



BOSTON OPERA COLLABORATIVE

Love in the Time Of...

NOVEMBER • 10-12 • 2022

CAMBRIDGE MULTICULTURAL ARTS CENTER

BOSTON OPERA
COLLABORATIVE

Love in the Time Of...



PROLOGUE

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

PART I

In Between the Moon and Us (Surin/Green)
Winter trees shed their glories (Williams/Frucht)
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Summer. You. (Georges/Solitro)
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Morning Star Eyes (Whiteman/Brazelton)
Before the Pandemic, I Yearned to Be Kissed (Arroyo/McDonough)
for she was never alone (Lloreta/Shyu)
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
In the gathering dark (Coe/Brazelton)
Ich grolle nicht

PART II

the value of a bird (Lam/Tucker)
Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
In the Absence of a Moonlit Sky (Surin/Solitro)
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

PAUSE

PART III

How could I know (Williams/Green)
Looking Up (Georges/Shyu)
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Ghosted (Coe/Frucht)

PART IV

These Days, We Drive to Oak Grove (Arroyo/Tucker)
Allnächtlich im Traume
I dream of you under midnight skies (Salomon/Solitro)
Aus alten Märchen

PART V

Ancient Pathways (Whiteman/McDonough)
Detritus (Mandell/Rodríguez)
Die alten, bösen Lieder

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PERFORMING ENSEMBLE

OMAR NAJMI



Praised as "a world class voice in every respect", tenor Omar Najmi made his international debut in 2021, creating the title role in Joseph Summer's Hamlet with State Opera Rousse in Bulgaria. His upcoming engagements include his debut with Portland Opera as Shakur in Thumbprint, Spearmint Lodge in the world-premiere of The Artwork of the Future with Fresh-Squeezed Opera, and Lord Byron in the world-premiere of The Thrilling Adventures of Lovelace and Babbage with Guerilla Opera. Recent performances include Rodolfo in La Boheme with Opera Steamboat, Tybalt in Romeo et Juliette with Boston Lyric Opera, Alfredo in La Traviata with MassOpera, and Tito in La Clemenza di Tito with Opera Steamboat. He has performed at Carnegie Hall and Colorado's Red Rocks Amphitheater, and he has additionally appeared with Opera Colorado, Chautauqua Opera, Opera Saratoga, Odyssey Opera, Annapolis Opera, Opera NEO, Opera Fayetteville, American Lyric Theatre, and more. Also active as a composer, Omar premiered his first opera *En la ardiente oscuridad* in 2019, and his second opera *This Is Not That Dawn* in 2022. He has had works commissioned by Boston Lyric Opera, Emmanuel Music, White Snake Projects, and Juventas New Music Ensemble.

GABRILLE CLUTTER



Philadelphia based soprano Gabrielle Clutter has recently won the Encouragement Award at the 2020-2021 Metropolitan Opera National Council Awards Nebraska District in December. She won and also voted Audience's Favorite at the MONC Auditions Iowa District prior to winning the Encouragement Award at the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions Upper Midwest Region in January of 2020. This summer Gabrielle Clutter made her debut with Opera Maine singing the role of Madeline Usher in Philip Glass's *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Gabrielle was an Apprentice Artist with Des Moines Metro Opera and selected as a member of their Opera Iowa Troupe to sing the title role in *Rusalka: the Littlest Mermaid* and cover *The First Lady* in their production of *The Magic Flute*. Gabrielle was featured with Boston Opera Collaborative in their ARIA project. Her recent credits include: *The Turn of the Screw (The Governess)*, *Glory Denied (Older Alyce)*, *The Consul (Magda cvr/Foreign Woman)*, *Hydrogen Jukebox (Soprano 2)*, *Le nozze di Figaro (Susanna)*. She has been featured on CBS *This Morning* for her Artist in Residency position at Deerfield Retirement Community in Iowa. In the fall of 2017, Gabrielle won the Iowa division of the National Association of Teachers of Singing Competition and the Drake University Concerto Competition. Gabrielle Clutter is passionate about spreading awareness through opera and art song while finding creative ways to share music to communities.

JUNHAN CHOI



A native of South Korea, baritone Junhan Choi has performed with companies such as Boston Lyric Opera, Teatro Nuovo, Odyssey Opera, Boston Opera Collaborative, MassOpera, and Naples Philharmonic. Recent performances include role of Adonis in *Venus and Adonis (Blow)* with Cambridge Chamber Ensemble; baritone soloist for Duruflé's *Requiem* with Naples Philharmonic; BWV 140 and Hyden's *Lord Nelson Mass* with Commonwealth Chorale, and Bach's *Mass in B minor* with Upper Valley Baroque. Past operatic credits include title roles in *Don Giovanni (Mozart)* and *Gianni Schicchi (Puccini)*; Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro (Mozart)*, *Dandini in La Cenerentola (Rossini)*, *Marcello in La bohème (Puccini)*, *Escamillo in Carmen (Bizet)*, *Germont in La traviata (Verdi)*, *Belcore in L'elisir d'amore (Donizetti)*, *Papageno in Die Zauberflöte (Mozart)*, and *Guglielmo in Così fan tutte (Mozart)*. Upcoming engagements include *Alcindoro and Schaunard (cover) in La bohème (Puccini)* with Boston Lyric Opera; baritone soloist in *Fractured Mosaics* with White Snake Projects; and *Dad/Doctor in Her Alive[un]dead (Emily Koh)* with Guerilla Opera. He is a prize winner in many international competitions, such as the 54th Viñas International Voice Competition, the Berliner International Music Competition, Talents of the World International Voice Competition, MassOpera's Vocal Competition, Rochester International Vocal Competition and St. Botolph Emerging Artist Grant for excellence in music. Mr. Choi holds a Master's degree and a Graduate Diploma with Presidential Scholarship from New England Conservatory of Music.

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PERFORMING ENSEMBLE CONT.

SARAH COOPER



Sarah Joyce Cooper has received praise for her "meltingly beautiful" (Opera News) singing and "alluring" stage presence. Recent performances include Clorinda in *La Cenerentola* (Syracuse Opera), Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette* (Opera Western Reserve), *La Charmeuse* in *Thais* (Maryland Lyric Opera), *Violetta* in *La Traviata* (MassOpera), and *Zerlina* in *Don Giovanni* (Boston Opera Collaborative). Ms. Cooper has also appeared as a soloist with the Eastern Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, the Maryland Lyric Opera Orchestra, the DuBois Orchestra, and the Rochester Oratorio Society. This season, Ms. Cooper will make her debut as Maggie Porter in the Alabama Shakespeare Festival production of *Jubilee*, written and directed by Tazewell Thompson. She also looks forward to performing the role of Adina in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore* this spring with Boston Opera Collaborative. Most recently, Ms. Cooper advanced to Round 2 of the 2023 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition and was named a winner of the Montpelier Arts Center Classical Recital Competition. In addition to performing, Ms. Cooper serves as volunteer Executive Assistant for Help!ComeHome!, a 501c3 organization dedicated to meeting the needs of under-served communities throughout the US in Jesus' Name.

ALEXIS PEART



African-American mezzo-soprano Alexis Peart is an alumna of the Eastman School of Music and is pursuing a graduate degree in Vocal Performance from Boston University. In 2022/2023, Alexis performs with the Rochester Oratorio Society as the Voice of Israel in R. Nathaniel Dett's *The Ordering of Moses* and the Boston University Opera Institute as Mrs. Soames in *Ned Rorem's Our Towns*. She joins Boston Lyric Opera in their ensemble of *Romeo and Juliet* and *La Bohème*, and as several bit roles in their production of *Rhiannon Giddens' Omar*.

Operatic highlights include *Brittomara*, in Jake Heggie's *If I Were You* with the Boston University Opera Institute, *Ada Lovelace* in Guerilla Opera's world premiere opera workshop of *The Thrilling Adventures of Lovelace and Babbage* by Elena Ruehr, the title role in Handel's *Giulio Cesare* with Chicago Summer Opera, *Der Trommler* in Viktor Ullmann's *Der Kaiser von Atlantis* with the Eastman School of Music, *Léonore* in Andre Campra's *Le Carnaval de Venise* with Eastman's baroque ensemble Collegium Musicum. Alexis is a 2020 and 2021 alumna of the Wolf Trap Studio Artists Program. Upcoming events and performances can be found online at alexispeart.com, on Instagram @alexis_peart, and Facebook @alexispeartmezzo.

JEAN ANDERSON



Dr. Jean Anderson is a nationally-known vocal coach and pianist. She is the principal opera coach at Boston Conservatory, where she also coaches art song and teaches courses in operatic recitative and aria studies. She teaches foreign-language diction at New England Conservatory of Music. She is active as musical advisor, pianist, and coach for the Boston Opera Collaborative, and is the organist and choir director at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Scituate, MA. She is currently a part of the summer Canto Vocal Programs faculty. She has been a coach at Berklee College of Music's Summer Opera Intensive in Valencia, Spain, a coach and pianist at University of Alaska's Summer Arts Festival in Fairbanks, Alaska, and a coach at Northern Arizona University's summer opera program *Flagstaff in Fidenza* in Fidenza, Italy. She has been in residence at several schools of music including Rollins College, University of Connecticut, and Northern Arizona University. She collaborates regularly with her husband, baritone David Small, and is well known as a collaborative pianist. Her performance of *Mirror* with singers from the Boston Opera Collaborative was named one of the ten best Boston classical music performances of the year in Boston's Classical Music Review.

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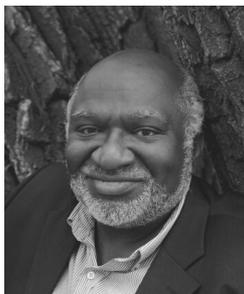


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AVRIL
TUCKER

POETS



MARÍA
LUISA
ARROYO



CHARLES
COE



DANIELLE
LEGROS
GEORGES



MADELINE
LAM



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ABOUT THE COMPANY

Boston Opera Collaborative offers fresh opera experiences that put our audiences in close contact with the power of the human voice. Our year-round performance calendar features Boston's brightest young talent in energetic and intimate productions of repertoire ranging from canon favorites to Boston premieres. We bring opera into unexpected places and find new ways to tell familiar stories, inviting the uninitiated to see their first opera and welcoming the lifetime fan to engage with our unique brand of music theater.

Boston Opera Collaborative's artists come to us from the nation's top conservatories, making Boston their home as they pursue the next stage of their careers. BOC provides performance and outreach opportunities, continuing education and professional development resources.

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ROSLINDALE SUBSTATION
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KURT WEILL THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS AND OTHER SONGS

CLUB CAFÉ
MAY 18, 19, 20, 21



Love in the Time Of...



TEXTS AND TEANSLATIONS

LOVE IN THE TIME OF...

In Between the Moon and Us

Poetry by Enzo Silon Surin, music by Anthony R. Green
Sponsored by Drew Mittelman

I am no longer good at remembering
how long it has been since I first held
the notion of how your hand—shaping
& bending a prism of light—would look
in my hand, as you twirled the air and
wrapped it around your hair like one
orbiting a wound or erasing fine lines
of something broken or breaking. Here
on the cusp of a world teeming with gloom,
you bloom as if making a room for me, as if
to turn all my hurts into a prep for belonging.
I hope you do not mistake my musing for
a rouse. It's just that the wrongs you right
tell a story about us falling and the ground
catching us and we, getting back up, as if we
have known to risk tampering with a universe
in this way our entire lives, as if everything that
is lovely about this twinkling might disappear &
as if this light between us is how one falls in love.

Winter trees shed their glories

Poetry by Crystal Williams, music by Paul Frucht
Sponsored by Jonathan Saxton

Winter trees shed their glories
bark and branch to bear. There is no knowing
them, their silences shy, austere.
I too stand in winter, inchoate and unknown.
If you still as a whisper, hopeful
as if in love, you'll hear a blooming glory,
my heart, an unseen bud.

Love in the Time Of...



Summer. You.

Poetry by Danielle Legros Georges, music by Tony Solitro
Sponsored by Garth & Lindsay Greimann

What tells you ripeness, Love? What tells you wonder?
To green a bud to bloom, to burst, to plunder Spring's
Dear light. Who is most wonderful? Who struts
In chartreuse dress, rose crepuscule and full finesse?

Who shakes you low and shakes you high, with bright
Fruit, fan, and mango husk. Whose orange is as orange
Does, and tiger-lily-stars the air.
Whose grace espouses Heft and hue?
Who does things better? Summer. You.

Morning Star Eyes

Poetry by Missy Whiteman, music by Kitty Brazelton
Sponsored by Renée Hites

Heart...
Warm earth, vetiver scent of whirlwind and starseed.
Illuminate...
Early morning star, nebulous, ignites our song into existence.
Conjoin...
Constellations reside, reflections ripple in sky blue oculus.
Sleep...
State of consciousness, you wait in the abyss of creation.
Existence...
Glimmering galaxies of amethyst portals blooming in your eternity.

Before the Pandemic, I Yearned to Be Kissed

Poetry by María Luisa Arroyo, music by Lillie Rebecca McDonough
Sponsored by Anonymous

Before the pandemic, I yearned to be kissed.
I counted the years - sixteen!-
Since a lover held my face with his hands
And kissed me for hours. For hours.
Yes, before the pandemic I had a lover
Whose hungry mouth devoured me here
And there - except for my lips. As if he feared
our souls would touch through kissing. Through kissing.

Love in the Time Of...



For she was never alone

Poetry by Mariona Lloreta, music by Jen Shyu
Sponsored by Jane Petro

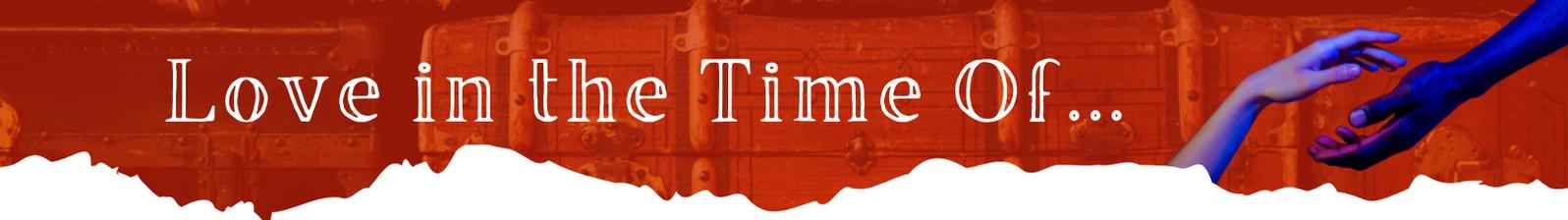
she held the type of
beauty
that stayed with you
long after she left the room
she had a quiet strength,
the weight of a thousand women
lifting her chin up,
an unspoken magic
passed down
from one heart to the next
and when she felt lost,
she closed her eyes,
the sweet aroma of the
ocean mist on her lips,
the warm breeze through her hair
and then
just like that
the universe spoke
and she knew exactly which way to go,
for she was never alone.

In the gathering dark

Poetry by Charles Coe, music by Kitty Brazelton
Sponsored by Drew Mittelman

In the gathering dark
I glide through murky waters
to touch your hand,
slim and cold,
a final time
before you pull away.
What faceless demon
holds your heart in sway, my love?
Scarlet eyes receding in the gloom?

Love in the Time Of...



the value of a bird

Poetry by Madeline Lam, music by Akshaya Avril Tucker

Sponsored by Erik Johnson

i wish to tell the birds
how deeply i
love them
i would tell them
my secret,
that i too am a
song bird.
imagine what
beauty we could
create
if every sound
we made
was
a
song.
what peace we could feel
if we remembered our
faces were flowers,
what grief we could hold
and what curses we could break
if we sang our song
but
what use is a songbird
who doesn't sing?
and
how does she stop
the flood in her eyes

Love in the Time Of...



In the Absence of a Moonlit Sky

Poetry by Enzo Silon Surin, music by Tony Solitro

Sponsored by Anonymous

What if I cannot see to forever
with you? What then? What failure
is there if the music stops short
of its crest—what peril awaits me
for having loved this far & deep & fished
into the depth of your abyss only to return
with a bushel of memorials? Did we not
love as if both nova & impending disaster,
a catalyst for glorious flares and at once
cataclysmic, both bloom and gloom, oasis
and desert? What if what they are afraid to
tell us about love is that the light is often kind
but most times not, and to love fully is to let go
of forever on the inside—which is to say a flower
is still just a flower—even the rose knows it's one
thing to be struck by light and another to be light.

How could I know—

Poetry by Crystal Williams, music by Anthony R. Green

Sponsored by Henry & Stacia Talberth

How could I know—
What did I know?
What could I have said?
I do not know. I cannot hold
Ohoh, oh, oh
Ohoh, oh, oh
you, you, you, you
my heart implodes,
it cannot hold—
I cannot hold—
A black hole,
as if dead
I cannot sleep—
I dare not dream—
I cannot dream—
I can not hold, ohoh
you, you and we and you and we—
what have we done? Oh, Lord, I weep,
Oh, Lord I weep and weep and do not sleep.

Love in the Time Of...



Looking Up

Poetry by Danielle Legros Georges, music by Jen Shyu
Sponsored by Jonathan Saxton

This afternoon sky,
its pink and orange clouds, is cruel in its beauty,
and beneath it
you, so far from me.

What can I do
but insist that the sky change
color, that something dark peek through this shimmering
cover.

Ghosted

Poetry by Charles Coe, music by Paul Frucht
Sponsored by Anonymous

Your absence fills the sky,
a specter swimming through space
in broad and measured strokes.
Eyes raised to heaven
I search a cloud in vain
for a face that promised all
but in the end brought only sorrow.

These Days, We Drive to Oak Grove

Poetry by Maria Luisa Arroyo, music by Akshaya Avril Tucker
Sponsored by Jane Petro

These days, we drive to Oak Grove,
Crimson masks on. To visit, Mami says,
Those who can no longer see. At seventy-five,
She touches her Beloved's headstone.
Love illuminates her white cloud of hair.
Divorced, I am too old now, I know,
To begin to live the love
Forged between them for fifty years.

Love in the Time Of...



I dream of you under midnight skies

Poetry by Ashley-Rose Salomon, music by Tony Solitro

Sponsored by Jane Petro

I dream of you under midnight skies
At sunset hello's turn to goodbyes
Like summer you left, leaving a chill in the air
Gentle words, wrapped in the devil's ivy
You look my way and my eyes fill with sorrow
Oh how your scintillating soul still sparkles
Shining light on what my heart hopes to forget
The melody of our swan song
Plays on repeat but I cannot bear
To hear the end

Ancient Pathways

Poetry by Missy Whiteman, music by Lillie Rebecca McDonough

Sponsored by Kate Labrador

Forgotten history, pages of books filled with manifest a destiny we
carry dissidents wrapped up in small pox blankets.
Highways, city streets built on ancient ancestral trails, invisible like
a dream or a myth.
Sisters to earth and mothers of earth, life force taken without
consent we renamed you Missing
and Murdered and strengthen you with our prayers.
Your history, only a small drop in the eons of our existence, a strong
hold we align and break free from prisons of colonization.
Wovoka's prophecy of hearts buried at Wounded Knee seeds the
tree of life, strengthened by Mother Earth.
Seventh Generation, ancient ones return in the breath of our
children, renewal of songs and genetic memory remembered
Star Nations reborn, matriarchal warrior societies heart warriors
destroy intergenerational curses and heal those who came before.
A sacred life I have a dreamt, a vision of healing an alliance and
unification of all people.
We will be human beings once again.

Love in the Time Of...



Detritus

Poetry by Karen Mandell, music by Iván Enrique Rodríguez
Sponsored by Chelsea Beatty

In the attic I pulled out
The large blue suitcase,
The one we'd brought to Antibes,
To Cornwall, the Swiss Alps.
Unzipped, it stood almost empty,

Mismatched socks, a map of France,
Dogeared, folds creased almost to tearing.
Still, I wouldn't need a map
Where I was going.

I scooped up handfuls of matter,
tugging them out of my heart,
piling them in the suitcase.
They weren't heavy. Just weighty.
I lifted my lips, smiling at words.
I went to Crystal Lake,
Unzipped the case, drowned:
the wrong things spoken,
Compassion denied, husks of love.
I cast off jealousy, aspersions, half-truths.
The water took them all. I wasn't yet pure of heart.
Not so fast. Not so free.
The suitcase wasn't done with me.

Love in the Time Of...



DICHTERLIEBE

Music by Robert Schumann, poetry by Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the beautiful month of May, as all the flowers burst forth,
It was then that love bloomed in my heart.

In the beautiful month of May, when the birds were all singing,
I confessed to her my longing.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Flowers bloom forth from my tears, and my sighs become
Like a choir of nightingales.

If you love me, dearest, I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window, the nightingales will sing.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I once loved them all
I don't love them anymore;

I only love the petite, the fine, the pure, the one!

She herself, the source of love—

She is rose, lily, dove, and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

When I look into your eyes, all my pain and sorrow vanishes

When I kiss your mouth, then I will be whole and healthy.

When I lean on your breast, I am overwhelmed with delight

But when you say, "I love you!"—Then I have to weep bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I want to plunge my soul into the chalice of the lily

The lily shall exhale luxuriously with the song of my beloved.

The song shall tremble, like one of her kisses that she once gave me

In a beautiful, sweet moment.

Love in the Time Of...



Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the Rhein, there is a great cathedral in Cologne
that is reflected in the waves.

In the cathedral, there is an image painted on golden leather
This image has illuminated my life's wilderness and pain.

There are flowers and little angels painted around our beloved Lady
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks; they look just like my beloved.

Ich grolle nicht

I do not hold a grudge, even as my heart is breaking.

Love lost forever. I do not hold a grudge.

Even though you shine as a diamond,
there is no light in your heart.

I've known this for a long time.

I do not hold a grudge, even as my heart is breaking.

I saw you clearly in my dreams and
saw the darkness in your heart.

I saw a serpent feeding on your heart.

I saw how miserable you are, my love.

I do not hold a grudge.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

If the flowers knew how deeply my heart has been hurt,
They would weep with me to help heal my pain.

If the nightingales know how sad and sick I am,
They would happily sing refreshing songs for me.

If the golden stars knew my pain,
They would come down from heaven and comfort me.

All of them do not know of my pain.

Only one does—she herself has torn up my heart.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

There are flutes and fiddles, and trumpets blasting.

Yes, there is dancing—the wedding dance of my beloved.

There are drums and woodwinds.

And the dear little angels are weeping.

Love in the Time Of...



Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

I hear the little song that my beloved once sang.
And my heart wants to break from the pain.
I am driven by a dark yearning, up into the woods.
There, my pain will dissolve in tears.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A young man loves a young woman,
And she has chosen another man.
The other loves another young woman,
and has married her.
The young woman resents the first man when they meet
And the young man is badly off.
It is an old story, but is always new.
For the person who experiences this, it breaks his heart in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

On a summer morning, I walk in the garden.
The flowers are whispering, but I walk silently.
The flowers are whispering and look kindly at me.
“Do not be angry with our sister, you sad man.”

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

In my dreams, I have wept. I dreamed that I lay on your grave.
I work up and was still weeping.
In my dreams, I have wept. I dreamed you left me.
I woke up and wept bitterly for a long time.
In my dreams I have wept. I dreamed you were still good to me.
I woke up and I am still weeping.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Every night I see you in my dreams and you greet me kindly
Crying, I throw myself at your feet.
You look at me wistfully and shake your head.
There are teardrops like pearls shining in your eyes.
You say a soft word to me and give me a garland of cypress.
I wake up and everything is gone and I have forgotten the word.

Love in the Time Of...



Aus alten Märchen

A hand calls to me from an old fairytale. The tale sings of a magic land,
where colorful flowers bloom in golden twilight.
And glow with a bride-like face.
And trees sing old melodies, breezes hum, and birds warble.

And misty images rise from the earth and dance in fantastic song.
And every leaf and twig burns with blue sparks and
Red lights create hazy rings.
And out of stone, loud springs burst forth
and reflect oddly in the streams.
Ah! If I could go there and be happy.
And have all this pain taken away, and be free.
Oh, that land of bliss. I often see it in my dreams.
But in the morning, it disappears like sea foam.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Let's bury the old, angry songs and dreams.
Let us bury them—get a huge coffin.
I will put in it many things, but won't say yet what goes in.
The coffin has to be larger than the hugest wine vat.
Get a death-bier made of boards that are strong and firm.
They have to be longer than the span of a great bridge.
And get me twelve giants who have to be stronger
Than the St. Christopher in the Cathedral in Cologne.
They all will carry the coffin away and sink it into the sea.
Such a great coffin deserves the greatest grave.
Why is the coffin have to be so large?
In it, I also put my love and pain.