

Texts and Translations

Johann Sebastian Bach

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen

*Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,
Und wir wollen unserm Gott
Gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen,
Dass er uns in Kreuz und Not
Allezeit hat beigestanden.*

Shout for joy to God in every land!
All the creatures contained
in heaven and earth
must exalt his glory,
and to our God we would
now likewise bring an offering
since in affliction and distress
at all times he has stood by us.

Translation © Francis Browne

Gabriel Fauré

La lune blanche

*La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...*

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

Ô bien aimée.

O my beloved.

*L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...*

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

*Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...*

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite hour.

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Gabriel Fauré

Notre amour

*Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!*

*Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!*

*Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!*

*Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.*

*Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!*

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

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Reynaldo Hahn

Le rossignol des lilas

*Ô premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!*

*Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encor, divin petit être!
Ô premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!*

The nightingale among the lilac

O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window,
How sweet to recognise your voice!
There is no song like yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,
Trill away, divine little being!
O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window!

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*Nocturne ou matinal, combien
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,
Ô premier rossignol qui viens!*

Night or morning—O how
Your love-song strikes to my heart!
Such ardour re-awakens in me
Echoes of April days long past,
O first nightingale to appear!

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Richard Strauss

Die Nacht

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!*

*Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.*

*Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.*

*Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.*

Night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

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Hugo Wolf

Er ist's

*Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.*

Spring is here

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

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*Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!*

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

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Igor Stravinsky ***No Word from Tom***

No word from Tom
Has love no voice, can love not keep
A Maytime vow in cities?
Fades it as the rose
cut for a rich display?
Forgot! But no, to weep is not enough
He needs my help
Love hears, Love knows
Love answers him across the silent miles, and goes.

Quietly, night
O find him and caress
And may thou quiet find
His heart, although it be unkind
Nor may its beat confess
Although I weep,
It knows, it knows of loneliness
Guide me, O moon
Chastely when I depart
And warmly be the same
He watches without grief or shame
It cannot, cannot be thou art
A colder moon, a colder moon upon a colder heart

My father! Can I desert him
And his devotion for a love who has deserted me?
No, my father has strength of purpose
While Tom is weak and needs the comfort of a helping hand
O God, protect dear Tom, support my father, and strengthen my resolve

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I go, I go to him
Love cannot falter
Cannot desert
Though it be shunned
Or be forgotten
Though it be hurt
If Love be love
It will not alter
O should I see
My love in need
It shall not matter
What he may be
I go, I go to him
Love cannot falter
Cannot desert
Cannot falter
Cannot desert
Time cannot alter
Cannot alter
A loving heart
An ever-loving heart

Leonard Bernstein

I Hate Music

I. My Name Is Barbara

My mother says that babies come in bottles;
but last week she said they grew on special baby-bushes.
I don't believe in the storks, either!
They're all in the zoo, busy with their own babies!
And what's a baby-bush, anyway!?
My name is Barbara.

II. Jupiter Has Seven Moons

Jupiter has seven moons or is it nine?
Saturn has a million, billion, trillion sixty-nine;
And ev'ry one is a little sun, with six little moons of its own!
But we have only one!
Just think of all the fun we'd have if there were nine!
Then we could be just nine times more romantic!
Dogs would bay 'til they were frantic!
we'd have nine tides in the Atlantic!
The man in the moon would be gigantic!
But we have only one! Only one!

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III. I Hate Music!

I hate music!
But I like to sing: la dee da da dee; la dee da dee.
But that's not music, not what I call music.
No, sir. Music is a lot of men in a lot of tails, making lots of noise like a lot of females;
Music is a lot of folks in a big dark hall, where they really don't want to be at all;
with a lot of chairs and a lot of airs, and a lot of furs and diamonds!
Music is silly! I hate music!
But I like to sing: la dee da da dee: la dee da dee: la dee da dee.

V. I'm a Person Too

I just found out today that I'm a person too, like you:
I like balloons; lots of people like balloons:
But ev'ryone says, "Isn't she cute? She likes balloons!"
I'm a person too, like you!
I like things that ev'ryone likes:
I like soft things and movies and horses and warm things and red things: don't you?
I have lots of thoughts; like what's behind the sky;
and what's behind what's behind the sky:
But ev'ryone says, "Isn't she sweet? She wants to know ev'rything!"
Don't you?
Of course I'm very young to be saying all these things
in front of so many people like you; but I'm a person too!
Though I'm only ten years old; I'm a person too, like you!

Frank Bridge

Love went a-riding

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode . . .
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
"Stay here with us, King of Kings!"
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."