

Love Without Hope

Galles

Ludwig van Beethoven,
26 walisische Lieder, WoO 155

Elaborazione di Sandro Filippi

Andante espressivo, assai amoroso.

Tenore

p

O

1. Her feat - ures speak the
fan - cy's hap - piest

Basso

p

O

4

war - mest heart, but not for me its — ar - dour glows; in
hours cre - ate vi - sions of rap - ture — as di - vine, as

7

cresc. *p*

that soft blush — I — have no part — that min - gles — with — her —
the pure bliss — which — must a - wait — the man — whose — soul — is —

10

bos - om's snows. In that dear — drop I — have — no — share — that
knit to thine. But ah! Fare - well this — trea - cherous — theme, — which,

13

trem - bles in — her — melt - ing — eye; nor is my love — the
 though 'tis mis - ery — to — fore - go, yields yet of joy — the

in her — melt to - ing — eye; nor
 mis - ery — to fore - go, yields

16

cresc.

ten - der — care that bids — her — heave that — anx - ious sigh.
 soo - thing — dream, that grief like — mine — thou —

1. *p* O —

20

2. Not ne'er shalt know. O —

pp b.c.

pp

Her features speak the warmest heart,
 But not for me its ardour glows;
 In that soft blush I have no part
 That mingles with her bosom's snows.
 In that dear drop I have no share
 That trembles in her melting eye;
 Nor is my love the tender care
 That bids her heave that anxious sigh.

Not fancy's happiest hours create
 Visions of rapture as divine,
 As the pure bliss which must await
 The man whose soul is knit to thine.
 But ah! Farewell this treacherous theme,
 Which, though 'tis misery to forego,
 Yields yet of joy the soothing dream,
 That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.

Traduzione: I suoi lineamenti rivelano un cuore ardente, ma il suo ardore non avvampa per me; nel lieve rossore che si mescola alla neve del suo petto non ho parte alcuna. Non ho responsabilità nella cara lacrima che tremola nel suo dolce occhio; né è l'amore per me a indurla a quel sospiro inquieto. Le fantasie più felici non creano visioni estatiche tanto sublimi quanto la pura beatitudine che attende l'uomo la cui anima è unita alla tua. Ma addio a questa canzone triste, che, anche se si abbandona alla sofferenza, concede tuttavia il pensiero consolante che tu non conoscerai mai un dolore simile al mio.