

## **Translation - Beethoven's An die ferne Geliebte, to the distant beloved**

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### **1. Auf em Hügel sitz ich spähend I sit on the hill, gazing**

I sit on the hill, gazing  
Into the misty blue countryside,  
Towards the distant meadows  
Where, my love, I first found you.

Now I'm far away from you,  
Mountain and valley intervene  
Between us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze  
That wings its way towards you,  
And my sighs are lost  
In the space that comes between us.

Will nothing ever reach you again?  
Will nothing be love's messenger?  
I shall sing, sing songs  
That speak to you of my distress!

For sounds of singing put to flight  
All space and all time;  
And a loving heart is reached  
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

### **2. Wo die Berge so blau Where the blue mountains**

Where the blue mountains  
From the misty grey  
Look out towards me,  
Where the sun's glow fades,

Where the clouds scud by –  
There would I be!  
There, in the peaceful valley,  
Pain and torment cease.

Where among the rocks  
The primrose meditates in silence,  
And the wind blows so softly –  
There would I be!

I am driven to the musing wood  
By the power of love,  
Inner pain.  
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,  
If I were able, my love,  
To be with you eternally!

### **3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen Light clouds sailing on high**

Light clouds sailing on high,  
And you, narrow little brook,  
If you catch sight of my love,  
Greet her a thousand times.

If, clouds, you see her walking  
Thoughtful in the silent valley,  
Let my image loom before her  
In the airy vaults of heaven.

If she be standing by the bushes  
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,  
Pour out to her my fate,  
Pour out, you birds, my torment.

Soft west winds, waft my sighs  
To her my heart has chosen –  
Sighs that fade away  
Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,  
Let her, narrow little brook,  
Truly see in your ripples  
My never-ending tears!

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### **4. Dies Wolken in den Höhen**

#### **These clouds on high**

These clouds on high,  
This cheerful flight of birds  
Will see you, O gracious one.  
Take me lightly winging too!

These west winds will playfully  
Blow about your cheeks and breast,  
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –  
Would I might share that joy!

This brooklet hastens eagerly  
To you from those hills.  
If she's reflected in you,  
Flows directly back to me!

### **5. Es Kehret der Maien**

#### **Maytime returns**

May returns, the meadow blooms.  
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild,  
The babbling brooks flow again,

The swallow returns to its rooftop home,  
And eagerly builds her bridal chamber,  
Where love shall dwell.

She busily brings from every direction  
Many soft scraps for the bridal bed,  
Many warm scraps for her young.

Now the pair lives faithfully together,  
What winter parted, may has joined,  
For May can unite all who love.

May returns, the meadow blooms.  
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild;  
I alone cannot move on when spring unites.

All lovers, our love alone knows no spring,  
And tears are its only gain.

### **6. Nimm sie hin denn diese Lieder**

#### **Take my songs**

Accept, then, these songs  
I sang for you, beloved;  
Sing them again at evening  
To the lute's sweet sound!

As the red light of evening draws  
Towards the calm blue lake,  
And its last rays fade  
Behind those mountain heights;

And you sing what I sang  
From a full heart  
With no display of art,  
Aware only of longing:

Then, at these songs,  
The distance that parted us shall recede,  
And a loving heart be reached  
By what a loving heart has hallowed!