

(1)

Morgen " To-morrow"

by Richard Strauss

To-morrow's sun will rise in glory beaming and in the path-way
where my feet shall wander, we'll meet, forget the earth and lost
in dreaming, let heav'n unite a love that earth no more shall sunder...

and towards that shore, its billows softly flowing, our hands
entwined, our foot-steps slowly wending, gaze in each other's eyes
in love's soft splendour glowing, mute with tears of joy and ~~gladness~~ bliss
ne'er ending....

English words by John Bernhoff.

(2)

~~Serenade~~ Standchen Serenade.

Come out!.....Come out!.....Step lightly my love,
lest envious sleepers awaken,
So still is the air, no leaf on the boughs above,
From its slumber is shaken,

Then lightly, dear maiden, that none may catch,
The tap of thy shoe, or the clink of the latch.

On tip-toe, on tip-toe, as moon spirits might,
Wandering over the flowers,
Come softly down through the radiant night
To me in the rose hidden bowers!-

The lilies are dreaming around the dim lake,
In odorous sleep, only love is awake.

Come nearer! Ah, see how the moonbeams fall
Through the willow's drooping tresses!
The nightingales, in the branches, all...
Shall dream of our caresses,
And the roses, waking with morning light,
Flush red, flush red, with the rapture born of the night!-

English words by Paul England.

(3)

Cacilie Cecily

If you but knew, sweet, what 'tis to dream of fond burning kisses,
of wandring and resting with the belov'd one; gazing fondly, caressing
and whisp'ring
could I but tell you, your heart would assent,

If you but knew, sweet, the anguish of waking through nights long
and lonely and rocked by the storm when is near to soothe and comfort the

strife-seary spirit,
could I but tell you, you'd come, sweet, to me.

If you but knew sweet, what living is, in the creative breath of God,
Lord and Maker,
To hover, upborne on dove-like pinions to regions of light,

If you but knew it, could I but tell you, you'd dwell, sweet, with me.

English words John Bernhoff.
