

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916)

A sera (1887)

Bianca splende la luna,
Vogliamo, o mio battel.
Se il remo m'è fedel, voghiam!
Io rivedrò la mia diletta bruna,
Voghiam!

The moon shines brightly,
Let us row, oh my boat
If the oar is faithful to me, let us row!
I shall see my beloved brunette again,
Row on!

Della sua finestretta
Veggio lontan sul mar
Il lume tremolar voghiam!
Ella t'attende, o gondolier, t'affretta,
Voghiam, voghiam, voghiam!

From her little window
I see far across the sea
The light flickers, let us row!
She awaits you, oh gondolier, hurry,
Row on, row on, row on!

O notte, quest'incanto
Parla soave al cor
La conzone d'amor, voghiam!
Ripeti, o gondolier, disciogl'il canto,
Voghiam!

Oh night, this enchantment
Speaks softly to the heart
The song of love, let us row!
Repeat, oh gondolier, unleash the song,
Let us row!

Finché vedrai brillare
Le stelle, io t'amerò,
A te fedel sarò, voghiam!
Finché la notte scenderà sul mare,
Voghiam, voghiam, voghiam!

Until you see it shine
The stars, I will love you,
I will be faithful to you, let us row!
Until night descends upon the sea,
Row on, row on, row on!

Text by Leonardo Maria Cognetti

Translation by Clara L. J.

Segreto (1883)

Ho una ferita in cor che gitta sangue,
Che a poco a poco mi farà morir.
Trafita dal dolor, l'anima langue;
Amo e il segreto mio non posso dir.

I have a wound in my heart that bleeds,
That little by little will make me die.
Pierced by pain, my soul languishes
I love you and I can't tell my secret.

Bella come la luce a me daccanto
Il segreto amor mio veggio talor.
Ei passa e sento in me come uno schianto,
Un impeto di gioia e di dolor.

As beautiful as the light beside me
I sometimes see my secret love.
He passes and I feel shattered,
Outburst of joy and of pain.

Dal primo giorno non ho mai sperato,
Il segreto fatale ho chiuso in me,
Ed egli non saprà d'esser amato,
Mi vedrà morta e non saprà perché.

From the first day I have never hoped,
I closed the fatal secret within me
And he will not know that he was loved,
He will see me dead and won't know why.

Eppur se il veggio, aprir vorrei le braccia,
Dirgli che l'amo e che il mio cor gli do.
Vorrei fissarlo arditamente in faccia,
Ma il cor mi trema e gli occhi alzar non so.

And yet, if I see him, I want to open my arms,
Tell him that I love him and that I give him my heart
I would like to stare him boldly in the face,
But my heart trembles and I don't know how to lift my eyes.

Text by Lorenzo Stecchetti

Translation by Clara L. J.

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra (1907)

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.
Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
And my pleasure from my desire
Oh sweet stars, it is time to die
You receive a more divine love from heaven
Passionate eyes, Oh you without return

Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irroro.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

Text by Gabriele D'Annunzio

Maria Rodrigo (1888–1967)
Ayes... tres canciones (1924)

I.
Tres coplas canté en la noche
Una decía ¡Te quiero!
Otra decía ¡Te llamo!
Otra decía ¡Te espero!
Tres suspiros he de dar
que las coplas no sirvieron.
¡Tres! Y una puñalaíta
corazón aventurero.

II.
Serenita está la noche.
Serenita está la luna
serenito va el amor
a buscar fortuna.
Serenita está la noche.
Serenito está el lucero
serenitos son los ojos
que yo tanto quiero.
Serenita está la noche.
Serenito va el cantar.
Al llegar a tu ventana
se ha echado a llorar.

III.
Vollandito va la copla
pasa el río, pasa el mar.
Vollandito va la copla.
no hay quien la quiera escuchar.
Vollandito va el querer,
pasa el río pasa el monte.
Va a llamar a un corazón,
el corazón no responde.
¡Ay! Copla de mi querer
por qué te echaste al camino.
Como la noche era oscura
te perdiste y me has perdido.

Text by Maria Lejárraga

Sad stars, extinguish yourselves uncorrupted!
I must die. I do not wish to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Enfold me, Oh night, in your maternal breast,
While the pale earth is moistened
But let the dawn be born from my blood
And from my brief dream, the eternal sun!

Translation by Clara L. J.

I.
Three couplets I sang in the night
One said, "I love you!"
Another said, "I'll call you!"
Another said, "I'll wait for you!"
Three sighs I must give
For the couplets were of no use.
Three! And a little stab
To my adventurous heart.

II.
The night is calm.
The moon is calm,
And love goes serenely
To seek its fortune.
The night is calm.
The morning star is calm,
and calm are the eyes
that I so dearly love.
The night is calm.
The song goes softly.
Upon reaching your window,
it bursts into tears.

III.
The song drifts along,
Across the river, across the sea
The song drifts along.
But no one wants to hear it.
Love drifts along,
Across the river, across the mountain.
It goes to call a heart,
But the heart does not answer.
Ah! Song of my love,
Why did you set out on this path?
Since the night was dark,
you got lost, and you have lost me

Translation by Clara L. J.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Vedrai, carino from *Don Giovanni* (1787)

Vedrai, carino,
se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio
Ti voglio dar!
È naturale,
non dà disgusto,
E lo speciale
non lo sa far.
È un certo balsamo
Ch'io porto addosso,
Dare tel posso
Se il vuoi provar.
Saper vorresti
dove mi sta?
Sentilo battere,
toccami quà!

Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Auch kleine Dinge (1891)

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

Text by Paul Heyse

Verschwiegene Liebe (1888)

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein,
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen,
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Verborgeneheit (1888)

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

You'll see, my dear,
If you're a good boy,
What lovely remedy
I want to give it to you!
It's natural,
It causes no discomfort,
And no apothecary
Can make it.
It's a certain balm
That I carry with me,
I can give it to you
If you want to try it.
You'd like to know
Where it is?
Feel it beating,
Touch me here!

Translation by Clara L. J.

Even small things can delight us,
Even small things can be precious.
Think how gladly we deck ourselves with pearls;
They are very expensive and yet so small
Think how small the olive is,
And yet it is prized for its goodness.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

Translation by Clara L. J.

Over treetops and crops
Into the gleaming light,
Who may guess them,
Who catch them up?
Thoughts go floating,
The night is silent,
Thoughts are free.

If only she could guess
Who has thought of her
In the rustling groves,
When no one else is awake
Except that clouds that fly by,
My love is silent
And beautiful as the night.

Translation by Clara L. J.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Text by Eduard Mörike

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Translation by Clara L. J.

Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947)

A Waterbird (Flying into the Sun) from The Sun is Love (2002)

What I want is to see your face
In a tree, in the sun coming out,
in the air.
What I want is
to hear the falcon-drum, and light again
on your forearm.

To see in every palm your elegant silver coin shavings,
to turn with the wheel of the rain,
to fall with the falling bread.

What I want is to see your face,
To swim like a huge fish
in ocean water,
to be Jacob recognizing Joseph.
To be a desert mountain
instead of a city.

I'm tired of cowards.
I want to live with lions,
with Moses.

I want to sing like birds sing,
Not worrying who hears,
Or what they think.

I am a waterbird flying into the sun.
What I want is to see your face
Beyond wanting, beyond place.
I am a waterbird flying into the sun

Text by Jelaluddin Rumi