

Texts and Translations

Vincenzo Bellini

Selected Songs

English Translations by Martha Gerhart from *15 Composizioni da Camera*, Hal Leonard (1997)

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
Della mia bella il core
E ti perdono, amore,
Se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
Più degli affanni miei,
Perchè più vivo in lei
Di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Text by Metastasio

Il fervido desiderio

Quando verrà quel dì
Che riveder potrò
Quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
Che in sen t'accoglierò,
Bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

Ah, bella fiamma d'amor,
anima mia!

L'abbandono

Solitario zeffiretto,
A che movi i tuoi sospiri?

Il sospiro a me sol lice,
Chè, dolente ed infelice,
Chiamo Dafne che non ode
L'insoffribil mio martir.

But please do make contented

But please do make contented
my beautiful one's heart
and I will forgive you, love,
if mine is not happy.

I dread her anxieties
more than my anxieties,
because I live more through her
than I live for myself.

The fervent longing

When will that day come
when I shall be able to see again
the one whom my loving heart so much desires?

When will that day come when
I will gather you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my soul?

Ah, beautiful flame of love,
my soul!

The abandonment

Lonely little breeze,
to whom are you directing your sighs?

The sighing is granted to me only
because, sorrowful and unfortunate,
I call to Dafne, who does not heed
my insufferable pain.

Texts and Translations

Langue invan la mammoletta
E la rosa e il gelsomino;
Lunge son da lui che adoro,
Non conosco alcun ristoro
Se non viene a consolarmi
Col bel guardo cilestrino.

Ape industrie, che vagando
Sempre vai di fior in fiore,
Ascolta:

Se lo scorgio ov'ei dimora,
Di' che rieda a chi l'adora,
Come riedi tu nel seno
Delle rose al primo albor.

The little violet, and the rose
and the jasmine, languish in vain;
far away am I from him who adore,
I know no comfort
if he does not come to console me
with his beautiful sky blue eyes.

Industrious bee, who is always
roving from flower to flower,
listen:

If you should recognize him,
say that he may return to the one that adores him,
like you return to the bosom
of the roses at the break of day.

Antonín Dvořák **Cigánské Melodie**

Texts by Heyduk

English Translations © David Adams, from *The Song and Duet Texts of Antonín Dvořák* (Leyerle, 2003)

1. Má píseň zas mi láskou zní

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
když starý den umírá;
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj
si tajně perle sbírá.

Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
když světem noha bloudí;
jen rodné pusty dálnou
zpěv volně z ňader proudí.

Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
když bouře běží plání;
když těším se, že bídy prost
dlí bratr v umírání.

1. My song sounds with love

My song sounds with love to me
again when the old day is dying,
and when poor moss on its
vesture secretly gathers pearls.

My song so longingly sounds into the land,
when my feet wander through the world;
only over the distance of my native plain
does my singing flow freely from my breast.

My song sounds loudly with love,
when the storm runs over the plain;
when I take comfort that my brother dies
free from want.

Texts and Translations

2. Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozkošně zvoní,
jak cigána píseň, když se k smrti kloní!
Když se k smrti kloní,
trojhran mu vyzvání.
Konec písni, tanci,
lásce, bědování.

3. A les je tichý kolem kol

A les je tichý kolem kol,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.

Však nemusí jich usušit,
necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,
ten nezhyne, ten žije, ten žije!

4. Když mne stará matka

Když mne stará matka zpívat,
učívala, podivno, že často slzívala.

A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!

5. Struna naladěna

Struna naladěna, hochu,
toč se v kole,
dnes, snad dnes převysoko,
zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole!

Pozejtří u Nilu za posvátným stolem;
struna již, struna naladěna,
hochu, toč, hochu, toč se kolem!

2. Ah, how my triangle delightfully rings

Ah, how my triangle delightfully rings,
like a gypsy's song, when he draws near to death!
When he draws near to death,
the triangle sounds to him.
It is the end of song, of dance,
of love, and of lamenting.

3. The forest is quiet all around

The forest is quiet all around,
only my heart disturbs this peace,
and the black smoke which rushes into the dale
dries the tears on my cheeks.

However, it need not dry them,
let it beat on other faces.
He who is able to sing in grief,
he did not die, he lives.

4. Songs my mother taught me

When my old mother taught me to sing,
it was peculiar that she often wept.

And now likewise I torment my swarthy face with weeping
when I teach gypsy children to play and sing!

5. The strings are tuned

The strings are tuned, lad,
dance in the circle,
today, perhaps, you are quite high in spirit,
tomorrow down again!

The day after tomorrow you may be
at the most holy table by the Nile;
the strings are already tuned, lad, dance about!

Texts and Translations

6. Široké rukávy

Široké rukávy a široké gatě
volnější cigánu nežli dolman v zlatě.

Dolman a to zlato bujná prsa svírá;
pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.

A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň v kvěť,
přej si, aby zašlo zlato v celém světě!

6. Wide sleeves

Wide sleeves and wide breeches
are freer to a gypsy than a dolman of gold.

A dolman, even one of gold, holds tight the full breast;
a free song dies violently beneath it.

And you who rejoice when your song is in bloom,
wish that gold may perish throughout the entire world!

7. Dejte klec jestřábu

Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.

Komoni bujnému, jenž se pustou žene,
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.

A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:
k volnosti ho věčným poutem, k volnosti ho upoutala!

7. Give a cage to a hawk

Give a cage of pure gold to a hawk;
he would not exchange his nest of thorns for it.

To an unruly horse, which races through the plain,
will you seldom attach bridle and stirrup.

And likewise nature has given something to the gypsy:
it has bound him by an eternal bond to freedom!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

“Crudele! ... Non mi dir, bell’idol mio”

from *Don Giovanni*

Text by da Ponte

English Translation © Camila Argolo Freitas Batista from aria-database.com

Non mi dir, bell’idol mio

Crudele?
Ah no, giammai mio ben!
Tropo mi spiace allontanarti
un ben che lungamente
la nostr’alma desia...
Ma il mondo, o Dio!
Non sedur la costanza
del sensibil mio core;
ahbastanza per te mi parla amore

Say not, my beloved

I cruel?
Ah, no my dearest!
It grieves me much to postpone
a bliss we have
for so long desired...
But what will the world say?
Do not tempt the fortitude
of my tender heart,
which already pleads your loving cause.

Texts and Translations

Non mi dir, bell'idol mio,
Che son io crudel con te.
Tu ben sai quant'io t'amai,
Tu conosci la mia fe'.
Calma, calma il tuo tormento,
Se di duol non vuoi ch'io mora.
Forse un giorno il cielo ancora
Sentirà pietà di me.

Say not, my beloved,
that I am cruel to you.
You must know how much I loved you,
and you know that I am true.
Calm your torments,
if you would not have me die of grief.
One day, perhaps, Heaven again
will smile on me.

Francis Poulenc

Métamorphoses

Texts by Vilmorin

Translations © Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000), via oxfordlieder.co.uk

1. Reine des mouettes

Reine des mouettes,
mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.

Rose d'aimer le baiser
qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder
à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.

Rougis, rougis
mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux noeuds des grands chemins.

Reine des mouettes,
mon orpheline
Tu étais rose,
accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

1. Queen of seagulls

Queen of seagulls,
my little orphan,
I recall you blushing pink,
Beneath the muslin mists
Of your ancient sorrow.

Blushing pink at the kiss
which provokes you,
You surrendered
to my hands
Beneath the muslin mists,
Veils of bond between us.

Blush, blush,
my kiss finds you out,
Seagull caught where great highways meet.

Queen of seagulls,
my little orphan,
You blushed pink,
surrendered to my hands,
Pink beneath the muslin
And I recall the moment.

Texts and Translations

2. C'est ainsi que tu es

Ta chair d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue
Tu puisses croire et dire
Que je t'ai bien connue.

3. Paganini

Violon hippocampe et sirène
Berceau des coeurs
cœur et berceau
Larmes de Marie-Madeleine
Soupir d'une Reine
Écho

Violon orgueil des mains légères
Départ à cheval sur les eaux
Amour chevauchant le mystère
Voleur en prière
Oiseau

Violon femme morganatique
Chat botté courant la forêt
Puits des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique
Corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence. Muscle du soir
Épaule des saisons soudaines
Feuille de chêne
Miroir

Violon chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des mille présences
Bateau de plaisance
Chasseur

2. That is how you are

Your flesh, mingled with soul,
Your tangled hair,
Your feet pursuing time,
Your shadow which stretches
And whispers close to my temple.
There, that is your portrait,
That is how you are,
And I shall write it down for you
So that when night comes,
You may believe and say
That I knew you well.

3. Paganini

Violin sea-horse and siren,
Cradle of hearts
heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalene
A queen's sigh
Echo

Violin pride of delicate hands
Departure on horseback over the waters, Love
astride mystery
Thief at prayer
Bird

Violin morganatic wife
Puss-in-Boots ranging the forest
Well of capricious truths
Public confession
Corset

Violin alcohol of the troubled soul
Preference muscle of the evening
Shoulders of sudden seasons
Oak-leaf
Mirror

Violin knight of silence
Toy escaped from happiness,
Breast of a thousand presences
Pleasure-boat
Hunter

Texts and Translations

Johannes Brahms

Selected Songs

Texts by Daumer

English Translations © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005), via oxfordlieder.co.uk

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,

Sprich:

“Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzt kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.”

Unbewegte laue Luft

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur;

Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir;
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!

Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmlische Genüge geben!

A Message

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!

Then if she should chance to ask
How things are with wretched me,

Say:

“His sorrow’s been unending,
His condition most grave;
But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one, think of him.”

Motionless mild air

Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest;
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain splashes;

But my soul swells
with a more ardent desire;
Life surges in my veins
and yearns for life.
Should not your breast, too,
heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
glide to me, do not delay!

Come, ah! come, that we might
give each other heavenly satisfaction!

Texts and Translations

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Six Romances

English Translations © Laurence R. Richter, from *Rachmaninov's Complete Song Texts* (Leyerle, 2000)

1. Ночью в саду у меня

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она
Ивушка, Грустная ива.

Раннее утро блеснет,
Нежная девушка Зорька
Ивушке, плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями сотрет.

Text by Blok

2. К ней

Травы одеты перлами.
Где-то приветы
Грустные слышу,
Приветы милые . . .
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Вечера светят ясные,
Вечера светят красные!
Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
Милая, где ты,
Милая?

Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
В струях
Леты смытую
Бледными Леты
струями...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Text by Bely

1. In My Garden at Night

A weeping willow weeps
in my garden at night,
weeps inconsolably,
my sad, weeping willow.

But when morning comes,
Dawn, that lovely maiden,
wipes away the bitterly weeping
willow's tears with her curls.

2. To Her

The grass is adorned with pearls.
From somewhere I can hear
sad, beloved words
of greeting...
My darling, where are you,
my darling!

The lights of evening are bright,
the lights of evening are lovely!
With hands upraised:
I wait for you,
Beloved, where are you,
Beloved?

With hands upraised:
I wait.
In Lethe's waters
washed away,
washed away by Lethe's
pale waters...
Beloved, where are you,
Beloved!

Texts and Translations

3. Маргаритки

О, посмотри! как много маргариток—
И там, и тут . . .
Они цветут; их много; их избыток;
Они цветут.

Их лепестки трёхгранные—
как крылья,
Как белый шёлк . . .
В них лета мощ! В них радость изобилья!
В них слетлый полк.

Готовь, земля, цветам из рос напитков,
Дай сок стеблю . . .
О, девушки! о, звезды маргариток...
Я вас люблю!

Text by Severyanin

3. Daisies

Oh, look how many daisies there are—
all around.
They are blooming in huge numbers;
in great abundance.

Their three-edged petals
are like wings,
like snow-white silk...
All the power of summer is in them! In their bright
regiments can be found the joy of plenty.

Mother Earth, prepare a dew-drink for the flowers,
give juice to their stems...
Oh, lovely girls! Oh, daisy-stars...
I love you!

4. Крысолов

Я на дудочке играю,—
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Я на дудочке играю,
Чьи-то души веселя.

Я иду вдоль тихой речки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля.
Дремлют тихие овечки,
Кротко зыблются поля.

Спите, овцы и барашки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля.
За лугами красной каши
Стройно встали тополя.

Малый домик там таится,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля.
Милой девушке приснится,
Что ей душу отдал я.

4. The Rat-Catcher

I play on my pipe,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I play on my pipe,
giving joy to many a heart.

I stroll along the riverbank,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
The sheep doze peacefully
as the fields gently ripple.

Sleep, sheeps and lambs,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
Beyond the meadows of red clover
rise the stately poplars.

A little cottage is hidden there,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
A sweet girl dreams that
I have given her my heart.

Texts and Translations

И на нежный зов свирели,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Выйдет словно к светлой цели
Через сад через поля.

И в лесу под дубом темным,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Будет ждать в бреду истомном,
В час, когда уснет земля.

Встречу гостью дорогую,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Вплоть до утра зацелую,
Сердце лаской утоля.

И, сменившись с ней колечком,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Отпущу ее к овечкам,
В сад, где стройны тополя.

Text by Bryusov

5. Сон

В мире нет ничего
Дожденнее сна,
Чары есть у него,
У него тишина,
У него на устах
Ни печаль и ни смех,
И в бездонных очах
Много тайных утех.

У него широки,
Широки два крыла,
И легки, так лёгки,
Как полночная мгла.
Не понять, как несёт,
И куда и на чем
Он крылом не взмахнет
И не двинет плечом.

Text by Sologub

And to the enticing call of my pipe,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will emerge, as if drawn towards a gleaming goal,
through the garden, across the fields.

And in the forest, under a dark oak,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will wait in impatient delirium,
at the hour when the world goes to sleep.

I will meet my dear guest,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
I will drown her in kisses right up till morning, slaking
her desires with my tenderness.

Then, after exchanging rings with her,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I will send her back to her sheep,
to the garden where the poplars grow.

5. Dream

There is nothing in the world
more desirable than sleep;
it has fascination,
it has a great calm.
On its lips, one finds
neither sadness or laughter.
And it is bottomless eyes
are many secret delights.

It has two broad,
broad wings,
which are as light as
the darkness of midnight.
How he bears us off, where to,
on what, is a mystery.
He neither flaps his wings
nor moves his shoulders.

Texts and Translations

6. Ау

Твой нежный смех был сказкою изменчивою,
Он звал как в сон зовёт свирельный звон.
И вот венком, стихом тебя увенчиваю.
Уйдём, бежим вдвоем на горный склон.

Но где же ты?
Лишь звон вершин позванивает
Цветку цветок средь дня зажег свечу.

И чей-то смех все в глубь меня заманивает.

Пою, ищу.
Ау! Ау!
кричу.

Text by Balmont

6. A-oo!

Your lovely laughter was like an ever-changing fairytale.
It was aware of how the reed-pipe's sound lulls us to sleep.
And now I crown you with a wreath of verse.
Let us away, the two of us, onto the mountainside.

But where are you?
I hear only the recurrent faint sounds of the peaks.
One flower lights a candle in broad daylight to another flower.

And I am drawn in ever deeper by someone's laughter.

I sing out, I keep searching.
"A-oo, a-oo!"
I cry.