## LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER Op. 52a

Johannes Brahms 1833-1897



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Primo 13

The green and trailing hopvine, It winds along close to the ground. The young and lovely maiden, So sorrowful she seems! O listen, you green hopvine, Why do you not rise heavenwards? O listen, lovely maiden, Why is your heart so sad? How could the vine rise upwards Without a prop to lend it strength? How could the maid be happy When her dear love's away?



A little pretty bird took flight Into the garden fair, where fruit was plentiful. Were I a pretty little bird, I'd not delay, I'd do the same as he. Treacherous lime trap lies in wait; Poor little bird could not escape. Were I a pretty little bird, I'd think again, not do the same as he.

The bird it came into a maiden's hand, And there was safe, the lucky one. Were I a pretty little bird, I'd not delay, I'd do as he.



Primo 23

