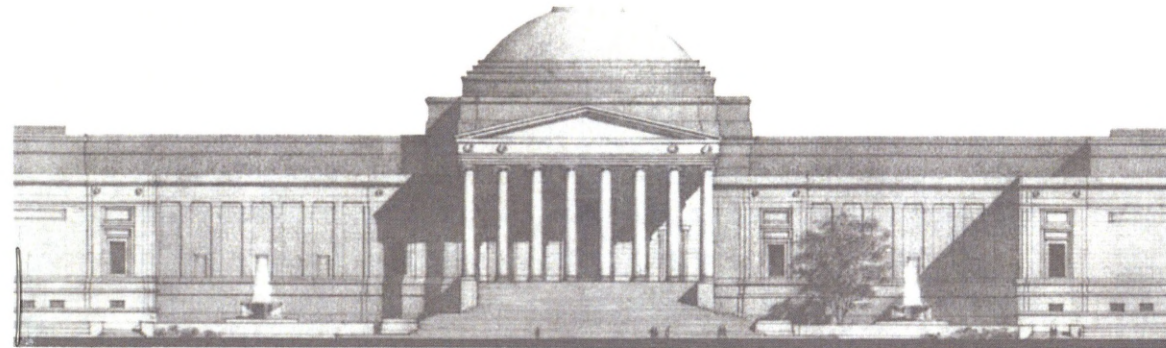


The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Music Department  
National Gallery of Art  
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW  
Washington, DC

[www.nga.gov](http://www.nga.gov)

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or [circle@nga.gov](mailto:circle@nga.gov) for more information.



The Seventy-second Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin  
**Concerts**

National Gallery of Art

**Five Lives in Music**

Concerts created and presented in honor of  
*Five Lives in Music: Women Performers, Composers,  
and Impresarios from the Baroque to the Present*  
by Cecelia Hopkins Porter

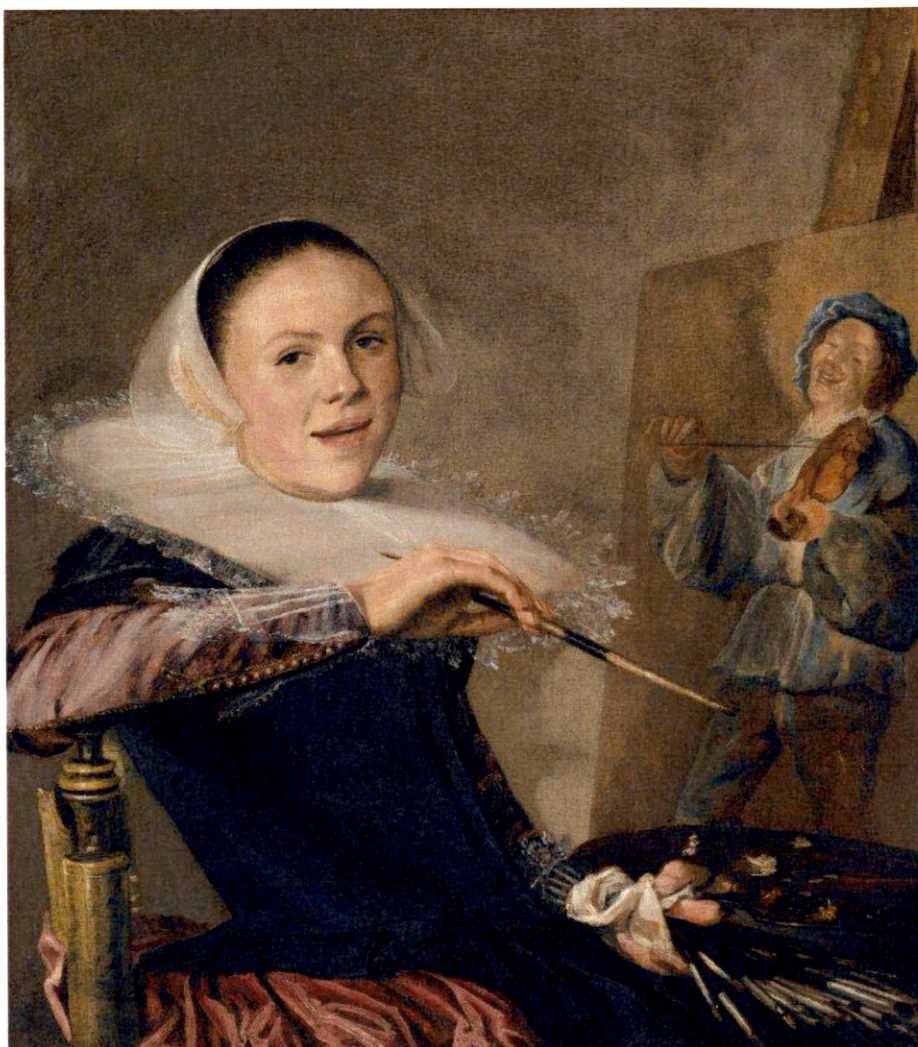
April 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30, 2014  
Wednesdays, 12:10 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

*Admission free*

## Introduction

The National Gallery of Art music department dedicates its five Wednesday concerts in April to a musical realization of *Five Lives in Music: Women Performers, Composers, and Impresarios from the Baroque to the Present*. Written by Cecelia Hopkins Porter and published in 2012 by the University of Illinois Press, the book traces the author's discovery of four remarkable women composers whose work is largely unknown, and who were ignored until now because of chauvinistic attitudes that prevailed in their own and subsequent generations. In addition, Porter writes about one of her contemporaries, pianist Ann Schein, whose career as a performer and teacher exemplifies the emergence of women from the shadows of the musical world in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries. Schein's performance on Wednesday, April 30, will conclude the series.

A graduate of Columbia and Harvard Universities and the University of Maryland where she served on the music faculty, Washington, DC native Cecelia Hopkins Porter has also taught at George Washington University. Her post-graduate musicological studies have included Fulbright and other scholarships in Berlin and Vienna. Earlier publications include *The Rhine as Musical Metaphor: Cultural Identity in German Romantic Music*, and numerous articles in *The American Music Teacher*, *Holocaust and Genocide Studies*, *The Musical Quarterly*, *Nineteenth-Century Music*, and *Opera News*. Washington-area concertgoers will recognize Porter's name from the many concert reviews she has written for the *Washington Post* since the early 1960s. In addition to her skills as a scholar and writer, Porter is a pianist, flutist, and organist.



Judith Leyster, *Self-Portrait*, c. 1630, oil on canvas, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss

2,988th Concert  
April 2, 2014, 12:10 pm

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**Barbara Hollinshead, mezzo-soprano**  
**Linnea Shin, soprano**  
**Dan Swenberg, theorbo**  
**Gwendolyn Toth, harpsichord and organ**

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Music by Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676),  
unless otherwise noted

*Performed without intermission*

From *Evangelischer Wein-Berg* (1651)  
Gott, Herr, barmherzig, gnädig heist

From *Ihr Schäfer, sagt*  
Du kleiner Gott  
Auf Echo  
Sprich mir nach

From "Manuscript 1"  
Amour qui dompte

From *Evangelischer Wein-Berg*  
Wenn schon der Wein der Freuden,  
Dem Herren Christo sei Lob, Ehr, und Dank  
Der Sohn wird billich hoch geacht  
Herodes und Jerusalem  
Herr Jesus Christ, der Herr der Herrn

From “Manuscript II”  
Was acht ich diesen Leib

From  *Davids-Harphen-Spiel*  (1667–1670)  
Ach Herr!

Johann Rosenmüller (1619–1684)  
*Ach Herr* (opening section)

From “Manuscript III”  
Ach wie nichtig

Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672)  
Tugend ist  
Bringt Herr dem Herren

From “Manuscript III”  
Was die gantz vollkomne tugendt

## The Musicians

### BARBARA HOLLINSHEAD

Described by the *Washington Post* as singing with “an artful simplicity that illuminated the text and beguiled the ear,” mezzo-soprano Barbara Hollinshead studied with Max van Egmond in the Netherlands and has sung under the baton of some of Europe’s finest early music masters, including Christopher Hogwood and Andrew Parrott. In demand throughout eastern North America, she has appeared with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Chatham Baroque, Folger Consort, Opera Lafayette, Tafelmusik, and Washington Bach Consort. A member of the New York-based early music group ARTEK, she has been the alto of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble since 2004.

In addition to recordings of music of J. S. Bach and Amy Beach, Hollinshead has recently released a CD of seventeenth-century French courtly songs with lutenist Howard Bass. An adjunct professor at American University, she is a cast member in the Washington Bach Consort’s popular program “Bach in Time.”

### DANIEL SWENBERG

A specialist in Renaissance and baroque basso-continuo playing, Daniel Swenberg plays several unusual period instruments, including the gallizona/callichon (a six- or eight-course bass lute), Renaissance and baroque lutes, and the theorbo/chitarrone (a bass lute with an extended neck). Often called upon by the Mark Morris Dance Group, the Metropolitan Opera, and New York City Opera to realize scores of ballets and operas written before 1750, Swenberg regularly performs with the early music ensembles ARTEK, New York Collegium, Rebel, Piffaro, Spiritus, Tafelmusik, Les Violons du Roy, and, of course, Lizzy and the Theorboys. He has received awards from the Belgian-American Educational Foundation and a Fulbright Scholarship (1997) for study at the Hochschule für Künste in Bremen, Germany. He also studied the lute at Mannes College of Music, musicology at Washington University in Saint Louis, and classical guitar at the North Carolina School of the Arts.

#### GWENDOLYN TOTH

Recognized as one of America's leading performers on early keyboard instruments, ARTEK Director Gwendolyn Toth performs with equal ease on the harpsichord, organ, and fortepiano. Her interpretations have been acclaimed for their spirit and intelligence, and her technique is founded on historical performance principles of fingering, articulation, and phrasing. She has been heard in concert throughout Europe, the Far East, and North America, and on radio broadcasts in France, Germany, and The Netherlands as well as National Public Radio. She has performed in festivals in Berkeley, Boston, and Indianapolis as well as in Edinburgh, Scotland; Regensburg, Germany; Trevi nel Lazio, Italy; and Utrecht, Holland.

As a soloist and recording artist on historical organs, Toth tours each summer in Europe, performing on significant organs from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. She has also performed and recorded on the oldest surviving church organ in Europe, the 1434 organ in the Fortress Cathedral in Sion, Switzerland. Active as a conductor of historical performance ensembles, she conducted ARTEK and the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble in 2010 in a celebration at the Gallery of the 400th anniversary of Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610).

#### LINNEA SHIN

Linnea Shin has been singing professionally since age seven, when she joined the Metropolitan Opera Children's Chorus. She sang the title role of the musical *Peter Pan* at age twelve and the role of Belinda in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* at seventeen. The daughter of two professional early music performers, she grew up with early music performance practice and musical style, singing oratorios with period instruments and performing on baroque violin. She made her New York City debut in 2010 with the ensemble Sinfonia Praetorius, singing medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. Concurrent with maintaining her vocal studies and singing career, Shin studies computer science at Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, California.

#### Program Note

One of a handful of persons of noble birth who had the talent and discipline required to compose significant music, Duchess Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676) was born in the court of Güstrow, a small but active north German cultural center, and spent part of her youth in exile in Kassel—her father, Duke John Albert II of Mecklenburg-Güstrow, was deposed from 1621–1624 by Emperor Ferdinand II, who thought he had taken sides with the Swedes in the Thirty Years War—where she had access to even more sophisticated musical training.

Her marriage to a relatively enlightened nobleman—August the Younger, Duke of the nearby duchy of Braunschweig-Lüneberg (1579–1666), allowed her the opportunity to continue her musical pursuits (she played the harpsichord) and even administer the musical life of her husband's court. One of the musicians with whom she had frequent contact, and from whom she received advice and counsel, was the Kappelmeister of the Saxon court in Dresden, Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672). Through Schütz, the duchess came to know and eventually aided composers Johann Jakob Löwe (1629–1703) and Julius Johann Weiland (c. 1605–1663). Despite recurring turmoil and shortage of funds caused by the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) and the preoccupation of bearing two children and rearing four more from her husband's previous marriage, Sophie-Elisabeth created and maintained a musical life at court that drew the attention of musicians and nobles throughout northern Germany.



Adélaïde Labille-Guiard, *A Fashionable Noblewoman Wearing a Plumed Hat*, c. 1789, pastel on blue laid paper, National Gallery of Art, Washington, New Century Fund

2,990th Concert  
April 9, 2014, 12:10 pm

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**Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano**

**With ArcoVoce**

**Elizabeth Field, Nina Falk, violins**

**Stephanie Vial, cello**

**Steven Silverman, harpsichord**

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Music by Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre (1665–1729)

*Performed without intermission*

*Susanne*

Récitatif— Contre la saison

Air— Indiscrète jeunesse

Récitatif— Les beautés de Susanne

Air— Cédez, il faut vous rendre

Récitatif— Ils doivent l'accuser

Recitatif mesuré— Non, non,

Air— Que la même ardeur

*Sonata III for violin and continuo*

Selected movements

*Semélé*

Récitatif— Jupiter avoit fait

Air— Ne peut-on vivre

Récitatif— Mais, quel bruit étonnant

Air— Quel triomphe, quelle victoire

Récitatif— Ah! quel embrasement

Dernier Air— Lorsque l'Amour

## The Musicians

### ROSA LAMOREAUX

Acclaimed by the *Washington Post* for her “scrupulous musicianship... gorgeous sound, and stylistic acuity,” soprano Rosa Lamoreaux maintains an international career of broad scope, including solo recitals, chamber music, opera, and orchestral performances at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, Royal Albert Hall, Strathmore Hall, and the Washington National Cathedral, among other major concert venues. Highlights of recent seasons include Bach cantatas and the *B Minor Mass* at the Phillips Collection, Bethlehem Bach Festival, and Washington National Cathedral; and American musical revues for the Dumbarton Concert Series. Now in her tenth season as artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, she is also a favorite at other renowned museums, including the Cloisters, Corcoran Gallery, Louvre, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Phillips Collection, and Smithsonian Institution. Lamoreaux maintains a website at [www.rosasings.com](http://www.rosasings.com).

### ARCOVOCE

Specializing in lesser-known but highly meritorious pieces from the full range of Western music, ArcoVoce has presented east coast premieres of music of the Dutch baroque master Cornelius Padbrue (1592–1670), J. C. Gruen (fl. 1750–1760), and contemporary American composer Lori Laitman. In addition to two previous appearances at the National Gallery, ArcoVoce has performed at the Corcoran Gallery, embassies of Germany and The Netherlands, and Phillips Collection. Among the notable guest artists who have appeared with the ensemble are Phoebe Carrai, principal cellist of Musica Antiqua Köln; Franklin Cohen, principal clarinetist of the Cleveland Orchestra; and celebrated baroque violinist Elisabeth Wallfisch. Noting the group’s versatility, the *Washington Post* proclaimed: “The performances were skilled and dedicated, wonderfully expressive... It is very rare to hear a single ensemble performing so well in such different kinds of music.”

## Program Note

Born to a respected family of Parisian musicians during the reign of Louis XIV, Elisabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre (1665–1729) lived amid the rich cultural surroundings of Versailles and Paris. Along with a number of professionals in an emerging *petite-bourgeoisie*, she was able to forge a career based on her abilities rather than her birth. Presented at court at age twenty-two, she was the first woman to have an opera staged at the Académie Royale de Musique. Her portrait (now in a private collection in London) painted by François de Troy (1645–1730), depicts her with sheet music in one hand, and a writing instrument in the other. She maintained an important salon in her home, at which performers such as harpsichordist Louis Nicolas Clérambault (1676–1749) and gambist Marin Marais (1656–1728) were heard. Frequent guests included Marie de Lorraine, Duchess of Guise (1615–1688), who herself maintained the most famous musical salon outside the royal establishment, headed by Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643–1704). Widowed at age thirty-nine, Jacquet de la Guerre continued to support herself in a comfortable lifestyle by giving concerts on the harpsichord, teaching, and publishing sonatas and cantatas in the newly popular Italian style. One of her harpsichord pupils, Louis-Claude Daquin (1694–1772), went on to become one of the most important French composers of the mid-eighteenth century.



Käthe Kollwitz, *Praying Girl*, 1892, etching and aquatint, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Grant and Virginia Green

2,992nd Concert  
April 16, 2014, 12:10 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

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**Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano**  
**Stan Engebretson, pianist**

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Music by Josephine Lang (1815–1880)

*Performed without intermission*

*Schmetterling*, op. 8, no. 1

*Den Abschied schnell genommen*, op. 15, no. 1

*Erinnerung* (1839)

*Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke*, op. 27, no. 3

*An die Entfernte*, op. 13, no. 5

*Gedenke mein*, op. 14, no. 3

*Arabeske* (piano solo)

*Perle und Lied* (1864)

*Lied*, op. 25, no. 4

*Sie liebt mich*, op. 34, no. 4



## The Musicians

### ROSA LAMOREAUX

(See page 12)

### STAN ENGBRETSON

Growing up in a midwestern Scandinavian musical tradition, Stan Engbretson first played for singers in church. Supported by advanced degrees in piano and voice from the University of North Dakota and a doctor of musical arts degree in conducting from Stanford University, he has subsequently made a career of directing choirs and making music in churches. In Washington, he has held leadership positions for more than twenty years with George Mason University as director of choral studies, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra as artistic director of the Chorale, and with New York Avenue Presbyterian Church as music director and organist.

Among his upcoming choral projects, Engbretson plans to lead a “Steps of Mozart” tour in July, taking a choir to Vienna, Salzburg, and Prague to sing the great composer’s *Requiem*. As a keyboard accompanist, he has worked with major vocal artists throughout the DC area and abroad in festivals in Italy and Spain as well as the *Europa Cantat* festival in Mainz, Germany. Frequently appearing as a collaborative musician on the organ, he played Leonard Bernstein’s *Chichester Psalms* in Nevers, France, and Ralph Vaughan Williams’ *Dona nobis pacem* at the Sydney, Australia, Opera House, home of the largest tracker pipe organ in the Southern Hemisphere.

Engbretson has led organ and choir workshops in Berlin, Cologne, Freiburg, Hamburg, and Munich, and conducted American music workshops in Saint Moritz, Switzerland. For his work, he has received Fulbright Senior Specialist residencies in Iceland and South Korea. An active lecturer, Engbretson gives presentations for the Smithsonian Institution at the Spoleto USA festival in Charleston, South Carolina.

## Program Note

By the time Josephine Lang (1815–1880) was a young adult, a woman making a mark in music was not as rare a phenomenon as it had been in earlier centuries. It should be noted, however, that her famous contemporaries Fanny Mendelssohn Henschel (1805–1847) and Clara Wieck Schumann (1819–1896), entered the scene bearing names already made famous by men. In spite of Lang’s considerable accomplishments—she wrote hundreds of songs, dozens of choral works, sonatas for violin and piano, and incidental pieces, which earned published praise from Robert Schumann and other prominent critics—she lived in relative obscurity, conforming to the expectations of European culture of her time for married women, which in her case included raising six children without the aid of full-time servants. One exception was her salon, which she maintained in her home in Tübingen, Germany, even after her husband’s death in 1856. It attracted the likes of poets Eduard Möricke (1804–1875), Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), and Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862), as well as sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770–1844).

Program details for these concerts will be  
added to a later edition of this concert brochure

**Alessandra Marc, soprano**  
**David Chapman, pianist**

Music by Maria Bach, Erich Wolfgang Korngold,  
and Richard Strauss.

2,993rd Concert  
April 23, 2014, 12:10 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court



**Ann Schein, pianist**

Music by Chopin, Debussy, Liszt, and Ravel

2,995th Concert  
April 30, 2014, 12:10 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

**Music of Duchess Sophie Elisabeth**  
**Texts and Translations**

**Gott, Herr, barmherzig, gnädig heist**  
Gott, Herr, barmherzig, gnädig heist,  
Geduldig, Gnad und Treu beweist  
In tausend Glied, oft Sünd vergiebt,  
Ein Eifrer ist, allein uns liebt,  
Verzehrend Feur Gott um uns ist,  
Uns schützt, verzehrt der Feind' Arglist.

Ist mein Erlöser, Hirt, Erbgut  
Mein Arzt, Nothhelfer, Hort und Hut,  
Mein König Erb-Herr Herr allein,  
Mein Schirm Erretter Troz in Pein,  
Mein Herrscher, Mann, Häupt und Heiland,  
Ja mein Erbarmer, und Beistand;

Gotts Weisheit, Warheit, Macht und Gnad'  
Preis' alles was da Odem hat,  
Gott Heilig, Heilig, Heilig heist,  
Auch Heiligung an mir beweist,  
Von ihm, durch ihn, und in ihm lebt  
Ja alles, was da ist und webt.

Herr segne mich, und mich behüt;  
Herr laß dein Antliz voller Güt'  
Und Treu mir leuchten; heb' und richt'  
Herr über mich dein Angesicht,  
Und gib mir Fried' in dieser Zeit,  
Und Freud' in deiner Herrlichkeit.

**Du kleiner Gott**  
Du kleiner Gott lauf listiglich,  
Du Herzens dieb was säumst du dich,  
Mach auf die Welt, greif straks hinein,  
Verbinde die von sammen sein.

Den Diamanten Liebesband,  
Nimm straks in deine rechte Hand,  
Die Herzen alle lang herbei,  
Besiehe nicht obs füglich sei.

Ihr Frauen volk seht euch jzzt für,  
Cupido klopft an die Tür,  
Wo ihr ihn lasset kommen ein,  
Sein Tuhn wird nicht ohn Wunden sein.

**Ihr Schäfer, sagt**  
Ihr Schäfer, sagt, wo kommt ihr her,  
Und leget straks ab eur Gewehr.  
Ihr Leutlein, rufft nicht so geswind,  
Wir sind der Königin Gesind.

God, Lord, called merciful, gracious,  
Patience, mercy and faith us shows  
A thousand times, often forgiving sin,  
A zealous God, alone he loves us,  
God is to us a consuming fire,  
He shields us, and consumes the enemy's malice.

He is my redeemer, shepherd, my all  
My doctor, helper in need, refuge and shelter,  
My king, first and only Lord,  
My shield, deliverer, comfort in pain,  
My Lord, soldier, chieftain and Savior,  
Yes, my mercy, and my support;

God of wisdom, truth, power and grace  
Everything which has breath praises him,  
God holy, holy, holy is called  
Also holiness to me he demonstrates,  
From him, through him and in him lives  
Yes all, that therein is and moves and lives.

Lord bless me and keep me;  
Lord, let your face, filled with goodness  
And truth, on me shine; lift and set right  
On me your countenance, Lord,  
And give me peace in this time,  
And joy in your glory.

You little god running cunningly,  
You heart thief why do you tarry?  
Take on the singles world wide,  
Connect them together.

The diamond love band,  
Take one straight in your right hand,  
Bring the hearts of all together,  
Don't think too long if it fits.

You women folk watch out, already for you  
Cupid knocks on the door,  
If you let him in,  
His actions will not be without wounds.

You shepherds say, where do you come from,  
And put away your weapon.  
Your people do not fight so quickly,  
We are the Queen's servants.

### **Auf Echo und Sprich mir nach**

Auf Echo und sprich mir nach,  
Was folgt auf die Kriegen-Sach?  
Ach.

Ach und Weh ist nicht voll Güte,  
Was wächst aus des Kriegen blüte?  
Wüte.

Kriegen Wüte kan ausleeren,  
Wie entkömmt man dem Beschweren?  
Wehren.

Krieg bleibt auf der Welt erhoben,  
Wer kann wehren seinem Toben?  
Oben.

Daß ein von der Götter G'schlecht,  
Auß dem Himmel Mittel brächt!  
Recht.

Recht, ja Recht soll wieder schweben.  
Sich mit Fried zusammen kleben.  
Leben.

Fried und Recht die können geben,  
Rechten Nutzen, rechtes Leben.  
Eben.

Wollust die auß Kriegen kömmt,  
Wie der Rauch daher verschwind.  
Wind.

Niemand spinnt bei Kriegen Seiden,  
Worin kan der Krieg uns kleiden?  
Leiden.

Nun, so komm doch, Friede, hier,  
Echo, Drüm scheid ich von dir.  
Ich von dir, von dir, dir.

### **Amour qui dompte**

Amour qui dompte les hommes et les Dieux,  
Fait que fildel j'espère a vos beaux yeux.  
Je les desire pour conducteurs,  
Et les respects pour gouverneurs,  
Vos beaux yeux pour mon subject,  
Et vos vertus pour mon souhait.

Come Echo, and say after me,  
What follows on the spoils of war?  
Alas (a wail of woe).

Alas and woe is not full of goodness,  
What blossoms grow from wars?  
Rage.

War's rage can drain us,  
How can man escape the burden?  
Resist.

War remains in the world,  
Who can stop its rage?  
(God) Above.

Oh, that one of the race of gods,  
From the sky brings an agent!  
Law.

Right, yes right to again be held in the balance.  
That with peace we might be glued together.  
Life.

Peace and justice the bold give,  
Justice the key, right living.  
Exactly.

The pleasure that comes from wars,  
As the smoke, therefore vanishes.  
Wind.

No one spins silks in wars,  
What can war clothe?  
Suffering.

Now, peace, do come here,  
Echo, I, therefore, depart from you.  
I from you, from you, you.

Love conquers men and gods,  
I hope to be faithful to your beautiful eyes.  
I your desires to guide,  
And your countenance to rule,  
Your eyes be my subject,  
And your virtues bend to my wish.

**Wenn schon der Wein der Freuden**

Wenn schon der Wein der Freuden,  
dir ganz und gar kömt aus,  
Für Wein des Weinens Leiden,  
Trän-Wasser krigst ins Haus,  
Wenn schon zu deinem Rufen  
und Beten Christus spricht:  
Was er mit dir zu schaffen?  
Verlest er dich doch nicht.

Bald wieder setzt zu Ehren,  
In seine Händ' ihn schreibt,  
Abwischend seine Zähren,  
Weil er beständig bleibt:  
Der uns hat offenbaret,  
Sein Herz und Herzlichkeit,  
Des Güt und Treu noch wäret  
Fest bleibt in Ewigkeit.

Nach Sünden auch nicht handeln  
Mit uns, vielmehr nach Gnadn,  
In Freud' all' Angst verwandeln,  
Erquikken was beladn:  
Uns Gott noch offenbaret  
Sein' Herzlichkeit und Güt',  
Uns liebt und noch bewahret,  
Für allem Leid behüt.

**Dem Herren Christo sei Lob, Ehr und Dank**

Dem Herren Christo sei Lob, Ehr und Dank,  
Daß er zum Vater für uns thät den Gang;  
Dadurch er alle Feind hat untertreten,  
Daß wir auch freien Zutritt zu Gott hätten.

Lobsinget, danket, und von Herzen preist  
Gott Vater, Gott Sohn, und Gott heilgn Geist;  
Der einig' Herr und Gott in drei Personen,  
Der uns in Nöhten will mit Trost beiwohnen,

Daß von dem schönen Gang, so Christus hielt  
Zu Gott, da er den Zorn desselben stillt,  
Ein neues Ehren-Lied von Alt und Jungen  
Ihm werd' ohn Unterlass zu Dank gesungen.

If from the wine of joy,  
You wholly and entirely come,  
Or through the wine of weeping's suffering,  
Teardrops leak into the house,  
If ever to your call  
And praying Christ says:  
What have I to do with you?  
He does not forsake you.

Soon he sits in Glory,  
In his hand he writes,  
Wiping away your tears,  
Because he remains steadfast:  
To us he has revealed  
His heart and loving-kindness,  
With goodness and trust he watches over us,  
Standing fast forevermore.

Not according to our sins does he act  
With us, rather by his mercy,  
He transforms all fear to joy,  
He lightens our burdens:  
To us God offers  
His warmth and goodness,  
Loves us and also keeps us,  
Sheltered from all suffering.

To the Lord Christ be praise, honor and thanks,  
That he for us made a path to the Father;  
He crushed all enemies,  
So that we too may have free access to God.

Sing praises, give thanks, and praise from the heart to  
God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost;  
The one Lord and God in three persons,  
Who will comfort us in our need.

That through his beautiful passion, Christ took us  
To God, so that he stills his wrath,  
A new song of glory from old and young  
Will be sung to him with thanks for evermore.

**Der Sohn wird billich hoch geacht**  
Der Sohn wird billich hoch geacht,  
Der nach des Vaters Tugend tracht,  
Viel höher wird sein dessen Preis,  
Der Gott des Vaters Willen weis,  
Und übt, wie Er, Barmherzigkeit,  
In Sanftmuth mild', ohn Geiz und Neid.

Ja Gott wird euch in euren Schoß  
Gerüttelt überflüssig groß,  
Gar vollgedrückt Maß wieder gebn,  
Der alles machet gleich und ebn,  
Es kommt schon der Vergeltungs-Tag,  
Der Hoffnung, auch Feurflammen-Rach.

Der alle Ding zum besten kehrt,  
Wird dort von Gott sein hoch geehrt,  
Der auch das Niedrige belohnt,  
Ob schon er hoch im Himmel wohnt:  
Herr gieb mir deinen Gnaden Geist,  
Daß ich dir stets Gehorsam leist.

#### **Herodes und Jeru-Salem**

Herodes und Jeru-Salem,  
Erscrak fürm kind' aus Bethlehem,  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Sie fragen nach dem Kindelein,  
Ihr' Andacht ist ein falscher Schein,  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Sie suchen das, was sie doch neidn:  
Viel besser tuhn die weisen Heidn,  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Dich sich aus fernen Landen wagn,  
Aus Gottesfurcht von Herzen frag'n  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Nach ihm, geführet durch den Stern,  
Ins Haus des neugebornen Herrn,  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Als König, Gott und Mensch ihn ehren,  
Gold, Weirauch, Mirrhen ihm verehren;  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

The son will be highly respected,  
Who after his father's virtue strives  
Far greater will be the reward  
Who recognizes the will of God the Father  
And who exercises, as does He, mercy,  
In gentleness, without covetousness and envy.

Yes, God will return to your heart,  
After testing it excessively,  
Its contents in full measure.  
He will make everything equal and even  
The day of judgement will come,  
Day of hope, also of fire-flaming wrath.

Those, who try always for the best,  
Will there by God be highly honored,  
Also the lowly shall be rewarded  
Although He dwells high in heaven:  
Lord give me the grace of your spirit  
That I shall pay obedience to you always.

Herod and Jerusalem,  
Frightened of the child of Bethlehem,  
Alleluia, Alleluia.

Herod and his people ask for the little child  
Their devotion is all false  
Alleluja, Alleluja.

They seek that, what they are envious of  
Much better are the wise heathens.  
Alleluia, Alleluia.

Who venture from far away countries,  
with a pious heart ask  
Alleluia, Alleluia

For him, guided by the star,  
to the house of the newborn Lord,  
Alleluia, Alleluia

As king, God and human man they honor him  
With Gold, Incense, Myrrh they worship him  
Alleluia, Alleluia

**Herr Jesus Christ, der Herr der Herrn**

Herr Jesus Christ, der Herr der Herrn,  
Das Wort, der Weibes-Same,  
Der Fürst des Lebens und der Ehrn,  
Der Löwe aus Judæ Stamme,  
Herfür bricht wie die Morgenröt,  
Sünd, Höll und Todt er hat getödt,  
Der Schlange Kopf zertretend.  
Alleluja.

Heut scheint der Versühne-Tag,  
Pharao mit Wagn und Rossen  
Ist izzo, als der alte Drach,  
Ins rote Meer gestossen,  
Das Pascha, frei Feyr-Jubel-Jahr,  
Ist heut, da Christus aus Gefahr  
Ins globte Land uns brachte.  
Alleluja.

Wie Adam slief, da baut' ihm Gott  
Ein Weib aus seiner Riebe,  
Der ander Adam wandt' im Tod'  
Auf uns sein Herz' und Liebe,  
Der uns, wie jener Evam, kant',  
Uns sein Fleisch, Bein und Brüder nant,  
Wie er vom Tod' erwachte.  
Alleluja.

**Was acht ich diesen leib**

Was acht ich diesen leib:  
die halbe handt voll bludt,  
der geist der schwache windt,  
die lufft mit ihrem Glanze,  
die welt mit ihrer Pracht:  
Was dieses gantze?  
Hab ich nur Jesu dich,  
So hab ich alles gutt.

**Ach! Herr (Psalm 6)**

Ach! Ach Herr! straf mich nicht in deinem Zoren,  
und züchtige mich nicht in deinem Grimm.  
Sei gnädig, Herr! ich bin schwach und verlohren.  
Ach heile mich, O Herr! mit deiner Stimm.  
Dann mein Gebeine ist erschrocken und verwohren,  
und meiner Seel, die sehr erschrocken ist, wird bange.  
Ach du mein Herr! wie lange?  
Ach wende dich zu mir, rett meiner Seel Beschwer.  
Von wegen deiner Güt, wollt helfen mir, O Herr!

Lord Jesus Christ, Lord of Lords,  
The word, born of woman,  
Prince of life and honor,  
Lion from the branch of Judah,  
Arisen from death as the morning dawns,  
Sin, hell and death he has defeated,  
The snake's head trampled.  
Alleluja.

Today shines the victorious day,  
Pharaoh with chariots and horses  
Is now, as the old dragon,  
Thrown in the Red Sea,  
The Pascal lamb freely celebrate,  
For today Christ freed us from danger  
And brought us to the promised land.  
Alleluja.

As Adam slept, God built for him  
A woman from his rib,  
The other Adam in his death  
Shrouded us with his heart and love,  
That we, as Eve, may be  
His flesh, bone and brothers,  
And like he, awaken from death.  
Alleluja.

What value has this body?  
A half-handful of blood,  
The spirit becomes weak,  
The air in all its splendor,  
The world in its magnificence:  
What worth is all this?  
If I have only you, Jesus,  
Then I have all that is good.

O Lord, rebuke me not in your anger,  
nor discipline me in your wrath.  
Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am languishing:  
Ah, heal me, O Lord! (with your voice).  
For my bones are troubled  
And my soul is greatly troubled  
But for you, my Lord! How long?  
Turn, O Lord, deliver my life;  
Save me for the sake of your steadfast love!

**Ach wie nichtig**

Ach wie nichtig,  
Ach wie flüchtig,  
Ist der menschen leben,  
Wie ein nebel balt entsteht,  
Undt auch wider balt vergehet,  
So ist unser leben sehet.

Oh how as nothing,  
Oh how fleeting,  
Is man's life,  
As a mist suddenly appears,  
And as suddenly evaporates,  
Behold, so is our life.

**Tugent ist der beste freunt**

Tugent is der beste freunt,  
So wir haben auf der erden,  
Tugent es alzeit wohl meint  
Durch sie wir bewahret werden.  
Für gefahren mancherlei,  
Machet uns die Tugend frei.

Virtue is the best friend  
That we have on earth,  
Virtue is always good  
Through it we are guarded.  
In our various dangers  
Virtue makes us free.

**Bringt Herr dem Herren (Psalm 29)**

Bringt her dem Herren, ihr Gewaltigen,  
Bringt her dem Herren Ehre und Stärke,  
Alleluja.  
Bringt her dem Herren Ehre seines Namens,  
Betet an den Herren in heiligem Schmuck,  
Alleluja.  
Alle Lande beten dich an und lobsingen dir,  
Lobsingen deinem Namen,  
Alleluja.

Ascribe to the Lord, O heavenly beings,  
Ascribe to the Lord glory and strength,  
Alleluja.  
Ascribe to the Lord the glory of his name,  
Worship the Lord in holy array,  
Alleluja.  
All lands worship you and sing your praises,  
They sing the praises of your name,  
Alleluja.

**Was die gantz vollkomne tugendt**

Was die gantz vollkomne tugendt,  
Hatt gelernet in der jugendt,  
Undt an andren oft gesehn,  
Muss sie itzundt selbst aussüben,  
Undt so richten ihr betrüben,  
Das es mög mit freud aussgehn.

That quite perfect virtue,  
I had learned in my youth,  
And in others often seen,  
I must now learn to practice,  
And so focus my sorrow,  
So that in the end it may be transformed into joy.

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**TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

**SUSANNE**

**Récitatif**

Contre la saison trop ardente Susanne, d'une eau claire empruntait la fraîcheur; et cachés pour la voir, deux Vieillards qu'elle enchante, d'un regard attentif irritaient leur ardeur.

**Air**

Indiscrète jeunesse,  
Qui suivez les amours,  
Ne croyez pas que la vieillesse  
Contre-eux vous garde aucun secours.  
Celui qu'Amour entraîne,  
Dans son jeune printemps.  
Traîne toujours sa chaîne,  
Jusqu'à ses derniers ans.

**Récitatif**

Les beautés de Susanne animent leur audace.  
Ces odieux Amants osent se découvrir. Leur amour, joint à la menace, veut l'effrayer ou l'attendrir.

**Air**

“Cédez, il faut vous rendre  
À nos ardents désirs;  
Pourrez-vous vous défendre,  
Des plus charmants plaisirs.  
Soulagez nôtre peine,  
Ou dès ce même jour,  
Redoutez une haine,  
Égale à nôtre amour.”

**Récitatif**

Ils doivent l'accuser d'une ardeur criminelle, que la loi punit de la mort. Pour vaincre sa vertu rebelle, c'est de ce piège adroit que se sert leur transport. Inhumains, est-ce ainsi que vous prétendez plaire? Susanne, quel péril! Hélas! qu'allez-vous faire? Vous rendrez vous à leur courroux, pour éviter la mort. La mériterez-vous?

**SUSANNA**

**Recitative**

To relieve the summer heat, Susanna was refreshing herself in a clear stream, while two infatuated old men had hidden themselves to watch her, the close view arousing their desire.

**Air**

Reckless youths,  
Who follow Love's allures,  
Do not believe that aging  
Will rescue you from them.  
He who is seduced by Love  
In the spring of his youth,  
Forever drags her chain  
Until his final years.

**Recitative**

Susanna's loveliness fuels their audacity. Those loathsome voyeurs dare to reveal themselves. Their fervor, tied to a threat, means to frighten or persuade her.

**Air**

“Submit! You must yield  
To our passionate demands!  
Could you deny yourself  
These most irresistible delights?  
Relieve our torment,  
Or from this day on,  
Dread a hatred  
As deep as our desire!”

**Recitative**

They are going to accuse her of criminal lust, which the law punishes by death. To prevail over her unyielding virtue, that is the crafty snare which serves their purpose. Beasts! Is this the way you extort your entertainment? Susanna, what danger! Alas! what are you going to do? To escape death, you will give in to their rapaciousness. Will you deserve that?

**Récit mesuré**

“Non, non,” dit l’héroïne constante,  
 “Vous pouvez me faire périr,  
 Mais, s’il me faut mourir,  
 Je mourrai du moins innocente.”

**Air**

Que la même ardeur nous anime,  
 Un cœur innocent ne craint rien.  
 Non, non, pour lui le jour n’est un bien  
 Que quand il en jouit sans crime.

**SEMELE****Récitatif**

Jupiter avoit fait un indiscret serment,  
 D’accorder tout aux vœux d’une amante fidelle.  
 Semelé doute encor du rang de son amant,  
 Et ce doute fait son tourment;  
 Elle aspire à le voir dans sa gloire immortelle;  
 Mais l’Amour par pitié pour elle,  
 D’un plaisir si funeste éloigne le moment!

Semelé cependant gêmit, s’impatiente;  
 Elle se plaint ainsy d’une trop longue attente.

**Air**

Ne peut-on vivre en tes liens  
 Sans souffrir de mortelles peines,  
 Amour, tu promets mille biens,  
 Qu’on ne trouve point dans tes chaines.

Un cœur qui s’est laissé charmer  
 Doit immoler tout à sa flâme.  
 Mon amant s’il sçavoit aimer,  
 Previendrait les vœux de mon âme.

**Récitatif**

Mais, quel bruit étonnant se répand dans les airs.  
 Quel ravage; la foudre gronde,  
 Le Ciel s’entrouvre; et les éclairs  
 M’annoncent le maistre du monde.

Quel appareil pompeux. Quel spectacle pour moy;  
 Pardonne, j’avois tort de soupçonner ta foy.

**Measured recitative**

“No, no,” the steadfast heroine says,  
 “You can cause my death,  
 But if I must perish,  
 At least I will die virtuously.”

**Air**

If that same fidelity motivates us,  
 A pure heart fears nothing.  
 No, for such, a day is worthy  
 Only when it is spent without wrongdoing.

**SEMELE****Recitative**

Jupiter had made a foolish vow  
 To grant in full the desires of a devoted lover.  
 Semelé remains doubtful of her beloved’s prestige,  
 And this uncertainty disturbs her;  
 She wants to behold him in his everlasting splendor;  
 But Love, having mercy on her,  
 Delays such a disastrous event!

But Semelé sighs and becomes fretful;  
 She thus complains that the wait is too long.

**Air**

Can anyone exist in your fetters  
 Without bearing deathly suffering?  
 Love, the thousand benefits which you pledge  
 Are not to be found at all in your shackles.

A heart which has been enchanted  
 Must sacrifice everything to its fervor.  
 My beloved, if he were able to love,  
 Would perceive my soul’s desires.

**Recitative**

But what a startling sound bursts into the air!  
 What havoc! A thunderbolt booms,  
 The sky cracks open, and lightning flares  
 Reveal to me the ruler of the universe.

What a glorious appearance! What a sight for me!  
 Pardon me, I was mistaken to suspect your fidelity.

**Air**

Quel triomphe, quelle victoire  
 Flatte mon cœur ambitieux.  
 Est-il rien d'égal à ma gloire,  
 Je vais jouir du sort des Dieux.

Je ne veux point que le mystère  
 Cache le bonheur de mes fers;  
 Que l'on sache que j'ay scieu plaire  
 Au plus grand Dieu de l'univers.

**Récitatif**

Ah! quel embrasement tout à coup m'épouvante.  
 Je vois ce Palais s'enflamer;  
 Ah! Ciel, je me sens consumer;  
 Jupiter, quel est donc le sort de ton Amante ?  
 Un souhait me conduit au dernier des malheurs.  
 Quel horrible tourment; je succombe, je meurs.

**Dernier Air**

Lorsque l'Amour nous enchaîne,  
 De ses plus aimables nœuds,  
 Ne meslons point à ses feux  
 L'ardeur d'une gloire vaine,  
 Ne partageons point ses vœux;  
 Lorsque l'Amour nous enchaîne.

L'éclat, la grandeur suprême,  
 Ne furent jamais un bien.  
 C'est dans un tendre lien,  
 Qu'on trouve un bonheur extrême,  
 Il ne faut compter pour rien  
 L'éclat, la grandeur suprême.

**Air**

What celebration, what success  
 Glorifies my aspiring heart!  
 Is there anything matching my prestige?  
 I am to claim the fortune of the gods.

I do not wish the happiness of my fate  
 To be shrouded in mystery –  
 Only that it is known that I have given pleasure  
 To the most exalted god of the universe.

**Recitative**

Ah! what flame suddenly horrifies me!  
 I behold this palace ablaze!  
 Ah! Heaven! I am feeling myself engulfed!  
 Jupiter, is this the destiny of your beloved?  
 Ambition carries me finally to disaster.  
 What dreadful agony! I surrender, I perish.

**Final Air**

When Love imprisons us  
 In his sweetest chains,  
 We must never confuse with his passion  
 The arrogance of proud self-importance.  
 Never parcel out his promises,  
 When Love holds us enchained.

Magnificence and great splendor  
 Never produce happiness.  
 It is in a loving relationship  
 That one discovers the utmost blessing.  
 Magnificence and great splendor  
 Must not matter at all.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**Schmetterling**

Frühlingsbote! Schmetterling!  
 Sanft wie Zephirs lindes Wehen,  
 Schmeichelnd wie der Liebe Flehen,  
 Flatterst du mit leichten Sinn  
 Durch die Blumen Welt dahin!

Frühlingsbote! Schmetterling!  
 Mit des Schmeichelns süßem Kosen,  
 Gaukelst du um junge Rosen,  
 Wendest dann mit Männersinn,  
 Dich zu andern Blumen hin!

Frühlingsbote! Schmetterling!  
 Ist dein ganzes Leben Scherz,  
 Fesselt nichts dein kleines Herz,  
 O so nenne nicht die Triebe  
 Deiner Flatterseele Liebe!

Frühlingsbote! Schmetterling!  
 Bunter Wechsel scheint dein Ziel,  
 Aber grausam ist dies Spiel.  
 Ach! ein Schmetterling wie du  
 Nahm mir tändelnd meine Ruh!  
 --Anonymous

**Den Abschied schnell genommen**

Nur den Abschied schnell genommen,  
 Nicht gezaudert, nicht geklagt,  
 Schneller als die Tränen kommen,  
 Losgerissen, unverzagt!

Aus den Armen losgewunden,  
 Wie dies in der Brust auch brennt,  
 Was im Leben sich gefunden,  
 Wird im Leben auch getrennt!

Sollst du tragen, mußst du tragen,  
 Trage nur mit festem Sinn!  
 Deine Seufzer, deine Klagen  
 Wehen in die Lüfte hin!

Soll der Schmerz dich nicht bezwingen,  
 So bezwinde du den Schmerz,  
 Und verwelkte Blüten schlingen  
 Frisch sich um dein wundes Herz!  
 --Johann Ludwig Ferdinand von Deinhardstein

**Butterfly**

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!  
 Gentle as a zephyr's soft flutter,  
 Beguiling as love's appeals,  
 You float effortlessly  
 Through the world of blossoms!

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!  
 Flirting, with honeyed kisses,  
 You flutter among the new roses,  
 Then you turn, just like a man,  
 To other blooms!

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!  
 Is your whole life a deception?  
 Can nothing capture your tiny heart?  
 O, therefore do not name Love as  
 The impulse of your fickle soul!

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!  
 Color change appears to be your purpose,  
 But that sport is heartless.  
 Ah, such a butterfly  
 Flirtatiously took away my peace!

**Only the departure quickly taken**

Only the departure quickly taken,  
 Not lingering, not complaining,  
 More swiftly than the teardrops start,  
 Torn away, is firm!

From arms unwound,  
 However burning the breast,  
 Those who are found by each other in life,  
 Will also in life be parted!

Should you suffer, must you suffer,  
 Suffer with nothing but a sure resolve!  
 Your sighing, your moans,  
 Are blown away in the wind!

So that sorrow does not defeat you,  
 You therefore conquer sorrow.  
 And withered blossoms revived will weave  
 Themselves about your injured heart!

**Erinnerung**

Mein Ende zeigt mir jeder Traum!  
 Mir lacht nicht mehr der Zukunft Raum!  
 Kaum weiß ich noch, was Freude sei,  
 In meines Lebens Frühling fiel  
 Des Unglücks wint'rig Flockenspiel!  
 Lust, Hoffnung, Liebe sind vorbei,  
 Ich wollt' Erinn'ung wär' dabei!  
 --George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron

**Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke**

Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke?  
 Wüßtest Du, wie sehr ich's tu'!  
 Dir auch noch die Schatten lenken  
 Träumender Gedanken zu.

Tag und Nacht, und alle Stunden,  
 O dies Alles sagt es nicht;  
 Du, seitdem wir uns gefunden,  
 Bist's allein, was aus mir spricht.

Alles andre seh' ich schwanken  
 Um mich her wie Traum und Schein!  
 Dein gedenken ist mein Leben!  
 Dich zu lieben ist mein Sein!  
 --Christian Reinhold [Köstlin]

**An die Entfernte**

Diese Rose pflück' ich hier  
 In der fremden Ferne,  
 Liebes Herze, dir, ach dir,  
 Brächt' ich sie so gerne!

Doch bis ich zu dir mag ziehen  
 Viele weite Meilen,  
 Ist die Rose längst dahin;  
 Denn die Rosen eilen.

Nie soll weiter sich in's Land  
 Lieb' von Liebe wagen,  
 Als sich blühend in der Hand  
 Läßt die Rose tragen;

Oder als die Nachtigall  
 Halme bringt zum Neste,  
 Oder als ihr süßer Schall  
 Wandert mit dem Weste.  
 --Nikolaus Lenau

**Memory**

My fate is shown in every dream!  
 The realm of the future no longer smiles for me!  
 I hardly know any more what joy is.  
 In the springtime of my life,  
 Despair's icy blizzard beats down!  
 Pleasure, Hopefulness, Love are past.  
 I wish that Memory could also be so!

**Do I think of you at times?**

Do I think of you at times?  
 If you could know how very much I do!  
 Even the images of my daydreams  
 Lead to you.

At any hour of day or night,  
 O, nothing more can be said about this.  
 Ever since we met each other,  
 I can speak only of you.

I see all else reeling  
 Around me as illusion and fantasy!  
 Thinking about you is my life!  
 Loving you is my being!

**To the Far-Away One**

This rose I pluck here,  
 In this foreign place,  
 To you, dear heart, ah, to you  
 I would so happily present it!

But before I might reach you  
 Over many wide miles,  
 The rose would have reached its end,  
 Which roses hasten to do.

A lover should never travel  
 Away from his beloved  
 Farther than he can bring  
 A living rose in his hand...

Nor than the nightingale  
 Can carry straws to his nest,  
 Nor than his melodious call  
 Can float along the west wind.

**Gedenke mein**

Gedenke mein! die lieben Augen lenke  
 In stillen Nächten oft nach mir!  
 Ich denke dein, wenn ich des Liebsten denke,  
 Und was ich schaffe weih' ich dir!

Gedenke mein! wenn dir die Tränen kommen,  
 Dir weint mein ganzes Leben nach!  
 So rasch gegeben, rascher noch genommen,  
 Und Lust und Leid ein einzig Ach!

Gedenke mein, im heißen Kampf des Lebens,  
 Und denk', daß er auch mich verzehrt.  
 Du weißt es ja, wir ringen nicht vergebens:  
 So werden wir einander wert.

Gedenke mein! wenn Freude macht dich lächeln  
 Und sende mir in Traum dein Bild!  
 Als ein Engel mir die Stirn zu fächeln,  
 Wenn mir die Aussicht wird zu wild!

Gedenke mein! versprich es, treue Seele!  
 Sieh als ein schöner Stern mich an,  
 Dem ich darf anvertrauen was mir fehlet,  
 Wenn ich mir selbst nicht helfen kann!

Gedenke mein! ich weiß, du wirst es halten;  
 So sind wir nimmermehr getrennt!  
 Die Flamme eint' sich noch, die jetzt vergebens  
 In zwei verwandten Herzen brennt!

Gedenke mein! Gedenke mein!  
 --Christian Reinhold [Köstlin]

**Perle und Lied**

Die Perle, während im Gehäuse,  
 Das seinen Schatz geborgen hält,  
 So schiffet die stille Muschel leise  
 Durch's tiefe Wogenmeer der Welt!

Der Muschel gleichen meine Lieder,  
 Von einer Träne sind sie schwer!  
 Und leise zieh'n sie auf und nieder  
 Durch meiner Schmerzen tiefes Meer!  
 --Karl Egon Ebert

**Remember me**

Remember me! your cherished eyes reach me  
 Again and again in the silence of night.  
 When I think of the most beloved, I think of you,  
 And that which I envision, I sanctify to you!

Remember me! when my tears for you arise,  
 My whole existence weeps for you!  
 Suddenly you were given, yet more quickly taken,  
 Happiness and grief create one single sigh.

Remember me, in life's fevered strife,  
 And believe that it besets me, too.  
 You understand, we do not struggle needlessly:  
 So increases our worth to one another.

Remember me! whenever joy delights you,  
 And in a dream, send to me your image.  
 It is as though an angel is cooling my brow,  
 When my prospects become too troubling!

Remember me! pledge that to me, true heart!  
 Gaze down on me like a lovely star,  
 In whom I may confide my troubles,  
 When I am unable to comfort myself.

Remember me! I know you will keep your pledge,  
 So that we are never to be parted!  
 The fires that vainly burn now in two linked hearts  
 Will yet be joined into one flame!

Remember me! Remember me!

**Pearl and Song**

The pearl, while in the shelter  
 Which protects its opulence,  
 Guides the tranquil shell gently  
 Through the world's deep, billowing sea.

My songs resemble the shell;  
 They bear the weight of a single tear!  
 And softly they drift up and down  
 Through the ocean-depths of my sorrow!

**Lied**

Immer sich rein  
Kindlich erfreu'n,  
Selig, wer's kann.

Jubeln und singen,  
Hüpfen und springen,  
Selig, wer's kann.

Lachen und scherzen  
Mit fröhlichem Herzen,  
Selig, wer's kann.

Sorgen zerstreuen,  
Gerne verziehen,  
Selig, wer's kann.

Menschen beglücken,  
Welch' ein Entzücken!  
Selig, wer's kann.

Böses nicht messen  
Und Vieles vergessen,  
Selig, wer's kann.  
*--Wilhelm Heilwig Carl Robert  
August von Ungern-Sternberg*

**Sie liebt mich**

Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich,  
Ja, sie liebt mich!  
Welch schreckliches Beben!  
Fühl ich mich selber?  
Bin ich am Leben?  
Sie liebet mich! Sie liebet mich!

Ach, kann die Seele dich denn erfassen,  
Glück ohne Name kann ich dich lassen!  
Einmal erwacht, einmal erwacht!  
Glück ohne Name!  
Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich, ja!  
Sie liebt mich! Ja! Sie liebt mich!

Ach, rings so anders!  
Bist du's noch, Sonne?  
Bist du's noch, Hütte?  
Trage die Wonne, seliges Herz!  
Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich, ja!  
Sie liebt mich! Ja! Sie liebt mich!  
*--Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

**Song**

To feel, like a child,  
Pure delight all the time -  
Blessed is he who can do that.

To be joyful and sing,  
To skip and to jump -  
Blessed is he who can do that.

To laugh and be merry,  
With a blithe spirit -  
Blessed is he who can do that.

To banish worries,  
To pardon willingly -  
Blessed is he who can do that.

To bring happiness to people,  
What a joy!  
Blessed is he who can do that.

Not to judge wicked people,  
And to forgive much -  
Blessed is he who can do that.

**She loves me**

She loves me, she loves me,  
Yes, she loves me!  
What an ecstatic sensation!  
Do I feel like myself?  
Am I living?  
She loves me! She loves me!

Ah, indescribable happiness,  
Can the heart fathom you, can I give you up,  
Now that you're aroused, now that you're aroused?  
Indescribable happiness!  
She loves me, she loves me, yes!  
She loves me! Yes! She loves me!

Ah, all around me is now changed!  
Are you still there, sun?  
Are you still there, cottage?  
Hold fast to the rapture, blissful heart!  
She loves me, she loves me, yes!  
She loves me! Yes! She loves me!