

The Beloved One

Reynaldo Hahn

They say, my dove,
that you are still dead and dreaming
beneath a tombstone;
but you awaken, revived,
for the soul that adores you,
oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your swaying hair
and your half-closed wings
which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre,
moves on the swell of the waters
and touches them gently, suavely,
like a lamenting swan!