



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**May Sadan, Voice**

Fourth Year, Recital II: *Love, In Her Own Words - Feminine Perspectives in Song*

**Trevor Chartrand, Piano**

**Jonathan Stuchbery, Lutenist**

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Performance.

May Sadan is a student of Prof. Frédérique Vézina and Dr. Charlene Santoni.

Thursday, April 30th, 2026 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Caritas abundat in omnia (1150-1175)

Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)  
Arr. Clemens Garbe

Amor dormiglione (From *Cantate, ariette, e duetti, Op. 2*) (1651)

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)  
Ed. Paolo Giorgi

*Fiançailles pour rire*, FP 101 (1939)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

I. La Dame d'André

II. Dans l'herbe"

III. Il vole

IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

V. Violon

VI. Fleurs

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*We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.*

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit [indigenous.utoronto.ca](http://indigenous.utoronto.ca) to learn more.

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*Within My Heart: Twelve Songs by Leah Goldberg* (2016) (Selections)

Stella Lerner (b. 1955)

לעץ שחזר לפרוח (The Tree)

בתוך ליבי (Within My Heart)

## **INTERMISSION**

Love Let the Wind Cry...How I Adore Thee (1961)

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)\*

*Cánticos para soñar* (Canticles for Dreaming) (1993), selections

Irma Urteaga (1929 - 2022)\*

1. Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario
2. Canto de nodriza
4. Capullito

*Unvergänglichkeit, Op. 27* (1933)

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

1. Unvergänglichkeit
2. Das eilende Bächlein
3. Das schlafende Kind
4. Stärker als der Tod
5. Unvergänglichkeit

*N.B. Canadian Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled.*

*\*Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement.*

## PROGRAM NOTES

It is a great pleasure to welcome you to my fourth-year recital entitled: *Love, In Her Own Words - Feminine Perspectives in Song*. This program brings together a collection of works set to texts by women - many of them also composed by women - as a means of exploring a range of nuanced feminine experiences spanning a lifetime. I was drawn to these pieces first and foremost for their poetry, choosing words that spoke to me deeply and felt necessary to share as a woman beginning to navigate and understand her own feminine experience. In curating this program, I became increasingly aware of how often feminine perspectives have historically been told through the lens of male poets. As both an artist and a woman, I felt compelled to act as a vessel through which these valuable words could be heard, shared, and preserved.

A connecting thread throughout this recital is love in all its forms, which includes its many stages, as well as how it is expressed, explored, nurtured, and redefined. The program begins with all-encompassing, divine love in Hildegard of Bingen's *Caritas abundat in omnia*. From there, we move into youthful lightness and playful sensuality through the words of Barbara Strozzi and Louise de Vilmorin, before arriving at the depth of mature passion in the poetry of Leah Goldberg and Sappho. The program then moves toward motherhood, with intimate lullabies by Eva Frías and Ofelia Sussel-Marie that express the tenderness of a mother's love for a child. Finally, we will culminate with eternal, immortal love, which endures in the face of death, in Korngold's *Unvergänglichkeit* which features texts by Eleonore van der Straten. As you listen, I hope you may catch glimpses of women and feminine presenting people in your life, such as your partner, mother, sister, grandmother, niece, reflected in these works.

I would like to sincerely thank Dr. Charlene Santoni for stepping in to guide me through the preparation of this recital during the second term. I feel incredibly fortunate to have worked with you in bringing this program to life. I am also deeply grateful to my collaborative pianist, Dr. Trevor Chartrand, for his invaluable work in this repertoire, as well as for his continued support throughout the course of my studies at the University of Toronto, which have been a guiding light for me. My thanks as well to Jonathan Stuchbery for his musical expertise and beautiful collaboration on the lute.

I also wish to express my heartfelt gratitude to my voice teacher Frédérique Vézina for her many years of guidance. Your mentorship, constant encouragement, and uplifting spirit have not only been instrumental in my growth as an artist, but profoundly meaningful to me as an individual.

Finally, I am endlessly grateful to my parents for their unwavering love, support, and generosity, which have shaped me into the woman I am today.

Thank you, and we hope you enjoy this evening's performance.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### **Von Bingen: Caritas abundat in omnia**

*Text: Hildegard von Bingen*

[https://stcpres.org/pieces/caritas\\_habundat](https://stcpres.org/pieces/caritas_habundat)

*Caritas abundat in omnia,  
de imis excellentissima  
super sidera,  
atque amantissima in omnia,  
quia summo Regi  
osculum pacis dedit.*

### **Strozzi: Amor dormiglione**

*Text: Attr. Barbara Strozzi*

*Amor, non dormir più!  
Su, su, svegliati omai  
Che mentre dormi tu,  
Dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai  
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!  
Strali, strali, foco  
Strali, strali, su, su  
Foco, foco, su, su!*

*O pigro o tardo  
Tu non hai senso.  
Amor melenso,  
Amor codardo!  
Ahi, quale io resto...  
Che nel mio ardore  
Tu dorma Amore:  
Mancava questo!*

### **Love Abounds in Everything**

Poetic Translation: Carol Anne Perry

Love abounds in everything,  
From the lowest depths  
To the highest stars,  
And is loving to all,  
For the supreme King  
Gave a kiss of peace.

### **Sleepyhead Cupid**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

Love, don't sleep anymore!  
Up, up, wake up now  
For while you sleep,  
My joys sleep too, & troubles awake  
Don't be, don't be, Love, worthless!  
Arrows, arrows, fire  
Arrows, Arrows, up, up  
Fire, fire, up, up!

Oh lazy, oh tardy  
You don't make sense.  
Saccharine love,  
Cowardly love!  
Alas, what am I left with...  
That in my burning ardor  
You sleep, Love:  
This was missing!

**Poulenc: La Dame d'André**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)*

*André ne connaît pas la dame  
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.  
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,  
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?*

*Au retour d'un bal campagnard  
S'en allait-elle en robe vague  
Chercher dans les meules la bague  
Des fiancailles du hasard?*

*A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,  
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,  
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver  
Entraît par la grande avenue?*

*Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,  
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.  
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches  
De son album des temps meilleurs?*

**Poulenc: Dans l'herbe**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)*

*Je ne peux plus rien dire  
Ni rien faire pour lui.  
Il est mort de sa belle  
Il est mort de sa mort belle*

*Dehors  
Sous l'arbre de la Loi  
En plein silence  
En plein paysage  
Dans l'herbe.*

*Il est mort inaperçu  
En criant son passage  
En appelant  
En m'appelant.*

*Mais comme j'étais loin de lui  
Et que sa voix ne portait plus  
Il est mort seul dans la bois*

**André's Lady**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

André does not know the lady  
that he takes today by the hand.  
Does she have a heart for the future,  
& in the evening does she have a soul?

On the way back from a country ball  
She was leaving in a vague dress  
To search in the millstones for a ring  
An engagement of chance?

Was she afraid? When night fell,  
Watched by the shadows of yesterday,  
In his garden, when winter  
Entered via the main avenue?

He had loved her for her complexion,  
For her good Sunday humour.  
Will she pale among the white leaves  
From his album of better times?

**In the grass**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

I cannot say anything more  
Nor do anything for him  
He died of his beautiful one  
He died of his beautiful death

Outside  
Under the tree of the law  
In complete silence  
In the middle of a landscape  
In the grass.

He died unnoticed  
Shouting his passage  
By calling,  
By calling me.

But as I was far from him  
And his voice no longer carried  
He died alone in the woods

*Sous son arbre d'enfance.*

*Et je ne peux plus rien dire  
Ni rien faire pour lui.*

**Poulenc: Il vole**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)*

*En allant se coucher le soleil  
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:  
C'est le fromage rond de la fable  
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.  
Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.*

*Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant  
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.  
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles  
De belle en belle passent le temps.  
Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.*

*C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,  
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,  
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole  
Et voleur de fromage est absent.  
Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.  
Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.*

*Je pleure sous le saule pleureur  
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles  
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille  
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.  
Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.*

*Trouvez la rime à ma déraison  
Et par les routes du paysage  
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage  
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.  
Je veux que mon voleur me vole.*

**Poulenc: Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)*

*Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant  
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée*

Under the tree of his youth.

And I cannot say anything more  
Nor do anything for him.

**He steals away**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

The sun as it goes to bed  
Is reflected in the varnish of my table:  
It is the round cheese of the fable  
In the beak of my gilded silver scissors.  
But where is the raven? He steals away.

I would like to sew but a magnet  
Attracts to him all my needles.  
On the square the bowlers  
Pass the time from beauty to beauty.  
But where is my lover? He steals away.

It is a thief that I have for a lover,  
The crow flies and my lover steals away,  
Heart-stealer breaking his word  
And the cheese-stealer is absent.  
But where is the happiness? He flies.  
But where is the happiness? He steals.

I cry under the weeping willow  
I mingle my tears with its leaves  
I cry because I want someone to want me.  
And I do not please my thief.  
But wherever is the love? It steals away.

Find the rhyme to my unreason  
And by the roads of the landscape  
Bring me back my flighty lover  
Who steals hearts and loses my mind.  
I want my thief to steal from me.

**My corpse is soft like a glove**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

My corpse is soft like a glove  
Soft like a glove of icy skin

*Et mes prunelles effacées  
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.*

*Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage  
Dans le silence deux muets  
Ombrés encore d'un secret  
Et lourds du poids mort des images.*

*Mes doigts tant de fois égarés  
Sont joints en attitude sainte  
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes  
Au noeud de mon coeur arrêté.*

*Et mes deux pieds sont des montagnes,  
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus  
À la minute où j'ai perdu  
La course que les années gagnent.*

*Mon souvenir est ressemblant,  
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,  
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.  
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.*

**Poulenc: Violon**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)*

*Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus  
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.  
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus  
Sur la corde des malaises.  
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus  
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent  
Le coeur en forme de fraise  
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.*

**Poulenc: Fleurs**

*Text: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)*

*Fleurs promises,  
Fleurs tenues dans tes bras,  
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,  
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver  
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?*

And my erased pupils  
Turn my eyes into white pebbles.

Two white pebbles in my face  
In the silence, two deaf mutes  
Shadowed still by a secret  
And heavy with the dead weight of images.

My fingers, so many times lost  
Are joined in holy attitude  
Supported in the hollow of my laments  
At the knot of my stopped heart.

And my two feet are mountains,  
The last two mounts that I saw  
At the minute that I lost  
The race that the years had won.

My memory is similar,  
Children, take it away quickly,  
Go on, go on, my life is said.  
My corpse is soft like a glove.

**Violin**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

Couple in love with unknown accents  
The violin and its player pleases me.  
Ah! I love these tense wailings  
On the string of discomfort.  
To the chords on the ropes of the hanged  
At the hour when the laws are silent  
The heart, shaped like a strawberry  
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

**Flowers**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

Promised flowers,  
Flowers held in your arms,  
Flowers from a step's parentheses,  
Who brought you these flowers in winter  
Sprinkled with the sands of the seas?

*Sable de tes baisers,  
Fleurs des amours fanées  
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre  
Et dans la cheminée  
Un coeur en rubanné de plaintes  
Brûle avec ses images saintes.*

**Lerner: לעץ**

*Text: Leah Goldberg (1911–1970)*

*לעץ שחזר לפרוח  
לגן בעטור הורדים  
ציוה הבורא לשמוח  
כי הם אינם יודעים.*

*אבל אנו חולי- הדעת,  
הנבונים עד אין להסתיר,  
כיצד בליבנו בוקעת  
חדות העולם הבהיר.*

*ומי מפתה אותנו  
לגעת, לחוש, לראות:  
שלנו, שלנו, שלנו  
!הדבש ביערות*

*בשבילי חזר ופורח  
העץ וורד אדום,  
שתול ליבי השמח  
בפתח הגיהנום.*

**Lerner: בתוך ליבי**

*Text: Leah Goldberg (1911–1970)*

*בתוך ליבי כלואה ציפור עיוורת  
וקול שירה מתוק מריח ורד,*

*אבל אתה אשר מאסת בי  
לפתוח תואנה את סגור- ליבי.*

*בחלומות לילי כבמכמרת  
נצודה קונכיה וסוד דוברת,  
אבל אתה שכה יקרת לי*

Sands of your kisses,  
Flowers of faded loves,  
The beautiful eyes are made of ash  
And in the fireplace  
A heart ribboned with complaints  
Burns with its sacred images.

Poetic Translation: Avshalom Guissin

The tree once more clothed in flowers  
the garden which roses adorn  
were told to rejoice by the maker  
for they do not know.

But we, with minds so full of anguish  
with wisdom that we just cannot hide,  
how deep in our hearts it does flourish  
a joy that our world is so bright.

And who tempts us with their powers  
to touch, to feel, and to see:  
it's ours, it's ours, it's ours  
each honeycomb and tree!

Just for me, they bloom back in station  
the tree and the red rose as well  
the seed of my heart's jubilation  
is sown at the gates of hell.

**Within My Heart**

Poetic Translation: Shlomo J. Kahn

Within my heart a blind bird is imprisoned  
Her voice is sweet more than a rose in  
season,  
But you, now that you've had your fill of me,  
Will not unlock my heart to set it free.

Within my nightly dreams as in a fishnet  
A captured sea shell whispers out a secret,  
But you, my precious, once so dear to me

לדעת לא תאובה את סוד - לילי .

ומוות כי יבוא ובשלהבת  
שלווה נצחית את ים לילי יאיר ,  
זהיר ורך יסגור את שמורותי,  
יצמיד אלי האזן הקשבת  
ויאזין ללחש ולשיר  
עד בידין אפקיד את אוצרותי .

Will not unravel my night's mystery.

And death will come, and in a conflagration  
Of endless peace will light my nightly sea,  
His careful tender touch will close my eyes,  
Will put his ear to me and my sensation  
And listen to my song and whispered key  
Until I grant him my most treasured prize.

**Smith Moore: Love Let the Wind Cry...How I Adore Thee**

*Text Authorship: William Bliss Carman (1861-1929) - Based on a text in English by Henry Thornton Wharton (1846-1895) after the Greek - Sappho (c610-c580 BCE)*

*Source: <https://oxfordsong.org/song/love-let-the-wind-cry>*

*Love let the wind cry  
On the dark mountain,  
Bending the ash trees  
And the tall hemlocks  
With the great voice of  
Thunderous legions,  
How I adore thee.*

*Let the hoarse torrent  
In the blue canyon,  
Murmuring mightily  
Out of the gray mist  
Of primal chaos  
Cease not proclaiming  
How I adore thee.*

*Let the long rhythm  
Of crunching rollers,  
Breaking and bursting  
On the white seaboard  
Titan and tireless,  
Tell, while the world stands,  
How I adore thee.*

*Love, let the clear call  
Of the tree cricket,  
Frailest of creatures,  
Green as the young grass,  
Mark with his trilling  
Resonant bell-note,  
How I adore thee.*

*But, more than all sounds,  
Surer, serener,  
Fuller of passion  
And exultation,  
Let the hushed whisper  
In thine own heart say,  
How I adore thee.*

**Urteaga: Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario, Lullaby for My Lonely Heart**

*Text: Ofelia Sussel-Marie*

Poetic Translation: William Salinas-Crosby

*Duerme, corazón mío,  
aunque no tengas brazos  
para mecerte*

Sleep, my heart,  
even though you have no arms  
to rock you

*Duerme, corazón mío,  
aunque no tengas canto  
para arrullarte*

Sleep, my heart,  
even though you have no song  
to lull you

*Duerme, corazón mío,  
aunque no tengas labios  
Para besarte*

Sleep, my heart,  
even though you have no lips  
to kiss you

*Duerme, corazón mío,  
pronto la luna  
te ha de mimar*

Sleep, my heart,  
soon the moon  
will comfort you

*Duerme con tus latidos de amor,  
que el cielo te ha de cuidar!*

Sleep with your loving heartbeats,  
for heaven will watch over you!

**Urteaga: Canto de Nodriza**

*Text: Eva Frías*

**Nursing Song**

Poetic Translation: William Salinas-Crosby

*Oye mi suave canto de nodriza  
cálido espacio azul que leve asoma.  
Te abro de terciopelo para darte  
este fluir de ríos y de aromas.*

Hear my gentle song of nursing  
warm blue space that gently appears.  
I unfold myself like velvet  
to offer you this flow of rivers and aromas.

*Refleja tus pupilas en las mías  
mientras bebes del cáliz de mi pecho.  
Reconoce mi piel entre las pieles  
en la suave fatiga de tus sueños.*

Reflect your pupils in mine  
as you drink from the chalice of my chest.  
Recognize my skin amid the skins  
in the gentle fatigue of your dreams.

*Búscame con las manos y la boca  
búscame en la raíz de tu semilla,*

Search for me with your hands & your mouth  
search for me at the root of your seed,

*soy la savia del brote que alimenta  
la rosa bermellón de tu mejilla.*

**Urteaga: Capullito**

*Text: Ofelia Sussel-Marie*

*Duerme entre mis brazos capullito mío,  
mira que el ocaso  
está por llegar.*

*Duerme entre mis brazos  
que pasito a pasito,  
llegando la noche,  
mecerá el cantar.*

*Duerme entre mis brazos capullito mío,  
mira que la lluvia  
al terra acaricia.*

*Y empapada en llanto capullito mío,  
florece tu vida  
en la paz del canto.*

*Duerme capullito  
capullito duerme.*

**Korngold: Unvergänglichkeit**

*Text: Eleonore van der Straten (1873-1960)*

*Deine edlen weißen Hände  
Legen meine Seel' zur Ruh';  
Wenn sie meinen Scheitel segnen,  
Schließ' ich meine Augen zu  
Und sag' nur leise: Du!*

*Und Welten sinken in ein Nichts,  
Die Meere rauschen dumpf und weit;  
Deine edlen weißen Hände  
Sind mir Unvergänglichkeit.*

**Korngold: Das eilende Bächlein**

*Text: Eleonore van der Straten (1873-1960)*

*Bächlein, Bächlein, wie du eilen kannst,  
Rasch, geschäftig ohne Rast und Ruh'!  
Wie du Steinchen mit dir nimmst -*

I am the sap of the bud that feeds  
the vermilion rose on your cheek.

**Little Blossom**

Poetic Translation: William Salinas-Crosby

Sleep in my arms, my little blossom,  
look, the sunset  
is coming.

Sleep in my arms  
for little by little,  
as night falls,  
the song will rock you.

Sleep in my arms, my little blossom,  
look how the rain  
caresses the earth.

And drenched in tears, my little blossom,  
your life flowers  
in the peace of the song.

Sleep, little blossom  
Little blossom, sleep.

**Immortality**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

Your noble white hands  
Lay my soul to rest;  
When they bless the top of my head,  
I close my eyes  
And say just quietly: You!

And worlds sink into nothing,  
The seas rush, dull and far;  
Your noble white hands  
Are imperishable to me.

**The Rushing Brook**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

Little brook, little brook, how you rush!  
Quickly, busy without rest or quiet!  
How you take stones with you -

*Schau' dir gerne zu!*

*Doch das Bächlein spricht zu mir:  
"Siehst du, liebes Kind,  
Wie die Welle eilt und rast  
Und vorüberrinnt?"*

*"Jeder Tropfen ist ein Tag,  
Jede Welle gleicht dem Jahr -  
Und du, - du stehst am Ufer nur,  
sagst dir still: es war."*

**Korngold: Das Schlafende Kind**

*Text: Eleonore van der Straten (1873-1960)*

*Wenn du schläfst, ich segne dich, Kind.  
Segne dich in deinen Kissen,  
Wenn du lächelst hell im Traum,  
Möcht' ich fragen:  
Darf ich wissen,  
Was ein Engel dir jetzt sang?*

*Doch ich will dich träumen lassen,  
Nichts ist schöner als der Traum.  
Und du sollst auch niemals wissen,  
Daß auch das Glück nur ein Traum.*

**Korngold: Stärker als der Tod**

*Text: Eleonore van der Straten (1873-1960)*

*Nimm meinen schweren Dornenkranz  
Aus meinem weißen Haar,  
Den Kranz  
der dunklen Schmerzgedanken,  
Laß' um mein müdes Haupt  
Weinlaub der Freude ranken.*

*Es soll das Rebenblatt mich lehren  
durch seine Pracht  
und durch sein Rot,  
Daß Liebe eine große Macht  
Und stärker noch als selbst der Tod.*

**Korngold: Unvergänglichkeit**

*Text: Eleonore van der Straten (1873-1960)*

I enjoy watching you!

But that little brook speaks to me:  
"You, see dear child,  
How the wave rushes and races  
And slips by?"

"Every drop is a day,  
Every wave equals a year  
And you, - you just stand at the shore,  
Silently telling yourself: it was."

**The Sleeping Child**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

When you sleep, I bless you, child,  
Bless you as you lie on your pillow,  
When you smile brightly in your dream,  
I'd like to ask:  
May I know,  
What the angel sang to you?

But I want to let you dream,  
Nothing is more beautiful than a dream.  
And you should never know,  
That even happiness is only a dream.

**Stronger Than Death**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

Take my heavy wreath of thorns  
From my white hair,  
The wreath  
of a dark painful thought,  
Leave aside my weary head  
To be tended to by vine leaves of joy.

The vine leaf should teach me  
through its splendor  
and through its red colour,  
That Love is one is one big power  
And stronger still, than death itself.

**Immortality**

Poetic Translation: May Sadan

*Deine edlen weißen Hände  
Legen meine Seel' zur Ruh';  
Wenn sie meinen Scheitel segnen,  
Schließ' ich meine Augen zu  
Und sag' nur leise: Du!*

*Und Welten sinken in ein Nichts,  
Die Meere rauschen dumpf und weit;  
Deine edlen weißen Hände  
Sind mir Unvergänglichkeit.*

Your noble white hands  
Lay my soul to rest;  
When they bless the top of my head,  
I close my eyes  
And say just quietly: You!

And worlds sink into nothing,  
The seas rush, dull and far;  
Your noble white hands  
Are imperishable to me.