

Texts and Translations

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Clara Schumann

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.*

*Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.*

*Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!*

Sie liebten sich beide

*Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.*

*Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum.*

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

They Loved One Another

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

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Liebeszauber

*Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.*

*Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;*

*Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höhn,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getöse.*

*Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.*

*Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.*

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

*Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.*

*Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.*

*Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen
Still in die Welt hinaus.*

Love's Magic

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

The moon rises silently

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
In beauty and splendour.

Many thousand loving thoughts
From many faithful minds
Sway on the breezes
Over those who slumber.

And down in the valley
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

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Reynaldo Hahn

d'Une Prison

*Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.*

*La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.*

*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.*

*Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?*

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

*Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.*

*Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.*

*Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.*

From a Prison

The sky above the roof –
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

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Ben Moore

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Stephen Sondheim

I Remember

from Evening Primrose

I remember sky
It was blue as ink
Or at least I think
I remember sky.
I remember snow
Soft as feathers
Sharp as thumb tacks
Coming down like lint

And it made you squint
When the wind would blow.
And ice like vinyl
On the streets
Cold as silver
White as sheets
Rain like strings
And changing things
Like leaves.

I remember leaves
Green as spearmint
Crisp as paper.
I remember trees
Bare as coat racks
Spread like broken umbrellas.

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And parks and bridges,
Ponds and zoos,
Ruddy faces,
Muddy shoes,
Light and noise and
Bees and boys
And days.

I remember days,
Or at least I try.
But as years go by
They're sort of haze,
And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky.

Losing My Mind from *Follies*

The sun comes up, I think about you.
The coffee cup, I think about you.
I want you so, it's like I'm losing my mind.
The morning ends, I think about you.
I talk to friends, and think about you,
And do they know, it's like I'm losing my mind.

All afternoon, doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright.
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor
Not going left, not going right.

I dim the lights, and think about you.
Spend sleepless nights, and think about you.
You said you loved me, or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?

I want you so, it's like I'm losing my mind.
Does no one know, it's like I'm losing my mind.

Texts and Translations

Eric Whitacre **This Marriage**

May these vows and this marriage be blessed.
May it be sweet milk,
This marriage, like wine and halvah.
May this marriage offer fruit and shade
Like the date palm.
May this marriage be full of laughter,
Our every day a day in paradise.
May this marriage be a sign of compassion,
A seal of happiness here and hereafter.
May this marriage have a fair face and a good name,
An omen as welcomes the moon in a clear blue sky.
I am out of words to describe
How spirit mingles in this marriage.

Peter C. Lutkin **The Lord Bless You and Keep You**

The Lord bless you and keep you,
The Lord lift His countenance upon you,
And give you peace, and give you peace,
The Lord make His face to shine upon you,
And be gracious unto you, be gracious,
The Lord be gracious, gracious unto you.
Amen