

At My Feet the Red Leaves are Rustling

Fanny Mendelssohn

At my feet the red leaves are rustling,
But when [the leaves] turn green again, where shall I be?
Where shall the first swallows greet me?
Ah far away, far from the sweet one,
And I shall nevermore be a happy man.

Once I always sang through meadow and mountain slope
In the brown autumn, in the snowy wintertime:
Oh lovely spring, come to your forest,
Come soon, soon, soon!
Now I sing: Lovely spring, stay far away!

In vain! Just as now heath and forest are stripped,
So shall they bloom anew; what care they for my [sorrow]?
The violet comes, I must simply suffer it,
Must wander and must part,
But [oh! how shall I live after I have taken farewell!]