

Texts and Translations

Thomas Arne

“O come, o come, my dearest”

This piece is about the strength of their love for their beloved and the importance of this love being reciprocated. William Pritchard’s text focuses all on this special person’s lips as it centers around the desire to kiss this person. The music for this piece is composed by Thomas Arne.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

“Deh, vieni, non tardar” from *Le nozze di Figaro*

Mozart composed this opera in 1786 and it premiered in Vienna that same year. This opera consists of four acts and was based on a stage comedy written in 1784 by Pierre Beaumarchais. In this aria, Susanna is disguised as the Countess and pretends to sing a love song to the Count, but she is singing it to Figaro who she knows is hiding nearby.

Deh, vieni, non tardar

Recitative:

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senz'affano
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Aria:

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,
finché non splende in ciel notturna face,
finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,
che col dolce susurro il corri staura.
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescia.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose.
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Ah, come, do not delay

Recitative:

The moment has arrived at last
that I will enjoy without worry
in the arms of my beloved.
Timid worries, get out of my heart,
do not come to disturb my pleasure!
Oh how the spirit of this place,
the earth and the sky, seem
to echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my secrecy!

Aria:

Ah, come! Do not delay, my handsome lover,
come where love calls you to enjoyment,
before the moon rises,
while the air is still dark and the world is quiet.
The stream murmurs here, the breeze plays here,
which the heart restores with sweet whispering.
Here the little flowers laugh and the grass is cool,
here everything entices you to the pleasures of love.
Come, my dearest, among the trees' shelter.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

Ottorino Respighi

Notte

Respighi composed this piece in 1905 using the text written by Ada Negri. At this time in his career, he was living in Bologna. In this piece, the song and lyrics are describing how beautiful the night is by describing the garden full of perfumed flowers, but there is a dark side to this song as it also depicts death.

Notte

Sul giardino fantastico
profumato di rosa
la carezza de l'ombra
Posa.
Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
la quiete suprema,
l'aria come per brivido
Trema.
La luttuosa tenebra
una storia di morte
racconta alle cardenie
Smorte.
Forse perché una pioggia
di soavi rugiade
entro i socchiusi petali
Cade
su l'ascolte miserie
e su l'ebbrezze perdute,
sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute
su le fugaci gioie
che il disinganno infrange
la notte le sue lacrime
piange.
Piange.

Night

On the fanciful garden
perfumed with roses
the caress of the shadow
Rests.
Yet it has a thought and a pulse
and the absolute stillness throbs,
the air, as if shivering,
Trembles.
The mournful darkness
tells a story of death
to the pale
Gardenias.
Perhaps it is because a shower
of gentle dew
within the half-closed petals
Falls
upon the hidden sorrows
and upon lost delights,
upon mute dreams and fears
Silent
upon the fleeting joys
that the disillusion shatters
that the night weeps
its tears.
Weeps.

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Ottorino Respighi

Nevicata

This is another beautiful piece composed by Respighi with another text by Ada Negri. The Italian title, “Nevicata”, translates to “snowfall”. This piece describes the delicacy and beauty of snowfall at certain moments, focusing on a single snowflake and describing its journey from the sky down to the ground.

Nevicata

Sui campi e sulle strade
silenziosa e lieve,
volteggiando, la neve
Cade.
Danza la falda bianca
ne l'ampio ciel scherzosa,
poi sul terren si posa
Stanca.
In mille immote forme
sui tetti e sui camini,
sui cippi e nei giardini
Dorme.
Tutto dintorno è pace:
chiuso in oblio profondo,
indifferente il mondo
Tace...
Ma ne la calma immensa
torna ai ricordi il core,
e ad un sopito amore
Pensa.

Snowfall

On the fields and in the streets
silent and light,
circling, the snow
Falls.
The white snowflake dances
in the wide sky jokingly,
then settles on the ground
Tired.
In a thousand motionless shapes
on the rooftops and on the paths,
on the stone markers and in the gardens
It sleeps.
Everything around is peaceful:
closed in a profound oblivion,
the indifferent world
Is silent...
But in the immense calmness
the heart returns to memories,
and ponders
On a faded love.

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Gabriel Fauré

Fleur jetée

This piece is composed by Gabriel Fauré to the text of Armand Silvestre. A romantic yet intensely sad piece about the loss of love once had. Silvestre compares love to a flower whereby its fading of color symbolizes the loss of love.

Fleur jetée

Emporte ma folie
au gré du vent,
fleur en chantant cueillie
et jetée en rêvant.
Emporte ma folie
au gré du vent!
Comme la fleur fauchée
périt l'amour:
la main qui t'a touchée
fuit ma main sans retour.
Que le vent qui te sèche
o pauvre fleur,
tout à l'heure si fraîche
et demain sans couleur.
Que le vent qui te sèche,
sèche mon cœur!

Discarded Flower

Carry my folly away
at the whim of the wind,
flower, picked while singing
and discarded while dreaming.
Carry my folly away
at the whim of the wind!
Like a flower scythed down,
the love perishes:
the hand that touched you
shuns my hand forever.
May the wind that withers you,
oh poor flower,
a short time ago so fresh
and tomorrow faded.
May the wind that withers you,
wither my heart!

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Pauline Viardot

Solitude

Viardot began as a singer but eventually shifted to composition and vocal technique, for which she is now best known. This melancholy piece is about love and reflection.

Solitude

La primevère mourante
aspirait la brise errante,
et le printemps de retour
berçait d'un souffle de rose
le nid où l'oiseau repose,
quand je vins rêver d'amour:
Et l'image accoutumée
de ma jeune bien-aimée,
aussi belle qu'un beau jour,
glissait, comme une ombre douce,
parmi les fleurs et la mousse,
quand je vins rêver d'amour.
Adieu ville aux bruits sans nombre!
La campagne fraîche et sombre,
voilà mon dernier séjour;
pauvre oiseau de la vallée,
je reviens chercher l'allée
qui me fait rêver d'amour.

Solitude

The dying primrose
inhaled the wandering breeze,
and the returning spring
lulled by a breath of the rose,
the nest where the bird rests,
when I came to dream of love:
and the familiar image
of my young beloved,
as lovely as a beautiful day,
glided like a soft shadow,
among the flowers and the moss,
when I came to dream of love.
Farewell, town filled with noise!
the countryside cool and dark,
this is my last dwelling place;
poor bird of the valley,
I return, looking for the way
that will make me dream of love.

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Reynaldo Hahn

L'Énamourée

The text for this piece was composed by Reynaldo and written by Théodore Faullin de Banville. In this song, my beloved has passed away. Even though they are gone, through my love, they come alive again just for a moment.

L'Énamourée

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
que tu rêves, morte encore,
sous la pierre d'une tombe:
non, tu vis que je t'adore!
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore!
Tu t'éveilles ranimée,
o pensive bien-aimée!
Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
dans la brise qui murmure,
je caresse tes longs voiles,
ta mouvante chevelure,
et tes ailes demi-closes
qui voltigent sur les roses.
O délices! Je respire
tes divines tresses blondes;
ta voix pure, cette lyre,
suit la vague sur les ondes,
et, suave, les effleure,
comme un cygne qui se pleure!

My Beloved

If they say, my dove,
that, although you are dead, you still dream,
beneath the headstone of a grave:
no, you saw that I adore you!
But for the soul which adores you!
You awaken reanimated,
oh thoughtful beloved!
Through the sleepless star filled night,
in the breeze which murmurs,
I caress your long veils,
your flowing hair
and your wings half-closed
which flutter among the roses.
Oh delights! I breathe in
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, this lyre,
follows the swell across the waters
and softly touches them,
like a swan weeping!

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Lady Dean Paul Poldowski

L'Heure Exquise

This piece is about two lovers under the night sky simply wanting to be together in this moment and never wanting it to end. It reflects a valuable ideal of living in the moment and appreciating everything around us. This was one of many of Lady Dean Paul Poldowski's compositions to a Paul Verlaine text.

L'Heure Exquise

La lune blanche
luit dans les bois;
de chaque branche
part une voix
sous la ramée.
Ô bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
profond miroir,
la silhouette
du saule noir
où le vent pleure.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
apaisement
semble descendre
du firmament
que l'astre irise.
C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite Hour

The white moon
gleams in the woods;
from every branch
there comes a voice
beneath the boughs.
O my beloved.
The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping.
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
consolation
seems to fall
from the sky
the moon illumines...
Exquisite hour.

from Richard Stokes, A French Song Companion © 2000

Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Schneeglöckchen

This piece is composed by Erich Wolfgang Korngold and the text is by Théodore Faullin de Banville. In English, the title of this piece translates to “snowdrop” or “snowflakes”, (similar to the earlier piece “Nevicata”). In this piece, Banville poetically portrays the falling of snow as being peaceful and quiet.

Schneeglöckchen

‘S war doch wie ein leises Singen
in dem Garten heute Nacht,
wie wenn laue Lüfte gingen:
“süße Glöcklein, nun erwacht;
denn die warme Zeit wir bringen,
eh’s noch jemand hat gedacht.”
‘S war kein Singen, s’war ein Küssen,
rührt die stillen Glöcklein sacht,
dass sie alle tönen müssen
von der künft’gen bunten Pracht!
Ach, sie konnten’s nicht erwarten,
aber weiß vom letzten Schnee
war noch immer Feld und Garten,
und sie sanken um vor Weh.
So schon manche Dichter streckten
sangesmüde sich hinab,
und der Frühling, den sie weckten,
rauschet über ihrem Grab.

Snowdrop

It was like a gentle singing
in the garden last night,
as when warm breezes blow:
“sweet little bells, wake up now;
for we bring the warm time,
sooner than anyone had expected.”
It was not singing but kissing,
that gently moved the silent little bells,
they all began to ring
foreshadowing their future colorful splendor!
Ah, they could not wait for it,
but the field and garden were still,
white from the last snow,
and in pain they sank to the ground.
And so have many poets stretched
themselves out, tired from singing,
and the spring that awakened them,
blows over their grave.

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Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Liebesbriefchen

The third piece by Korngold is about long-distance love. “Liebesbriefchen” means “love letters”, like the love letter the singer is singing to their sweetheart. The text to this piece was written by Elisabeth Honold.

Liebesbriefchen

Fern von dir denk’ ich dein, Kindelein,
einsam bin ich, doch mir blieb treue Lieb’.
Was ich denk’, bist nur, nur du, Herzensruh.
Sehe stets hold und licht dein Gesicht.
Und in mir immer zu tönest du.
Bist’s allein, die die Welt mir erhellt.
Ich bin dein, Liebchen fein, denke mein, denk’ mein!

Love letters

Far from you, I think of you, little child,
I am alone, but I still have true love.
What is on my mind is only, only you, my heart’s rest.
I always see your lovely, bright face before me.
And you still resonate sympathetically in me.
You are the one who illuminates the world for me.
I am yours, fine sweetheart, think of me, think of me!

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Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Sommer

“Summer” (the English meaning of the song’s title “Sommer”) is written by Siegfried Trebitsch. This beautiful description of summer is what this final piece composed by Korngold is about.

Sommer

Unter spärlich grünen Blättern,
unter Blumen, unter Blüten
hör’ ich fern die Amsel schmettern
und die kleinen Drossel wüten.
Auch ein Klingen fein und leise,
schneller Tage schneller Grüße,
eine wehe Sommerweise,
schwer von einer letzten Süße.
Und ein glühendes Verbrennen
schwebt auf heißen Windeswellen,
taumelnd glaub’ ich zu erkennen
ungeschriener Schreie gellen.
Und ich sitze still und bebe,
fühle meine Stunden rinnen,
und ich halte still und lebe,
während Träume mich umspinnen.

Summer

Among sparse green leaves,
among flowers, among tree blossoms
I hear the blackbird sing in the distance
and the raging of the little thrush.
Also the subtle, soft sound
of shorter days and quicker greetings,
it is a woeful summer melody,
heavy with a final sweetness.
And a glowing burning
hovers on the hot waves of the wind,
reeling, I believe I can make out
unuttered shrieking screams.
And I sit quietly and tremble,
feel my hours run by,
and I and my life come to a standstill,
while dreams spin around me.

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Mike Velarde, Jr.**Dahil Sa Iyo**

This song was initially written for a movie in 1938 and was first sung by Rogelio de la Rosa. A later version with English-Tagalog lyrics released in 1964, saw great success in the United States. This is a moving song about the profound impact a loved one can have on someone's life.

Dahil Sa Iyo

Sa buhay ko'y labis,
Ang hirap at pasakit
Ng pusong umiibig
mandin ay walang langit.
At nang lumigaya,
hinango mo sa dusa.
Tanging Ikaw Sinta
Ang akingpagasa.
Dahil sa iyo,
nais kong mabuhay.
Dahil Sa iyo,
hanggang mamatay.
Dapat mong tantuin,
wala nang ibang giliw.
Puso ko'y tanungin,
ikaw at ikaw rin.
Dahil sa iyo,
ako'y lumigaya.
Pagmamahal ay alayan ka.
Kung tunay man ako
Ay alipinin mo,
ang lahat sa buhay ko'y
dahil sa iyo.

Because of you

In my life there's a surplus,
of pain and suffering
of a heart that loves
yet there is no heaven.
I became happy,
when you rescued me from the grief.
only you, my love
are my only hope
Because of you,
I yearn to live.
Because of you,
until I die.
You should realize,
there's no one else that I love.
Ask my heart,
it's you and you alone.
Because of you,
I've become happy.
All my love I offer you
Just so you know I'm true
make me your servant,
everything in my life is
because of you.

Ernani Cuenco

Gaano Ko Ikaw Kamahal

This song was composed by Ernani Cuenco. It is sung in Tagalog and is about a strong love that lasts forever.

Gaano Ko Ikaw Kamahal

Ikaw lamang ang aking iibigin magpakailanman.
Ang pag-ibig ko sa iyo ay tunay,
Nais ko sanang patunayan!
Huwag ka nang mag-alinlangan!
Ang pag-ibig ko'y hindi kukupas
Tulad din ng umagang may pag-asang sumisikat
Ang ating buhay maikli aking Hirang,
Kung kaya kailangan
ang pagsuyong wagas kailanman.
Ang sumpa ko sa iyo ay asahan.

Ikaw lamang ang aking iibigin magpakailanman.
Ang pag-ibig ko'y hindi kukupas,
Tulad din ng umagang may pag-asang sumisikat
Ang ating buhay maikli aking Hirang,
Kung kaya kailangan
Ang pagsuyong wagas kailanman.
Ang sumpa ko sa iyo'y asahan.
Ikaw lamang ang aking iibigin magpakailanman.
Ang sumpa ko sa iyo'y asahan.
Ikaw lamang ang aking iibigin magpakailanman.

How Much I Love You

It is you and you alone that I will love forever.
My feelings for you are genuine,
and I would like so much to show you that they are real!
Do not doubt them!
My love for you will never fade away with time,
as it is like the sun we wait for in the morning.
Our lives are short my chosen one,
and that is why I pledge to you
that my love for you is pure and eternal.
I vow to always be a promise of hope for you.

It is you and you alone that I will love forever.
My love for you will never fade away with time,
as it is like the sun we wait for in the morning.
Our lives are short my chosen one,
and that is why I pledge to you
that my love for you is pure and eternal.
I vow to always be a promise of hope for you.
It is you and you alone that I will love forever.
I vow to always be a promise of hope for you.
It is you and you alone that I will love forever.

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Leo Friedman

Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland

This piece was composed by Leo Friedman and the words are by Beth Slater Wilson. This was an incredibly popular and beloved song in the early 20th century. It is about going to a magical place where anything is possible, and your dreams come true.

Jodi Goble

Song in Air

This song cycle is by Jodi Goble with all the text set by Yone Noguchi. This piece describes how beautiful, magical, and strong women are. Noguchi describes women as a “rainbow” and without women, the world would be lost.

Ben Moore

See How a Flower Blossoms

This piece is one with a very inspiring message about how we as people should live our lives. Written and composed by Ben Moore, he uses the life of a flower as a valuable lesson for sharing this message. He poetically speaks about the courage a flower has in blossoming despite its short life and says we should live our lives with that same courage.

Ben Moore

Lake Isle of Innisfree

This is another composition by Ben Moore and was set to the words written by poet William Butler Yeats. Yeats paints a beautiful picture of this place and effectively describes its various sounds, and it allows anyone listening to this piece or reading the poem to imagine themselves there. Ben Moore's music adds to the depiction of beauty and calmness of this place.

Ben Moore

On Music

This last piece of music was written and composed by Ben Moore. In this song, he tells us that no matter who we are, or where we come from, or what we are going through, music brings us together.