

Texts and Translations

George Frideric Handel

“Svegliatevi Nel Core” from *Giulio Cesare*

Svegliatevi Nel Core

Vani sono i lamenti;
e tempo, o Sesto, omai di vendicare il padre;
si svegli alla vendetta l'anima neghittosa,
che offesa da un tiranno invan reposa.

Svegliatevi nel core, furie d'un alma offesa,
a far d'un traditor aspra vendetta!

L'ombra del genitore accorre a mia difesa
e dice: a te il rigor figlio si aspetta.

Awaken in my heart

(In)- vain are the laments
it-is time, oh Sesto, now to avenge your father;
let the vengeance of your idle soul be awakened,
a soul that takes no notice of being wronged by a tyrant

Awaken in my heart, the furies of a wronged soul,
to wreak severe vengeance upon the traitor!

My father's ghost hastens to my defense
and says: one expects such severity of you my son.

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Maurice Ravel

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

Chanson de la mariée

Reveille-toi, reveille-toi perdrix mignonne, ah!
Ouvre Matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

The Song of the Bride

Wake up, wake up, partridge pretty, ah!
Open to- the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks-my heart from them is ablaze!
See the ribbon of-gold that I bring you,
for the tie round your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, come we shall-marry!
In our two families, all are related by marriage!

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La-bas, vers l'église

La-bas vers l'église
Vers l'église Ayio Sidero
L'église, ô Vierge Sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont reunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus brave!

Down there by the church

Down there by the Church,
by the Church of Saint Sideros,
the church, or Holy Virgin.
the church of Saint Constantine,
they are gathered,
buried in infinite numbers,
of-the world, oh Virgin saint,
the bravest people in the world!

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Quel Galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What gallant can compare with me

What gallant can compare with me,
among those one sees passing by?
Tell, lady Vassiliki!

See, hanging on my belt,
pistols and a curved sword...
And it is you whom I love!

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Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon ame,
Joie de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Helas! tous nos pauvres coeurs soupirent!

The song of the Lentisk gatherers

Oh joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
treasure which to me is so dear,
joy of the soul and of the heart,
you whom I love passionately,
you are more beautiful than an angel.

Oh when you appear, angel so sweet
before our eyes,
like a beautiful angel blond,
beneath the bright sun,
Alas! all our poor hearts sigh!

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Tout gai!

Tout gai, gai! Ha, tout gai!

Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe la vaisselle danse,
Tra la lai...

All are happy!

All are happy, happy! Ah, all are happy!

Beautiful leg, tirela, which dance,
Beautiful leg; the dishes are-dancing!
Tra la lai!

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Franz Schubert

Four Canziones

Non t'accostar all'urna

Non t'accostar all'urna,
Che l'osse mio rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
E sacra al mio dolor.

Ricuso i tuoi giacinti;
Non voglio i tuoi giaciniti;
Che giovano agli estinti
Due lagrime o due fior?

Empia! Dovevi allora
Porgermi un fil d'aita,
Quando traeva la vita
In grembo dei sospir.

A che d'intuil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

Do not approach the urn

Do not approach the urn,
That encloses my bones/ashes,
this holy ground
is sacred to my sorrow.

I refuse the your hyacinths;
not want-I the your tears
What use-are to-the dead
two tears or two flowers?

Wicked-one! Should you then
have offered me a thread of help,
when my life was pulled
into the womb of sighing.

For what with-useless crying
Why do you deafen the forest?
Respect a ghost sad,
and let it sleep.

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Guarda che bianca luna!

Guarda che bianca luna!
Guarda che notte azzurra!
Un'aura non susurra,
Non tremola uno stel.

L'usignoletto solo
Va dalla siepe all'orno,
E sospirando intorno
Chiama la sua fedel.

Ella, che il sente appena,
Vien di fronda in fronda,
E pare che gli dica,
Non piangere: son qui.

Che gemiti son questi,
Mai tu non sapesti
respondermi così!

Look how white the moon!

Look how white the moon!
Look how blue the night!
Not a breeze whispers,
not a branch trembles.

Only the nightingale
flies from the hedge to the ash,
and sighing all around,
it calls its faithful mate.

She, who barely hears him,
comes flying from branch to branch
and it seems she says to him,
do not weep: I am here.

Such laments!
Ah, you never could
respond to me like that!

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Da quel sembiante appresi

Da quel sembiante appresi
A sospirand' amore
Sempre per quel sembiante
Sospirero d'amore.

La face a cui m'accesi
Solo m'alletta e piace,
E fredda ogn'altra face
Per riscaldarmi il cuore.

From that face I learned

From that face I learned
to sigh for love,
Always for that face
I shall sigh with love.

The flame which has enflamed my heart
Alone can charm and please me,
And all other flames are too cold
to warm my heart.

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Mio ben ricordati

Mio ben ricordati,
Se avvien, ch'io mora:
Quanto quest'anima
Fedel t'amo.

E se pur amano
Le fredde ceneri;
Nell'urna ancora
T'adorero

Remember, my beloved

Remember, my beloved,
If I should happen to die
How much faithful my soul
Loved you.

And if too they love
And if cold ashes can love;
in the urn still
I shall still adore you in death

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Hector Berlioz

Sur les Lagunes

Sur les Lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! Sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!

On the Lagoons

My beautiful love is dead,
I shall weep forever;
into the tomb, she takes
my soul and my love.
To the heaven, without waiting for me
she has returned;
the angel who took her away
did wish not me to take.
How my fate is bitter!
Ah! Without love to go upon the sea!

La blanche creature
Est couchée au cercueil;
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! Sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul,
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! Comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!

The white creature
is lying in the coffin
how in the nature
all to me seems in mourning!
The dove forsaken
weeps and dreams of the absent
my soul weeps and feels
that it is incomplete
How my fate is bitter!
Ah! Without love to go upon the sea!

Above me the night immense
is-spread like a shroud,
I sing my song
that the heaven hears alone.
Ah! how she was beautiful,
And how I loved her!
I will not love ever
a woman as much as her.
How my fate is bitter!
Ah! without love to go upon the sea!

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Ned Rorem

Early in the Morning

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor cafe,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And cafe au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue Francois Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray,
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away.
Under greenery like scary,
Rue François Premier.
I was twenty and a lover And in
Paradise to stay,
Very Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Ned Rorem

Love

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds my eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone.
He will be partner to my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be.

Manuel de Falla

Siete Canciones populares Españolas

Al Paño Moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Por qué perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the shop,
a spot fell;
it sells for less,
because it has lost value.
Ay!

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Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!

Seguidilla from Murcia

Anyone whose roof
is made of glass,
should not throw stones!
at the neighbor.
Travelers we may be:
in our travels
we may meet!
Because you are so fickle
I compare you
to a coin that passes
from hand to hand;
that it's image is erased
and believing it false
no one takes it!

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Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrímeme a un pino verde.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Asturian girl

In order to console myself.
I leaned against a green pine tree

Seeing me, it cried.
And the pine was green.
Seeing me, it cried.

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Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de ti,
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

Folk Dance

They say that we aren't in love
because they don't see us speaking
our hearts
they should ask.

Now I leave,
your house and window,
and even though your mother may not like it.
Goodbye, girl, until tomorrow.
Even though your mother may not like it..

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Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita, nana.

Lullaby

Sleep you, boy, sleep
Sleep, my soul,
Sleep you, little bright star
of the morning
Little lullaby, lullaby

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Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
“Del aire,”
Niña, el mirarlos.
“Madre a la orilla, Madre.”

Song

Because your eyes are betrayers,
I am going to bury them;
you don't know what it costs.
“Have mercy,”
girl, to look into your eyes.
Mother, to the shore, mother.”

Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido
Váyase lo ganado,
“Del aire,”
Por lo perdido.
“Madre a la orilla, Madre.”

They say that you don't love me,
you have already loved me
the gains outweigh,
“Have mercy,”
the losses.
“Mother to the shore, mother.”

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Polo

¡Ay! Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya, ¡Ay!
¡Y quien me lo dio a entender!
¡Ay!

Polo

Ay! I keep one, ay!
I keep a sadness in my bosom,
Ay!
I can tell no one about it!

Damn love!
And who has made me understand it!
Ay!

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