her heart:  
His feelings were true!

Dann, Blümlein alle,  
Heraus, heraus!  
Der Mai ist kommen,  
Der Winter ist aus.

Then, all you little flowers,  
Come out, come out,  
May has come,  
Winter is over.

### **Der Müller und der Bach**

### **The Miller and the Brook**

Der Müller:  
Wo ein treues Herze  
In Liebe vergeht,  
Da welken die Lilien  
Auf jedem Beet;

The Miller:  
Where a true heart  
Wastes away in love,  
There wilt the lilies  
In every bed;

Da muß in die Wolken  
Der Vollmond gehn,  
Damit seine Tränen  
Die Menschen nicht sehn;

Then into the clouds must  
The full moon go,  
So that her tears  
Men do not see;

Da halten die Englein  
Die Augen sich zu  
Und schluchzen und singen  
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

Then angels  
shut their eyes  
And sob and sing  
to rest the soul.

Der Bach:  
Und wenn sich die Liebe  
Dem Schmerz entringt,  
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,  
Am Himmel erblinkt;

The Brook:  
And when Love  
conquers pain,  
a little star, a new one,  
shines in Heaven;

Da springen drei Rosen,  
Halb rot, halb weiß,  
Die welken nicht wieder,  
Aus Dornenreis.

three roses,  
half red and half white,  
which never wilt,  
spring up on thorny stalks.

Und die Engelein schneiden  
Die Flügel sich ab  
Und gehn alle Morgen  
Zur Erde herab.

And the angels cut  
their wings right off  
and go every morning  
down to Earth.

Der Müller:  
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
Du meinst es so gut:  
Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,  
Wie Liebe tut?

The Miller:  
Ah, brooklet, dear brook,  
You mean it so well,  
Ah, brooklet, but do you know,  
What love does?

Ach unten, da unten  
Die kühle Ruh!  
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
So singe nur zu.

Ah, under, yes under,  
is cool rest!  
Ah, brooklet, dear brook,  
please just sing on.

### **Des Baches Wiegenlied**

Gute Ruh, gute Ruh!  
Tu die Augen zu!  
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.  
Die Treu' ist hier,  
Sollst liegen bei mir,  
Bis das Meer will trinken die  
Bächlein aus.

### **The Brook's Lullaby**

Good rest, good rest,  
Close your eyes!  
Wanderer, tired one, you are home.  
The truth is here,  
You shall lie by me,  
Until the sea drinks the brooklet dry.

Will betten dich kühl  
Auf weichem Pfühl  
In dem blauen kristallinen  
Kämmerlein.  
Heran, heran,  
Was wiegen kann,  
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir  
ein!

I will bed you cool  
On a soft pillow,  
In the blue crystal room,

Come, come,  
Whatever can lull,  
rock and lap my boy to sleep!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt  
Aus dem grünen Wald,  
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl  
um dich her.  
Blickt nicht herein,  
Blaue Blümelein!  
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die  
Träume so schwer.

When a hunting-horn sounds  
From the green forest,  
I will roar and rush around you.

Don't look in,  
Blue flowerets!  
You make my sleeper's dreams so  
troubled!



Hinweg, hinweg  
Von dem Mühlensteg,  
Hinweg, hinweg,  
Böses Mägdlein  
Daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!

Wirf mir herein  
Dein Tüchlein fein,  
Daß ich die Augen ihm halte  
bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!  
Bis alles wacht,  
Schlaf aus deine Freude, schlaf aus  
dein Leid!  
Der Vollmond steigt,  
Der Nebel weicht,  
Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er  
so weit!

Away, away  
From the mill-path,  
Away, away,  
hateful girl!  
That your shadow might not wake  
him.

Throw in to me  
Your fine handkerchief,  
That I may cover his eyes with it!

Good night, good night,  
Until all awake,  
Sleep out your joy, sleep out your  
pain!  
The full moon climbs,  
The mist fades away,  
and the heavens above, how wide  
they are!