

19 Ja! du bist elend, no. 9 of *Liebeslieder nach Texten von Heinrich Heine*, 1876.

Anton Urspruch (1850-1907) studied piano with Liszt but soon turned exclusively to composition. His works were quite popular in their day and show ingenious and original use of harmony and counterpoint.

Sung in German; English translation by James Thomson, *The poetical works* (London, 1895).

Other settings of this poem: 32

Ja, du bist elend, und ich grolle nicht; -
Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend sein!
Bis uns der Tod das kranke Herze bricht,
Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend sein.

Yes, thou art wretched, and I blame thee not;--
My Love, we both must ever wretched be!
Until death's peace concludes our fatal lot,
My Love, we both must ever wretched be!

Wohl seh ich Spott, der deinen Mund umschwebt,
Und seh dein Auge blitzen trotziglich,
Und seh den Stolz, der deinen Busen hebt, -
Und elend bist du doch, elend wie ich.

I see the scorn which round thy pale lip weaves,
And see thine eyes outlighten haughtily,
And see the pride with which thy bosom heaves;
And wretched thou art still, wretched as I.

Unsichtbar zuckt auch Schmerz um deinen Mund,
Verborgne Träne trübt des Auges Schein,
Der stolze Busen hegt geheime Wund' -
Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend sein.

In secret roundthy mouth a pain-thrill steals,
Through tears held back thine eyes can scarcely see,
Thy haughty breast a bleeding heart conceals;
My Love, we both must ever wretched be!