

**25 Die Linde blühte, die Nachtigall sang**, composed February 2006

**Gregory Hayes** (see performers' bios on p. 4). This work was commissioned for this concert, where it received its world premiere.

Sung in German; English translation by Charles G. Leland, *The works of Heinrich Heine* (New York, 1900).

Other settings of this poem: 7

Die Linde blühte, die Nachtigall sang, Die Sonne lachte mit freundlicher Lust; Da küßttest du mich, und dein Arm mich umschlang, Da preßtest du mich an die schwellende Brust.	The nightingale sang, the lime was in flower, The sun was laughing with hearty glee; Your arms were about me, you kissed me that hour, On your heaving bosom you cradled me.
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Die Blätter fielen, der Rabe schrie hohl, Die Sonne grüßte verdrossenen Blicks; Da sagten wir frostig einander: "Lebwohl!" Da knickstest du höflich den höflichsten Knicks.	The raven croaked, and the lime-leaves fell, The sun's salute was a peevish light; We bade to each other a frosty "Farewell," And you curtsied politely a curtsy polite.
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