

22 Und wüsstens die Blumen, die Kleinen, composed ca. 1930, unpublished.

Edna Frida Pietsch (1894-1982) was born and spent her entire life in Milwaukee, teaching at the Wisconsin Conservatory. Her work was influenced by MacDowell and Tchaikovsky as well as Milwaukee's German heritage.

Sung in German; English translation by Alma Strettell, from Ernest Rhys, *Prose and poetry*, *Heinrich Heine* (London, 1934).

Other settings of this poem: 124

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

And if the little flowers could see
How pierced my heart with grief,
Then surely they would weep with me
To bring my pain relief.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

And if the nightingales could tell
How sick I am, and sad,
Their merry songs would fill the vale,
To make my heart more glad.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

And if the golden stars on high
My sorrows could but guess,
They would come down from out the sky,
To comfort my distress.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Yet none of these can ever know;
One knows, but only one.
Herself she pierced my heart--and so
She knows, and she alone..