

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

George Friederic Handel (1685–1759)

Ah, mio cor! Schernito Sei! (1735)

Ah, mio cor! Schernito sei!
 Stelle! Dei! Nume d’amore!
 Traditore, t’amo tanto,
 puoi lasciarmi sola in pianto?
 Oh deï! perché?

Text by Antonio Fanzaglia

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Fiançailles pour rire (1939)

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.

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 fraise
 S’offre à l’amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Text by Louise de Vilmorin

Ah, my heart! Scorned are you!
 Stars! Gods! God of love!
 Traitor, I love you so much,
 How can you leave me alone in tears?
 Oh Gods! Why?

Translation by Ella Kozak

III. Il Vole

As the sun is setting
 It is reflected in the varnish 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 bowlers
 From beauty to beauty pass the time.
 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 absent.
 But where 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 back my flighty lover
 Who takes my hearts and drives me mad
 I wish that my thief would steal me.

V. Violon

Couple in love with unrecognized accents,
 The violin and its player please me,
 Ah! I love these tender moans
 On the cord of uneasiness.
 The chords on the cords of the hung,
 At the hour when the laws are hushed
 The heart, formed like a strawberry,
 Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Translation by Ella Kozak

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Allerseelen (1885)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Text by Hermann vom Gilm

Ich Schwebel (1901)

Ich schwebel wie auf Engelsschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd Aug'-- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien,--Sieht ohne Falten, ohne
Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn

Text by Karl Friedrich Henckell

Die Nacht (1885)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Text by Hermann vom Gilm

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring forth the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press secretly,
And if people see, it matters not to me,
Give me just one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Flowers bloom and smell fragrant on every grave today,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart, that I may have you again,
As once in May.

Translation by Ella Kozak

I float as if on angels' wings,
My foot barely touches the earth,
In my ears, I hear a sound
Like my love's farewell greeting.

It sounds so lovely, gently, softly,
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently
Into a blissful dream.

My glistening eyes, while basking
In the sweetest of melodies,
Sees my love, without clothes or veil,
Pass smiling by.

Translation by Ella Kozak

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly from the trees,
Looks around in a wide circle,
Now, take heed!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colors
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
From the cathedral's copper roof,
Takes away the gold.

The shrubs are plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

Translation by Ella Kozak

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Vaga Luna, Che Inargenti (1838)

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.

Text by Unknown

Malinconia, Ninfa Gentile (1829)

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
 la vita mia consacro a te;
 i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
 ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
 m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
 né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
 né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Text by Ippolito Pindemonte

Ma Rendi Pur Contento (c. 1820)

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,
 perché più vivo in lei
 di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Text by Pietro Metastasio

Florence Price (1887-1953)

The Moon Bridge (1930)

The moon like a big, round ball of flame
 Rose out of the silver bay,
 And built a bridge of golden beams,
 Where the fairies came to play.

I saw them dancing in jewel'd robes
 On the wavelet's rhythmic flow,
 And I long'd to stand on the magic bridge,
 In the moonlight's mystic glow.

Lovely moon, who sheds silver light
 On these shores and on these flowers
 Evoking from the elements
 The language of love
 You are now 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 count the hours of yearning,
 That a sweet hope
 Comforts me in my love.

Translation by Ella Kozak

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
 I consecrate my life to you.
 One who despises your pleasures
 Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
 They finally heard me; content I shall live
 Though I shall not cross the fountain of desire
 Nor shall I ever cross that mountain.

Translation by Antonio Giuliano

But do make happy
 The heart of my beauty,
 And I forgive you love,
 If my own is not happy.

I fear her sorrows
 More than my own,
 For I love more in her
 Than I live in myself.

Translation by Ella Kozak

But over the sky a veil of mist
Thin, soft as a web of lace,
Was drawn, then parted, then came again,
With easy, coquettish grace.

And the moon put on a somber mask,
And frowned on the rippling wave,
And the beautiful bridge went under the sea,
Nor a beam could the fairies save!

I wonder'd if this would end their play,
And if, as the bridge went down,
They would lose their jewels so frail and fair,
And their queen her diamond crown!

But they glided away in merry mood,
To their home in the rosetree's bowers,
And there they danced on the dewy grass,
Till the "wee sma" morning hours.

Text by Mary Rolofson Gamble

An April Day (1949)

On such a day as this I think,
On such a day as this,
When earth and sky and nature's world
Are clad in April's bliss;
And balmy zephyrs gently waft
Upon your cheek a kiss;
Sufficient is it just to live
On such a day as this.
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Text by Joseph Seamon Cotter Jr.

Spring (1913)

There are promise and pleasure and hope in the spring,
That beckon, and reckon the future. I know.
The bud and the bee, swaying low on the lea,
The dove cooing late.
To his nesting mate.
In a dream of ecstasy.

There are laughter and magic and joy in the spring,
That capture, enrapture my heart. I know.
A lilt on the breeze, That is tossed by the trees,
Which doth for me weave
Like a thrush above
A song of ecstasy.

Ah! There are madness and gladness and nothing of
sadness.
That will me and thrill me and fill me I know
Life and its weal are to give and to feel
The soul that can ache,
The heart that can break.
With a pain of ecstasy.

Text by Florence Price

Hold Fast to Dreams (1945)

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Text by Langston Hughes