

Sergey Rachmaninoff

Oh, no, I pray, don't leave! (Op. 4, No. 1)

The greatest pain is nothing
compared to separation,
I am too happy by this torment,
Firmly press me to your breast,
And say that you love me.

I came again,
Sick, emaciated and pale,
Look how weak I am, how
impoverished,
How much I need your love...

New torments ahead of me,
I await like sweet caresses and
kisses,
And in my anguish I only pray:
Oh, stay with me, don't leave!

The love is rising in my soul (Op. 14, No. 10)

Like the sun in the splendour of
beauty
It gives birth to well-ordered
verses
Like fragrant flowers.

In my soul your cold gaze
Ignited that burning sun.
Ah, if only I could with it,
In return ignite your gaze.

Yesterday we met (Op 26, No. 13)

She stopped—
Me too...our eyes met.
Oh, God, how the time has
changed her!
Her eyes now lost their flame,
her cheeks turned pale.

For a long time I looked at her
silently and sombrely— She
smiled at me, extending her
hand;
I wanted to speak—she bid
me:
“For God's sake, be quiet,” and
turned away.

Knitting her brow, she took her
hand away,

Saying: “Farewell, till we meet
again.”

But I wanted to say: “We part
forever,
Oh, dying, but beloved
creature!”

In the silence of the night (Op 4, No. 3)

Oh, at length I shall in the
silence of the mysterious night
Your cunning whisper, your
smile, or a passing glance
The strain of your hair to your
fingers obedient,
Chase away from my thoughts
and again recall.
I shall whisper and correct the
former aspects
Of our awkward conversations,
And intoxicated, against all
reason,
I shall awake the darkness with
your sacred name.

Credit: Anton Belov

Robert Schumann: *Dichterliebe*

(A Poet's Love)

I. In the wonderfully fair month
of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month
of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her my
yearning and longing.

II. From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,

and if you have love for me,
child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall
sound
the song of the nightingale.

III. The rose, the lily, the dove,
the sun,

I once loved them all in love's
bliss.

I love them no more, I love only
the small, the fine, the pure,
the one;
she herself, source of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and
sun.

IV: When I look into your eyes,
then vanish all my sorrow and
pain!
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,
then I will be wholly and
completely healthy.

When I lean on your breast,
I am overcome with heavenly
delight,
ah, but when you say, "I love
you!"
then I must weep bitterly.

V: I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily;
the lily shall resoundingly
exhale
a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and
tremble,
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

VI: In the Rhine, in the holy
stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.

In the cathedral, there stands
an image
on golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness
it has shined in amicably.

There hover flowers and little
angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little
cheeks,
they match my beloved's
exactly.

VII: I bear no grudge, even as
my heart is breaking,
eternally lost love! I bear no
grudge.

Even though you shine in
diamond splendour,
there falls no light into your
heart's night,
that I've known for a long time.

I bear no grudge, even as my
heart is breaking.
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night in your
heart's cavity,
and saw the serpent that feeds
on your heart,
I saw, my love, how very
miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

VIII: And if they knew it, the
blooms, the little ones,
how deeply wounded my heart
is,
they would weep with me
to heal my pain.

And if they knew it, the
nightingales,
how I am so sad and sick,
they would merrily unleash
refreshing song.

And if they knew my pain,
the golden little stars,
they would descend from their
heights
and would comfort me.

All of them cannot know it,
only one knows my pain,
she herself has indeed torn,
torn up my heart.

IX: There is a fluting and
fiddling,
and trumpets blasting in.
Surely, there dancing the
wedding dance
is my dearest beloved.

There is a ringing and roaring
of drums and shawms,
amidst it sobbing and moaning
are dear little angels.

X: I hear the little song
sounding
that my beloved once sang,
and my heart wants to shatter
from savage pain's pressure.

I am driven by a dark longing
up to the wooded heights,
there is dissolved in tears
my supremely great pain.

XI: A young man loves a girl,
who has chosen another man,
the other loves yet another
and has gotten married to her.

The girl takes out of
resentment
the first, best man
who crosses her path;
the young man is badly off.

It is an old story
but remains eternally new,
and for him to whom it has just
happened
it breaks his heart in two.

XII: On a shining summer
morning
I go about in the garden.
The flowers are whispering
and speaking,
I however wander silently.

The flowers are whispering
and speaking,
and look sympathetically at
me:
"Do not be angry with our
sister,
you sad, pale man."

XIII: I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you lay in your
grave.
I woke up and the tears
still flowed down from my
cheeks.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you forsook me.
I woke up and I wept
for a long time and bitterly.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you still were good
to me.
I woke up, and still now
streams my flood of tears.

XIV: Every night in my dreams I
see you,
and see your friendly greeting,
and loudly crying out, I throw
myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully
and shake your blond little
head;
from your eyes steal forth
little pearly teardrops.

You say to me secretly a soft
word,
and give me a garland of
cypress.

I wake up, and the garland is
gone,
and the word I have forgotten.

XV: From old fairy-tales it
beckons
to me with a white hand,
there it sings and there it
resounds
of a magic land,

where colourful flowers bloom
in the golden twilight,
and sweetly, fragrantly glow
with a bride-like face.

And green trees sing
primeval melodies,
the breezes secretly sound
and birds warble in them.

And misty images rise
indeed forth from the earth,
and dance airy reels
in fantastic chorus.

And blue sparks burn
on every leaf and twig,
and red lights run
in crazy, hazy rings.

And loud springs burst
out of wild marble stone,
and oddly in the brooks
shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
and there gladden my heart,
and have all anguish taken
away,
and be free and blessed!

Oh, that land of bliss,
I see it often in dreams,
but come the morning sun,
and it melts away like mere
froth.

XVI: The old, angry songs,
the dreams angry and nasty,
let us now bury them,
fetch a great coffin.

In it I will lay very many things,
though I shall not yet say what.
The coffin must be even larger
than the Heidelberg Tun.

And fetch a death-bier,
of boards firm and thick,
they also must be even longer
than Mainz's great bridge.

And fetch me also twelve
giants,
who must be yet mightier
than mighty St. Christopher
in the Cathedral of Cologne on
the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin
away,
and sink it down into the sea,
for such a great coffin
deserves a great grave.

How could the coffin
be so large and heavy?
I also sank my love
with my pain in it.

*Credit: James C. S. Liu
(http://www.jamescslu.com/classical/Schumann_Op48_origin.html)*