

Text and Translations

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Voi avete un cor fedele

W.A. Mozart (1756–1791) is one of the most celebrated and influential composers in western music. A child prodigy, Mozart composed in every genre and style during his time and received acclaim with each one. “Voi avete un cor fedele” is one of many insert or concert arias composed by Mozart for singers to use in other operas and productions to suit their performance abilities. The use/origin of this piece is not fully known, but could easily be inserted into a number of works by Mozart’s contemporaries.

Voi avete un cor fedele

Voi avete un cor fedele,
Come amante appassionato:
Ma mio sposo dichiarato,
Che farete? Cangerete?
Dite, allora che sarà?
Manterrete fedeltà?
Ah! non credo.
Già prevedo,
Mi potreste corbellar.
Non ancora,
Non per ora,
Non mi vuò di voi fidar.

You have a faithful heart

You have a faithful heart
like a passionate lover
But my husband would say
What will he do? Will he change?
Tell me, what happens then?
Will you stay loyal?
Ah, I think not
I already foresee
That you will fool me
Not yet
Not right now
I’m not going to trust you.

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Joaquín Rodrigo

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999) was one of the most important Spanish composers of the 20th century. He is well known for his work with classical spanish guitar, incorporating the instrument into numerous works. Here, you can find the piano mimicking the soft plucking of the guitar in ¿Con qué la lavaré? and the bolder chords of the guitar vamp in ¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?
Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.
¿Con qué la lavaré,
que vivo mal penada?

With what shall I wash

With what shall I wash
the skin of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.
Married women wash
in lemon water:
in my grief I wash
in pain and sorrow.
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabelo,
vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un río
ví moza vírgo,
Niña en cabelo,
vos me habéis muerto.
Niña en cabelo
vos me matásteis,
vos me habéis muerto.

¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo!
¡Ah!
Bien sé yo de dónde.

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menean el aire.
De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga,
de ver cómo los menean el aire.
De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menean el aire.

You Killed Me

You killed me,
girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have killed me,
you have slain me.

Where hast thou been, my love?

Where hast thou been, my love?
I know well where.
Where hast thou been, my friend?
Were I a witness
ah!
I know well where!

I come from the poplars, mother

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.
From the poplars of Seville,
from seeing my sweet love,
from seeing the breezes stir them.
I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

Richard Strauss

Wie erkenn'ich mein Treulieb and Sechs Lieder, Op. 68

Strauss' Drei Lieder der Ophelia is inspired by Shakespeare's Ophelia from his play *Hamlet*. Drawing most from her descent into madness and downfall, the text here is taken and translated from the original play. Strauss' Op. 68 is known as his "Brentano Lieder," named for the poet Clemens Brentano. The pieces were later orchestrated by Strauss.

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.
Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein.
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.—O, ho!
Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern:
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,
Vor Liebesschauern.

How shall I know my true love

How shall I know my true love
From others now?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoes.
He is dead and long gone,
Dead and gone, lady!
At his head green grass,
At his feet a stone. O, ho!
On his shroud white as snow
Many sweet flowers mourn.
They'll go wet to the grave, alas,
Wet with love's showers.

An die Nacht

Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Sternengeschloss'ner Himmelsfriede!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden,
Alle Wunden
Bluten süß im Abendrot!
Bjelbog's Speer, Bjelbog's Speer
Sinkt in's Herz der trunknen Erde,
Die mit seliger Geberde
Eine Rose
In dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!
Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut,
züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet.
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

To the Night

Holy night, holy night!
Heavenly peace, encircled in stars!
All things divided by light,
Are united,
All our wounds
Bleed sweetly in the sunset!
Bielbog's spear, Bielbog's spear
Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth,
Which with a gesture of bliss
Immerses a rose
In the womb
Of darkened desire!
Holy night! chaste bride, chaste
bride!
Veil your sweet shame,
When the wedding-cup
Overflows.
Thus does day
Stream into fervent night!

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.
Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.
Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!
"Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"
Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.
Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

I meant to make you a posy

I meant to make you a posy,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be found,
Or I'd have brought you some.
Tears then flowed down my cheeks
Into the clover,
And now I saw a flower
That had sprung up in the garden.
I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do no hurt me!
Be kind in your heart,
Consider you own suffering,
And do not make me die
In torment before my time!'
And had it not spoken these words,
All alone in the garden,
I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.
My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Wie still ist's in der Welt,
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld,
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Und träum im Sternenschein,
Die Turteltaube girrte
Auch ihre Brut schon ein.
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!
Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?
Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen,
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
Wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;
O! wie selig kann der fliegen,
Den der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;
Schlaf, träume, flieg', ich wecke
Bald dich auf und bin beglückt!

Rustle, dear myrtle!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
How silent the world is,
The moon, that shepherd of the stars,
In the bright Elysian fields,
Already drives the herd of clouds
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
And dream in the starlight,
The turtledove has already cooed
Her brood to sleep.
Quietly the herd of clouds travel
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!
Do you hear the fountains murmur?
Do you hear the cricket chirping?
Hush, hush, let us listen,
Happy is he who dies while dreaming;
Happy he who is cradled by clouds,
While the moon sings a lullaby;
Ah, how happily he can fly,
Who takes flight in dreams,
So that from heaven's blue vault
He gathers stars as though they were flowers;
Sleep, dream, fly, I shall wake
You soon and be made happy!

Claude Debussy

Quatre Chansons de jeunesse

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) was one of the most prolific French impressionist composers of his time and was known to do whatever he could to be successful. This set of melodies was written earlier in Debussy's career and frequently references the clown figure of Pierrot and his associates.

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.
Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.
Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
Gulps down a bottle without delay
And, being practical, starts on a pie.
Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
Sheds an unnoticed tear

That rogue of a Harlequin schemes
How to abduct Colombine
And pirouettes four times.
Colombine dreams, amazed
To sense a heart in the breeze
And hear voices in her heart.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
—C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,

Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

Pierrot

Good old Pierrot, watched by the crowd,
Having done with Harlequin's wedding,
Drifts dreamily along the boulevard of the Temple.
A girl in a flowing blouse
Vainly leads him on with her teasing eyes;
And meanwhile, mysterious and sleek,
Cherishing him above all else,
The white moon with horns like a bull
Ogles her friend
Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy flowers,
drew from dying violets
white sobs that glided over the corollas' blue.
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness
that—without regret or bitter after-taste—
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's heart.
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving
stones,
when with sun-flecked hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's slumbers,
always allowing from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

Vincenzo Bellini

Oh, Quante volte?

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) adapted Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* into his own telling in the two act opera *Capuleti e i Montecchi*. Here, Giulietta laments the wedding preparations for her and her betrothed, Tebaldo and waits to be united with her true love, Romeo.

Oh quante volte?

Eccomi in lieta vesta...
Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara.
Oh! Almen potessi qual vittima cader
dell'ara al piede!
O nuziali tede, abborrite così fatali,
siate, ah, siate per me faci ferali.
Ardo... una vampa,
una foco tutta mi strugge.
Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano.
Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri?
Dove, inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?
Oh, quante volte, oh quante
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
e inganno il mio desir!
Raggio del tuo sembiante
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:
ah! l'aura che spira intorno
mi sembra un tuo sospir.

Oh, how many times?

Here I am in a cheerful attire...
Here I am adorned... like a victim on the altar.
Oh! If only I could as if wounded fall
from the altar to the floor!
Oh wedding candles, you abhor me, so fatal
you are, ah! You are the candles on my deathbed.
I burn... a flame,
a fire torments me.
I ask for a cool breeze, but in vain.
Where are you, Romeo? In which land?
Where, where should I send you my sighs?
Oh! How many times, oh, how many,
did I ask the heavens for you, crying!
With such fervour I wait for you,
but my desire is in vain!
The light of your presence
shines for me like daylight:
ah! The air that dances around me
reminds me of your breath.

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Richard Hundley

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Richard Hundley (1931-2018) is a celebrated American Art song composer. Displaying musical prowess on the piano at a young age, Hundley's compositions helped define the American Art Song genre during the 20th century. Set to Emily Dickinson's famous poem, this piece written for soprano soars and floats, mimicking the hopeful and determined spirit of Emily Dickinson and her writing.

Maury Yeston

Home

Maury Yeston (b. 1945) adapted Gaston Leroux's novel *The Phantom of the Opera* around the same time as Andrew Lloyd Webber's own famous adaptation. Yeston's musical tells the same basic story, with a deeper dive into the Phantom's backstory and connection to the Paris Opera House. Home is a culmination of the excitement and love of performing and music Christine and Erik share together.