

## **E4TT: Emigres & Exiles in Hollywood TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

### **Galathea**

**Text by Frank Wedekind (1864-1918)**

*Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,  
Weil sie so entzückend sind.*

*Wonne die mir widerfahre,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Und was tät ich nicht, du Süße,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen, meinen Küßen nie,  
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,  
Küßt ihn nur die Phantasie.*

### **Cabaret**

**Text by Princess Nadejda de Bragança (1910-1946)**

The dim room rocks in a smoky haze;  
The throb in my veins is quick with wine;  
Long, sweet languorous music plays  
And our darkness dizzily intertwine  
Head thrown back and lips apart,  
With eyelids drooping and hair askew  
I hear the soft, warm hiss of my heart,  
Heavy as honey calling you.

### **Galathea**

Ah, how I burn with desire,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss you on your cheeks,  
Because they're so charming.

The bliss that comes upon me  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
From kissing your hair,  
Because it's so inviting.

Never resist me 'til I'm done,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
Kissing your hands,  
Because they're so inviting.

Ah, you've no suspicion how I yearn,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your knees,  
Because they're so inviting.

And what I wouldn't do, you sweet thing,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your feet,  
Because they're so inviting.

But never reveal your lips,  
Lovely lass, to my kisses,  
For the wealth of their charms  
Shall only be kissed in my dreams.

### **Der Kirschdieb**

**Text by Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)** (adapted by Eisler)

*An einem frühen Morgen, lange vor  
Morgengraun,  
Wurde ich geweckt durch ein Pfeife und ging  
zum Fenster.  
Auf meinem Kirschbaum—Dämmerung füllte  
den Garten—  
Saß ein junger Mann mit gepflickter Hose  
Und pflückte lustig meine Kirschen.*

*Mich sehend nickte er mir zu, mit beiden Händen  
Holt' er die Kirschen aus den Zweigen in seine  
Taschen.*

*Noch eine ganze Zeitlang als ich wieder in meine  
Bettstatt lag,  
Hört' ich ihn sein lust'ges kleines Lied pfeifen.*

### **Dieselbe**

**Text by Johann W. von Goethe (1749-1832)**

*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.*

*Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!*

### **Du**

**Text by Ricarda Huch (1864-1947)**

*Seit du mir ferne bist,  
hab' ich nur Leid,  
weiß ich, was Sehnsucht ist  
und freudenlose Zeit.*

*Ich hab' an dich gedacht  
ohn' Unterlaß  
und weine jede Nacht  
nach dir mein Kissen naß.*

### **The Cherry Thief**

Early one morning, long before daybreak,

I was awakened by a whistle and went to my window.

Up in my cherry tree—dawn had filled the garden—

Sat a young man wearing patched pants  
Merrily picking my cherries.

Seeing me, he nodded at me;

He snatched the cherries from the branches  
into his pockets.

For quite a while, when I had returned to my bed,

I heard him whistling his merry little song.

### **One and the Same**

Only one who longing knows,  
Knows for what I yearn!  
Alone and quite cut off,  
From all, I seem to burn.  
And look to the firmament  
To that glowing urn.

Oh, he who loves and knows me,  
Is so far away.

I am dizzy, it burns  
My innermost parts.

Only one who longing knows,  
Knows for what I yearn!

### **You**

Since you have been away  
I've had only pain  
and know what longing is  
and have so joyless lain.

I've thought so long 'bout you  
never ceasing,  
crying every night  
Into my pillow, weeping

*Und schließt mein Auge zu  
des Schlafes Band  
so wahn ich, das tust du,  
mit deiner weichen Hand*

### **Złociste Włoski**

**Text by Konrad Toma (1887-1957)**

*Choć mam już przeszło naście lat  
Lecz serce me jak głaz  
Nie kochało ani razu  
A powinno, choćby raz.  
Do tychczas byłem wolny ptak  
Co z zakocha nych drwi,  
Aż tu nagle patrzysz,gi nę,  
Bowiem w\_serce wpały mi*

*Złociste włoski I nosek boski,  
Kapryśny wyraz słodkich ust  
Bajeczne nogi I uśmiech błogi  
Już namej twarzy boto mój gust.  
Już jestem trup  
Tak apetyczna  
Sex appealingna,  
Po prostu cudo i bez wad  
I niezawodnie Naj gorszą zbrodnię  
Po pełnić dla niej byłbym rad.  
Mnie cynika ta dzika namiętność żre noce i dnie*

*Da-ru-du-ru Da-ru-da-ru!*

*Byłem głazem, tym razem ja marzę  
I widzę we śnie, O du-ru-du  
I kocham te złociste włoski i nosek boski  
Kapryśny wyraz słodkich ust,  
Bądź mądry zamień się teraz w\_kamień  
Kiedy masz właśnie na nią gust!*

### **Nie Wiedziałem from Wyrok Życia**

**Text by Emanuel Schlechter (1904-1943)**

*Nie wiedziałam, że taki piękny jest świat,  
że słońce tyle złotych ma promieni,  
Że w lesie tyle cudnej jest zieleni!*

*Nie wierzyłam że może przyjść taki czas,  
Że ze mną coś się stanie,  
I w sercu niespodzianie,  
Odezwie się nieznanym przedtem głosem!*

*And if my eyes are closed  
by slumber's gentle sand:  
Then do I think it's you,  
with your gentle hand.*

### **Golden Hair**

*I'm already a teenager,  
But my heart's been like stone:  
I've never been in love at all—  
And you should, at least once!  
Until now, I've been a free bird  
Who laughed at lovers,  
But suddenly, I'm dying  
Because you snuck into my heart.*

*Your golden hair and divine nose  
The whimsical expression on your sweet lips,  
Your fabulous legs and I've already got  
A smile on my face.  
'Cuz this is what I like:  
You float my boat.  
You've got sex appeal  
You're a miracle—flawless in every way.  
I would commit  
The worst crime for you!  
Cynical me, wild nights and days,*

*Da-ru-du-ru Da-ru-da-ru!*

*I was a rock: this time I looked and...  
Oh, my, what I saw!  
I love your golden hair and divine nose  
The whimsical expression on your lips, If I'm  
smart I'll be transformed now  
As you're exactly to my taste!*

### **I Didn't Know**

*I didn't know that the world was so lovely  
That the sand has so many shining grains  
That in the forest there's so much wonderful  
greenery.*

*I didn't believe that there could come a time  
That for me this would happen,  
And in my heart, surprisingly,  
Would speak an until-then unknown voice!*

Dziś poraz pierwszy rozumiem  
Że można szczęśliwą być  
Bo choć smutków jest tyle,  
Jednak są takie chwile,  
Kiedy trzeba i warto żyć.

For the first time, I understand  
That being happy is possible  
Even though there are many sorrows.  
But there are moments like this  
When you have to admit that life is worth living.

Translations ©E4TT 2024  
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