

## TRANSLATIONS

### **Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön**

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,  
Wie noch kein Auge je gesehn!  
Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild  
Mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.

Diess Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen!  
Doch fühl' ich's hier, wie Feuer brennen.  
Soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?  
Ja, ja! die Liebe ist's allein.

O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!  
O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände!  
Ich würde - würde - warm und rein -  
Was würde ich!

Ich würde sie voll Entzücken  
An diesen heissen Busen drücken,  
Und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

### **Lungi da te, ben mio**

Lungi da te, ben mio,  
Se viver non poss'io;  
Lungi da te, che sei,  
Luce degli occhi miei,  
Vita di questo cor.

Venga, ed in dolce sonno  
Se te mirar non ponno,  
Mi chiuda I lumi ancor.

### **Ma rendi pur contento**

Ma rendi pur contento,  
Della mia bella il core,  
E ti perdono, amore,  
Se lieto il mio non è.

### **This Portrait is enchantingly beautiful**

This portrait is enchantingly beautiful,  
such as no eye has ever yet seen.  
I feel the way this divine image  
fills my heart with new emotion.

Though I cannot name what this is,  
yet I feel it burning here like fire.  
Might this sensation be love?  
Yes, yes! It can only be love!

Oh, if only I could find her!  
Oh, if she but stood before me now!  
I should ... should ... warmly and virtuously  
What should I do?

Rapturously I should  
press her to this ardent breast,  
and then she would be mine forever.

### **Far from you, my beloved**

Far from you, my beloved,  
If I am unable to go on living,  
Far from you who are,  
The light of my eyes,  
And the life of my heart.

Come, and, if my eyes  
may not gaze on you, at least  
close them in a sweet sleep.

### **Only make her happy**

Only make happy  
The heart of my beloved,  
And I will pardon you, love  
If my own heart is not glad.

## TRANSLATIONS

Gli affanni suoi pavento  
Piú degli affanni miei,  
Perché piú vivo in lei  
Di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Her troubles I fear  
More than my own troubles,  
Because I live more in her  
Than I live in myself.

### **O del mio amato ben...**

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!  
Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
Chi m'era gloria e vanto!  
Or per le mute stanze  
Sempre lo cerco e chiamo  
Con pieno il cor di speranze?  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro,  
Che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

### **Oh, lost enchantment...**

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!  
Far from my eyes is he  
Who was, to me, glory and pride!  
Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek him and call him  
With a heart full of hopes?  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And the weeping is so dear to me,  
That with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
Mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se pur talvolta spero  
Di darmi ad altra cura,  
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lui, che farò?  
Mi par così la vida vana cosa  
Senza il mio ben.

It seems that everything is sad without him.  
The day seems like night to me;  
The fire seems cold to me.  
If, however, I sometimes hope  
To give myself another cure,  
One thought alone torments me:  
But without him, what shall I do?  
To me, life seems a vain thing  
Without my beloved.

### **Mandoline**

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

### **Mandolin**

The gallant serenaders  
And their fair listeners  
Exchange sweet nothings  
Beneath singing boughs.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,  
And tedious Clitandre too,  
And Damis who for many a cruel maid  
Writes many a tender song.

## TRANSLATIONS

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

### En Sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

Their short silken doublets,  
Their long trailing gowns,  
Their elegance, their joy,  
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl madly in the rapture  
Of a grey and roseate moon,  
And the mandolin jangles on  
In the shivering breeze.

### Muted

Calm in the twilight  
Cast by loft boughs,  
Let us steep our love  
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our enraptured senses  
With the hazy languor  
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,  
Fold your arms across your breast,  
And from your heart now lulled to rest  
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb  
To the gentle and lulling breeze  
That comes to ruffle at your feet  
The waves of red grass.

And when, solemnly, evening  
Falls from the black oaks,  
That voice of our despair,  
The nightingale shall sing.