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Guest Artist Series

2018–2019 Season

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Sara M. Snell Music Theater

Tuesday, October 2, 7:30 PM

**Jennifer Holloway, soprano**  
**François Germain, piano**

Vier Lieder, Op. 27

- I. Ruhe meine Seele
- II. Cäcilie
- III. Heimliche Aufforderung
- IV. Morgen

Richard Strauss  
(1864–1949)

Wesendonck Lieder

- I. Der Engel
- II. Stehe still
- III. Im Treibhaus
- IV. Schmerzen
- V. Träume

Richard Wagner  
(1813–1883)

SHORT PAUSE

*Shéhérazade*

- I. Asie
- II. La Flûte enchantée
- III. L'Indifférent

Maurice Ravel  
(1875–1937)

*“Que me dis-tu?...Pitié, pitié...Ah! Quelle joie!”*  
(Hermosa’s aria from *Le Tribut de Zamora*)

Charles Gounod  
(1818–1893)



Lauded for her “nuanced dramatic impulses” and a “voice that is liquid, lambent, and lit from within”, **Jennifer Holloway** gives new life to the characters she plays and the music she sings at leading opera houses and concert halls at home and abroad. Following huge successes in her new roles of Salome (Semperoper Dresden,

Bilbao, Leipzig, and Opera North), Cassandre (Semperoper Dresden), and Sieglinde (Sieglinde (Staatsoper, Hamburg), Holloway finds her feet firmly planted on the ground with her new repertoire.

The 2018-'19 brings Holloway back to the concert stage with Zemlinsky's *Lyrische Symphonie* (Köln), as well as in the role of Donna Elvira at the NDR Radiophilharmonie Open Air concert series (Hanover, Germany). On the opera stage, she will also make both her role and house debut as Grete Graumann in Oper Frankfurt's new production of *der Ferne Klang*, as well as return to both Staatsoper Hamburg to reprise the role of Sieglinde, and to Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires as Centre de Musique Romantique Française's recording of *Le Tribut de Zamora* with the Bayerische Rundfunksorchester, in the role of Hermosa.

Other recent performances have met critical acclaim, including as Adalgisa in *Norma*, (Bordeaux, English National Opera, Mannheim), as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* (Canadian Opera Company), as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Opera Philadelphia), as Fulvia in Glück's *Ezio* (Boston), as Giovanna Seymour in *Anna Bolena* (Teatro Colón, Lisbon), as well as in both the roles of Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* and as Temple Drake in the World Premiere of Oscar Strasnoy's new opera, *Requiem* (Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires).

At the beginning of her career, Holloway concentrated her repertory in major roles by Mozart and Handel, performing the roles of Dorabella in *Così fan tutte* (Dallas, Atlanta, Minneapolis, New York City Opera, Tokyo, Pittsburgh), Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro* (Dallas, Portland, Bordeaux), Idamante in *Idomeneo* (Opéra National de Bordeaux), Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* (Pittsburgh, Tulsa, Toronto), Irene in *Tamerlano* (Teatro Real Madrid, Los Angeles Opera) and the title role in *Serse* (Pittsburgh). She made her debut with the Metropolitan Opera in New York in December 2010 as Flora in Willy Decker's new production of *La Traviata* and returned to the house as Tebaldo in *Don Carlo*, conducted by the Late Lorin Maazel. She has appeared with English National Opera in productions *Die Fledermaus* (Orlofsky), *La Bohème* (Musetta), and *Norma* (Adalgisa); with the Glyndebourne Festival in new productions of *Hänsel und Gretel* (Hänsel) and

**Hermosa:**

Que me dis-tu?...  
qui'il faut encor te suivre?  
Hélas! Tu vas bien vite!...  
Et moi, Tu le sais  
je n'ai plus que peu d'instants à vivre  
O mon ange gardien!... de grâce arrête-  
toi!

Pitié! Car je ne suis qu'une pauvre  
hirondelle  
Et dont encor est bien faible l'essor  
Pitié! Pitié de moi, mon bel ange,  
don't l'aile traverse l'air  
Plus prompte que l'éclair,  
Hélas!

Ah! Tu permets enfin que je touche à la  
terre!  
Non? Nous sommes au ciel? Me dis-  
tu?...

Quoi! Ces fleurs, Ces oiseaux aux riches  
couleurs,  
Cette ombre salutaire  
Oh! Bel ange! Tu dis que ce n'est pas la  
terre?

Non! C'est le paradis!

Ah! Pour moi tout s'éclaire!  
Oui! Si l'ange m'amène ici,  
C'est que mes chers petits sont là

Ah! Les voici!!!!

Ah! Quelle joie l'ange m'envoie!  
Il veut encore  
Que je revoie Mon doux trésor,  
Mes hirondelles, Mes cœurs fidèles,  
Mes chers enfants.  
Battant des ailes, Tout triomphants,  
Qui me caressent  
et qui me pressent, Remplies d'émoi,  
et reconnaissent Leur mère en moi

What are you telling me?  
That I must continue to follow you?  
Alas! You are going too fast!...  
And me, you know  
That I have but another instant to live  
Oh my guardian angel! I beg you to  
stop!

Have pity! I am but a poor swallow  
And am undersized and weak  
Take pity on me, my sweet angel  
Whose wings can traverse the sky  
Faster than the lightning!  
Alas!!!

Ah! You have allowed my feet touch the  
earth!  
No? We're still in the sky? That's what  
you're saying?  
Those flowers, those birds with their rich  
colors  
The beautiful shade of solitude  
Oh! Lovely angel! You say this is not  
the earth?

No! It's paradise!

Ah! Everything is now so clear!  
Yes! If the angel brings me here,  
It is that my sweet little ones are here!

Ah! They are here!

Ah! What joy that the angel sends me!!  
It still wants  
That I can see my sweet treasure again,  
My swallows, the ones to whom my heart  
is most faithful, my sweet children.  
Batting their wings, all triumphant,  
Who caress me  
And who press against me, full of  
emotion  
And can remember their mother

### **La Flûte enchantée**

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort  
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie  
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe  
blanche.

Mais moi, je suis éveillée encor,  
et j'écoute au dehors  
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche  
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.  
Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole

Que mon amoureux chéri joue,  
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée  
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole  
De la flûte vers ma joue  
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

### **L'Indifférent**

Tes yeux sont doux, comme ceux d'une  
fille,  
Jeune étranger,  
Et la courbe fine  
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé,  
Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.  
Ta lèvres chante sur le pas de ma porte  
Une langue inconnue et charmante  
Comme une musique fausse.  
Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte...  
Mais non, tu passes  
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner  
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce  
Et la hanche légèrement ployée  
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

### **The Enchanted Flute**

The darkness is calm and my master  
sleeps  
Coiffed in a cone-shaped bonnet of silk,  
And his long yellow nose rests on his white  
beard

But me, I am still awake,  
and I can hear outside  
A song of a flute which overflows with  
emotion  
alternating between sadness and joy.  
A song somewhere in between anguish  
and frivolity  
Which my sweet beloved plays.  
And when it approaches my windowsill  
It seems to me that every note floats  
around me  
From the flute onto my cheek  
Like a mysterious kiss.

### **Indifference**

Your eyes are sweet, like those of a girl,  
Young stranger  
And the fine curve  
Of your gorgeous face, whose line the  
shadows  
Make even more seductive, still.  
Your lips sing at the threshold of my  
door  
An unknown and charming language  
Like a slightly out of tune song.  
Come in, and let my wine comfort you...  
But no, you pass by  
And I watch you pass my threshold  
Making a final graceful gesture  
As your hips lightly sway  
With your light and languid gait.

### **Hermosa's opening aria From *Le Tribut de Zamora***

It has been 18 years since Hermosa's infant daughter was ripped from her side during the siege of Zamora. She has since gone mad, but is protected by the townspeople because in their culture, those who are not sound of mind are to be protected. In this aria, we see Hermosa's speaking to her imaginary friend, her angel. Is she actually mad? Or is there an angel protecting Hermosa and guiding her to her daughter, Xaïma, who unbeknownst to Hermosa, is still very much alive and close by?

*Falstaff* (Meg Page); at the Santa Fe Opera in new productions of *Cendrillon* (Prince Charmant) and *Faust* (Siebel); at the Maggio Musicale in Florence, the Théâtre du Capitole Toulouse (Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* with Emmanuel Haïm); and at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris (Rossini's *La Pietra del Paragone* as Donna Fulvia). Concert and festival appearances include those at the Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles, Bard Music Festival, and Chicago's Grant Park Music Festival and with conductors such as Jean-Christophe Spinosi, Lawrence Foster, Frederic Chaslin, Gustavo Dudame, Leonard Slatkin, and with Maestro Bertrand de Billy.

After studying at the University of Georgia and the Manhattan School of Music, Holloway took part in the prestigious young artist programs at the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, the Santa Fe Opera, and the Pittsburgh Opera. In 2012, The University of Georgia recognized her success with their Outstanding Alumni Award.

### **Vier Lieder, Op. 27**

#### **Ruhe Meine Seele**

Nicht ein Lüftchen  
Regt sich leise,  
Sanft entschlummert  
Ruht der Hain;  
Durch der Blätter  
Dunkle Hülle  
Stiehlt sich lichter  
Sonnenschein.  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Deine Stürme  
Gingen wild,  
Hast getobt und  
Hast gezittert,  
Wie die Brandung,  
Wenn sie schwillt.  
Diese Zeiten  
Sind gewaltig,  
Bringen Herz  
Und Hirn in Not --  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Und vergiß,  
Was dich bedroht!

#### **Be quiet, my soul**

Not a breeze  
is stirring lightly,  
the wood lies  
slumbering gently;  
through the dark  
cover of leaves  
steals bright  
sunshine.  
Rest, rest,  
my soul,  
your storms  
have gone wild,  
have raged  
and trembled  
like the surf  
when it breaks.  
These times  
are powerful,  
bringing torment  
to heart and mind;  
rest, rest,  
my soul,  
and forget  
what is threatening you!

## **Cäcillie**

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt von brennenden  
Küssen,  
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der  
Geliebten,  
Aug in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt in einsamen  
Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand  
tröstet  
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der  
Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höhen,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir!

## **Heimliche Aufforderung**

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor  
zum Mund,  
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz  
gesund.  
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir  
heimlich zu,  
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still  
wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das  
Heer  
Der trunkenen Zecher -- verachte sie nicht  
zu sehr.

## **Cäcilie**

If you only knew  
what it's like to dream of burning  
kisses,  
of wandering and resting with one's  
beloved,  
eye turned to eye,  
and cuddling and chatting -  
if you only knew,  
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew  
what it's like to feel dread on lonely  
nights,  
surrounded by a raging storm, while no  
one comforts  
with a mild voice your struggle-weary  
soul -  
if you only knew,  
you would come to me.

If you only knew  
what it's like to live, surrounded by  
God's  
world-creating breath,  
to float up, carried by the light,  
to blessed heights -  
if you only knew,  
then you would live with me!

## **Heimliche Aufforderung**

Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,  
And drink your heart's fill at the joyous  
feast.  
And when you raise it, so wink secretly  
at me,  
Then I'll smile and drink quietly, as you...

And quietly as I, look around at the  
crowd  
Of drunken revelers -- don't think too ill  
of them.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt  
mit Wein,  
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle sie  
glücklich sein.

Je voudrais voir de beaux turban de soie  
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;  
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres  
d'amour  
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie  
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;  
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours  
Et des habits à longues franges.  
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des  
bouches  
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;  
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux  
regards louches,  
Et des cadis, et des vizirs  
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui  
se penche  
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur  
désir.

Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et  
puis la Chine,  
Les Mandarins ventrus sous les  
ombrelles,  
Et les princesses aux mains fines,  
Et les lettrés qui se querellent  
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;

Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté  
Et comme un voyageur étranger  
Comtempler à loisir des paysages peints  
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin  
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un  
verger;

Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant  
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent  
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.  
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des  
reines;  
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang  
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien  
de haine.  
Et puis m'en revenir plus tard  
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de  
rêves  
En élevant comme Sinbad ma vieille  
tasse arabe  
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres

No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with  
wine,  
And let them be happy at the noisy meal.

With the slender minarets in the air.  
I would like to see handsome silken turbans  
upon dark faces with bright teeth;  
I would like to see eyes dark with love  
and pupils shining with happiness  
and skins as yellow as oranges;  
I would like to see clothes of velvet  
and long fringed robes;  
I would like to see pipes between lips  
all covered in white beards  
I would like to see bitter merchants with  
dishonest gazes,  
and cadis and viziers  
who, with just the movement of their bent  
finger,  
grant life or death at the whim of their  
desire.

I would like to see Persia, India and then  
China,  
the portly mandarins beneath their parasols,  
and the princesses with slender hands,  
and the academicians who quarrel  
over poetry and over beauty;

I would like to linger in the enchanted  
Palace and, like a foreign traveler,  
gaze at my leisure upon landscapes painted  
on cloths in frames of pine,  
with a person in the middle of an orchard;

I would like to see assassins laughing at  
the executioner who cuts the neck of the  
innocent  
with his long curved sabre from the orient;  
I'd like to see poor folks and queens  
I'd like to see the roses and the blood  
I'd like to see people dying of either love or  
of hate  
And then later to return  
to retell my adventure to those interested in  
dreams,  
and raising, like Sinbad, my old Arabian cup  
from time to time to my lips  
to interrupt my tale with great artistry...

Pour interrompre le conte avec art...

## Träume

Sag', welch wunderbare Träume  
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,  
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume  
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?  
Träume, die in jeder Stunde,  
Jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,  
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde  
Selig durch's Gemüte ziehn?  
Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen  
In die Seele sich versenken,  
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:  
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!  
Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne  
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,  
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne  
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,  
Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,  
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,  
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühn,  
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

## Shéhérazade

### Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie!  
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de  
nourice  
Où dort la fantaisie comme une  
impératrice  
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystère.  
Asie,  
je voudrais m'en aller avec la goëlette  
Que se berce ce soir dans le port,  
Mystérieuse et solitaire,  
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes  
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit  
dans le ciel d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de  
fleurs

## Dreams

Say, what wondrous dreams  
Envelop my mind,  
That they have not vanished  
Like empty foam into bleak nothingness?  
Dreams that bloom more beautiful,  
Every hour, every day,  
And with their heavenly tidings  
Blissfully drift through the mind!  
Dreams that, like sublime rays,  
Immerse themselves in the soul,  
To paint an eternal picture there:  
Forgetting all else, thinking only of the  
one!  
Dreams, like when the sun in springtime  
Kisses the flowers out of the snow,  
So that the new day greets them  
With hitherto unforeseen bliss,  
So that they may grow and bloom,  
Giving off their fragrance while  
dreaming,  
Softly fading away on your breast,  
And then sink into the tomb.

## Sheherazad

### Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia!  
Ancient and amazing land from nursery  
tales  
Where fantasy sleeps like an empress  
In her forest all full of mystery.  
Asia,  
I would like to leave with the little  
schooner  
which this evening is rocking in the harbor,  
mysterious and solitary,  
and which at last unfurls its violet sails  
like a great bird of the night  
against the golden sky.

I would like to set out for the isles of  
flowers,

En écoutant chanter la mer perverse  
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.  
Je voudrais voir Damas  
et les villes de Perse  
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.

while listening to the perverse sea  
singing  
with an old bewitching rhythm;  
I would like to see Damascus  
and the towns of Persia

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den  
Durst gestillt,  
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen  
festfreudiges Bild,  
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum  
Rosenstrauch,  
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach  
altem Brauch,

But when you've savored the meal, your  
thirst quenched,  
Then quit the loud gathering's joyful fest,  
And wander out into the garden, to the  
rosebush,  
There shall I await you, as often of old.

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's  
gehofft,  
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,  
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose  
Pracht.  
O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte  
Nacht!

And ere you know it shall I sink upon  
your breast,  
And drink your kisses, as so often before,  
And twine the rose's splendor into your  
hair.  
Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for  
night!

### **Morgen**

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder  
scheinen,  
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder  
einen  
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

### **Morgen**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
and on the path I will take,  
it will unite us again, we happy ones,  
upon this sun-breathing earth...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,  
wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam  
niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen  
schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen.

And to the shore, the wide shore with  
blue waves,  
we will descend quietly and slowly;  
we will look mutely into each other's  
eyes  
and the silence of happiness will settle.

## **Wesendonck Lieder**

### **Der Engel**

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen  
Hört' ich oft von Engeln sagen,

### **The Angel**

In childhood's early days  
I often heard angels spoken of,

Die des Himmels hehre Wonne Tauschen  
mit der Erden Sonne,  
Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen  
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,  
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,  
Und vergeh'n in Tränenfluten,  
Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet  
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,

Who exchange Heaven's sublime bliss  
For the earthly sun,  
So that when an anxious heart in worry  
Languishes, concealed from the world,  
So that when the heart seeks to bleed out  
quietly And disappear in a flood of tears,  
So that when its fervent prayer

Da der Engel niederschwebt,  
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.  
Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,  
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder  
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,  
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

Only implores for release,  
Then the angel will float down  
And lift it gently toward Heaven.  
Yes, an angel also came down to me,  
And on glowing wings  
He now leads, far from every pain,  
My spirit heavenward!

### Stehe still

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,  
Messer du der Ewigkeit;  
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,  
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;  
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,  
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!  
Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,  
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!  
Hemmet den Atem, stilltet den Drang,  
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!  
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;  
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!  
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen  
Ich mög alle Wonnen ermessen!  
Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,  
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;  
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,  
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündet,  
Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem  
Schweigen, Keinen Wunsch mehr will  
das Innre zeugen: Erkennt der Mensch  
des Ew'gen Spur,  
Und lös't dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

### Stay Still

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,  
You surveyor of eternity;  
Shining spheres in the vast universe,  
You who surround the earth's globe;  
Eternal creation, just cease,  
Enough development, let me be!  
Keep to yourself, fathering force,  
Primordial thought, who creates  
eternally! Restrain your breath, quiet the  
urge,  
Be silent for just one second!  
Swelling pulses, subdue your beating;  
End, endless day of wanting!  
So that in blessedly sweet forgetfulness  
I may ponder all my bliss!  
When eye to eye drink lovingly,  
When soul sinks completely into soul;  
When being into being find themselves  
again, And the attainment of all hope  
reveals itself, When the lips fall silent in  
amazed stillness, When the heart will  
beget no other wish:  
The man recognizes the path of eternity,  
And solves your riddle, holy nature!

## Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,  
Baldachine von Smaragd,  
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,  
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?  
Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,  
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,  
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge  
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.  
Weit in sehndem Verlangen  
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,  
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen  
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.  
Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;  
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,  
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,  
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!  
Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet  
Von des Tages leerem Schein,  
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,  
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein  
Stille wird's,  
ein säuselnd Weben  
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:  
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben  
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

## Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend  
Dir die schönen Augen rot,  
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend  
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;  
Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,  
Glorie der düstren Welt,  
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,  
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!  
Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,  
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,  
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,  
Muß die Sonne untergehn?  
Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,  
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:  
O wie dank ich, daß gegeben  
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

## In the Greenhouse

High arching crowns of leaves,  
Canopies of emerald,  
You children from faraway places,  
Tell me, why do you lament?  
You bow your branches silently,  
Paint signs in the air,  
And the mute witness of your suffering,  
Sweet fragrance, climbs upwards.  
You stretch out your arms  
Wide in longing desire,  
And, caught up in the delusion, embrace  
The vain horror of bleak emptiness.  
I know it well, poor plants;  
We share a destiny,  
Though surrounded by light and  
radiance,  
Our homeland is not here!  
And how happily the sun departs  
From the empty glow of the day,  
He who truly suffers wraps himself up  
In the darkness of silence.  
It grows quiet,  
a rustling motion  
Anxiously fills the dark room:  
I see heavy drops hanging  
On the green edge of the leaves.

## Sorrow

Sun, you weep every evening  
Your beautiful eyes red,  
When, bathing in the mirror of the sea,  
Death reaches you too soon;  
But you arise in ancient splendor,  
The glory of the gloomy world,  
In the morning newly awakened,  
Like a proud, victorious hero!  
Ah, why then should I complain,  
Why see you so heavy laden, my heart,  
When the sun itself must despair,  
When the sun must set?  
And if death alone gives birth to life,  
Only sorrow begets bliss:  
Oh how thankful am I,  
That nature has given me such sorrow!