

Texts and Translations

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Selected Songs

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

from *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 105

*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer,
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür.
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.*

*Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!*

My sleep grows ever quieter,
Only my grief, like a veil,
Lies trembling over me.
I often hear you in my dreams
Calling outside my door.
No one keeps watch and lets you in,
I awake and weep bitterly.

Yes, I shall have to die,
You will kiss another
When I am pale and cold.
Before May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the wood:
If you would see me once again,
Come soon, come soon!

Sapphische Ode

from *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 94

*Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage,
Süßer hauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.*

*Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.*

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by night,
The fragrance they breathed was sweeter than by day;
But when I moved the branches, they showered
Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as never before,
When I gathered them from your rose-bush lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like those roses,
Shed the dew of tears.

Botschaft

from *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 47

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 jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn”*

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.”

Texts and Translations

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

Arianna a Naxos, Hob. XXVIb:2

I. Teseo mio ben

*Teseo mio ben, dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareva ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.*

*Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo uscendo
dal mar col crine aurato.*

*Sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè?
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, O caro ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi lacci.*

*Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante, stringi con nodo più
tenace e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor.
Soffrir non posso d'esser da te diviso un sol momento.
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi stringe il desio.
Ti sospira il mio cuor. Vieni, idol mio.*

II. Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?

*Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?
Chi t'invola a questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
Né resisto al mio dolor.*

*Se pietade avete, O Dei,
Secondate i voti miei;
A me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!*

III. Ma, a chi parlo?

*Ma, a chi parlo? Gli accenti eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode, Teseo non mi risponde, e portano le voci e l'aure
e l'onde.*

*Poco da me lontano esser egli dovria.
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro s'alza alpestro scoglio: ivi lo
scoprirò.
Che miro? O stelle! Misera me! Quest'è l'argivo legno, Greci son
quelli. Teseo!
Ei sulla prora! Ah, m'inganassi almen ... No no, non m'inganno.*

*Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono. Più speranza non v'è, tradita
io sono.
Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta Teseo! Ma oimè! Vaneggio.
I flutti e il vento lo involano per sempre agli occhi miei.
Ah, siete ingiusti, O Dei se l'empio non punite! Ingrato!*

*Perchè ti trassi dalla morte? Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?
E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi? Spergiuro! Infido! Hai cor di
lasciarmi!
A chi mi volgo? Da chi pietà sperar? Già più non reggo:*

*Il piè vacilla, e in così amaro istante sento mancarmi in sen l'alma
tremante.*

I. Theseus my beloved

Theseus my beloved, where are you?
I seem to have you near me, but a flattering treacherous dream
deceives me.

Already rose coloured Dawn is rising in the sky and Phoebus colours
the grass and flowers rising from the sea with his golden hair.
Adored husband, where have your footsteps led you?
Perhaps your noble ardour calls you to pursue wild beasts.
Ah come, my dearest, and I shall offer a more pleasing prey to your
snares.

Arianna's loving heart, which adores you faithfully, clasps the
splendid light of our love with a firmer knot.
I cannot bear to be apart from you for a single moment.
Ah beloved, I am consumed with longing to see you.
My heart sighs for you. Come, my idol.

II. Where are you, my treasure?

Where are you, my treasure?
Who stole you from this heart?
If you do not come, already I die,
nor resist my grief.

If you have pity, O Gods,
fulfil my desires;
return my dear beloved to me.
Where are you? Theseus!

III. But to whom am I speaking?

But to whom am I speaking? Only echo repeats my words.
Theseus does not hear me, Theseus does not answer me, and my
voice is carried by the wind and the waves.
He must not be far from me.
Let me climb the highest of these steep rocks: I shall discover him
thus.
What do I see? O heavens! Misery me! That is the wooden argosy,
those men are Greeks. Theseus!
He is on the prow! O may I at least be mistaken ... no, no, I am not
mistaken.
He flees, he leaves me abandoned here. There is no longer any hope
for me, I am betrayed.
Theseus, listen to me Theseus! But alas! I am raving.
The waves and wind are stealing him from my eyes for ever.
Ah, you are unjust, O Gods if you do not punish the infidel!
Ungrateful man!
Why did I snatch you away from death? So you had to betray me?
And your promises and your oaths? Perjurer! Infidel! Have you the
heart to leave me?
To whom can I turn? From whom can I hope for pity? I can already
bear no more:
my step falters, and in so bitter a moment I feel my trembling soul
weaken.

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IV. Ah! Che morir vorrei

*Ah! che morir vorrei
In sì fatal momento,
Ma al mio crudel tormento
Mi serba ingiusto il ciel.*

*Misera abbandonata
Non ho chi mi consola.
Chi tanto amai s'invola,
Barbaro ed infidel*

IV. Ah, how I should like to die

Ah, how I should like to die
in so fatal a moment,
but the heavens unjustly keep me
in my cruel torment.

Wretched and abandoned
I have no one to console me.
He whom I loved so much has fled,
barbarous and unfaithful.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

Selections from *Four Shakespeare Songs*, Op. 31

1. Desdemonda's Song

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow my garland must be
Sing all a green willow;
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve
Sing willow, willow, willow
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!
Sing willow, willow, willow

2. Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And love to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

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And if it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
There shall he see
Gross fools as he
And if will come to me.
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me.

3. Blow, blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

Siete Canciones populares Españolas

1. *El paño moruno*

*Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.*

*Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!*

1. The Moorish Cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less,
for it has lost its value
Ay!

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2. Seguidilla murciana

*Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
ipuede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!*

*Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!*

3. Asturiana

*Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!*

4. Jota

*Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.*

*Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.*

5. Nana

*Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.*

2. Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities,
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it!

3. Asturian song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

4. Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

5. Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

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6. Canción

*Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
“del aire.”
Niña, el mirarlos
“Madre, a la orilla.”*

*Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
“del aire.”
Por lo perdido,
“Madre, a la orilla”*

7. Polo

*¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.*

*¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!*

Francesco Cilea (1866–1950)

“Acerba voluttà”

from *Adriana Lecouvreur*

Acerba voluttà

*Acerba voluttà, dolce turtura,
lentissima agonia, rapida offesa,
vampa, gelo, tromor, smania,
paura, ad amoroso sen torna l'attesa!*

*Ogni eco, ogni ombra nella notte incesa
contro la impaziente alma congiura :
fra dubbiezza e disio tutta sospesa,
l'eternità nell'attimo misura...*

Verrà? m'oblia? s'affretta? o pur si pente?

*Ecco, egli giunge!
No, del fiume è il verso,
misto al sospir d'un arbore dormente...*

*O vagabonda stella d'Oriente,
non tramontar, non tramontar :
sorrìdi all'universo,
e s'egli non mente, scorta il mio amor!*

6. Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
“del aire,”
dearest, to gaze into them.
“Mother, a la orilla.”

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
“del aire,”
and cut your losses,
“Mother, a la orilla.”

7. Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

Bitter pleasure

Bitter pleasure, sweet torture,
Slow agony, quick offense,
Blaze, frost, tremor, restlessness, fear,
For the lover who waits expectantly!

Every echo, every shadow in the kindling night
Conspires against the impatient soul:
Everything is suspended between doubt and desire,
One moment is an eternity...

Will he come? Has he forgotten me? Will he hasten to me?

Or will he turn back?

Here he comes!

No, it is the sound of the river,
Mixed with the sighs of a dormant tree....

O vagabond eastern star,
Do not set, do not set:
smile on the universe,
And guard my love, if he does not mind the way!