

MICHELANGELO

Wednesday 25 October 2023 | 5.15pm
Holywell Music Room

Generously supported by **Elaine Wang Meyerhoffer**
Presented in association with the **LIFE Victoria Festival, Barcelona**

Runzhe Li tenor
Mar Compte piano
Adrian Wang violin

PROGRAMME

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

**Sechs Gedichte aus dem Liederbuch
eines Malers, Op. 36**

Robert Reinick
(1805 - 1852)

- i. Sonntags am Rhein
- ii. Ständchen
- iii. Nichts Schöneres
- iv. An den Sonnenschein
- v. Dichters Genesung
- vi. Liebesbotschaft

Benjamin Britten
(1913 - 1976)

Seven Sonnets of Michaelangelo, Op. 22

Michelangelo Buonarotti
(1475 - 1564)

- Sonetto XVI
- Sonetto XXXI
- Sonetto XXX
- Sonetto LV
- Sonetto XXXVIII
- Sonetto XXXII
- Sonetto XXIV

Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

Frühlingsglaube D686

Johann Ludwig Uhland
(1787 - 1862)

Huang Tzu
(1904 - 1938)

Spring Fever Tune

Wei Hanzhang (1906 -1993)

Franz Schubert

Heidenröslein D257

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749 - 1832)

Huang Tzu

Three wishes of roses

Long Qi (1902 - 1966)

Franz Schubert

Das Heimweh D456

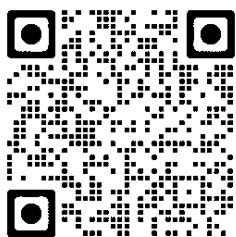
Karl Winkler (1775 - 1856)

Huang Tzu

Homesick

Wei Hanzhang (1906 -1993)

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



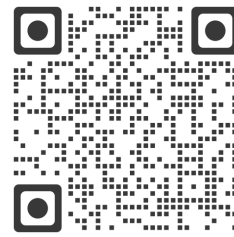
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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Sechs Gedichte aus dem Liederbuch eines Malers

Schumann / Reinick
English Translations © Richard Stokes

SONNTAGS AM RHEIN

Des Sonntags in der Morgenstund'
Wie wandert's sich so schön
Am Rhein, wenn rings in weiter Rund
Die Morgenglocken gehn!

Ein Schifflein zieht auf blauer Flut,
Da singt's und jubelt's drein;
Du Schifflein, gelt, das fährt sich gut
In all die Lust hinein?

Vom Dorfe hallet Orgelton,
Es tönt ein frommes Lied,
Andächtig dort die Prozession
Aus der Kapelle zieht.

Und ernst in all die Herrlichkeit
Die Burg herniederschaut
Und spricht von alter, guter Zeit,
Die auf den Fels gebaut.

Das alles beut der prächtge Rhein
An seinem Rebenstrand,
Und spiegelt recht im hellsten Schein
Das ganze Vaterland,

Das fromme, treue Vaterland
In seiner vollen Pracht,
Mit Lust und Liedern allerhand
Vom lieben Gott bedacht.

SUNDAY ON THE RHINE

How good to walk beside the Rhine
On Sunday at the break of day,
When ringing out for miles around
The morning bells resound!

A skiff floats by on blue waves,
Amid singing and rejoicing;
Is it not good, O little ship,
To sail into such happiness?

The village organ rings out
With its solemn hymn,
The procession, reverently,
Sets out from the church.

And grave in the midst of such splendour
The castle gazes down
And tells of the good old days
When men built on firm rock.

The mighty Rhine offers all this
On its vine-clad shore,
And mirrors in brightest reflection
All the fatherland,

That fatherland, devout and true,
In its splendid glory,
With all kinds of joy and song,
Protected by God's dear hand.

STÄNDCHEN

Komm' in die stille Nacht! —
Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Sonne ging längst zur Ruh',
Welt schloß die Augen zu,
Rings nur einzig die Liebe wacht!

Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Schon sind die Sterne hell,
Schon ist der Mond zur Stell',
Eilen so schnell, so schnell!
Liebchen, mein Liebchen, drum eil' auch du!

Einzig die Liebe wacht,
Ruft dich allüberall.
Höre die Nachtigall,
Hör meiner Stimme Schall,
Liebchen, o komm in die stille Nacht!

NICHTS SCHÖNERES

Als ich zuerst dich hab' gesehn,
Wie du so lieblich warst, so schön,
Da fiel's mein Lebtag mir nicht ein,
Daß noch was Schönres sollte sein,
Als in dein liebes Augenpaar
Hinein zu schauen immerdar.

Da hab ich denn so lang geschaut,
Bis du geworden meine Braut,
Und wieder fiel es mir nicht ein,
Daß noch was Schönres könnte sein,
Als so an deinem roten Mund
Sich satt zu küssen alle Stund.

Da hab' ich denn so lang geküßt,
Bis du mein Weibchen worden bist,
Und kann nun wohl versichert sein,
Daß noch was Schönres nicht kann sein,
Als wie mit seinem lieben Weib
Zu sein so ganz ein' Seel' und Leib!

SERENADE

Come into the silent night! —
Why delay, my dearest?
The sun has set long ago,
The world has closed its eyes.
Love alone keeps watch around us!

Why delay, my dearest?
Already the stars are bright,
Already the moon's at her post,
They make such haste, such haste!
Dearest, my dearest, so make haste too!

Love alone keeps watch,
Calling for you everywhere;
Listen to the nightingale,
Listen to my voice ring out,
Dearest, O come into the silent night!

NOTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL

When I first saw you,
Saw how sweet and beautiful you were,
I did not think in all my days
That anything could be more beautiful
Than to gaze for evermore
Into your lovely eyes.

But then I gazed on you so long
Till you became my bride;
And again I did not think in all my days
That anything could be more beautiful
Than to kiss your red lips endlessly
Till I was surfeited.

But then I kissed you for so long
Till you became my wife,
And now I may rest assured
That nothing could be more beautiful
Than to be entirely at one with a dear wife
In body and in soul!

AN DEN SONNENSCHN

O Sonnenschein, o Sonnenschein!
Wie scheinst du mir ins Herz hinein,
Weckst drinnen lauter Liebeslust,
Daß mir so enge wird die Brust!

Und enge wird mir Stub' und Haus,
Und wenn ich lauf zum Tor hinaus,
Da lockst du gar ins frische Grün
Die allerschönsten Mädchen hin!

O Sonnenschein! Du glaubest wohl,
Daß ich wie du es machen soll,
Der jede schmucke Blume küßt,
Die eben nur sich dir erschließt?

Hast doch so lang die Welt erblickt,
Und weißt, daß sich's für mich nicht schickt;
Was machst du mir denn solche Pein?
O Sonnenschein! O Sonnenschein!

TO THE SUNSHINE

O sunshine! O sunshine!
How you shine into my heart,
Waking there such sheer love
That my breast becomes constricted!

House and room become constricted too,
And when I run out through the gate,
I see you've tempted the loveliest girls
Out into the fresh green countryside!

O sunshine! Do you really think
I should follow your example,
You that kiss all the lovely flowers
That only open to your caress?

But you have observed the world so long
And know that this does not become me;
So why do you torment me so?
O sunshine! O sunshine!

DICHTERS GENESUNG

Und wieder hatt' ich
der Schönsten gedacht,
Die nur in Träumen bisher ich gesehen;
Es trieb mich hinaus in die lichte Nacht,
Durch stille Gründe muß ich gehen.
Da auf einmal
Glänzte das Tal,
Schaurig als wär es ein Geistersaal.

Da rauschten zusammen
zur Tanzmelodei
Der Strom und die Winde
mit Klingen und Zischen,
Da weht' es im flüchtigen Zuge herbei
Aus Felsen und Tale,
aus Wellen und Büschen,
Und im Mondesglanz
Ein weißer Kranz,
Tanzten die Elfen den Reigentanz.

Und mitten im Kreis ein luftiges Weib,
Die Königin war es, ich hörte sie singen:
„Laß ab von dem schweren irdischen Leib!
Laß ab von den törichten irdischen Dingen!
Nur im Mondenschein
Ist Leben allein!
Nur im Träumen zu schweben,
ein ewiges Sein!

„Ich bin's, die in Träumen du oft gesehn,
Ich bin's, die als Liebchen du oft besungen,
Ich bin es, die Elfenkönigin,
Du wolltest mich schauen,
es ist dir gelungen.
Nun sollst du mein
Auf ewig sein,
Komm mit, komm mit in den Elfenreihn!“

Schon zogen, schon flogen sie
all um mich her,
Da wehte der Morgen, da bin ich genesen.
Fahr wohl nun, du Elfenkönigin,
Jetzt will ein andres Lieb ich mir erlesen;
Ohn Trug und Schein
Und von Herzen rein
Wird wohl auch für mich eins zu finden sein!

THE POET'S RECOVERY

And once again
I thought of my beloved,
Whom till then I had seen but in dreams;
I was drawn out into the bright night,
I had to wander through silent valleys:
Then suddenly
The valley began to gleam
Eerily, like a hall full of ghosts.

The river and winds
whistled together a dance melody
With a hissing and a roar.
A fleeting throng
came rushing by
From rocks and valleys,
bushes and waves,
And in the moonlight,
Like a white ring,
The elves began to dance their rounds.

And I heard in their midst an airy maiden,
The Queen of the Elves, begin to sing:
'Leave your heavy earthly body!
Leave all foolish earthly things!
Only in moonlight
Can true life be found!
Eternity only
in floating dreams!

'I am she you've often seen in dreams,
I am she you've often hymned as your love,
I am the Queen of the Elves,
You wanted to see me —
your wish is fulfilled!
You shall now be mine
For evermore,
Come, come dance with me in our fairy circle!'

They were fluttering and flying
all around me now,
The dawn wind blew, and I recovered.
Farewell now, O Queen of the Elves,
For now I shall choose another love;
Without deceit and wiles,
And pure of heart,
There must be one out there for me!

LIEBESBOTSCHAFT

Wolken, die ihr nach Osten eilt,
Wo die eine, die Meine weilt,
All meine Wünsche, mein Hoffen und Singen
Sollen auf eure Flügel sich schwingen,
Sollen euch, Flüchtige,
Zu ihr lenken,
Daß die Züchtige
Meiner in Treuen mag gedenken!

Singen noch Morgenträume sie ein,
Schwebet leise zum Garten hinein,
Senket als Tau euch in schattige Räume,
Streuet Perlen auf Blumen und Bäume,
Daß der Holdseligen,
Kommt sie gegangen,
All die fröhlichen Blüten
Sich öffnen mit lichterem Prangen!

Und am Abend in stiller Ruh',
Breitet der sinkenden Sonne euch zu!
Mögt mit Purpur und Gold euch malen,
Mögt in dem Meere von Glut und Strahlen
Leicht sich schwingende
Schifflein fahren,
Daß sie singende Engel
Glaubet auf euch zu gewahren.

Ja, wohl möchten es Engel sein,
Wär mein Herz gleich ihrem rein;
All meine Wünsche, mein Hoffen und Singen
Zieht ja dahin auf euren Schwingen,
Euch, ihr Flüchtigen,
Hinzulenken
Zu der Züchtigen,
Der ich einzig nur mag gedenken!

A MESSAGE OF LOVE

You clouds that hasten eastwards
To where my loved one lives,
All my wishes, hopes and songs
Shall go flying on your wings,
Shall lead you,
Fleeting messengers, to her,
That the chaste child
Shall faithfully think of me!

If morning dreams still lull her asleep
Drift gently down into her garden,
Alight as dew in the shadows,
Strew pearls on flowers and trees,
So that if my sweetheart
Passes by,
She shall see all the joyous flowers
Bud in even brighter splendour!

And at evening, in calm and silence,
Sail away to the setting sun!
Paint yourselves in purple and gold,
Immersed in the sea of bright fire,
Lightly swinging
Like little ships,
That she might think
You are singing angels.

And well might my thoughts be angels,
If my heart were as pure as hers;
All my wishes, hopes and songs
Shall go flying on your wings,
Shall lead you,
Fleeting messengers, to her,
The chaste child,
I think of all the time!

Seven Sonnets of Michaelangelo

Britten / Buonarroti

English Translations © Elizabeth Mayer & Peter Pears

SONETTO XVI

Sì come nella penna e nell'inchiostro
È l'alto e 'l basso e 'l mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'immagin ricca e vile,
Secondo che 'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro;
Così, signor mie car, nel petto vostro,
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quel c'a me proprio è e simile
Ne traggo, come fuor nel viso mostro.
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie,
(L'umor dal ciel terrestre, schietto e solo,
A vari semi vario si converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie;
Chi mira alta beltà con sì gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.

SONETTO XXXI

A che più debb'io mai l'intensa voglia
Sfogar con pianti o con parole meste,
Se di tal sorte 'l ciel, che l'alma veste,
Tard' o per tempo, alcun mai non ne spoglia?
A che 'l cor lass' a più morir m'invoglia,
S'altri pur dee morir? Dunque per queste
Luci l'ore del fin fian men moleste;
Ch'ogn' altro ben val men ch'ogni mia doglia.
Però se 'l colpo, ch'io ne rub' e 'nvolò,
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è destinato,
Ch'entrerà 'nfra la dolcezza e 'l duolo?
Se vint' e pres' i' debb'esser beato,
Maraviglia non è se nud' e solo,
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.

SONETTO XXX

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce lume,
Che co' miei ciechi già veder non posso;
Porto co' vostri piedi un pondo addosso,
Che de' mie zoppi non è già costume.
Volo con le vostr'ale senza piume;
Col vostr'ingegno al ciel sempre son mosso;
Dal vostr'arbitrio son pallido e rosso,
Freddo al sol, caldo alle più fredde brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia,
I mie' pensier nel vostro cor si fanno,
Nel vostro fiato son le mie parole.
Come luna da sè sol par ch'io sia;
Chè gli occhi nostri in ciel veder non sanno
Se non quel tanto che n'accende il sole.

SONNET XVI

Just as there is a high, a low, and a middle style in
pen and ink, and as within the marble are images rich
and poor, according as our fancy knows
how to draw them forth:
so within your heart, dear love, there are perhaps,
as well as pride, some humble feelings: but I draw
thence only what is my desert
and like to what I show outside on my face.
Whoever sows sighs, tears and lamentations
(Heaven's moisture on earth, simple and pure,
adapts itself differently to different seeds)
reaps and gathers grief and sadness:
whoever looks on high beauty with so great a grief
reaps doubtful hopes and sure and bitter pain.

SONNET XXXI

Why must I go on venting my ardent desire in tears
and melancholy words, if Heaven that dresses the
soul in grief, never, soon or late, allows relief?
Why should my weary heart long for death since all
must die? So to these eyes my last hours will be less
painful, all my grief being greater than any joy.
If, therefore, I cannot avoid these blows, nay, even
seek them, since it is my fate,
who is the one that
stands always between joy and grief?
If to be happy I must be conquered
and held captive, no wonder then that I,
unarmed and alone, remain the
prisoner of a Cavalier in arms.

SONNET XXX

With your lovely eyes I see a sweet light
that yet with my blind ones I cannot see;
with your feet I carry a weight on my back which with
my lame ones I cannot;
with your wings I, wingless, fly;
with your spirit I move forever heavenward;
at your wish I blush or turn pale,
cold in the sunshine, or hot in the coldest midwinter.
My will is in your will alone,
my thoughts are born in your heart,
my words are on your breath.
Alone, I am like the moon in the sky
which our eyes cannot see
save that part which the sun illumines.

SONETTO LV

Tu sa, ch'io so, signor mie, che tu sai
Ch'i veni per goderti più da presso;
E sai ch'i' so, che tu sa' c'i' son desso:
A che più indugio a salutarci omai?
Se vera è la speranza che mi dai,
Se vero è 'l buon desio che m'è concesso,
Rompasi il mur fra l'uno e l'altro messo;
Chè doppia forza hann' i celati guai.
S'i' amo sol di te, signor mie caro,
Quel che di te più ami, non ti sdegni;
Che l'un dell'altro spirto s'innamora,
Quel che nel tuo bel volto bramo e 'mparo,
E mal compres' è degli umani ingegni,
Chi 'l vuol veder, convien che prima mora.

SONETTO XXXVIII

Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume,
L'onde della non vostra e salda vena.
Che più v'innalza, e cresce, e con più lena
Che non è 'l vostro natural costume.
E tu, folt'air, che 'l celeste lume
Tempri a' tristi occhi, de' sospir miei piena,
Rendigli al cor mio lasso e rasserena
Tua scura faccia al mio visivo acume.
Renda la terra i passi alle mie piante,
Ch'ancor l'erba germogli che gli è tolta;
E 'l suono Ecco, già sorda a' miei lamenti;
Gli sguardi agli occhi mie, tue luci sante,
Ch'io possa altra bellezza un'altra volta
Amar, po' che di me non ti contenti.

SONETTO XXXII

S'un casto amor, s'una pietà superna,
S'una fortuna infra dua amanti equale,
S'un'aspra sorte all'un dell'altro cale,
S'un spirto, s'un voler duo cor governa;
S'un'anima in duo corpi è fatta eterna,
Ambo levando al cielo e con pari ale;
S'amor c'un colpo e d'un dorato strale
Le viscer di duo petti arda e discerna;
S'amar l'un l'altro, e nessun se medesmo,
D'un gusto e d'un diletto, a tal mercede,
C'a un fin voglia l'uno e l'altro porre;
Se mille e mille non sarien centesmo
A tal nodo d'amore, a tanta fede;
E sol l'isdegno il può rompere e sciorre.

SONNET LV

Though know'st, beloved, that I know thou know'st
that I am come nearer to enjoy thee more; and thou
know'st that I know thou know'st that I am still the
same. Why, then, do I hesitate to greet thee?
If the hope thou givest me is true, if true the strong
desire that is granted me,
the wall between us crumbles,
for secret griefs have double force.
If I love in thee, beloved, only what thou lovest most,
do not be angry; for so one spirit
is enamoured of another.
That which in thy lovely face I yearn for
and seek to grasp, is but ill understood by human
kind, and he that would see it, first must die.

SONNET XXXVIII

Give back to my eyes, you fountains and rivers, the
waves of those strong currents that are not yours,
which make you swell and grow with greater power
than is your natural way.
And thou, heavy air, that dims the heavenly light to
my sad eyes, so full of my sighs art thou, give them
back to my weary heart and lighten thy dark face to
my eye's keen sight.
Earth, give me back my footsteps that the grass may
sprout again where it was trod; and Echo,
yet deaf to my laments, give back thy sound;
and you blest pupils give back to my eyes their
glances; that I another time may love another beauty,
since with me you are not satisfied.

SONNET XXXII

If love be chaste, if pity heavenly,
if fortune equal between two lovers;
if a bitter fate is shared by both, and if one spirit,
one will rules two hearts;
if in two bodies one soul is made eternal, raising both
to heaven on the same wings; if at one stroke and
with a gilded arrow love burns and pierces two hearts
to the core; if in loving one another, forgetting one's
self, with one pleasure and one delight there is such
reward that both wills strive for the same end;
if thousands and thousands do not make one
hundredth part to such a bond of love,
to such constancy, can, then,
mere anger break and dissolve it?

SONETTO XXIV

Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede
Nelle tuo belle membra oneste e care
Quante natura e 'l ciel tra no' puo' fare,
Quand'a null'altra suo bell'opra cede;
Spirto leggiadro, in cui si spera e crede
Dentro, come di fuor nel viso appare,
Amor, pietà, mercè, cose sì rare
Che mà furn'in beltà con tanta fede;
L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega;
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi
Ferma speranz'al cor par che ne doni.
Qual uso o qual governo al mondo nega,
Qual crudeltà per tempo, o qual più tardi,
C'a sì bel viso morte non perdoni?

SONNET XXIV

Noble soul, in whose chaste
and dear limbs are reflected
all that nature and heaven can achieve with us,
the paragon of their works:
graceful soul, within whom one hopes and believes
Love, Pity and Mercy are dwelling, as they appear in
your face; things so rare
and never found in beauty so truly:
Love takes me captive, and Beauty binds me;
Pity and Mercy with sweet glances
fill my heart with a strong hope.
What law or earthly government, what cruelty now
or to come, could forbid Death
to spare such a lovely face?

FRÜHLINGSGLAUBE

Schubert / Uhland

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

CHUN SI QU

Tzu / Hanzhang

Xiāo xiāo yè yǔ dī jiē qián, hán qīn
Gū zhěn wèi chéng mián.
Jīn zhāo lǎn jìng yīng shì lí wō qiǎn,
Lù yún yōng lüè lǎn tiē huā diàn.
Xiǎo lóu dú yǐ pà dǔ mò tóu yang liǔ
fēn sè shàng lián biān.
Gèng dù shā wú zhī shuāng yàn zhī zhī
Yǔ guò huà lán qián.
Yì gè láng yuǎn bié yǐ jīng nián hèn
Zhī hèn bù huà chéng dù yǔ, huàn tā kuài
zhēng guī biān.

FAITH IN SPRING

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, O new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

SPRING FEVER TUNE

Translation © adapted by Runzhe Li

Drizzling down was the rain, in front of the doorsteps
last night. Lonely accompanying the cold bed
without sleep was a real fight. This morning
before the mirror, the dimples become shallower;
what sweeping over is the uncombed hair; without
ornaments dangling there. Lazily leaning alone
against the garret, unwillingly to look at the hazy
shadow of the field willow creeping onto the curtain
of the window. Further fails come from a couple
of careless swallows flying over the rails. Nothing
could I do except for jealousy towards their bill and
coo. I am thinking of my fiancé, who left years ago
for far away. I hate myself for not being able
to become a cuckoo wife that can keep calling
her husband coming back to the home life.

HEIDENRÖSLEIN

Schubert / Goethe

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung
 und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich
 und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

MÉI GUI SAN YÜÀN

Tzu / Qi

Méi guī
Huā méi guī huā
Làn kāi zài bì lán gān xià méi guī huā méi
guī huā làn kāi zài bì lán gān xià wǒ yuàn
nà dù wǒ de wú qíng fēng yǔ mò chuī dǎ
Wǒ yuàn nà ài wǒ de duō qíng
yóu kè mò pān zhé
Wǒ yuàn nà hóng yán cháng hǎo bù diào xiè
Hǎo jiāo wǒ liú zhù fang huá.

WILD ROSE

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

A boy saw a wild rose
growing in the heather;
it was so young,
 and as lovely as the morning.
He ran swiftly to look more closely,
looked on it with great joy.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,
wild rose in the heather!
Said the rose: I shall prick you
so that you will always remember me.
And I will not suffer it.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

And the impetuous boy plucked
the wild rose from the heather;
the rose defended herself
 and pricked him,
but her cries of pain were to no avail;
she simply had to suffer.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

THREE WISHES OF ROSES

Translation © adapted by Runzhe Li

Roses, roses.
It's blooming under the blue and green fence.
Roses, roses. It's blooming under the blue
and green fence. I hope that the ruthless
wind and rain that are jealous of me will not
blow. I hope that the affectionate tourists
who love me will not pick. I hope that the
beauty long lasts and will not fade, and teach
me how to keep my fragrancy.

DAS HEIMWEH

Schubert / Winkler

Oft in einsam stillen Stunden
Hab' ich ein Gefühl empfunden,
Unerklärbar, wunderbar!
Das wie Sehnsucht nach der Ferne
Hoch hinauf in bess're Sterne,
Wie ein leises Ahnen war.

Jetzt, wo von der Heimat Frieden
Ich so lang' schon abgeschieden,
Und in weiter Fremde bin,
Fühlt ein ängstlich heisses Sehnen
Unter sanften Wehmutstränen
Tief bewegt mein innerer Sinn.

Wenn in Stunden sel'ger Weihe
Sich der frühern Wonnen Reihe
Dunkel wär' mein Geist bewusst,
Wenn sich neue Sinne fänden,
Die das Höhere verstanden
In der tiefbewegten Brust!

SI XIANG

Tzu / Hanzhang

Sī xiāng
Liǔ sī xì lǜ qīng míng cái guò le.
Dú zì gě,
píng lán wú yǔ.
Gèng nà Kān qiáng wài jūān
tí yī sheng sheng dào bù rú guī qū,
Rě qǐ le wàn zhǒng xián qíng,
mǎn huái bié xù.
Wèn luò huā suí miǎo miǎo wēi bō,
shì fǒu xiàng nán liú?
wǒ yuàn yǔ tā tóng qù.

LONGING FOR HOME

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Often, in quiet, solitary hours,
I have experienced a feeling,
inexplicable, marvellous,
like a yearning for the far distance,
high above, on a better star,
like a soft presentiment.

Now, in a distant foreign land,
having left so long ago
the peace of my homeland,
I feel a fearful, burning longing
beneath tears of gentle sadness
deep in my troubled heart.

If only, in hours of blissful solemnity,
my spirit could dimly experience
my former joys in turn;
if only I could discover new senses
which might divine the higher Truth
in my sorely troubled heart!

HOMESICK

Translation © adapted by Runzhe Li

Green, slender willow branches grow fast.
All Souls' Day has just become the past.
Leaning against the rail, a lonely soul is like a lost
boat, nowhere to sail.
A miserable cuckoo keeps crying over the dome,
calling for return to its home.
This arouses ripples of an emotional wave,
and the will of being a homesick slave.
Asking a fallen flower floating with the river,
"Whether to south will you go?"
If yes, I would like to go with you.
