

<p>“Care selve,” <i>Atalanta</i> George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) Librettist Unknown</p> <p>Care selve, ombre beate, vengo in trarccia del mio cor!</p>	<p>“Dear woods,” <i>Atalanta</i> Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p> <p>Dear woods, shadows blessed, I come in search of my beloved!</p>
<p>Vaga luna, che inargentì Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) Anonymous Poet</p> <p>Vaga luna, che inargentì 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 palpate e i sospir.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>Lovely moon, that covers with silver Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p> <p>Lovely moon, that covers with silver the shores and flowers and inspire everything to speak of love; you are the sole witness of my fervent desire, and can to her who I love tell of my pain and sighs.</p> <p>Tell her that being so far away will not ease my grief, and that if I nourish any hope, it can only be in the future. Tell her that day and night I count the sorrowful hours, that the one enticing hope of her love comforts me.</p>
<p>Per pietà, bell’idol mio Text by Pietro Metastasio</p> <p>Per pietà, bell’idol mio, non mi dir ch’io sono ingranto; infelice e sventurato abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.</p>	<p>Have mercy, my beloved Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p> <p>Have mercy, my beloved, and do not tell me that I am ungrateful; Heaven has made me unhappy and unfortunate enough.</p>

<p>Se fedele a te son io, se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi, sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi il mio core, il tuo lo sa.</p>	<p>That I am faithful to you, that I burn under the gaze of your beautiful eyes, knows Cupid, the gods, my heart and your heart</p>
<p>Dolente imagine di Fille mia Anonymous Poet</p> <p>Dolente imagine di Fille mia, perché si squallida mi siedì accanto? Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto io sul tuol cenere versai finor.</p> <p>Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri io possa accendermi ad altra face? Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace; è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.</p>	<p>Sad image of my Phyllis Translation by Bard Suverkrop</p> <p>Sad image of my Phyllis, why do you sit next to me in such misery? What more do you desire? I have poured uncontrollable tears upon your ashes up to now.</p> <p>Do you fear that, forgetting my sacred vows, I could become enflamed for another? Ghost of Phyllis, rest in peace; my ardor of old is inextinguishable.</p>
<p>Ich stand in dunklen Träumen Clara Schumann (1819-1896) Text by Heinrich Heine</p> <p>Ich stand in dunklen Träumen Und starrte ihr Bildnis an, Und das geliebte Antlitz Heimlich zu leben began.</p> <p>Um ihre Lippen zog sich Ein Lächeln wunderbar, Und wie von Wehmutstränen Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.</p>	<p>I stood Darkly Dreaming Translation by Richard Stokes, <i>The Book of Lieder</i></p> <p>I stood darkly dreaming And stared at her picture, And that beloved face Sprang mysteriously to life.</p> <p>About her lips A wonderous smile played, And as with sad tears, Her eyes gleamed.</p>

<p>Auch meine Tränen flossen Mir von den Wangen herab – Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben, Dass ich dich verloren hab!</p>	<p>And my tears flowed Down my cheeks, And ah, I cannot believe That I have lost you!</p>
<p>Sie liebten sich Beide Text by Heinrich Heine</p> <p>Sie liebten sich beide, doch keener Wollt' es dem andern gestehn; Sie sahen sich an so feindlich, Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.</p> <p>Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich Nur noch zuweilen im Traum; Sie waren längst gestorben Und wussten es selber kaum.</p>	<p>They Loved One Another Translation by Richard Stokes, <i>The Book of Lieder</i></p> <p>They loved one another, but neither Wished to tell the other; They gave each other such hostile looks, Yet nearly died of love.</p> <p>In the end they parted and saw Each other but rarely in dreams. They died so long ago And hardly knew it themselves.</p>
<p>Der Mond kommt still gegangen Text by Emmanuel Geibel</p> <p>Der Mond kommt still gegangen Mit seinem gold'nen Schein. Da schläft in holdem Prangen Die müde Erde ein.</p> <p>Und auf den Lüften schwanken Aus manchem treuen Sinn Viel tausend Liebesgedanken Über die Schläfer hin.</p>	<p>The moon rises silently Translation by Richard Stokes, <i>The Book of Lieder</i></p> <p>The moon rises silently With its golden glow. The weary earth then falls asleep In beauty and splendour.</p> <p>Many thousand loving thoughts From many faithful minds Sway on the breezes Over those who slumber.</p>

<p>Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus; Ich aber blicke im Dunklen Still in die Welt hinaus.</p>	<p>And down in the valley The windows sparkle of my beloved's house; But I in the darkness gaze Silently out into the world.</p>
<p>A Chloris Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) Text by Théophile de Viau</p> <p>Si'l est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes, Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien, Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes Aient un Bonheur pareil au mien. Que la mort serait importune De venir changer ma fortune A la félicité des cieux! Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie Ne touche point ma fantasie Au prix des graces de tes yeux.</p>	<p>To Chloris Translation by Christopher Goldsack</p> <p>If it is true, Chloris, that you love me, but I mean that you really love me, I do not believe that even the kings have a happiness equal to mine. How obtrusive death would be, to come and exchange my fortune for the blessing of the Gods; all that is said of ambrosia does not touch my imagination at the expense of the charms of your eyes.</p>
<p>Si mes vers avaient des ailes Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) Text by Victor Hugo</p> <p>Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles, Vers votre jardin si beau, Si mes vers avaient des ailes, Comme l'oiseau</p> <p>Ils voleraient, étincelles, Vers votre foyer qui rit, Si mes vers avaient des ailes, Comme l'esprit.</p>	<p>If my verses had wings Translation by Christopher Goldsack</p> <p>My verses would flee, soft and delicate, towards your garden, so lovely, if my verses had wings, wings like the bird.</p> <p>They would fly, like sparks, towards your hearth which laughs, if my verses had wings, wings like the spirit.</p>

<p>Près de vous, purs et fidèles, Ils accourraient nuit et jour, Si mes vers avaient des ailes, Comme l'amour.</p>	<p>Close to you, pure and faithful, they would hasten, night and day, if my verses had wings, wings like love.</p>
<p>Ouvre ton cœur Georges Bizet (1838-1875) Text by Louis Delâtre</p> <p>La marguerite a fermé sa corelle, L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour. Belle, me tiendras-tu parole? Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.</p> <p>Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme, Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil. Je veux reprendre mon âme, Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!</p>	<p>Open your heart Translation by Richard Stokes, <i>A French Song Companion</i></p> <p>The daisy has closed its petals, Darkness has closed the eyes of day, Will you, fair one, be true to your word? Open your heart to my love.</p> <p>Open your heart to my ardour, young angel, That a dream may charm your sleep – I wish to recover my soul, As a flower unfolds to the sun!</p>
<p>"Padre, germani, addio," Idomeneo Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756- 1792) Libretto by Giambattista Varesco</p> <p>Recitativo: Quanti mi siete intorno carnefici spietati?... orsù sbranate vendetta, gelosia, odio ed amore, sbranate sì, quest'infelice core!</p> <p>Aria: Padre, germani, addio! Voi foste, io vi perdei. Grecia, cagion tu sei.</p>	<p>"Father, brothers, farewell," Idomeneo Translation by Nico Castel</p> <p>Recitative: How many you are around me merciless butchers?... Then up, tear to pieces vengeance, jealousy, hate and love, tear to pieces, yes, this unhappy heart!</p> <p>Aria: Father, brothers, farewell! You are no more, I have lost you. Greece, you are the cause of all this</p>

<p>E un Greco adorerò? D'ingrata al sangue mio So, che la colpa avrei: Ma quell semiante, oh Dei! Odiare ancor non so.</p>	<p>And yet I shall love a Greek? I know I shall be guilty of abandoning my own kind But I still cannot, oh gods, hate that face of Idamante.</p>
<p>The Last Rose of Summer Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) Text by Thomas Moore</p> <p>'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone; All her lovely companions are faded away and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh. So soon may I follow, when friendships decay, And from love's shining circle the gems drop away! When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown, Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?</p>	
<p>The Salley Gardens Text by William Butler Yeats</p> <p>Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet; She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet. She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;</p>	

<p>But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree. In a field by the river my love and I did stand, And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand. She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.</p>	
<p>Hold fast to dreams Florence Price (1887-1953) Text by Langston Hughes</p> <p>Hold fast to dreams For if dreams die Life is a broken-winged bird That cannot fly.</p> <p>Hold fast to dreams For when dreams go Life is a barren field Frozen with snow.</p>	
<p>Beautiful Dreamer Stephen Florence (1826-1864)</p> <p>Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee; Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away! Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft melody;</p>	

<p>Gone are the cares of life's busy throng Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me! Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me! Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea, Mermaids are chaunting the wild lorelie; Over the streamlet vapors are borne, Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn. Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea; Then will all clouds of sorrow depart, Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me! Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!</p>	
<p>I. The Year's at the Spring Amy Beach (1867-1944) Text by Robert Browning</p> <p>The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearl'd; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the torn; God's in His heaven— All's right with the world!</p>	
<p>II. Ah, Love, but a day</p> <p>Ah, Love, but a day, And the world has changed! The sun's away, And the bird estranged;</p>	

<p>The wind has dropped, And the sky's deranged; Summer has stopped.</p> <p>Look in my eyes! Wilt thou change too? Should I fear surprise? Shall I find aught new In the old and dear, In the good and true, With the changing year?</p>	
<p>III. I Send My Heart Up To Thee</p> <p>I send my heart up to thee, all my heart In this my singing, For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part; The very night is clinging Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space Above me, whence thy face May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.</p>	
<p>Del cabello mas sutil Fernando Obradors (1897-1945) Anonymous Poet</p> <p>Del cabello más sutil Que tienes en tu trenzado He de hacer una cadena Para traerte a mi lado.</p> <p>Una alcarraza en tu casa, Chiquilla, quisiera ser,</p>	<p>From your delicate hair Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer</p> <p>From your delicate hair That you have in your braid, I want to make a chain In order to bring you to my side.</p> <p>A pitcher in your house, Little girl, I would like to be,</p>

<p>Para besarte en la boca, Cuando fueras a beber</p>	<p>So that I can kiss you on the mouth, Whenever you took a drink.</p>
<p>Con amores, la mi madre Text by Juan de Anchieta</p> <p>Con amores, la mi madre, Con amores me dormí; Así dormida soñaba Lo que el corazón velaba, Que el amor me consolaba Con más bien que merecí. Adormecióme el favor Que amor me dió con amor; Dió Descanso a mi dolor La fe con que le serví Con amores, la mi madre, Con amores me dormí!</p>	<p>With love, mother Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer</p> <p>With love, mother, With love, I slept; While asleep, I dreamed Of what my heart concealed, That love consoled me With more than I deserved. I fell asleep with the kindness That love gave to me, with love; It gave rest to my pain The faith with which I served you. With love, mother, With love, I slept!</p>
<p>El vito Anonymous Poet</p> <p>Una vieja vale un real Y una muchacha dos cuartos, Pero como soy tan pobre Me voy a lo más barato.</p> <p>Con el vito, vito vito, Con el vito, vito, va. No me haga 'usté' cosquillas, Que me pongo 'colorá.' No me mires jay! Chiquilla Que me voy desmoraná.</p>	<p>The vito Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer</p> <p>An old woman is worth a real And a girl two cuartos, And I, since I am so poor I am the least expensive of all.</p> <p>With the vito, vito, vito, With the vito, vito, one goes. Don't tickle me, you, Or I will blush. Don't look at me, ah, girl, For I am going to fall apart</p>