

You'll find that a new love is there!
Love is where you find it!
Fate designed it
To be waiting ev'rywhere.
It may hide from you for awhile
It may come tonight in a smile
Fan a flame of a new love
In the arms of a true love!
Seek and you shall find.
Ah!

Poetry by: Earl K. Brent



College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents a

Doctoral Recital

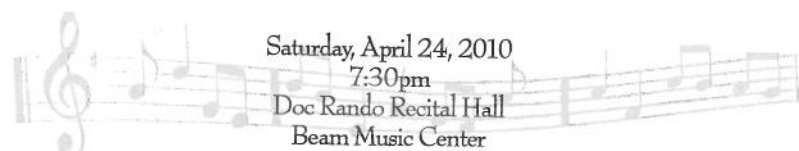
Wendy Moss

soprano

with

Michelle Lee, piano and harpsichord

Matthew Guschl, oboe



Saturday, April 24, 2010
7:30pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center

PROGRAM

- "Was mir behagt – Jagen ist die Lust der Götter" Johann Sebastian Bach
from *Was mir Behagt, ist nur die Muntre Jagd*, BWV 208 (1685-1750)
"Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen"
from *Herr Jesu Christ, wahr' Mensch und Gott*, BWV 127
Matt Guschl, oboe

- Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)
El Paño Moruno
Seguidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

INTERMISSION

- Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement Ernest Chausson
Les papillons (1855-1899)
Le temps des lilas
La caravane
Ständchen Richard Strauss
Morgen! (1864-1949)
Seitdem dein Aug'
Heimliche Aufforderung
"Love Is Where You Find It" Nacio Herb Brown
(1896-1964)

*This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Doctor of Musical Arts.
Wendy Moss is a student of Tod Fitzpatrick.*

Was mir behagt, ist nur die Muntre Jagd, BWV 208, was composed for the birthday of Duke Christian of Saxony-Weissenfels in 1713. Due to its subject matter, this *dramma per musica* is typically called "The Hunting Cantata." This work is unique because it is Bach's earliest extant secular cantata. Salomon Frank, the poet for many cantatas during Bach's era, wrote texts that were highly accessible in a musical setting. The theme for this fifteen-sectioned celebratory cantata is one from Greek mythology where Diana, the goddess of the hunt, admires her love, the hunter Endymion. Here, in "*Was mir behagt*," Diana gives praise to Aurora, which sets the dawn to rise, as she prepares herself and her bow, for the beloved morning hunt. This secular work exemplifies Bach's early style from his time spent in Weimar.

Herr Jesus Christ, wahr' Mensch und Gott, BWV 127, was written for Quinquagesima Sunday (the Sunday before Lent) to anticipate the Passion, and was performed on February 11th, 1725. The text is based on an eight-verse hymn by Paul Eber from 1562. "*Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen*" is No. 3 in this work and is often referred to as "The Funeral Hymn." The oboe obbligato is meant to depict one's soul, at the beginning of life, as born in Jesus' hands. Then grows throughout life to death, which suggests the peaceful security one receives in death. In the B section, the funeral bells, "Ach, ruft mich bald, ihr Sterbeglocken" are called to bring rest to one's soul.

Although Bach's vocal compositions were overlooked by his contemporaries for his keyboard works, the large number of cantatas, over 200, represent by far the most extensive and diverse body of work for this medium.

Was mir behagt – Jagen ist die Lust der Götter Was mir behagt, ist nur die muntre Jagd! Eh noch Aurora pranget, Eh sie sich an den Himmel wagt, Hat dieser Pfeil schon angenehme Beut erlanget!	My only pleasure, is the merry chase! My only pleasure, is the merry chase! Before Aurora rises resplendent, Before she dares to tread the skies, This arrow here will have reached its pleasing prey!
---	--

Jagen ist die Lust der Götter,
Jagen steht den Helden an!
Weichet, meiner Nymphen Spötter,
Weichet von Dianen Bahn!

Hunting is the Gods' delight,
Hunting is the sport of heroes!
Begone, ye mockers of my nymphs,
Begone from Diana's path!

Poetry by: Salomon Franck

Translations: Charlotte Lehmann

Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen
Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen
Wenn Erde diesen Leib bedeckt.
Ach, ruft mich bald, ihr Sterbeglocken,
Ich bin zum Sterben unerschrocken,
Weil mich mein Jesus wieder weckt.

The Soul doth rest in Jesus Hands
The Soul rests in Jesus Hands
When this body is covered by the earth.
Ah! The funeral bells call me,
I am not afraid to die,
For Jesus will soon raise my soul.

Poetry by: Paul Eber

Manuel de Falla's only song cycle, *Siete canciones populares españolas*, was written for voice and piano during his last year in Paris before his return to Madrid during World War I. Like many Spanish composers, de Falla was attracted to the appeal of French music; and during his nine years there composed some of his greatest works: *La vida breve* (1913), *Trois mélodies* (1909-10) on Gautier text, and these *Seven Popular Spanish Songs* (1914) which were dedicated to Mme. Ida Godebski.

The premiere of *Siete canciones populares españolas* was in January of 1915 at the Ateneo in Madrid. They were sung by Luisa Vela and accompanied by de Falla.

Manuel de Falla's ability to take popular Spanish folk material and transfuse it into Spanish Art Song is what made him unique amongst fellow Spanish composers. Two distinct aspects of de Falla's musical style can be heard in this song cycle from his use of articulation markings that are applied to almost every note, and his extensive use of the piano throughout. He also used tunes, dances and rhythms from various regions of Spain to create these seven *canciones*. He juxtaposed the triple-metered dance rhythms of "El paño moruno," "Seguidilla murciana" and "Jota" against the simplicity of "Nana" and "Asturiana." These Spanish folk tunes in de Falla's settings become a new Spanish aesthetic for the 20th century and influence all Spanish Art Song from that time forward.

The subject matter for these songs does not connect them to each other and ranges from that of a soiled cloth meant to represent a tainted woman in "El paño moruno," to a grieving woman seeking sympathy from a pine tree in "Asturiana," to bitterness acquired due to unrequited love in "Polo."

Manuel de Falla, often referred to as the Bartók of Spain, can be remembered for bringing Spain back into the forefront of Westernized music in the 20th century; and can also be remembered as Tomás Marco states, "the only Spanish composer who can be compared with other great composers of his time: Debussy, Ravel, Dukas and Stravinsky."

El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
Al paño fino, en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

Poetry by: Spanish Folk Poetry

Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
Arrieros semos;
Puede que en el camino,
Puede que en el camino,
¡Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Yo te comparo
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo con peseta que corre
De mano en mano
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa
Y creyéndola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!
¡Nadie la toma!

The Moorish cloth

On the fine cloth, in the store
On the fine cloth, in the store
A stain set in
A stain set in
For a lower price it is sold
For a lower price it is sold
Because it has lost its value
Because it has lost its value
Oh!

Translations: James Abraham & Mark Bates

Murcian Seguidilla

He whose roof
Is made of glass,
Muleteers are we;
Perhaps on the road,
Perhaps on the road
We shall meet!

Because of your great inconsistency
I compare you,
I compare you,
Because of your great inconsistency
I compare you to a coin that passes
From hand to hand
That at last is worn off,
And believing it false,
And believing it false,
No one will take it!
No one will take it!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba
Arrímeme a un pino verde
Por ver si me consolaba
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Nana

Duérmete niño, duermete,
Duerme mi alma
Duérmete lucerito,
De la mañana nanita, nana, nanita, nana
Duérmete lucerito,
De la mañana.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
"Del aire"
Niña, el mirarlos
"Madre"
Dicen que no me quieres,
Y a me has querido
Dicen que no me quierres,
Y a me has querido
Váyase lo ganado
"Del aire"
Por lo perdido.
"Madre a la orilla"
Por lo perdido.
"Madre"

Polo

¡Ay!
Guardo una "¡Ay!"
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
"¡Ay!"
¡Que a nadie se la diré!
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Y quien me lo dio a entender!
"¡Ay!"

Ernest Chausson composed French *mélodie* that unabashedly speaks of High Romance. His vocal works contain various elements that are characteristics of the Romantic style. One of these being subject matter he chose to set which depicts aspects of the supernatural, to Orientalism, to allegorical material that ironically intertwines Chaussonian pictures with his moods and meanings. Being an avid admirer of Wagner, Chausson wrote extended vocal lines that convey delayed climaxes and hesitated chromatic resolutions; another trait of the Romantic style. Though his output of song was approximately forty *mélodies*, halted by his sudden death at the age of forty-four due to a bicycle accident; Chausson's songs significantly impacted the genre of French *mélodie* by marrying the earlier, simple style of Frank and Massenet, his teachers, with that of the refined, chromatic settings yet to come by Debussy and Poulenc.

Asturian Song

To see if it would console me,
Tie me up to a green pine
To see if it would console me
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.
The pine tree, because it was green,
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

Nursemaid

Go to sleep child, sleep,
Sleep my precious,
Go to sleep little light.
In the morning, little lullaby,
Go to sleep little light,
In the morning.

Song

Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them;
Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them.
You don't know what it cost,
"In the air!"
Dear, to see them,
"Mother"
They say you don't love me,
And me you have loved
They say you don't love me,
And me you have loved
Away with what was won,
"In the air"
For what was lost.
"Mother on the edge,"
For what was lost,
"Mother."

Polo (Andalusian Song)

Oh!
I keep an "oh!"
I keep sorrow in my chest,
"Oh!"
No one will I tell, so be it.
A curse on love, a curse,
And who can make me understand it!
"Oh!"

From his first collection of songs, the Hamelle edition, comes the two songs "Les papillons" (1879-80) and "La caravane" (1887), upon text by the French poet Théophile Gautier, which distinctly demonstrate Chausson's growth from early *mélodie* to the refined. Both selections deal with Romantic narratives of the Orient which ultimately tell of a far away, unknown place of the soul that either longs to be in another place or sadly endure the place in which they live.

"Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement" (1898) upon Moréas text, is Debussian in nature with its chromatic paths woven underneath a mystical text that tells of the wonders of a forest filled with fairies, gnomes, gold and song. The sad color invoked by the harmonic progressions mark this piece as a true Chausson *mélodie*. He ironically asks, "Qu'importe si je sais que c'est mirage et leurre?" (What importance is it if I know that it is mirage and illusion?). This question really speaks of life, Chausson's included, and asks: Are the pleasures of life only mirage and illusion that only overshadow and hide one's own sullen solitariness?

"Le temps des lilas" from Chausson's only song cycle, *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* (1882-90) upon Boucher text, is his most well-known and most performed *mélodie*. Graham Johnson notes of this *mélodie* "as the signature of the composer's moral and introspective art: a ravishing melody....So much in Chausson speaks to us of paradise lost."

Although Chausson's *mélodie* can sometimes be lost by those of his contemporaries, Duparc, Chabrier, Fauré and Debussy; unique in his own *mélodie* is Chausson's ability to imprint his own melancholy and hopelessness upon them.

Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement
 Sous vos sombres chevelures petites fées,
 Vous chantâtes sur mon chemin bien doucement
 Sous vos sombres chevelures, petites fées,
 Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement.
 Dans la forêt du charme et de merveilleux rites,
 Gnomes compatissants, pendant que je dormais,
 Un sceptre d'or, hélas ! pendant que je dormais!
 J'ai su depuis ce temps, que c'est mirage et leurre,
 Les sceptres d'or et les chansons dans la forêt.
 Pourtant comme un enfant crédule, je les pleure,
 Et je voudrais dormir encor dans la forêt.
 Qu'importe si je sais que c'est mirage et leurre.

Poetry by: Jean Moréas

Les papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
 Volent par essaims sur la mer;
 Beaux papillons blancs,
 Quand pourrai-je prendre le bleu chemin de l'air!

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
 Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
 S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
 Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
 A travers vallons et forêts
 J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
 Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Poetry by: Théophile Gautier

In the forest of charm and enchantment
 Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies,
 You sweetly sang along my way
 Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies,
 In the forest of charme and enchantment.
 In the forest of charme and of marvelous rites,
 From your hands, honest gnomes, you offered me
 A scepter of gold, alas ! While I lay sleeping.
 I learned later that these are a lure and a delusion,
 The golden scepters and the songs in the forest.
 Yet, like a credulous child, I weep for them
 And I would once again sleep in the forest,
 No matter that I know they are a lure and a delusion.

Translations: Victor Rangel-Ribeiro

Butterflies

Butterflies white as snow
 Winging in great clouds over the ocean;
 Lovely white butterflies, when may I
 Take to the blue highways of the sky!

Do you know, loveliest of lovelies,
 My jade-eyed dancing girl?
 If they should lend me their wings,
 Tell me, do you know where I would go?

Without stealing a kiss from the roses,
 Across valleys and forests I would fly
 To your half-parted lips,
 Flower of my being, and I would die.

Le temps des lilas

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
 Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
 Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
 Est passé, le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
 Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
 Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
 Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh! Joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
 Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller;
 Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
 Las! Que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu? Pas de fleurs écloses,
 Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
 Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
 Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Poetry by: Maurice Boucher

La caravane

La caravane humaine, au Sahara du monde,
 Par ce chemin des ans qui n'a plus de retour,
 S'en va, traînant le pied, brûlée aux feux de jour,
 Et buvant sur ses bras la sueur qui l'inonde.

Le grand lion rugit, et la tempête gronde;
 À l'horizon fuyard, ni minaret, ni tour.
 La seule ombre qu'on ait c'est l'ombre du vautour
 Qui traverse le ciel, cherchant sa proie immonde.

L'on avance toujours, et voici qui l'on voit
 Quelque chose de vert que l'on se montre au doigt!
 C'est un bois de cyprès semé de blanches pierres.

Dieu, pour vous reposer, dans le désert du temps,
 Comme des oasis a mis les cimetières.
 Couchez-vous, et dormez, voyageurs haletants!

Poetry by: Théophile Gautier

The time of lilacs

The time of lilacs and the time of roses
 Will not come back again this spring;
 The time of lilacs and the time of roses
 Has passed; the time of carnations as well.

The wind has changed, the skies have turned gloomy,
 No more will we run to cull
 The lilacs in bloom and the lovely roses;
 The spring is joyless and cannot flower.

O joyful and sweet springtime
 That, last year, brought sunshine into our lives!
 Our flower of love has faded.
 Alas, that your kisses can no longer revive it!

And you, what do you do, now! No flowers bloom,
 There's neither joyful sunshine nor cooling shade.
 The time of lilacs and the time of roses,
 Together with our love, is forever dead.

The caravane

The human caravan, in the Sahara that is the world,
 Through the trail of years from which there is no return
 Go dragging their feet, burned by the fires of the day,
 And licking the sweat that pours down their arms.

The great lion roars, and a tempest glowers;
 On the fleeting horizon there's not minaret nor tower.
 The only shade's the shadow cast by a vulture
 Sweeping the skies, searching for its rotten prey.

They plod on, and on, and then they spy
 Some trace of green they point out to one another,
 A clump of cypress trees littered with white headstones.

For your rest, God in the desert of time
 Has strewn the oasis of cemeteries.
 Lie down and sleep, o panting travelers!

Richard Strauss can most certainly be called one of the last, great composers of German *Lieder*. He wrote vocal works at a time when the apex of German *Lieder* had already past. Strauss's vocal compositions brought the *Lied* into a new direction and place: out of the salon and into the concert hall. This already heightened form of German song was elevated to new status as voice combined with orchestra, and its wide variety of colors, to join German text with new sonorities created by more elaborate means.

Strauss, primarily known as a conductor and opera composer, was the only 19th century German Art Song composer to be successful in both opera and *Lieder*. He composed over 200 *Lieder* for voice and piano and approximately 40 for voice and orchestra. Many of his songs he composed for his wife Pauline as they toured performing many concerts of his vocal material.

Strauss songs are filled with expressive and heightened vocal lines that are either combinations of many fast, declamatory sections or extended, lush phrases tied over several measures. Strauss's *Lieder* can be considered the highest ranked difficulty of *Lied* to perform due to the tonal makeup and harmonic progression set against the taxing declamation and melodic vocal line. Lorraine Gorrell states of Strauss's vocal writing as such, "He blurred the line between art song and opera with his expansive vocal lines, frequent reliance on coloratura and dramatic demands on the voice."

Opus 17, containing Strauss's most popular song, "Ständchen" and "Seitdem dein Aug'" on texts by Adolph Friedrich von Schack, were composed for voice and piano in 1885-1887. Starting in 1885 and ending in 1891, may be called Strauss's Years of Song, for from then he produced a Lieder opus every year. The two songs "Ständchen" and "Seitdem dein Aug'" both illustrate Strauss's unique ability to convey simple matters of the heart such as a moonlit tryst between young lovers and the enduring nature of love that lasts a lifetime through increased declamation for one and expansive vocal lines for the other.

Opus 27, containing "Morgen!" and "Heimliche Aufforderung" is Strauss's most memorable collection of songs being composed as a wedding present for his marriage to Pauline in September of 1894. "Morgen!" with its various settings by other composers, is described by Carol Kimball "as motionless ecstasy" in Strauss's setting and speaks to the union between two separated lovers that will last forever. This *Lied*, and "Heimliche Aufforderung," which tells of another tryst between lovers, but this time it is in secret, chatty, gossiping, late-night dinner party, are both set to texts by John Henry Mackay who was a German poet whose father was of Scottish descent.

Roman Rolland accounts for Strauss's contribution to the great tradition of German *Lied* in the following way, "The most powerful of the German composers is Strauss: he is a volcano. His music burns, smokes, sputters, stinks and mows down everything before it. He is the decadent Attila of German music."

Ständchen

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert in Wind
Ein blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
D'rum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von uns'ren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der Nacht.

Poetry by: Adolph Friedrich von Schack

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.

Serenade

Wake up, Wake up, be quiet my child,
So no one will awake from their sleep.
The brook is silent, the wind so quiet
Not to move a leaf on the hedges.
Be silent, my love, so that nothing stirs,
Quietly put your hand on the door latch.

With steps, with steps, as gentle as an elf,
Hop over the flowers, lightly;
Fly out to me in the moonlight,
Slip out to me in the garden.
Rings of flowers sleep around the flowing brook,
And awaken only love with their sweet fragrance.

Sit down beside me in this mysterious twilight
Here, under the linden trees.
The nightingale singing above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the roses will awake in the morning
Glowing brightly from the pleasures of the night.

Translations: Wendy Moss

Tomorrow!

Tomorrow the sun will shine again
Where upon the path we shall meet,
Bringing much happiness to us,
As we are united again upon this sun-bathed 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.

Poetry by: John Henry Mackay

Seitdem dein Aug'

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute,
Und Liebe, wie von Himmel her,
Aus ihm auf mich herneidertaute,
Was böte mir die Erde mehr?
Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,
Und von des Herzens stillem Glück
Ward übertollt mein ganzes Leben
Durch jenen einen Augenblick.

Poetry by: Adolph Friedrich von Schack

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 Schwätzer-verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.
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.
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmal's oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

Poetry by: John Henry Mackay

Nacio Herb Brown was an American popular songwriter from the 1920s to 1950s. He collaborated with Arthur Freed to write popular songs for the MGM hit *The Broadway Melody* in 1929. Brown and Freed went on to control Hollywood Film musicals for many years. Their collaboration produced the widely-popular song "Singin' in the Rain." By the 1940s, Brown went away from composing songs to seek other interests. "Love is Where You Find It" has been sung by Jane Powell in the 1948 film *A Date with Judy* and by Kathryn Grayson in the 1948 Frank Sinatra film, *The Kissing Bandit*.

Love is Where You Find It!

Love is where you find it!
Don't be blind!
It's all around you ev'rywhere!
Take it! Take a chance now
For romance now!
Tell a someone that you care!
Spring love comes upon you
When it's gone you feel despair.
Soon though in the moon glow

Upon the beach below, with its wide-blue surges,
We become silent as we slowly descend,
We become silent as we look into each other's eyes,
And the sun drops fortune upon us amidst the silence.

Since your Eyes

Since your eyes looked into mine,
And Love, like from heaven,
Poured its dew upon me,
What else could the earth offer me?
It has given me its best,
And from my heart's silent happiness
My whole life became fulfilled
By that one perfect glance.

Secret Invitation

Up, raise the sparkling glass up to your lips,
And drink to hearty health at this joyful feast.
When your glass is raised, give me our secret signal,
Then I will smile and drink as coyly as you.
Silently, I will observe the crowd around us
Made of drunken gossipers; Do not scorn them much.
No, raise your sparkling glass filled with wine,
As they babble through their joyful meal.
And when you are nicely full, your thirst quenched,
Leave this boisterous, joyful party,
Come into the garden by our customary rosebush,
And there I will be waiting for you.
Upon your chest I will sink instantly,
And taste of your kisses, like so often before,
Weaving the splendor of the rose into your hair.
Oh come, you wonderful, longed for night!