

GRADUATE RECITALS

by

MATTHEW STEPHANSON

B.Mus., University of British Columbia, 2005

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF MUSIC

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

(Voice)

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

September 2006

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ABSTRACT

The thesis for the Master of Music degree in Voice consists of the performance of a full-length recital which the candidate presents near the end of the second year. Upon the recommendation of the candidate's committee, a partial recital may be given in the first year, in addition to the final recital.

My full-length recital was performed on September 22, 2006.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Recital Hall
Friday, September 22, 2006
8:00 p.m.

MASTER'S STUDENT RECITAL*

Matthew Stephanson, Tenor
with
Marnie Hauschildt, piano

The Fatal Hour

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Music for a While

Comfort Ye (Recitative)
Every Valley (Aria)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart (Recitative)
Behold and See If There Be Any Sorrow (Aria)

A Shropshire Lad
I. Loveliest of Trees
II. When I was One-and-Twenty
III. Look Not in My Eyes
IV. Think No More, Lad
V. The Lads in Their Hundreds
VI. Is My Team Ploughing?

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

- INTERMISSION -

Schwanengesang
I. Liebesbotschaft
II. Kriegers Ahnung
IV. Ständchen
IX. Ihr Bild
XII. Am Meer
XIV. Die Taubenpost

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Skogen sover

Hugo Alfvén
(1872-1960)

Tonerne

Carl Leopold Sjöberg
(1861-1900)

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree with a major in Voice.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

The Fatal Hour

The fatal hour comes on a pace,
Which I had rather die than see,
For when fate calls you from this place,
You go to certain misery.
The thought does stab me to the heart,
And gives me pangs no word can speak,
It wracks me in each vital part,
Sure when you go my heart will break.
Since I for you so much endure,
May I not hope you will believe
'Tis you alone these wounds can cure,
Which are the fountains of my greif.

Music for a While

Music for a while,
Shall all your cares beguile:
Wondering how your pains were eas'd,
And disdain to be pleased,
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head
And the whip from out her hands.
Music for a while,
Shall all your cares beguile.

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Comfort Ye (recit.)

Comfort ye my people, saith your God.
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,
And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplish'd,
That her iniquity is pardon'd.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every Valley (aria)

Every vally shall be exalted
And every mountain and hill made low,
The crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart (recit.)

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;
He is full of heaviness:
He looked for some to have pity on him,
But there was no man,
Neither found he any to comfort him.

Behold and See If There Be Any Sorrow (aria)

Behold and see if there be any sorrow
like unto his sorrow

A Shropshire Lad

George Butterworth (1885-1916)

Lovliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
to see the cherry hung with snow.

When I was One-and-Twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Look Not in My Eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Think No More, Lad

Think no more lad; laugh, be jolly :
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, `tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; `tis only thinking
Lays Lads underground.

Think no more, lad; Laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

The Lads in Their Hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Is My Team Ploughing?

'Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather;
Now I stand up no more?'

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

******Intermission******

Schwanengesang

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

I. Liebesbotschaft

Rauchendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüsse des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie mürmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr träume der Liebe zu.

II. Kriegers Ahnung

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab ich oft so süss geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schein des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz, dass der Trost dich nicht verlässt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste, gute Nacht!

IV. Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
in des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
fürchte, Holde, nicht.

I. Love's Message

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright,
Are you hurrying to my beloved, so gaily and swiftly?
Ah, faithful brooklet, be my messenger;
Carry to her the absent one's greetings.

All the flowers that she tends in her garden,
And wears so charmingly on her bosom,
And her roses of glowing crimson,
Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling stream.

When on your bank, deep in reverie,
And thinking of me, she lets fall her head,
Comfort the sweet one with friendly glances,
For her lover will soon come back to her.

When the sun sinks with rosy gleam,
Cradle the darling to sleep.
Murmur her to sweet repose with your eddying,
Whisper dreams of love to her.

II. Warrior's Forboding

In deep sleep lies around me
The circle of my brothers-in-arms;
My heart is so anxious and heavy,
So passionate in longing.

How often have I sweetly dreamed.
Close to her warm bosom!
How warmly gleamed the glowing hearth,
As she lay in my arms!

Here, where the fire's dimmer gleam
Plays, alas! on weapons only,
The heart feels utterly alone,
And tears of sadness spring forth.

Heart, let not comfort forsake you!
Many a battle calls you yet.
I shall soon rest and be fast asleep,
My heart's dearest love, goodnight!

IV. Serenade

Softly through the night
my songs implore you,
Down into the still grove
my beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops rustle
and whisper in the moonlight;
Fear not, sweet one,
the betrayer's malicious eavesdropping.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen, kennen Liebesschmerz.
Rühren mit den Silbertönen jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr ich dir entgegen! Komm, beglücke mich!

IX. Ihr Bild

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sie
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wiewon Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab
Und ach! ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

XII. Am Meer

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möve flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab von deiner weissen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglückselge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Do you hear the nightingales calling?
Ah! they implore you
with the sweet music of their notes
They implore you for me.
They understand the bosom's yearning, they know the
pangs of love, They can touch every tender heart; with
their silvery tones.
Let them move your heart also; beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I wait for you! come, give me bliss!

IX. Her Portrait

I stand in sombre dreams
Staring at her portrait,
And that loved countenance
Gently came to life.

Her lips were clothed
With a wonderous smile,
And, as though with tears of sorrow
Her two eyes shone.

My tears, too, flowed
Down from my cheeks
And Ah! I cannot believe it,
That I have lost you!

XII. By the Sea

The sea shone far out into the distance
In the last evening light;
We sat by the fisherman's lonely house,
We sat silent and alone.

The mists rose, the waters swelled,
The gulls flew here and there;
From your eyes, full of love
The tears were falling.

I saw them fall into your hand
And sank upon my knees;
From your white hand
I drank in the tears.

Since that hour my body is consumed,
My soul is dying of passion;
That hapless woman has
Poisoned me with her tears.

XIV. Die Taubenpost

Ich hab eine Briefftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben un treu;
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grösse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr;
O, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich;
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu,
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub ist so mir treu!

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinns?

Skogen sover – Hugo Alvé (1872-1960)

Skogen sover.
Strimmen på fästet flämtar matt.
Dagen vakar i juninatt.
Tystnat har nyss hennes muntra skratt,
redan hon sover.
Till hennes sida jag stum mig satt.
Kärleken vakar över sin skatt,
Kärleken vakar i juni natt.

Tonerna - Carl Leopold Sjöberg (1861-1900)

Tanke, hvars strider blott natten ser,
Toner, hos eder om hvilat den ber.

Hjärta, som lider af dagens gny,
Toner till eder, Till er vill det fly.

XIV. The Pigeon Post

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
It is so devoted and faithful;
It never fails to reach its destination,
Nor flies beyond it.

I send it forth a thousand times
Daily to carry news,

It flies past many a well-loved spot
Straight to my darling's house.

There it peeps in at the window,
Espies her glance and step,
Gaily delivers my greetings
And collects hers.

I need write no more letters,
I give it even my tears;
It would surely not misdeliver them,
So zealously does it serve me.

By Day, by night, when awake or dreaming,
It is indifferent to all;
As long as it can keep on journeying,
It feels itself well recompensed!

It never grows tired or jaded,
Its course seems ever new to it,
It needs no inducement, no reward,
The bird is true to me!

Therefore I keep it loyally, too, in my heart,
Thus assured of the fairest prize;
It is called Desire! Do you know it?
The true heart's messenger?

The Forest Sleeps

The forest sleeps.
A ray of sunlight flickers in the firmament.
Day stands guard through the June night.
Her merry laughter has just fallen silent,
Already she is asleep.
I sat down, mute, by her side.
Love stands guard over its treasure,
Love stands guard through the June night.

The Tone

Think, of the fight that only the night will see,
The unaccustomed tone, for peace they beg.

The heart, that is suffering as the days arise,
The tone to you will make those sounds disappear.

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Matthew Stephanson, Tenor
with
Marnie Hauschildt, piano

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(1659-1695)

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Comfort Ye (Recitative)
Every Valley (Aria)

George Frideric Handel
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Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart (Recitative)
Behold and See If There Be Any Sorrow (Aria)

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And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
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And has she tired of weeping
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*****Intermission*****

Schwanengesang

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

I. Liebesbotschaft

Rauchendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüsse des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstere ihr träume der Liebe zu.

II. Kriegers Ahnung

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab ich oft so süss geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schein des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düsterer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz, dass der Trost dich nicht verlässt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste, gute Nacht!

IV. Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
in des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
fürchte, Holde, nicht.

I. Love's Message

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright,
Are you hurrying to my beloved, so gaily and swiftly?
Ah, faithful brooklet, be my messenger;
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Comfort the sweet one with friendly glances,
For her lover will soon come back to her.

When the sun sinks with rosy gleam,
Cradle the darling to sleep.
Murmur her to sweet repose with your eddying,
Whisper dreams of love to her.

II. Warrior's Forboding

In deep sleep lies around me
The circle of my brothers-in-arms;
My heart is so anxious and heavy,
So passionate in longing.

How often have I sweetly dreamed.
Close to her warm bosom!
How warmly gleamed the glowing hearth,
As she lay in my arms!

Here, where the fire's dimmer gleam
Plays, alas! on weapons only,
The heart feels utterly alone,
And tears of sadness spring forth.

Heart, let not comfort forsake you!
Many a battle calls you yet.
I shall soon rest and be fast asleep,
My heart's dearest love, goodnight!

IV. Serenade

Softly through the night
my songs implore you,
Down into the still grove
my beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops rustle
and whisper in the moonlight;
Fear not, sweet one,
the betrayer's malicious eavesdropping.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen, kennen Liebesschmerz.
Rühren mit den Silbertönen jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr ich dir entgegen! Komm, beglücke mich!

IX. Ihr Bild

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sie
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wiewon Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab
Und ach! ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

XII. Am Meer

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möve flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab von deiner weissen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglückselge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Do you hear the nightingales calling?
Ah! they implore you
with the sweet music of their notes
They implore you for me.
They understand the bosom's yearning, they know the
pangs of love, They can touch every tender heart; with
their silvery tones.
Let them move your heart also; beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I wait for you! come, give me bliss!

IX. Her Portrait

I stand in sombre dreams
Staring at her portrait,
And that loved countenance
Gently came to life.

Her lips were clothed
With a wonderous smile,
And, as though with tears of sorrow
Her two eyes shone.

My tears, too, flowed
Down from my cheeks
And Ah! I cannot believe it,
That I have lost you!

XII. By the Sea

The sea shone far out into the distance
In the last evening light;
We sat by the fisherman's lonely house,
We sat silent and alone.

The mists rose, the waters swelled,
The gulls flew here and there;
From your eyes, full of love
The tears were falling.

I saw them fall into your hand
And sank upon my knees;
From your white hand
I drank in the tears.

Since that hour my body is consumed,
My soul is dying of passion;
That hapless woman has
Poisoned me with her tears.

XIV. Die Taubenpost

Ich hab eine Briefftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben un treu;
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr;
O, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich;
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu,
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub ist so mir treu!

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinns?

Skogen sover – Hugo Alvé (1872-1960)

Skogen sover.
Strimmen på fästet flämtar matt.
Dagen vakar i juninatt.
Tystnat har nyss hennes muntra skratt,
redan hon sover.
Till hennes sida jag stum mig satt.
Kärleken vakar över sin skatt,
Kärleken vakar i juni natt.

Tonerna - Carl Leopold Sjöberg (1861-1900)

Tanke, hvars strider blott natten ser,
Toner, hos eder om hvila den ber.

Hjärta, som lider af dagens gny,
Toner till eder, Till er vill det fly.

XIV. The Pigeon Post

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
It is so devoted and faithful;
It never fails to reach its destination,
Nor flies beyond it.

I send it forth a thousand times
Daily to carry news,

It flies past many a well-loved spot
Straight to my darling's house.

There it peeps in at the window,
Espies her glance and step,
Gaily delivers my greetings
And collects hers.

I need write no more letters,
I give it even my tears;
It would surely not misdeliver them,
So zealously does it serve me.

By Day, by night, when awake or dreaming,
It is indifferent to all;
As long as it can keep on journeying,
It feels itself well recompensed!

It never grows tired or jaded,
Its course seems ever new to it,
It needs no inducement, no reward,
The bird is true to me!

Therefore I keep it loyally, too, in my heart,
Thus assured of the fairest prize;
It is called Desire! Do you know it?
The true heart's messenger?

The Forest Sleeps

The forest sleeps.
A ray of sunlight flickers in the firmament.
Day stands guard through the June night.
Her merry laughter has just fallen silent,
Already she is asleep.
I sat down, mute, by her side.
Love stands guard over its treasure,
Love stands guard through the June night.

The Tone

Think, of the fight that only the night will see,
The unaccustomed tone, for peace they beg.

The heart, that is suffering as the days arise,
The tone to you will make those sounds disappear.