

FIRST GREEN.

Oh tender green of bud and leaf!  
 To ev'ry heart dost bring relief!  
 Chill'd by the snows of winter, see,  
 How this heart doth yearn for thee!

From darkest earth behold ye rise,  
 Sweet buds, to greet and charm mine eyes!  
 I lay thee, leaves, before we part,  
 Close to my lips,  
 Close to my heart!

This lonely wood where all is rest  
 Shall calm the fever in my breast,  
 Ye tender leaves of green! for me  
 Solace for all my grief shall be .

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4. A NIGHT IN SPRING.

Schumann

In the gloaming, o'er the garden  
 Lovely birds now pass in flight;  
 They foretell that spring is coming,  
 Wreath'd in flowr's and robed in light.

I could weep, while yet rejoicing;  
 Are the tidings false or true?  
 Shall the spring tide all my passion  
 By her magic, now renew?

And  
 Aye, the moon, the stars resplendent  
 All the same true story tell;  
 E'en the nightingales repeat it:  
 "She is thine, she loves thee well!"

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1.

Die Lotosblume

Schumann

## The LOTUS FLOWER.

The Lotus flower trembles,  
 Daz'd by the sun's great light;  
 She bows her head, a-dreaming,  
 And waits for the fall of the night.  
 The moon, it is her lover,  
 whose kiss doth new life impart,  
 To whom she fain would discover  
 The burning love at her heart.

She throbs and glows with passion,  
 An mute with sorrow is she,  
 Who weeps, in her infinite yearning  
 For love that may never be!  
 For love that may never be.

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3.

Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen

Schumann

A lad loved a maiden  
 Who fixed her desire on another,  
 This other loved someone else,  
 whom he wedded.

The maid, out of spite,  
 married the first man that she met,  
 Alas! for the lad who loved her!

This is an old story,  
 Yet it remains ever new;  
 And the heart of him to whom it has  
 happened - is broken in twain.

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German (over) words

3. Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen,  
die hat einen Andern erwählt;  
der And'-re liebt eine And're,  
und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Arger  
den ersten besten Mann,  
der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
der jungling ist ubel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
und wem sie just passiret,  
dem bricht das Herz entzwei.