

(c) "Au Flügel-Des Gesanges"

Mendelssohn

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
Herzliebchen, trag' ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiss ich den schönsten Ort ;

Da liegt ein rothblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen in's Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei and lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir nieder sinken
Unter dem Palmembaum,
Und Lieb' und Ruhe trinken,
Unn träumen seligen Traum.

HEINE.

On wings of song I'll bear thee
To the fairest of all fair lands,
Where the deeped-voice Asian Ganges
Rolls through its flowery strands.

There, in a roseate garden,
Where the moon-charmed breeze is
dumb,
Thy lovely kin, the lotus,
Wait till their sister come.

The violets whisper together
As they gaze on the star-lit skies,
The roses lean to each other
And mingle their perfumed sighs.

Over the leaves come leaping
The gentle wary gazelles ;
Afar, from the sacred river,
A solemn murmur swells.

And there, in the palm tree shadows,
Stretched on the breathing flowers,
We'll drink the love-laden silence
And dream through the blissful hours.

PAUL ENGLAND.

(d) "Abschied"

Schubert

(English translation)

Farewell, merry town, with thy frolic and mirth,
Farewell !
My good horse is neighing, no longer he'll stand,
So take my last greeting from heart and from hand ;
Never yet hast thou seen me in sorrowful case ;
Though the parting be hard, I must wear a brave face.

Farewell, ye trees, and ye gardens so gay,
Farewell !
By the crystalline stream as I canter along,
I send you at parting, a loud-ringing song.
The songs I have sung you were gay ones all,—
No gloomier sounds from my lips shall fall.

Farewell, ye maidens, whose smiles were so kind,
Farewell !
How shyly you peep from the rose-covered porch.
And beckon me back with your eyes' bright torch !
I greet you, and smile on each smiling face,
Yet dare I not slacken my horse's pace.

Farewell !—ye stars, hide your tremulous lamps !
Farewell !
The light from the one little window I love
Shines brighter for me than your legions above.
Alas ! though your watches ye faithfully keep,
That light I must lose, and the darknes is deep.

PAUL ENGLAND