

1. Lockung (Enticement)

Can't you hear the forest rustle
outside through the quiet round?
Aren't you tempted to listen
down from the balcony to the ground
where the many brooks flow
wondrously in moonlight -
where the silent castles look
into the river from the high rock?

Do you remember the mad songs
from former, beautiful times?
They all awake again at night,
in the loneliness of the forest,
when the dreaming trees are listening
and the lilac has a sultry scent
and in the river the mermaids murmur:
come down, here it is so cool.

2. Schöne Fremde (Distant Beauty)

The treetops rustle and shiver
as if at this hour
about the half-sunken walls
the old gods are making their rounds.

Here, behind the myrtle trees,
in secretly darkening splendor,
what do you say so murmuringly, as if in a dream,
to me, fantastic night?

The stars glitter down on me
with glowing, loving gazes,
and the distance speaks tipsily,
it seems, of great future happiness.

3. Im Wald (In the Forest)

In the forest, in bright sunshine,
when all the buds spring up,
it is right in the middle of there that I like
to sing a song.

According to my mood, in sorrow and joy,
awake and in dreams,
I give it voice with full heart
to the trees.

And they understand me to the letter,
the leaves eavesdrop
and fall in at the right place,
with rustling.

And the sound and echo wander farther,
through the treetops, rocks, and bushes.
Miss Nightingale also blares away brightly
in the midst of it all.

Then, when the heart hears its own sound,
it feels it can do whatever it dares to,
oh what a lively pleasure, a song, a song
among the greenery.