

Texts and Translations

"Vivi, tiranno!" from *Rodelinda*
George Frideric Händel

Vivi, tiranno!

Miralo, egli è macchiato del sangue d'un tuo caro.
Cadde trafitto, esangue,
chi a te fu traditore, a me rubello.
Vendica il sangue suo pur col mio sangue.

Vivi, tiranno, io t'ho scampato.
Svenami, ingrato, sfoga il furor!

Volli salvarti sol per mostrarti
ch'ho di mia sorte più grande il cor.

Live, tyrant!

Look, stained with the blood of your friend.
He has fallen now, he,
who betrayed us both.
Avenge his blood with mine.

Live, tyrant, I have saved you.
Kill me now, ungrateful one, vent your anger!

I wanted to save you only to show that despite
my misfortunes, my heart is ruled by compassion.

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Selections from *Il primo libro delle villanelle a tre voci*
Luca Marenzio

XV. Al primo vostro sguardo

Al primo vostro sguardo,
Fui d'amoroso dardo,
Ferito così forte,
Ch'io grido: "O dolci lumi,
fate ch'io non consumi!"

Poi mirando le trezze,
Vidi tante bellezze,
E tanto fu l'ardore,
Ch'io grido: "O chiome d'oro,
per voi abbrugio e moro!"

III. Fuggirò tanto Amore

Fuggirò tanto Amore,
che scemerà l'ardore.
Le fiamm' e le catene,
che tengono quest'alma tante pene.

Fuggirò il forte laccio,
et uscirò d'impaccio.
Né di fuggir mi pento,
e scemar quest'ardor che nel cor sento.

At your first glance

At your first glance,
I was wounded
so severely by love's arrow
that I shouted: "O sweet eyes,
don't let me be consumed!"

Then seeing your tresses,
I saw such beauty,
and my passion was such
that I shouted: "O golden hair,
I burn and die for you!"

I will flee from Cupid

I will flee from Cupid
so that the passion, flames and chains
that cause so much suffering
in this soul will diminish.

I will flee the strong bond
and escape from the encumbrance,
and will not repent of having fled
and lessened the passion I feel in my heart.

VI. Alma che fai che pensi

Alma che fai che pensi ove riposi,
Quei lumi gloriosi,
ahi perche più non miri,
Tanti sparsi da me grave sospiri.

Alma che fai di quel vivace fuoco,
Che mai mi dava loco,
Che fian delle faville,
Che rendevi al mio cor a mille a mille.

VIII. Vorria parlare e dire

Vorria parlare e dire,
quant' è grav' il martire,
Ch'io sento dentr' al core,
Donna per vostro amore.

Ma gran timor mi tiene,
Di palesar mie pene,
A voi dolce mia vita,
E di cercar aita.

X. Come vuoi c'habbia

Come vuoi c'habbia in te più fede Amore,
Se mi tradisti sotto fede il core,
Se mi mostrasti,
Poi m'ingannasti,
Ahi, fe fallace, ahime.

Poi che nel petto mio rinova il foco,
Con tue lusinghe, e il mio mal prendi à gioco,
Già d'amor pieno,
Vidi il bel seno,
Ahi, cor ingrato, ahime.

Soul, what are you doing, what are you thinking

Soul, what are you doing, what are you thinking?
Where do you rest those glorious eyes?
Ah, why do you no longer look at
the many heavy sighs I have uttered?

Soul, what have you done
with the burning fire?
What will become of the sparks
that you gave to my heart by the thousands?

I would like to speak and say

I would like to speak and say
how great is the agony
I feel within my heart,
lady, because of your love.

But a great fear prevents me
from revealing my sorrows
to you, my sweet life,
and from seeking help.

How can you wish

How can you wish for Cupid
to have faith in you,
if you betrayed
my faithful heart?
Ah, false fidelity!

Since the fire in my breast is renewed
by your flattery, and you make sport of my suffering?
I once saw your lovely breast
filled with love,
ah, ungrateful heart

Translation from Italian to English © Kyle Tingzon

X. Das Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

IV. Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

The fisher maiden

Lovely fisher maiden,
guide your boat to the shore;
come and sit beside me,
and hand in hand we shall talk of love.

Lay your little head on my heart
and do not be too afraid;
for each day you trust yourself
without fear to the turbulent sea.

My heart is just like the sea.
It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
and many a lovely pearl
rests in its depths.

Serenade

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

XIII. Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The wraith

The night is still, the streets are at rest;
in this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
but the house still stands on the selfsame spot.

A man stands there too, staring up,
and wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face –
the moon shows me my own form!

You wraith, pallid companion!
why do you ape the pain of my love
which tormented me on this very spot,
so many a night, in days long past?

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Erlkönig, D.328
Franz Schubert

Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

The Erlking

Who rides so late through the night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

'My son, why do you hide your face in fear?'
'Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'

'Sweet child, come with me.
I'll play wonderful games with you.
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;
my mother has many a golden robe.'

'Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly promises me?'
'Calm, be calm, my child:
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.'

'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
my daughters lead the nightly dance, and will rock
you, and dance, and sing you to sleep.'
'Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'
'My son, my son, I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows gleaming.'

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

'I love you, your fair form allures me,
and if you don't come willingly, I'll use force.'
'Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!'

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
he holds the moaning child in his arms;
with one last effort he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms

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– INTERMISSION –

Selections from *114 Songs*
Charles Edward Ives

At the River

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
flowing by the throne of God?
gather at the river!

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Yes we'll gather at the river
that flows by the throne of God.
Shall we gather?
shall we gather at the river?

Tom Sails Away

Scenes from my childhood are with me,

I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill,
a spring day's sun is setting,
mother with Tom in her arms is coming towards
the garden;
the lettuce rows are showing green.

Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,
stronger comes the breeze from the ridge,
'Tis after six the whistles have blown,
the milk train's gone down the valley
Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill,
We run down the lane to meet him

But today! In freedom's cause Tom sailed away
for over there, over there, over there!

Scenes from my childhood are floating before my
eyes.

I. la flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une
syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes
lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais
je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si
doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes
près l'un de l'autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à
tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui
commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

II. la Chevelure

Il m'a dit:
«Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure
autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme
un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma
poitrine.

«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont
souvent qu'une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même
ou que tu entraies en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains
sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

The Flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx made of
carefully cut reeds,
bonded with white wax which tastes sweet to my
lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but
I am a little fearful. He plays it after me,
so gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we
one to another,
but our songs try to answer each other, and our
mouths join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs
that begins with the night.
My mother will never believe
I stayed out so long
to look for my lost sash.

The tresses

He said to me:
'Last night I dreamed. I had your tresses around my
neck. I had your hair like a black
necklace all round my nape
and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine;
and we were united thus forever
by the same tresses, mouth on mouth,
just as two laurels
often share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined
were our limbs, that I was becoming you,
or you were entering into me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his hands on
my shoulders
and gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair / Beautiful Dreamer
Stephen Foster

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair.
Borne, like a vapor on the summer air.
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would
pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

I sigh for Jeanie but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs
flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and
gone.
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the
shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more:
Oh! I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters
flow.

Selections from *Old American Songs, Set 1 and 2*
Aaron Copland

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple
'Tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

Beautiful Dreamer

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;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting 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!

Long time ago

On the lake where droop'd the willow
Long time ago
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow.

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low
But the autumn leaf she perish'd
Long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.

While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago.

I bought me a cat

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me
I fed my cat under yonder tree
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a duck, my cat pleased me
I fed my duck under yonder tree
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a goose, my cat pleased me
I fed my goose under yonder tree
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a hen, my cat pleased me
I fed my hen under yonder tree
My hen says "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a pig, my cat pleased me
I fed my pig under yonder tree
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a cow, my wife pleased me
I fed my cow under yonder tree
My cow says "Baw, baw"
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a horse, my wife pleased me
I fed my horse under yonder tree
My horse says "Neigh, neigh"
My cow says "Baw, baw"
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me
I fed my wife under yonder tree
My wife says "Honey, honey"
My horse says "Neigh, neigh"
My cow says "Baw, baw"
My pig says "Griffey, griffey"
My hen says "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack"
My goose says "Quaw, quaw"
My duck says "Quaa, quaa"
My cat says fiddle eye fee

Ching-a-ring chaw

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding kum lar-kee.

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story
'Bout the promised land
An' the promised glory.

You don' need to fear
If you have no money,
You don' need none there,
to buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal
Has one two three four courses.

Nights we all will dance,
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle."

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendour,
Stand out in the sun,
and hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-come-in',
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a-strum-min'.

At the river

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angels feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes we'll gather by the river,
the beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.