

Song Lyrics - `

GIA IL SOLE DAL GANGES

Gia il sole dal gange
piu chiaro sfavilla
e terge ogni stilla
del alba che piange

Col raggio dorato
in gemma ogni stello
e gli astri del cielo
di pinge nel prato

Over the Ganges the sun is already
sparkling more brightly
and dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

With gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
and the stars of the sky
is painting in the field.

DIE BEIDEN GRENADIERE (Heine)

1. Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
Die waren in Rußland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier,
Sie ließen die Köpfe hangen.

2. Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mähr':
Daß Frankreich verloren gegangen.
Besiegt und geschlagen das tapfere Heer,
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

3. Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der eine sprach: "Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!"

4. Der andre sprach: "Das Lied ist aus,
Auch ich möcht' mit dir sterben,
Doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben."

5. "Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind;
Ich trage weit besser' Verlangen;
Laß sie betteln geh'n, wenn sie hungrig sind-
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!"

6. Gewähr' mir Bruder eine Bitt';
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab' mich in Frankreichs Erde.

7. Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band
Sollst du aufs Herz mir legen;
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand
Und gürt' mir um den Degen.

8. So will ich liegen und horchen still',
Wie eine Schildwach' im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

9. Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig' ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab-
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen!

TO France there wandered two grenadiers,
In Russia once captives made.
To German quarters they came after years,
And bowed their heads, dismayed.

And there they were sorrowful tidings told
That France was lost—and repelled,
Destroyed and defeated the army bold—
And the emperor captive held.

The grenadiers wept grievously
When told this mournful lore.
Then said the one: "Ah, woe is me,
How my old wound is sore!"

"The song is sung" the other said,
"I too would die with thee;
But wife and child, if I were dead,
Would perish utterly." "

For wife and child what do I care!
Far better longings I know:
As hungry beggars let them fare—
My emperor, emperor—woe!

"But grant me, brother, one only prayer:
Now when I here shall die,
My body take to France and there
In French earth let me lie! "

My cross of honour with scarlet band
Upon my heart be placed;
And put my gun into my hand,
My sword gird round my waist! "

Then quietly I'll lie and hark,
A sentry in my tomb,
Till I the horses' prancing mark,
And hear the cannon's boom.

"Then my emperor rides across my grave,
And swords will be clashing hard:
And armed I'll rise up from my grave,
My emperor to guard!"

THREE ENGLISH SONGS

Shipmates O' Mine (Teschemacher)

Tell me tell me where are you sailing, shipmates o' mine?
The morn is cold and the great winds are wailing, shipmates o' mine.
Forth we must go, their brave words are calling, forth to the new land that ever is calling,
Fortune await you there, good luck go with you, shipmates o' mine.

Tell me tell me where are you roaming, shipmates o' mine?
Oe'r blue seas or where the grey waves are foaming, ship mates of mine?
Never a message – oh tell us your story, all Fate has given you, sorrow or glory,
Send us one word for our lone hearts are waiting, shipmates o' mine!

Tell me tell me where are you sleeping, shipmates o' mine?
Down deep down where no rough tide is leaping, shipmates o' mine.
There in your slumber the great guns you're hearing, over your heads the proud ships are steering,
Till the trumpet shall sound and your Captain shall wake you, shipmates o' mine!

Trade Winds (John Masefield)

In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange- trees,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the souging in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

The Sea Road (P.J.O'Reilly)

O long and boundless is the road that runs athwart the sea,
It passes not through fenced lands but ever wanders free.
O North and South and East and West neath every wind that blows
Afar upon its crested course, the blue road wayward goes.
Blue road! Sea road! To me you ever call!
Of all the roads that man must fare, I love you best of all!

There's few who know the ocean road, its way by reef and bar
It keeps its secrets guarded well in league with sun and star.
But if you tramp it year by year and watch it wild and still,
Its heart will open unto you and lead you where it will.
Blue road! Sea road! To me you ever call!
Of all the roads that man must fare, I love you best of all!