

# Der Spielmann (Music Recording, Translation)

**Poet:** George Freiherr von Dyherrn

**Music:** Louisa Adolpha Le Beau

**English Translation:** Robert McFarland

When the northern storm blows across the dunes  
And the ghosts shake their gruesome fists  
Out of the threatening army of black clouds burst angry, heavy flashes  
And no star casts an eye down on me,  
I stand there on the shore and play my song.

My song knows the murky stormy night;  
It loves the foaming glory of the waves when they crash,  
Accompanied by the wild scream of fluttering seagulls.  
The tide roars as if it wants to join in the thundering melody.

So sings the minstrel on the shore;  
The harp sounds brightly in my hands...  
This is his lot since the fateful day  
The ship sank into the sea, amidst the rocky cliffs,  
And his love sank with it, into the dark realm...  
Since that time he lost his mind.