

Translations of the lyrics

Francesco P. Tosti / Carmel Errico – Non t'amo più
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_texts.html?SongCycleId=493
Francesco P. Tosti / Carmel Errico – Ideale
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=5465
Francesco P. Tosti / Carmel Errico – All'aria libera
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=43828
Cécile Chaminade / Armand Silvestre – Amour D'Automne
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=14995
Cécile Chaminade / Armand Silvestre – Amoroso
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=14994
Cécile Chaminade / Armand Silvestre – Fleur jetée
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=15026
Benjamin Britten / W. H. Auden – On this Island op. 11
https://hampsongfoundation.org/resource/benjamin-britten/
Tryggvi M. Baldvinsson / Þórarinn Eldjárn – vont og gott
It's so awful to lie on cold, hard ice. Just think: WOW
It feels so good to lie on warm, soft moss with a view of the sky and smile.
Tryggvi M. Baldvinsson / Þórarinn Eldjárn – korr í ró
The grandfather recites a poem to his grandson. The little boy pretends to be asleep, but has a fit of laughter.
Sleep, sleep, my grandson, float into the dream world.
Due (great-)grandmother recites a poem in a pithy but melodious voice.
Daughter of my daughter, dream beautiful 'children's gold' yours.
The mother of five sings a hoarse lullaby, she feels desperate.
When the 1st to 3rd child fall silent, the 4th and 5th cry.
They hear their mother's hoarse voice in the dark night.
Antonín Dvořák / Gustav Pfeleger-Moravský – Liebeslieder op. 83
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_texts.html?SongCycleId=288

Pantscho Vladigerov / Dora Gabe – Geheimnisvolle Nacht

Around me the silver, mysterious night;
It is silent under the stars,
And quietly the last light goes out
Over the nearby cold grave.
Dead sleep!
Rest and be at peace,
You tormented ones!
Peace to you!
You are lulled by crickets,
The moon with its silver fingers
Caress you
In this hour peace and tranquillity!

Pantscho Vladigerov / Dora Gabe – Die Blumen weinten

The flowers wept
And a thousand brilliants
Dropped sadly from the pale leaves.

The flowers wept,
Buried is the fall, the joy, the dreams.

And oh, the head bowed,
I wept, I wept softly, softly.

The fresh grave of my young love
Soaked up my tears.

Pantscho Vladigerov / Dora Gabe – Wie glücklich standen wir beisammen

How happy we were together,
Our hearts beat with delight,
The flowers stretched out their heads
And watched in wonder.
All the little birds came flying in
And their silver voices sounded loud,
They sang of our young love.
They sang to us.
They sang to us.

So it was once, now you have left me,
In unspeakable longing my heart,
The flowers wither,
Oh, the birds no longer sing!