

Translations

<p>Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux (Weep, weep my eyes)</p> <p>From this terrible struggle, I leave with my soul broken! But, finally I am free and I shall at last sigh without restraint and suffer without witnesses</p> <p>Weep! weep my eyes! Fall sad dew the rays of the sun may never dry up! If there remains to me a hope, it will die soon! Weep my eyes, weep all your tears!</p> <p>But, whoever then has wanted an eternity of tears? Oh dear departed ones, have you found so much happiness that you leave the living in harsh pain?</p> <p>With your sweet smile... you could never know where to lead except to the glorious roads and to the blessed paths! Ah! my father! Alas!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p> <p>Pietà, Signor (Have mercy, Lord)</p> <p>Have mercy, Lord Have mercy, Lord, on our profound errors Have mercy, Lord;</p> <p>You alone can; You alone can remove the pain from the world. Have mercy, Lord.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Mary Kathryn Brewer</p> <p>Il brigidino (The rosette)</p> <p>It is my love who has gone to Siena, to me he brought a rosette of two colors. White is the faith that binds us, the red is the joy of our hearts. I will put a leaf of verbena that I may supply the fresh moods.</p> <p>I will say that the red, the green, the white it fits well next to the sword And I will say that the white, the green, the red it means that Italy has shaken its yolk and I will say that the red, the white, the green It is the ensemble you wear and you are sure to not lose!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Mary Kathryn Brewer</p>	<p>Fiorellin che sorgi appena (Little flower, who will rise up soon)</p> <p>Little flower, who will rise up soon, So fresh, so beautiful, The breeze caresses you With his kisses in the morn.</p> <p>The sky smiles on you every hour, For you the kindly sun shines Whirlwinds never offend you, O graceful little flower.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Mary Kathryn Brewer</p> <p>Il poveretto (The poor little one)</p> <p>Passerby with a sweet appearance I think you have a kind heart, Give a penny to the poor one Who near to you is hungry.</p> <p>Since the time I was a boy I have been a soldier And fighting for my homeland I have traversed both land and sea;</p> <p>But now that time weighs on me, Now that I have no more strength, In the end the soil that I have defended, My country forgets me.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p> <p>Sgombra, o gentil (Remove, o gentle one)</p> <p>Remove, oh gentle one, from your anxious Mind the binding passions; Lift up to God a snow white Thought of sacrifice, and die: Far from life is the end Of your long suffering</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p>
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Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart

Translations by Richard Stokes

Abschied von Frankreich (Farewell to France)

I am going away!
Farewell, my happy France,
Where I found the loveliest homeland,
You the guardian of my childhood!
Farewell, O land, O happy time,
The ship bears me far away from joy!
Yet it takes but half of me:
One part will be for ever yours,
My happy land, recalling to you
The memory of that other self!
Farewell!

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes (After the birth of her son)

Lord Jesus Christ, whom they crowned with thorns,
Protect this new born boy,
And, if it be Thy will, let his race
Long rule in this realm.
And let all that is done in his name
Be to Thy glory, praise and honour, Amen.

An die Königin Elisabeth (To Queen Elizabeth)

One thought alone gladdens and grieves me
And dominates my mind,
So that the voices of fear and hope resound,
When sleepless I count the hours.

And when my heart chooses this letter as messenger,
Revealing how I long to see you,
Then, dear sister, a new anguish seizes me,
Because the letter lacks the power to prove it.

I see the boat half hidden in the harbour,
Held back by the storm and warring waves,
And heaven's serene face blackened by night.
So am I likewise beset by cares and fear,
Not of you, my sister. But the force of fate
Often lacerates the sail in which we trust.

Abschied von der Welt (Farewell to the world)

What use is the time still allotted me?
My heart is dead to earthly desires,
My spirit is severed from all but sorrow,
The joy of death alone remains.

Cease envying me, O enemies:
My heart abjures all honour and nobility,
Excess of anguish will devour me,
Hatred and schism will soon be buried with me.

O friends, who will remember me with love,
Consider and believe that without power or fortune
There is nothing good I can achieve.

So do not wish for the return of happier days,
And because I've been sorely punished here on earth,
Pray that a share of eternal peace might be mine!

Gebet (Prayer)

O Lord God,
I put my trust in Thee!
O beloved Jesus,
Rescue me!
In my harsh prison,
In dire affliction
I long for Thee;
Lamenting I cry to Thee,
Despairing in the dust,
Hearken, I implore Thee,
And rescue me!