

Texts and Translations

Giachino Rossini

Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti

Meow.

Franz Grothe

Zauberlicht die Nacht

from *Die schwedische Nachtigall*

Zauberlicht die Nacht

*Nachtigall! Nachtigall!
Der alte Park is still und liegt in tiefer Ruh'
Leise geht die Nacht durch den Wald!
Noch hält des Mondes Licht die Augen alle zu,
bis den alllen Tages Schrittverhalt!*

*Da geht ein Raunen durch die Luft und horch,
von fern erklingt das Lied der Nachtigall!*

*Zauberlied die Nacht! Stimme der Natur!
Deine Melodie klingt so süß an mein Ohr!
Zauberlied der Nacht! Stimme der Natur!
Deine Töne fliegen zum Himmel empor!*

*Es singth die Nachtigall mit glocken reinem Schlag
Liebeslieder zärtlich und süß;
mit ihrer Jubel Hymne an den neuen Tag
führt su uns den Weg ins Paradies!*

*Schließ deine Augen und hör zu!
Du fühlst, dein herz ist voll musik!*

Magic Light of the Night

Nightingale! Nightingale!
The odl part is quiet and lies in deep silence
The night goes through the forest softly!
The moonlight still holds all eyes closed,
until the old days behavior arrives!

A whisper goes through the air and listen
in the distance rings the song of the Nightingale.

Magical song of the night! Voice of nature!
Your melody sounds so sweet in my ear!
Magical song of the night! Voice of nature!
Your notes fly to the sky!

The nightingal sings with a clear bell sound
lovesongs gentle and sweet;
with its cheering hymn into the new day,
guiding us on the path to paradise!

Close your eyes and listen!
You feel your heart is full of music!

Edvard Grieg

from *Sechs Lieder, Op. 48*

Die Verschwiegene Nachtigall

*Unter den Linden, An der Haide,
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
Da mögt ihr finden, Wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,
Tandaradei!
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.*

The Secretive Nightingale

Under the lime trees, By the heath
Where I sat with my beloved,
There you may find, How both of us
Crushed the flowers and grass.
Outside the wood, with a sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
The nightingale sang in the valley.

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*Ich kam gegangen, Zu der Aue,
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen Als hehre Fraue,
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!*

*Wie ich da ruhte,
Wüßt' es einer,
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute
Herzte, keiner
Erfahre das als er und ich—
Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.*

I came walking, To the meadow,
My beloved arrived before me.
I was received As a noble lady,
Which still fills me with bliss.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew
How I lay there,
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.
How my darling hugged me,
No one shall know
But he and I—
And a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a word.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder.

Kurt Weill

The Lonesome Dove

from *Down in the Valley*

Oh, don't you see that lonesome dove
That flies from vine to vine,
She's mourning for her own true love
Like I will mourn for mine.

Like I will mourn for mine, my love,
Believe me what I say,
You are the darling of my heart
Until my dying day.

I wish I were some distant place
Or on some distant shore,
Or down in some low valley place
Where the wild beast howl and roar.

Where the wild beast howl and roar, my love,
Believe me what I say,
You are the darling of my heart
Until my dying day.

Texts and Translations

Franz Schubert

Selecions from *Winterreise*

Frühlingstraum

*Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.*

*Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrieen die Raben vom Dach.*

*Doch an den Fensterscheiben
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?*

*Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.*

*Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.*

*Die Augen schliess' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?*

Dream of Spring

I dreamt of bright flowers
that blossom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows
and merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed
my eyes awoke:
it was cold and dark,
ravens cawed from the roof.

But there, on the window panes,
who had painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of mutual love,
of a lovely maiden,
of embracing and kissing,
of joy and rapture.

And when the cocks crowed
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone
and reflect upon my dream.

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats so warmly.
Leaves on my window, when will you turn green?
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

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Die Krähe

*Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen*

*Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?*

The Crow

A crow has come with me
from the town,
and to this day
has been flying ceaselessly about my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
to seize my body as prey?

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*Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehen
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!*

Well, I do not have much further to walk
with my staff.
Crow, let me at last see
faithfulness unto the grave.

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Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II **The Lonely Goatherd** from *The Sound of Music*

High on a hill was a lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo
Folks in a town that was quite remote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Lusty and clear from the goatherd's throat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

O ho lay dee odl lee o, o ho lay dee odl ay
O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl lee o lay

A prince on the bridge of a castle moat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Men on a road with a load to tote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo
Men in the midst of a table d'hote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Men drinking beer with the foam afloat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

O ho lay dee odl lee o, o ho lay dee odl ay
O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl lee o lay

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo
Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo

What a duet for a girl and goatherd
O ho lay dee odl lee o, o ho lay dee odl ay
O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl lee o lay

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Happy are they lay dee olay dee lee o
Soon the duet will become a trio
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo
Odl lay ee, old lay ee
Odl lay hee hee, odl lay ee
Odl lay odl lay, odl lay odl lee, odl lay odl lee
Odl lay odl lay odl lay

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Sing for Your Supper
from *The Boys from Syracuse*

Hawks and crows do lots of things
But the canary only sings.
She is a courtesan on wings
So I've heard.

Eagles and storks are twice as strong.
All the canary knows is song.
But the canary gets along
Gilded bird!

Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast.
Songbirds always eat,
If their song is sweet to hear.

Sing for your lunch-eon
and you'll get dinner
Dine with wine of choice
If romance is in your voice.

I heard from a wise canary,
Trilling makes a fellow willing.
So little swallow, swallow now.

Now is the time to sing for your supper
and you'll get breakfast.
Song birds are not dumb.
They don't buy a crumb of bread, it's said,
So sing and you'll be fed.

Texts and Translations

Richard B. Sherman and Robert M. Sherman

Feed the Birds

from *Mary Poppins*

Early each day to the steps of Saint Paul's
The little old bird woman comes
In her own special way to the people
She calls, "Come, buy my bags full of crumbs"

"Come feed the little birds, show them you care
And you'll be glad if you do
Their young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare
All it takes is tuppence from you"

"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag
Feed the birds", that's what she cries
While overhead, her birds fill the skies

All around the cathedral, the saints and apostles
Look down as she sells her wares
Although you can't see it, you know they are smiling
Each time someone shows that he cares

Though her words are simple and few
"Listen, listen", she's calling to you
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag"

Stephen Schwartz

Meadowlark

from *The Baker's Wife*

When I was a girl, I had a favourite story
Of the meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind
Her voice could match the angels' in its glory
But she was blind
The lark was blind

The king of the rivers took her to his palace
Where the walls were burnished bronze and golden braid
And he fed her fruit and nuts from an ivory chalice and he prayed

"Sing for me, my meadowlark
Sing for me of the silver morning
Set me free, my meadowlark

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And I'll buy you a priceless jewel
And cloth of brocade and crewel
And I'll love you for life if you will
Sing for me."

Than one day as the lark sang by the water
The god of the sun heard her in his flight
And her singing moved him so, he came and brought her
The gift of sight
He gave her sight
And she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the splendour
Of this beautiful young god, so proud and strong
And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and tender

"Come along
Fly with me, my meadowlark
Fly with me on the silver morning
Past the sea where the dolphins bark
We will dance on the coral beaches
Make a feast of the plums and peaches
Just as far as your vision reaches
Fly with me."

But the meadowlark said no
For the old king loved her so
She couldn't bear to wound his pride
So the sun god flew away and when the king came down that day
He found his meadowlark had died
Every time I heard that part I cried

And now I stand here, starry-eyed and stormy
Oh, just when I thought my heart was finally numb
A beautiful young man appears before me
Singing "Come
Oh, won't you come?"
And what can I do if finally for the first time
The one I'm burning for returns the glow?
If love has come at last it's picked the worst time
Still I know
I've got to go

Fly away, meadowlark
Fly away in the silver morning
If I stay, I'll grow to curse the dark
So it's off where the days won't bind me
I know I leave wounds behind me
But I won't let tomorrow find me back this way

Before my past once again can blind me
Fly away
And we won't wait to say goodbye
My beautiful young man and I