

Es fällt vom Strauche (Music Recording, Translation)

Poet: Alexander Petöfi

English Translation: A.K. Barnett

Composer: Luise Greger

A withered rose falls from the weir,
I tear myself from you, my dear
Farewell, thou dear one, my sweetheart, my love.

The pale moon rises up above,
And we are pale as he, my love
Farewell, thou dear one, my sweetheart, my love.

The rain falls down on vale and stream
And on our cheeks the dew-tears gleam
Farewell, thou dear one, my sweetheart, my love.

In spring the rose shall bloom again
Perhaps, perhaps we'll see it then
Farewell, thou dear one, my sweetheart, my love.