

Translations - in order of performance

1. Auch kleine Dinge

"Little things are what make life precious."

Even small things can delight us,
Even small things can be precious.
Think, how gladly we adorn ourselves with pearls;
How much they're sold for and are only small.
Think, how small the olive is,
Yet is so sought after for its goodness.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

3. Ihr seid die Allerschönste

"You are more beautiful than anything, even the largest cathedral"

You are the fairest of all, far and wide,
Much more beautiful than the May flowers.
Orvieto's Cathedral rises not as lordly,
Viterbo's grandest fountain either.
You have such charm and magic
That Sienna Cathedral must bow before you.
Ah, you are so rich in grace and charm
That Sienna Cathedral itself is not equal to you.

4. Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand

"The Lord made many wondrous things - including beauty, and your face"

Blessed be He, through whom the world began;
How exquisite he made it on every side!
He made the sea with the endlessly deep floor,
He made the ships that glide across,
He made Paradise with its eternal light,
He made beauty and your face.

39. Gesegnet sei das Grün

"He looks so good in green...everything that is green is blessed"

Blessed be green and he who wears it!
I want to have a green dress made.
A green dress I'll wear, like the spring meadow.
The beloved of my eyes wears green too.
The hunter is clad in green,
A green garment wears my beloved too;
Everything looks lovely in green,
From green wakes every beautiful fruit.

2. Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne

"Remember me while you're away - my tears are always with you!"

I was told you were going far away.
Ah, where are you going, love of my life?
The day on which you leave, I wish to know,
With tears I will escort you.
With tears I will bedew your path -
Think of me, and hope will shine on me!
With tears I am with you always -
Think of me, forget me not, my love!

17. Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen

"I love your beautiful golden hair - let it flow free"

And if you want to see your lover die,
Do not wear your hair in curls, you beauty.
Let it cascade down freely from your shoulders
So that it looks like threads of pure gold.
Like golden threads that the wind moves -
Beautiful is your hair; beautiful the one who wears it!
Golden threads, silken threads innumerable -
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful the one who combs it!

33. Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder

"I will die happy if it's for your sake"

If I die, shroud my limbs in flowers;
I do not wish for you to dig me a grave.
Over there by those walls lay me down,
Where you have seen me so many times.
Lay me down there in rain or wind;
I will gladly die, if it's for you, my child.
Lay me down there in sunshine and rain;
I'll die happy, if I die for your sake.

16. Ihr jungen Leute

"Take care of my man at war, you soldiers - he's so delicate!"

You young men, who are going off to war,
Take care of my beloved.
See that he stays brave under fire;
He has never been in combat all his life.
Don't ever let him sleep under the open sky;
He is so delicate, he would suffer.
Let him never sleep under the moon;

He would die, he is not used to it.

35. Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter

"I can't bear being away from you - bless your mother for creating such a perfect being!"

Blessed be your mother, that so lovingly bore you,
You beauty, my longing flies to you!
You so lovely of gesture, you the fairest on earth,
You my jewel, my bliss, sweet one, blessed are you!
When I languish from afar and consider your beauty,
See how I groan, and quiver, that I can hardly conceal it!
And in my breast I feel flames leap powerfully,
That destroy my peace,
Ah, madness seizes me!

40. O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas

"If I could, I would never stop looking at you"

Oh if only your house were see-through like glass,
My beloved, when I steal past!
Then I'd see you within, without letting up,
How I'd look at you then with all my soul!
How many looks my heart would send to you,
More than the number of drops in the river in March!
How many looks I would send to you,
More than the drops that shower down in the rain!

41. Heut' nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht

"I love you so much that my heart leaves my body in order to see you"

Tonight I rose at midnight,
And found my heart had secretly slipped away.
I asked: Heart, where are you hastening to so powerfully?
It said it had escaped only to see you.
Now see, how strong my love must be:
My heart parts with my body to see you.

36. Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf

"If you die, God will see the anguish of our love and unite our two hearts into one."

When you, my love, ascend to Heaven,
I will carry my heart to you in my hand.
So lovingly you will embrace me then,
And will we lie at the Lord's feet.
And when the Lord God sees the anguish of our love,
He will make one heart out of our two loving hearts,
Into one heart He will fashion the two together,
In Paradise, lighted by heavenly radiance.

7. Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben

"The moon and stars can't compete with your dazzling beauty"

The moon has raised a heavy complaint
And he has made the matter known to the Lord:
He wants no more to stay in Heaven above,
As you have robbed from him his radiance.
When he last counted up the stars,
There was from the full number an error;
Two of the most beautiful you have stolen;
The two eyes there, which have dazzled me.

38. Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst

"Warn me before you laugh - it makes my heart burst out of my body with joy"

When you turn to me with your eyes and laugh,
Then lower them and bow your chin to your breast,
I beg that you first make a sign to me,
So that I can subdue my heart,
That I may tame and quiet my heart,
When it would like to leap for great love,
That I may keep my heart in my breast,
When it would like to break forth for its great joy.

20. Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine

"My lover is singing outside, but my mom won't let me go - so I've cried a river of blood."

My lover is singing outside my house in the moonlight,
And I must, listening, lie here in bed.
I turn myself away from my mother and cry,
My tears are blood, and never run dry.
The wide stream by the bed I have wept
I know not, through my tears, whether it's morning.
The wide stream by the bed I have cried for longing;
The tears of blood I've cried have blinded me.

23. Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden

"I want to find a song in the middle of the earth that nobody has ever heard, so that it would be worthy of singing to you"

What kind of song shall be sung to you
That is worthy of you?
Where could I find it?
I'd love to dig it from deep out of the earth,
Sung as yet by no creature.
A song, that no man or woman
Until today heard or sang,
Not even the oldest person.

34. Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf

"You are like a holy being, walking through life in blessing and beauty."

And when you rise early in the morning from your bed,
You banish every cloud from heaven,
You lure the sun to the mountains there,
And little angels compete to shine,
And bring shoes and clothes to you at once.
Then, when you go to holy Mass,
You draw all the people along with you,
And when you go near the sacred place,
Your gaze lights the lamps.
You take holy water, make the sign of the cross,
And moisten your white brow
And bow and bend your knees in prayer -
Oh, how beautifully it all becomes you!
How lovely and blessed God has made you,
And you have received the crown of beauty!
How lovely and blessed you walk through life;
The palm of beauty was bestowed upon you.

21. Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es nicht

"Obey your mother and end it with me....No!! Defy her, come every day!!"

They tell me that your mother doesn't want us to be together,
So stay away, my dear, do her bidding.
Oh, love, no! Don't do her will,
Seek me still, defy her, in secret!
No, my beloved, never obey her again,
Defy her, come more often than ever!
No, don't listen to what she says;
Defy her, my love, come every day!

9. Daß doch gemalt all' deine Reize wären

"You're worthy of worship by a whole kingdom"

If only all your charms were painted,
And then the heathen prince found your picture,
He would do you a great honour,
And place his crown in your hands.
He would convert his whole kingdom
To its farthest reaches to the right faith.
In the entire land he would publish an edict,
That Christian shall everyone become, and love you.
Every heathen at once would be converted
And become a good Christian and love you.

25. Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

"My lover invited me to dinner, but had no house, stove, dishes, or food - and the knife was totally blunt."

My lover invited me to a meal
And yet had no house to receive me,
No wood nor stove to cook on or to roast in,
And the cooking pot had long been broken in two.
He also lacked even a little cask of wine,
And he simply had no glasses;
The table was small, the tablecloth no better,
The bread, rock hard, and the knife - fully blunt.

26. Ich liess mir sagen

"Love is a pain in the gut"

I asked and was told,
Beautiful Tony is starving himself to death;
Ever since he was so overwhelmed by the torment of love,
He eats seven loaves of bread to one tooth.
After meals, to help steel his digestion,
He consumes a sausage and seven loaves,
And if Tonina doesn't ease his pain,
There will soon be another outbreak of near famine.

15. Mein Liebster ist so klein

"My lover is so small that he's hurt by very small things. A curse on insects, and on anyone who has to stoop so low for a kiss!"

My lover is so little, that without bending
He can sweep my floor with his hair.
When he goes to pick jasmine in the garden,
He's totally petrified by a snail.
Then he sits in the house to recover,
And gets knocked in the head by a fly;
And when he came to my little window,
A horsefly bashed his head in.
I wish a curse on flies, cranes, and horseflies -
And whoever has a darling from Maremma!
I wish a curse on all flies, cranes, midges -
And whoever has to stoop so low for a kiss!

24. Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr

"There's nobody who will love me! If only I had a little old man around - about 14 years old!"

I don't eat my dry bread anymore,
A thorn is stuck in my foot.
In vain I look around to the right and left,

And I find nobody who wants to love me.
If only there were a little old man that would love and honour me a little.
I mean, namely, a well-proportioned, honorable man, about my age.
I mean, to be truly honest, a little old man of about fourteen years.

27. Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder

"I got out of bed to play music in the streets after dreaming of you, but the wind and many other ladies were all who heard."

Already I had stretched out my weary limbs in bed,
When there appeared to me a vision of you, dear one.
Straight up I spring,
Slip on my shoes again and wander through town with my lute.
I sing and play, echoing through the street;
So many women listen - I have soon passed by.
So many girls are moved by my song,
While the wind steals away my song and noise.

10. Du denkst mit einem Fädchen

"You think I like you??"

You think you can catch me with a little thread,
With a glance, you'll make me fall in love?
I've already caught others, who flew higher,
You dare not trust me, if you see me laugh.
I've already caught others, believe me.
I am in love - but not with you.

22. Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen

"I'm here to serenade your beautiful daughter - tell her from me that out of 24 hours, I think of her for 25!"

I came here to bring you a serenade,
If the man of the house does not object.
You have a beautiful daughter.
It would be better not to keep her too strictly in the house.
And if she is already in bed, I ask please,
That you tell her from me,
That her true love has come here,
That day and night she has been on his mind,
And that in a day that has twenty-four hours,
For twenty-five hours I long for her.

11. Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

"Careful what you wish for...this musician boyfriend I wanted isn't really working out."

How long have I been longing:
Ah, for a musician to be good to me!

Now the Lord has granted my wish
And sent me one, all white and pink.
There he comes
With soft bearing,
And bows his head
And plays the violin.

42. Nicht länger kann ich singen

"I can't sing anymore...if I knew for sure you loved me, I'd never leave."

No longer can I sing, for the wind blows hard and stifles my breath.
Also, I fear that the time flies in vain.
Were I sure of you, I wouldn't go to sleep.
Yes, if I really knew, I would not go walking home alone
And lose this lovely time.

43. Schweig' einmal still

"Shut up and go to bed - I'd rather hear a donkey than your incessant serenade!"

Shut up out there, you odious ranter!
Your cursed singing is making me sick.
And even if you kept it up until morning,
You couldn't manage a decent song.
Shut up for once, and lay down in bed!
The serenade of a donkey would be preferable.

44. O wüsstest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen

"If only you knew how I'd suffered through the cold and rain for you!"

Oh, if you only knew how much I suffered in the night for you, you false renegade,
While you lay in the locked house and I spent the night outdoors.
Instead of rose water I've had rain, lightning has brought me messages of love,
I have played dice with the storm, while under your eaves I kept watch.
My bed was under your eaves, the skies were my blanket spread out,
The step outside your door was my pillow -
Poor me, what I have gone through!

6. Wer rief dich denn?

"Who sent for you? Just go to your lover, where your thoughts are anyway!"

Who called you, then? Who summoned you?
Who asked you to come, when it's such a burden to you?
Go to your lover, who pleases you more,
Go there, where your thoughts are.
Go where your feelings and thoughts are!
I will happily excuse you from coming to me.
Go to your lover, who pleases you more!
Who called you, then? Who sent for you?

31. Wie soll ich fröhlich sein

"Just cut me loose and go home to your family, since you obviously don't like me."

How can I be happy and laugh, when you're always so openly angry at me?
You come only once in a hundred years, and then as if you've been ordered to.
Why do you come, if your family objects?
Set my heart free, then go on your way.
Go home and live in peace with your people,
Since what heaven decrees, will happen here below.
Stay in peace with your family in their house,
Since what heaven wills won't fail to be.

14. Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen

"Let's become monks and get out of this love torture - then we can hear young ladies' confessions when we go door to door!"

Friend, shall we conceal ourselves in cowls,
To leave the world, to those who delight in it?
Then secretly we'll go door to door:
"Give to a poor monk, for Jesus' sake."
"O beloved Father, you must come later,
When we have taken the bread out of the oven.
O beloved Father, come back later,
My little daughter lies ill inside."
- "And if she's ill, then let me go to her,
So that she will not die unblessed.
And if she's sick, then let me see her
So that she may confess her sins to me.
Close the doors and windows,
So that nobody can disturb us
When I hear the poor child's sins!"

45. Verschling' der Abgrund

"May heaven rain down revenge on the one who betrayed me!"

May a chasm engulf my lover's cottage,
Let a foaming lake appear in its place at once.
Let heaven rain bullets upon it
And a serpent dwell in its foundation.
Let a poisonous serpent dwell in the house,
Dwell in the house of the one who was unfaithful to me.
In the house, a serpent, bloated with poison,
And bring death to the one who tried to betray me!

8. Nun laß uns Frieden schliessen

"Can't we make up, when warring nations can do it?"

Now let's make peace, love of my life,
It's already too long since we've been in a feud.
If you don't want to, I will yield to you;
How could we fight until our deaths?
Peace flows from kings and princes, and shall lovers not succeed?
Peace flows between princes and soldiers, and shall two lovers not succeed?
Do you think that what great lords can manage, a pair of contented hearts cannot?

29. Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand

"I know you're out of my league and this isn't serious - fine with me!"

Well do I know your position, it's not a bad one.
You didn't have to stoop so low,
As to love someone so poor and humble,
Since for you the fairest ladies bow.
You could easily outdo the handsomest men
Therefore I know very well you're just playing with me.
You're mocking me, as many tried to warn me,
But oh, you're so handsome! Who could fault you?

18. Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt

"Wake up and listen to four important things: you are my life."

Raise up your fair head and do not sleep
And do not let yourself be bewitched by slumber.
I need to tell you four words of importance,
And you must overlook none of them.
The first: that for you my heart breaks,
The second: I only want to belong to you,
The third: that I owe my salvation to you,
The last: my soul loves you alone.

19. Wir haben beide lange Zeit

"After a long silence, the angels of God have come and brought us peace."

We have both been silent a long time,
Now all at once we've come to speaking again.
The angels that have descended here from Heaven,
They brought peace again after the war.
The angels of God have flown down,
With them has peace entered in.
The angels of love came overnight
And have brought peace to my breast.

37. Wie viele Zeit verlor' ich

"If only I'd spent my time loving God instead of you - I'd have a place in Paradise by now!"

How much time I have lost in loving you!
If only I had adored God in all that time.
A place in Paradise would be set aside for me,
A holy saint would have sat at my side.
And because I have loved you, beautiful fresh face,
I have forfeited the light of Paradise,
And because I've loved you, beautiful violet,
Now I will never go to Paradise.

32. Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz

"Why are you so angry with me? Just kill me then!"

Why all the anger, my darling, that inflames you so much?
I am not aware of any sin.
Ah, I'd like a well-sharpened knife to come pierce my breast.
And if a knife doesn't suffice, then take a sword,
So that my blood streams up to the sky.
And if a sword doesn't suffice, take a steel dagger
And wash away all my torment in my blood.

5. Selig ihr Blinden

"Love hurts - I wish I could escape it."

Blessed are the blind,
who cannot see the charms our ardour is fanned by;
Blessed are the deaf,
who without fear can laugh away the laments of love;
Blessed are the mute,
who can't tell their heart's sorrows to women;
Blessed are the dead,
that have been buried! You have rest from love's torments.

12. Nein, junger Herr

"Looking for a better mate on holidays is no way to behave - careful, or your weekday lover will resign!"

No, young man, that's no way to carry on, for certain;
People should try to behave properly.
For weekdays I'm good enough, am I?
But you seek better on holidays.
No, young man, if you continue so sinfully,
Your Weekday Lover is going to resign on you.

13. Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind**"You think you're too good for everyone? Fine - instead of love, take scorn!"**

Haughty are you, beautiful child,
And go among your suitors on proud feet.
Someone speaks to you,
You hardly reply,
As if it costs you too much
To give a friendly greeting.
You're no Alexander's daughter,
No kingdom will be your dowry
So if you don't want gold,
Then take tin;
If you don't want love,
Then take scorn.

28. Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei**"You're right, I'm not a princess - but you're no prince!"**

You tell me that I am no princess;
But you are not Spanish royalty either.
No, friend, when you get up at cock crow,
You ride to the fields - and not in state carriages.
You mock my lowly station,
But poverty doesn't hurt the noble soul.
You mock me that I have no crown and crest,
And yet you yourself only ride Shank's Mare (a.k.a. walk).

30. Laß sie nur geh'n**"She's not worth it - her proud ways will catch up with her and she'll end up alone!"**

Just let her go, she who plays the proud one,
The magic herb of the flower field.
You can see where her bright eyes are looking,
As day after day she likes another man.
She carries on like Tuscany's river,
That every mountain stream must follow.
She carries on like the Arno, I think;
Now she has many lovers; soon she'll have not one.

46. Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen**"I have lovers all over Italy!"**

I have a lover living in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another lives in Casentino there,

The next lives with me in my own town,
And I have yet another in Magione,
Four in La Fratta,
Ten in Castiglione.