

Texts and Translations

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Op. 129

Franz Schubert composed *Der Hirt Auf Dem Felsen* (*Shepherd on the Rock*) in 1830. There is evidence of musical influence from composers such as Rossini, Mozart, and Handel throughout the piece. Inspiration from the Italian musical style of Rossini's writing can be found in this piece, especially in the final Allegretto section in the scalar, melismatic passages written for both the soprano and clarinet. Handel's influence is seen in the piano introduction, where the pianist plays double-dotted D's. The inclusion of the clarinet in this piece is rumored to have been influenced by nobility of the aria "Parto, Parto" in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*. This is not the first of Schubert's compositions for soprano that have included a clarinet obligato. The clarinet and piano work in conjunction to both set the scene high in the mountains as well as echo the loneliness of the Shepherd lost without his love.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum seh'n ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the forest,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready
to journey.

Texts and Translations

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Fiançailles pour rire, FP 101

Francis Poulenc chose a set of poems by his close friend, Louise de Vilmorin, to provide a song cycle for female-identifying singers as he felt the poetry was “truly feminine.” The decision to write such a cycle came from his disapproval of women performing songs that address women as love objects, found in his book *Diary of My Songs*. *Fiançailles pour rire*, translated to *Engagements to Laugh At*, places audiences in the bittersweet world of six different women. The women appear as scorned lovers, lost lovers, and observers of love. The melancholic nature of the piece is expressed through not only the text but the setting of four out of six songs in a minor key. Poulenc composed this piece with detailed musical notations as his wish was for the music to be performed exactly as written.

Translations from French to English by Pierre Bernac.

I. La Dame D'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

II. Dans L'Herbe

Je ne peut plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.

I. André's Woman Friend

André does not know the woman
Whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
And for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball
Did she go in her flowing dress
To seek in the haystacks the ring
For the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
Haunted by the ghosts of the past,
In her garden, when winter
Entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her color,
For her Sunday good humor.
Will she fade on the white leaves
Of his album of better days?

II. In the Grass

I can say nothing more
Nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
He died a beautiful death
Outside
Under the tree of the Law
In deep silence
In open countryside
In the grass.

Texts and Translations

Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appellant,
en m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

III. Il Vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

He died unnoticed
Crying out in his passing
Calling
Calling me.
But as I was far from him
And because his voice no longer carried
He died along in the woods
Beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
Nor do anything for him

III. He Flies

As the sun is setting
It is reflected in the polished surface of my table
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
Pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,
The crow flies and my lover steals,
The thief of my heart breaks his word
And the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where then is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be desired
And I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
And by the roads of the countryside
Bring me back my flighty lover
Who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

Texts and Translations

IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage,
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombrés encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
À la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

V. Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de friase,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

VI. Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

IV. My corpse is as limp as a glove

My corpse is as limp as a glove
Limp as a glove of icy skin
And my two hidden pupils
Make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
Two mutes in the silence
Still shadowed by a secret
And heavy with the burden if things seen.

My fingers so often straying
Are joined in a saintly pose
Resting on the hollow of my groans
At the center of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains
The last two hills I saw
At the moment when I lost
The race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
Children bear away the memory quickly,
Go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove

V. Violin

Enamored couple with the misprized accents
The violin and its player please me
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
On the cord of uneasiness
In chords on the cord of the hanged
At the hour when the Laws are silent
The heart, formed like a strawberry,
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

VI. Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
The beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace
A heart beribboned with sighs
Burns with its treasured pictures.

Texts and Translations

Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947)

Selections from *The Sun Is Love*

Gwyneth Walker is a contemporary American composer who has been active in collaborating with other musicals throughout her career. The song cycle, *The Sun is Love*, was composed with a pianist who commissioned the piece for her to perform at her wedding. The six songs are set to the poetry of Jelaluddin Rumi, the prolific Persian poet. The songs transport the listener through the different phases of being in love. The first selection from this set, “Flirtation: Light and Wine and Pomegranate Flowers,” gives the audience a glimpse into the flirtatious aspect of first dates. The second selection, “Sunrise Ruby,” draws the listener into the private passion of being in love, as lovers surrender to love. The final selection, “Dualities,” shows the contradictory aspects of being in love. Each of these pieces includes light-hearted teasing between the two lovers.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)

Vanne, o rosa fortuna

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Luigi Arditi (1822–1903)

Il Bacio

Vincenzo Bellini is an Italian composer primarily known for his compositions of Bel Canto operas such as *Norma* and *I Capuleti e I Montecchi*. Bellini’s creation of beautiful vocal lines extends into his art song compositions. The bel canto style is known for being technically challenging with the incorporation of legato lines throughout. Lesser known composer, Luigi Arditi, is most well-known for his composition of the art song *Il Bacio*. This song is representative of the bel canto style, featuring several coloratura passages juxtaposed with soaring high notes in legato lines. While this is one of the only remembered compositions of Arditi, he is credited as an important conductor in history, bringing numerous Italian operas to opera houses in London.

Vanne, o rosa fortunata

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
A posar di Nice in petto
Ed ognun sarà costretto
La tua sorte invidiar

Oh, se in te potessi anch’io
Transformarmi un sol momento;
Non avria più bel content
Questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
Bella rose implalidita,
La tua front scolorita
Dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rose, è destinate
Ad entrambi un’ugual sorte;
Là trovar dobbiam la morte,
Un d’invidia ed io d’amor.

Go, oh fortunate rose

Enamored couple with the misprized accents
The violin and its player please me
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
On the cord of uneasiness

In chords on the cord of the hanged
At the hour when the Laws are silent
The heart, formed like a strawberry,
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

But you are bowing spitefully,
Beautiful fading rose,
Your paling face,
From indignation and from sorrow.

Beautiful rose, for both of us
Is destined a similar fate;
There we must find death
You from envy and I from love.

Texts and Translations

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;
Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenir,
Che se nutro una Speranza,
Ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che, giorno e sera,
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and of these flowers
An breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are not the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I could the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts in my love.

Translation from Italian to English copyright © by Antonio Giuliano, from lieder.net

Il Bacio

Sulle labra se potessi
Dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutti ti direi
Le dolcezze dell'amor.
Sempre assisa te d'apresso,
Mille gaudii ti direi,
Ed i palpiti udirei che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desio,
Non son vaga d'altro affetto.
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesoro.
Ah! Vieni! Ah vien!
Più non tardare a me!
Ah vien! Nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso
Ch'io viva sol d'amor!

The Kiss

On the lips, if I could,
A sweet kiss to you I would give.
All to you I would say
The sweetness of love.
Always seated beside you,
A thousand joys to you I would say,
And the palpitations I would hear
That answer to my heart.
Gems and pearls I do not desire.
I desire other affection;
Your glance is my delight
Your kiss is my treasure.
Come, ah, come to me close!
Come in the exhilaration of an embrace,
So that I may live only from love.

Translation by Luigi Marzola

Texts and Translations

Musical Theater

The final set includes a number of musical theater selections from the Golden Age and contemporary musicals. While each of these pieces originated in vastly different musicals, the central message of each piece aligns. Each of these characters yearns to find a love of their own, someone who will accept them for who they are and love them unconditionally. Leonard Bernstein composed many popular musicals, including *West Side Story* and *Candide*. One of his lesser-known musicals, *Wonderful Town*, follows the story of two sisters who moved to New York City to find career success, but end up finding love along the way. Adam Guettel composed the musical *The Light in the Piazza*, which revolves around Margaret and her daughter Clara as they travel to Italy. Clara longs for independence and love, much to her mother's dismay. Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers are a duo well known in Golden Age musical compositions. *South Pacific* tells the story of a U.S. Navy nurse, Nellie, who travels to a South Pacific Island during World War II. There falls in love with a French plantation owner, but their relationship is not without its fair share of unexpected complications. *Oklahoma!* follows Laurey Williams, an independent farm girl, and Curly McLain, a cowboy who is not shy about his feelings for Laurey.