

NEW SONGS

1. Grave-Digger's Song

1. Dig, spade, dig!
For everything I have
I thank you, spade!
Rich and poor people
become my prey,
coming at last to me!
2. Formerly great and noble,
this skull nods
no thanks to any greeting!
This skeleton,
without cheek or lip,
once had gold and rank!
3. That head with hair
was for a few years
as lovely as angels are!
A thousand young fops
licked its little hand,
gaped themselves half blind!
4. Dig, spade, dig!
For everything I have
I thank you, spade!
Rich and poor people
become my prey,
coming at last to me!

2. Song of the Harvester Women

Singing we go along, happily singing
our best shepherd song!
To work we go skipping,
so they can hear us, who do not see us.
Singing we go into the tumult,
to the flocks we go.
Singing we go; beneath heaven
there are no people as happy as we.

3. Nun's Song

1. It wasn't a dreary life,
until I went into the cloister.
One has to stay inside there,
and avoid all sweethearts.
Oh love, what have I done!
Oh love, what have I done!
2. My father and mother came,
and found me in the cloister;
they all had pretty clothes on;
while I had to wear a habit.
Oh love, what have I done!
Oh love, what have I done!
3. When I go to church,
I sing Vespers all alone;
when I sing the Gloria Patri,
my sweetheart alone is in my thoughts.
Oh love, what have I done!
Oh love, what have I done!
4. Then when I go to my little meal,
my little table stands all alone;
I eat meat, and drink wine,
and think: oh sweetheart, if only you were here!
Oh love, what have I done!
Oh love, what have I done!
5. Even when I go to sleep,
my little bed is there all alone;
I lie in it—may God have mercy!—
and imagine you, sweetheart, in my arms.
Oh love, what have I done!
Oh love, what have I done!
6. At night, when I awaken,
I grasp here and there.
Reach out wherever I might,
Wherever I touch, there's nothing there.

Oh love, what have I done!
Oh love, what have I done!

4. The Merciful Maiden

1. From the bottom of my heart, innocent Damon
worryes me;
injured within, he consumes himself in love's pains.
Like summer roses he withers away.
Yet I can only weep over him.
2. He staggers ten times a day by my house,
and each time my eyes cloud over at his suffering.
I look sadly after him.
Yet I can only weep over him.
3. Alas, for you, Amyntas, his heart beats alone
in silence.
You alone can soothe his sweet pangs through love!
Oh love, guide his heart and soften,
oh soften Damon's pain!

5. To the Graces and Muses

1. You Muses, look at Cupid, look,
you Graces, at the little one!
He hovers gently, as Zephyr blows,
and gambols with the bees.
2. His quiver is full of arrows,
his bow—see him take aim!
He aims at us, and surely will disturb us
at our childish games.
3. He flutters in Arcady
with his little wings.
A little song, you Graces,
let us sing to Cupid!
4. You, the enemy of raw human hatred,
you, the friend of gentle desires,
oh, rule in Arcady
and let all our shepherds make love!
5. Yet be no tyrant over us,
our breasts are already yours!
Upon our knees we beg you,
we Graces and Muses!

6. To Nature

1. Lovely, kind Nature,
gentler than Cythera!
You gloriously adorn field and meadow,
filling earth and sea.
Everything speaks your praise,
human and animal and grass and flower.
2. Most of all you are recognized
in the loveliest scenery,
and yet the artist's hand
imitates you in vain.
You, the joy of so many beings,
are the masterpiece of the Creator.
3. Everything, at your beckoning,
must arise out of nothing,
all that we behold in creation
without craft or artifice.
Even man, the image of the Creator,
emerges from your kernel.
4. From your broad lap
free from flaw or deficit,
sprang many a lovely angel
which proud art discovered.
Yet for only a few days
did your appearance beautify her, Nature.
5. Your ideal has not yet fled
from our noble, honest sons,
and you are still enthroned
among the German beauties.
If only the number was not so small,
who dedicate themselves, oh Nature, to you!
6. But oh, the huge number
who shun your face!
Vain embellishment rules everywhere,
shrinking from your beauty.—
Artless Nature,
lead me along your track.

7. Bevelise and Lysidor. The Phoenix

1. The man, who even after his honeymoon
kisses out of love and not out of duty,
who spoke tenderly to his bride

and speaks just as lovingly to his wife,
whom, when her autumn is approaching,
he kisses as in her springtime,
he is a Phoenix, a paragon;
too bad, that he is so rare!

2. The woman, who after her husband's death wears mourning in total earnestness, who still thinks of him, in spite of custom, after she puts her mourning garb aside, indeed, does not stifle his memory, even when she makes a second match, she is a Phoenix, a paragon; too bad, that she does not exist!

8. To My Resting Place

1. Hail to you, goal of my cares,
oh cool grave, that one day will cover me!
Here I will sleep until the great morning,
which will awaken me to eternity.
2. I approach you upon ever-hastening wings;
fleeting time brings me to you.
Soon death's arm will embrace me,
I am never safe from him here.
3. Soon I will rest softly in your brown shadow,
where I will be shielded from want.
Then I will gently stretch out my weary, tired,
and completely exhausted limbs.
4. I see a frightful silence surround you,
and horror wafts about you.
Yet my soul shall not tremble before you,
you are no longer terrifying to me.
5. Embrace then, you dank, desolate pit,
one day my slumbering bones!
High above you my soul will rise,
illuminated by eternal sunlight.
6. Not forever will you contain my dust
in your bosom, oh black grave!
Surrounded by heavenly beings, I hear
the voice of the Almighty, who calls me.
7. Transfigured, I will lift up my head from you,
reunited with my joyful spirit;

I will behold him who awakens the dead,
who for my bliss appears to me.

8. In his hand I see the crown shining,
the lofty reward of the blessed.
Glorified with him, I will then behold your
remnants
deep beneath my feet.

9. Spring. To Rosie

1. Oh see, the dear sun laughs!
The meadow arrays itself in beauty.
The winter snow is dissolved,
and blossoms emerge from the clover.
2. On the tiny blue violets
the little bees gather eagerly.
The colorful butterfly rejoices
over its enameled dress.
3. The lark hovers high above,
in the grove the chorus of birds rings forth,
above all, however, resounds the cry
of the dear little nightingale.
4. Of you, oh Love, his song resonates,
and his beloved mate flies
to her little husband, and intimately
she cozies up to his side.
5. Oh if I had, dear nightingale,
like you, such a pure, sweet cry,
then my Rosie would also come to me,
and I could rejoice along with you.

10. Belise and Thyrsis

1. Belise died and said in parting:
"Now, Thyrsis, now I leave you!
I would die willingly and with joy,
if another will love you as much as I do."
2. "Alas," he said, "can that be troubling you?
Belise, it is only your death that is difficult!
If you yourself can no longer love me,
I will require no love anymore."

11. To Sleep

1. Come, sweet friend of the weary,
Already yawning I greet you,
from now on, you are for me
the best reward of effort.
Into my tired glances
your gentle image gazes.
Come, sleep, to refresh me,
since night envelops me.
2. In your quiet lap
I find such delight;
many a powerful man desires you,
yet hopelessly he yearns for you.
In vain you shadow him
with your wings many nights;
oh sleep, to compel you
the riches of a kingdom cannot help.
3. You fall softly down
upon many lamenting hearts,
yet you soon fly away again,
driven away by grief and pain.
How many would toss their cares
gladly into your lap;
yet, until morning, remain
with their burdens, far from you.
4. In filthy chaos
the fool stumbles about,
in crowds and pastimes alone
he seeks his Elysium.
To this black fate
he hurriedly presses forward,
and for its sake, with darkened glance,
abandons sweet rest.
5. Let the fools do what they want,
I will not do as they;
thus to spend the night awake
has never been my choice.
Far from pastimes and crowds,
oh friend, I await you!
Drive grief and danger away from me
and strengthen my limbs.
6. As you, in lowly huts
hover around good people,

and after many, many steps
revive the traveller anew;
so hover around my bed as well;
then I will also be refreshed,
until the early dawn
illumines my bright eye.

12. Contentment

1. Always upon the flowery path,
counting the golden hours,
the vain delusion of the fool
sets his heading.
And the wise man's heart speaks:
dubious delights
are of no use to earth's citizens
without little sorrows.
2. This lovely world can
give much to her children,
yet they never achieve
the pinnacle of their desires.
If the greatest joy remained our delight,
we would be kings ourselves;
all of it, even rank and gold,
falls too short for our spirits.
3. Happy is the mortal
who is content with that
which the Almighty Father
has destined for his lot.
True bliss on earth,
that uplifts the spirit,
is when contentment
animates his breast.
4. Good fortune is what the Hand of Providence,
governing earthly life,
wisely has given me
for desired sustenance.
As meager as this might well be,
golden status and honors teach
me to be content
in a lowly sphere.
5. You, the bliss of earth,
the true source of wisdom,
divine contentment,

fill my soul.
You alone scatter flowers upon me.
Even in misery
you teach me, through angelic insight,
to enjoy my portion.

13. Drinking Song

1. A life like that in paradise
Father Rhine provides for us.
I grant that a kiss is sweet,
but wine is even sweeter.
I am as happy as a fawn
that dances around a spring,
when I see the beloved banquet table
laid out with goblets.
2. What do I care about the entire world
when the dear little glass beckons,
and the juice of the grape, my delight,
shimmers on my lips?
Then I drink, like a child of the gods,
and empty the full flask,
so that the heat runs through my veins,
and surges and increases.
3. The earth would be a valley of sorrow,
full of grumpiness and aches,
if the noble Rhine wine had not sprung forth
to ease our misery.
It raises the beggar to a throne,
unites earth and heaven,
and magically transports each earthly son
directly to Elysium.
4. It is the true panacea,
rejuvenating old blood,
warding off headache and bellyache
and other things as well.
Therefore, long live the noble land,
which brings the wine to us!
The vintner, who plants
and cultivates it, long live the vintner!
5. And to each lovely vintneress,
who presses the grapes for us,
I dedicate, as to my queen,
a brimming wine stein!

Long live each German man
who drinks his Rhine wine,
for as long as he can hold the goblet
and then sink to the ground!

14. From an Ode to the New Year

1. The wise man looks towards eternity;
mankind's nobility illumines his face.
The dark future never troubles his eye,
only the shirking of his duty.
2. Oh easy task! Oh task full of heaven's blessing!
Man's first duty, and most holy!
Hover like a seraph before me on the path
that I walk to my grave;
3. so that I never burden my heart with sins,
which in judgment are like thunder crashing
and the roaring of the sea, which all comfort of
mercy
blow out of the heart like the wind;
4. so that, striving for the ever-blooming treasure,
I manfully press forward on the path of virtue,
dedicate myself to God and country, the law,
as a pious citizen, a servant!
5. And when I string my harp for a song,
like a trumpet peal or an organ chord,
powerfully from my song may
virtue's praise resound towards heaven!

15. Garden Song

1. O God, may my gratitude ring forth
to you out of a joyous breast.
With these thanks we now conclude
our garden celebration.
2. Here, in springtime, we listened
to the birds of our meadow.
Here sounded far and wide around us
the voices of nature.
3. Here we saw your divine power
even in the smallest worm,
in the blossoming glory of each tree,
in sunshine and storm.

4. We saw, in each starry night,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts,
the truth, which the fool disparages:
the Lord, the Lord is God!
5. Praise, thanks, and honor resound to you
out of our happy breasts!
With these thanks we now conclude
our garden celebration.

16. How to be Nice

My father kisses my mother,
my mother kisses my father;
and when they kiss each other,
they are both nice.
How often my mother says:
“My Wilhelm, be nice!”
Now I have already become so,
since our neighbor’s daughter
allows herself to be kissed right willingly.

17. On a Friend’s Birthday

1. Lovely joy, sink down
today from heaven!
May happiness sound in our songs,
as they ring out celebration.
Salutations for my friend’s life
my family and I together lift up
joyfully from our hearts,
becoming a song, a choir.
2. Hail to the best of men!
Every earthly bliss
shall be his experience!
May each delight be his portion!
May his blessing-filled days
smile cheerfully, without complaints,
as gently as his wife’s gaze.
May both their lifetimes be fortunate!

18. “I Trust in God with a Firm Spirit”

1. I trust in God with a firm spirit;
he will give me aid.
As God guides me, it is well;
my entire life is his.

If he sends me sorrowful times,
he also brings me comfort and peace
and helps me overcome.

2. Indeed it is difficult for my soul
when sorrows seize me.
Often my heart is devoid of comfort,
when they mount up too greatly.
Yet if I sigh, God, to you above,
then you straighten me up again,
you, the Comforter of my soul!
3. I have entrusted myself to you
since my earliest days of youth.
You, most faithful God, from now on
will bear me in your fatherly arms.
I trust in God, in God alone!
This will be my comfort and ease
in sorrow and in death!

19. “Friends, Come into the Nearby Woods”

1. Friends, come into the nearby woods
and experience the pleasures of spring there!
Zephyr kisses the fields adorned with beauty
and drives anguish out of the heart.
2. Hurry and banish from your heart
unhappiness, which is winter’s purview!
Behold the flock of birds merrily playing!
Do not remain silent in the face of their joy!
3. Play, sing fervently about love!
Sing of old, sing of new wine,
sing of the joyful desires of youth;
sing always, for your delight.

20. To a Little Beauty

1. Little beauty, kiss me!
Little beauty, are you shy?
Giving kisses, receiving kisses,
need not make you bashful now.
Oh how deliciously she kisses,
the little angel, so early yet!
2. Kiss me yet a hundred times!
Kiss and keep track of the number.
I will, by my life,

give you all of them back ten-fold,
when a kiss is no longer a game
and you are ten years older.

21. To Doris

1. The light of day has darkened,
the purple that shone in the west
has faded into a pale grey.
The moon displays her silver horns,
the cool night sprinkles sleep kernels
and quenches the thirsty world with dew.
2. Come, Doris, come to that beech,
let us seek the quiet ground,
where nothing stirs except you and me.
Only the breath of the beloved west wind
rustles the slender leaves of the ash
and beckons us affectionately.
3. The foliage, bedecked in verdant night,
leads us into a pleasure-filled dream,
where the spirit rocks itself to sleep.
It draws wavering thoughts
into delightful narrow clefts,
to dwell contentedly in solitude.
4. Ah, Doris! Don't you feel in your heart
the tender stirring of soft sadness,
that is sweeter than any joy?
Doesn't your lovely glance shine more softly,
doesn't your blood itself flow faster
and your innocent breast swell?
5. You are astonished. Your virtue is aroused.
The lovely color of chaste youth
covers your bashful face.
Your blood surges with mingled feelings,
harsh rumor displacing love,
but your heart does not evict it.
6. Oh, if only you were moved by a shadow
of that delight that fills two hearts,
which share each other's thoughts!
You would demand from fate
all the wasted time back,
which your heart had spent in waiting.

7. My fire burns not only on paper,
I do not seek to idolize you;
your humanity adorns you all too much.
Another can lament more eruditely;
my mouth knows little what to say,
but my heart feels much more.
8. Why do you look about fearfully
and cast your lovely glance down?
There is no stranger spying near.
My child, can I not soften you?
But yes, although your mouth gives no sign,
yet your sighs tell me: Yes!

22. The Graces

As on a spring evening the three Graces enjoyed
themselves near a forest in Acidalia's spring, they
suddenly lost Aglaia, the loveliest of the Graces.
How frightened the daughters of delight were,
when they found Aglaia missing! How they ran
through the trees and searched and called!

Thus anxiously, trembled on Cremonese strings
The softest silver tones.

"Aglaia!"—called the silver note.

"Aglaia!"—the echo softly helped to spread.

In vain, Aglaia was gone.

"Alas, Pan has crept after her so long!

The wicked one has her now!

Alas! Acidalia! Look down from your throne!

Shall she, for all of eternity,

from now on no longer be with us?

Two Graces are an embarrassment to the entire
world,

and alas! He has the third!—"

So they lamented. In vain! Aglaia was gone.

Now they slipped through the bushes, and beat the
leaves softly, and fearfully recoiled at every blow.

Then they hid themselves, to spy on the thief;
yet they trembled from fear even to see him.

Finally thy came to a rose bush, which concealed
my Chloe—and me. Chloe sat in front of me, I
behind her.

First I bent myself slyly around her neck
and quickly stole a little kiss from her;
then she bent her neck unnoticed around to me,
and each received the kiss halfway,
each giving and each receiving.

At this game the Graces interrupted us, and they
laughed aloud to see us kissing, and leapt around us
happily. "There is Aglaia!" They cried. "The sneak!—
You were kissing, while we ran around troubled,
and couldn't find you?" And then they ran off with
my Chloe.

"What!" I cried. "Crazy thieves!
How can she be Aglaia?
You're very wrong, you goddesses of grace!
For Graces, that's not very nice!
Give Chloe back to me! You scoundrels, she is
mine!"

But the Graces didn't hear me, and ran away with
my Chloe. Angrily I rushed after them, when sud-
denly Aglaia stepped out from behind a beech tree,
and waved to me, and smiling warmly spoke thus
to me:

"Why do you want to hurry after Chloe?
Lucky mortal, Aglaia loves you.
Now kiss me instead of Chloe!
Don't think about catching up with your girl:
I, a goddess, love you!"

Suspiciously I looked at the Grace.

Delight sprang from her cheeks,
and youth and feeling out of her bashful glance.

Dangerous enticements!—But with a bold hand
I seized the Grace, led her to her sisters, and said:
"Here is Aglaia, you Graces!—

O Chloe, my joy, my happiness!—
Give me my Chloe back!
Is this Aglaia's face and appearance?
There! Take the Grace back."

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