

Mattiwilda Dobbs

Arias & Songs



TESTAMENT

The Golden Cockerel - Act II (Rimsky-Korsakov - Bielsky after Pushkin & Agate)

- [1] In the second act King Dodon has been defeated and his two sons slain. And as he is lamenting over their dead bodies the forest clears and a gorgeous pavilion arises as if by magic. Out of this steps a mysterious Queen who then sings an invocation to the sun: 'All hail to thee, O sunlight gleaming'. This Queen is a symbol of the evil fates that are working against King Dodon; but at that moment - when she emerges from her tent in all her dazzling beauty and launches her lovely voice in song - Dodon can do nothing but kneel at her feet in speechless adoration.

Manon - Act III (Massenet - Meilhac/Gille)

MANON

- [2] Obéissons quand leur voix appelle,
Aux tendres amours,
Toujours, toujours, toujours,
Tant que vous êtes belle,
Usez sans les compter vos jours, tous vos jours !
Profitions bien de la jeunesse,
Des jours qu'amène le printemps;
Aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,
Nous n'avons encor que vingt ans !

Profitions bien de la jeunesse,
Aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,
Nous n'avons encor que vingt ans ! Ah, Ah !

Le cœur, hélas ! le plus fidèle.
Oublie en un jour
l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Et la jeunesse ouvrant son aile a disparu sans retour,
sans retour.
Profitions bien de la jeunesse,
Bien courte, est la saison du printemps !
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,
Nous n'aurons pas toujours vingt ans

Profitions bien de la jeunesse !
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,
Profitions bien de nos vingt ans ! Ah ! Ah !

La Sonnambula - Act II (Bellini - Romani)

AMINA

- [3] Ah ! non credea mirarti
si presto estinto, o fiore,
passasti al par d'amore
che un giorno solo durò.

Obey when their voices are calling,
to tender loves,
always, always, always;
as long as you are beautiful,
use up your days without counting, all of your days!
Let's take advantage of youth,
days that spring provides,
let's love, laugh, and sing without stopping,
while we're still only twenty!

Let's take full advantage of our youth!
Let's love, laugh, and sing without stopping
while we're still only twenty! ha ha!

Even the most faithful heart, alas,
forgets love in a day,
love, love, love.
and youth, spreading its wings to fly away, disappears,
never to return.
Let's take full advantage of our youth,
the springtime season, alas, is very short!
Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping,
we won't be twenty forever!

Let's take full advantage of our youth!
Let's live, sing, and laugh without stopping.
Let's take advantage of being twenty, ha, ha!

I hadn't thought I'd see you
dear flower, perished so soon.
You died, as did our love
that only lived for a day

Potria novel vigore
il pianto mio donarti...
Ma ravivvar l'amore
il pianto mio non può.

Lakme - Act III (Delibes-Gondinet/Gille)

LAKME

- [4] "Sous le ciel tout étoilé
le ramier blanc au loin s'en est allé.
Ah ! reviens, ma voix t'appelle;
mon doux ami, reviens, ferme ton aile.
Sous le ciel tout étoilé", *etc.*
Il dort ! Puisse encore un moment
me naïve chanson le bercer doucement.
Puisse-t-il près de moi reposer un moment.
"Sous le ciel tout étoilé,
le ramier blanc, hélas ! s'en est allé.
Sa compagne, qui l'appelle,
n'entendra plus jamais battre son aile.
Sous le ciel, *etc.*
Ah ! reviens, ah !

Lakme, Act I (Delibes-Gondinet/Gille)

LAKME

- [5] Les fleurs me paraissent plus belles,
le ciel est plus resplendissant !
Les bois ont des chansons nouvelles
l'air qui passe est plus caressant.
Je ne sais quel parfum m'enivre.
Tout palpite et je commence à vivre.
Pourquoi ?
Pourquoi dans les grands bois aimé-je à m'égarer
pour y pleurer ?
Pourquoi suis-je attristée au chant d'une colombe ?
Pour une fleur fanée, une feuille qui tombe ?
Et cependant, ces pleurs ont des charmes pour moi,
je me sens heureuse.
Pourquoi ?
Pourquoi chercher un sens au murmure des eaux
dans les roseaux ?
Pourquoi ces voluptés à sentir dans l'espace
comme un souffle divin qui m'embaume et qui passe ?

If only my weeping could
restore your strength again...
But all my tears can never
bring back his love to me.

"Under the sky full of stars
the white wood-dove has flown far away.
Ah! return, my voice calls to you;
my sweet friend, return, fold your wings.
Under the sky full of stars", *etc.*
He sleeps! For a moment more
let my artless song lull him soothingly.
Let him rest near me for a moment.
"Under the sky full of stars,
the white wood-dove, alas! has flown away.
His mate, who calls to him,
will never again hear the beating of his wings.
Under the sky", *etc.*
'Ah! return, ah!'

The flowers seem more beautiful,
the sky more resplendent!
The woods are filled with new songs,
the air as it passes is more caressing.
An unknown perfume intoxicates me.
Everything quivers and I begin to live.
Why?
Why do I like to stray in the great forest
only to weep there?
Why do I become saddened at the cooing of a dove,
a faded flower, a falling leaf?
And yet, these tears have charms for me,
I feel happy.
Why?
Why do I try to make sense of the murmuring of the
waters in the reeds?
Why such pleasure when I feel all around
a sort of divine breath which perfumes me as it passes?

Parfois aussi ma bouche a souri malgré moi,
je me sens heureuse.
Pourquoi ?

Rigoletto, Act I (Verdi - Piave after Hugo)

RIGOLETTO

[6] Pari siamo!...io la lingua,
egli ha il pugnale.
L'uomo son io che ride,
ei quel che spegne!
Quel vecchio maledivami...
O uomini! o natura!
Vil scellerato mi faceste voi!
O rabbia! esser difforme, esser buffone!
Non dover, non poter altro che ridere!
Il retaggio d'ogni uom m'è tolto, il pianto.
Questo padrone mio,
giovin, giocondo, sì possente, bello,
sonnechiando mi dice:
Fa ch'io rida, buffone!
Forzarmi deggio e farlo! Oh dannazione!
Odio a voi, cortigiani schermitori!
Quanta in mordervi ho gioia!
Se iniquo son, per cagion vostra è solo.
Ma in altr'uomo qui mi cangio!...
Quel vecchio maledivami!...Tal pensiero
perché conturba ognor la mente mia?
Mi coglierà sventura?
Ah no, è follia!
*(Aprire con chiave ed entra nel cortile.
Gilda esce dalla casa e si getta nelle sue braccia.)*

[7]

Figlia!
GILDA
Mio padre!
RIGOLETTO
A te d'appresso
trova sol gioia il core oppresso.
GILDA
Oh, quanto amore, padre mio!

Sometimes my lips break into an involuntary smile,
and I feel happy.
Why?

We are two of a kind: my weapon is my tongue,
his is a dagger;
I am a man of laughter,
he strikes the fatal blow!
The old man cursed me...
O mankind! O nature!
It was you who made me evil and corrupt!
I rage at my monstrous form, my cap and bells!
To be permitted nothing but to laugh!
I'm denied that common human right, to weep.
My master,
young, carefree, so powerful, so handsome,
half-dozing, says:
"Fool, make me laugh!"
And I must contrive to do it! Oh, damnation!
My hate upon you, sneering courtiers!
How I enjoy snapping at your heels!
If I am wicked, the fault is yours alone.
But here I become another person!
The old man cursed me!...Why should this
thought still prey so on my mind?
Will some disaster befall me?
Ah no, this is folly!
*(He opens the gate with a key and enters the courtyard.
Gilda runs from the house and into his arms.)*

My daughter!
GILDA
Father!
RIGOLETTO
Only with you
does my heavy heart find joy.
GILDA
Oh, how loving you are, father!

RIGOLETTO
Mia vita sei!

GILDA
Oh, quanto amore!

RIGOLETTO
Senza te in terra qual bene avrei?

GILDA
Oh, quantamore, padre mio!

RIGOLETTO
Ah, figlia mia!

GILDA
Voi sospirate! che v'ange tanto?
Lo dite a questa povera figlia.
Se v'ha mistero, per lei sia franto:
ch'ella conosca la sua famiglia.

RIGOLETTO
Tu non ne hai.

GILDA
Quel nome avete?

RIGOLETTO
A te che importa?

GILDA
Se non volete
di voi parlarvi...

RIGOLETTO *(interrompendola)*
Non uscir mai.

GILDA
Non vo che al tempio.

RIGOLETTO
Oh, ben tu fai.

GILDA
Se non di voi, almen chi sia
fate ch'io sappia la madre mia.

RIGOLETTO
Deh, non parlare al misero
del suo perduto bene.
Ella sentia, quell'angelo,

RIGOLETTO
You are my life!

GILDA
Oh, how loving you are!

RIGOLETTO
Without you, what would I have on earth?

GILDA
How loving you are, father!

RIGOLETTO
Ah, my daughter!

GILDA
You sigh! What makes you so sad?
Tell your poor daughter.
If you have secrets, share them with her:
let her know about her family.

RIGOLETTO
You have no family.

GILDA
What is your name?

RIGOLETTO
What does it matter?

GILDA
If you are unwilling
to tell me about yourself...

RIGOLETTO *(interrupting)*
Never leave this house.

GILDA
I only go out to church.

RIGOLETTO
Oh, that is good.

GILDA
If you will tell me nothing of yourself,
let me know at least who my mother was.

RIGOLETTO
Oh, do not speak to your wretched
father of his lost love.
She felt, that angel,

pietà delle mie pene.
Solo, difforme, povero,
per compassion mi amò.
Moria...le zolle coprano
lievi quel capo amato.
Sola or tu resti al misero...
O Dio, sii ringraziato!

GILDA (*singhiozzando*)
Oh quanto dolor! che spremere
si amaro pianto può?
Padre, non più, calmatevi...
Mi lacera tal vista.

RIGOLETTO
Tu sola resti al misero, *ecc.*

GILDA
Il nome vostro ditemi,
il duol che si v'attrista.

RIGOLETTO
A che nomarmi? è inutile!
Padre ti sono, e basti.
Me forse al mondo temono,
d'alcuno ho forse gli asti.
Altri mi maledicono...

GILDA
Patria, parenti, amici
voi dunque non avete?

RIGOLETTO
Patria! parenti! amici!
Culto, famiglia, patria,
il mio universo è in te!

GILDA
Ah, se può lieto rendervi,
gioia è la vita a me!

RIGOLETTO
Culto, famiglia, *ecc.*

GILDA (sola)
Gualtier Maldè...nome di lui sì amato,
ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!

pity for my sorrows.
I was alone, deformed, poor,
and she loved me out of compassion.
She died...may the earth rest lightly
upon that beloved head.
Only you are left to this wretch...
O God, I thank thee for that!

GILDA (*sobbing*)
What sorrow! What can have caused
such bitter tears?
Father, no more, calm down.
This sight tortures me.

RIGOLETTO
You only are left to this wretch, *etc.*

GILDA
Tell me your name, tell me
what sorrow so afflicts you.

RIGOLETTO
What good would it do? None at all!
I am your father, let that suffice.
Perhaps some people fear me,
and some may even hate me.
Others curse me...

GILDA
Country, family, friends,
have you none of these?

RIGOLETTO
Country! family! friends!
My faith, my family, my country,
my whole world is in you!

GILDA
Ah, if I can make you happy,
then I shall be content!

RIGOLETTO
My faith, my family, *etc.*

GILDA (alone)
Walter Maldè...name of the man I love,
be thou engraved upon my lovesick heart!

Caro nome che il mio cor
festi primo palpitare,
le delizie dell'amor
mi déi sempre rammentar!
Col pensier il mio desir
a te sempre volerà,
e fin l'ultimo mio sospir,
caro nome, tuo sarà.
Col pensier, *ecc.*
(*Sale al terrazzo con una lanterna.*)

Rigoletto, Act III (Verdi - Piave after Hugo)

RIGOLETTO

[9] Chi è mai, chi è qui in sua vece?
(*lampeggia*)
Io tremo...E umano corpo!
Mia figlia!...Dio!...mia figlia!
Ah no...è impossibile!
Per Verona è in via!
(*inginocchiandosi*)
Fu vision...E dessa!
O mia Gilda: fanciulla, a me rispondi!
L'assassino mi svela...Olà?...Nessuno?
(*Picchia disperatamente alla porta.*)
Nessun!
(*tornando presso Gilda*)
Mia figlia? Mia Gilda?...Oh, mia figlia!

GILDA
Chi mi chiama?

RIGOLETTO
Ella parla!...si muove!...
E viva!...oh Dio!
Ah, mio ben solo in terra...
Mi guarda...mi conosci...

GILDA
Ah, padre mio!

RIGOLETTO
Qual mistero!...Che fu?...
Sei tu ferita?...Dimmi...

Beloved name, the first to move
the pulse of love within my heart,
thou shalt remind me ever
of the delights of love!
In my thoughts, my desire
will ever fly to thee,
and my last breath of life
shall be, beloved name, of thee.
In my thoughts, *etc.*
(*Taking a lantern, she walks up the steps to the terrace.*)

Who can this be, here in his stead?
(*lightning*)
I tremble...It's a human body!
My daughter!...O God!...My daughter!
Ah, no, it cannot be!
She has left for Verona!
(*kneeling*)
It was a spectre...It is she!
Oh, my Gilda, child, answer me!
tell me the murderer's name! Hola...Is no one there?
(*knocking desperately at the door*)
No one!...
(*returning to Gilda*)
My daughter? My Gilda?...Oh, my daughter!

GILDA
Who calls me?

RIGOLETTO
She speaks!...She moves!...
She is alive! Oh, God!
Ah, my only joy on earth...
look at me...say who I am...

GILDA
Ah, my father!

RIGOLETTO
I'm mystified!...What happened?...
Are you wounded? Tell me...

GILDA (*indicando al core*)
L'acciar qui mi piagò.

RIGOLETTO
Chi t'ha colpita?

GILDA
V'ho ingannato...colpevole fui...
L'amai troppo...ora muoio per lui!

RIGOLETTO (*da sé*)
Dio tremendo! Ella stessa fu colta
dallo stral di mia giusta vendetta!
(*a Gilda*)
Angiol caro! mi guarda, m'ascolta!
Parla, parlami, figlia diletta.

GILDA
Ah, ch'io taccia! a me, a lui perdonate.
Benedite alla figlia, o mio padre...
Lassù in cielo, vicina alla madre,
in eterno per voi pregherò.

RIGOLETTO
Non morire, mio tesoro, pietade!
Mia colomba, lasciarmi non dêi!

GILDA
Lassù in cielo, *ecc.*

RIGOLETTO
Oh, mia figlia!
No, lasciarmi non dêi, non morir.
Se t'involi, qui sol rimarrei.
Non morire, o qui teco morirò!

GILDA
Non più...a lui perdonate.
Mio padre...Addio!
Lassù in ciel, *ecc.*

RIGOLETTO
Oh mia figlia! O mia Gilda!
No, lasciarmi non dêi, non morir!
(*Gilda muore.*)

RIGOLETTO
Gilda! mia Gilda!...E morta!
Ah, la maledizione!
(*Strappandosi i capelli, cade sul
cadavere della figlia.*)

GILDA (*pointing to her heart*)
The dagger wounded me here.

RIGOLETTO
Who struck you?

GILDA
I deceived you...I was guilty...
I loved him too much...now I die for him!

RIGOLETTO (*to himself*)
Great God in heaven! She was struck by the bolt
that I, in righteous vengeance, loosed!
(*to Gilda*)
Beloved angel. Look at me, listen to me!
Speak, speak to me, dearest child.

GILDA
Let me be silent! Forgive me, and him.
Bless your daughter, O my father -
in heaven above, near my mother,
I shall pray for you evermore.

RIGOLETTO
Do not die, my treasure, have pity!
Oh, my dove, you must not leave me!

GILDA
In heaven above, *etc.*

RIGOLETTO
Oh my daughter!
No, you must not leave me, do not die.
if you go away, I shall be alone!
Do not die, or I shall die beside you!

GILDA
No more...Forgive him.
My father...Farewell!
in heaven above, *etc.*

RIGOLETTO
Oh my daughter, my Gilda!
No, you must not leave me, do not die!
(*She dies.*)

RIGOLETTO
Gilda! My Gilda! She Is dead!
Ah, the curse!
(*Tearing his hair in anguish, he falls
senseless upon his daughter's body.*)

Die Entzückung an Laura (Schubert - Schiller)

[10] Laura, über diese Welt zu flüchten
Wähn' ich, mich in Himmelsmaien glanz zu lichten,
Wenn dein Blick in meinem Blicke flimmt;
Ätherlüfte träum' ich, einzusaugen,
Wenn mein Bild in deiner sanften Augen
Himmelblauem Spiegel schwimmt.

Leierklang aus Paradieses Fernen,
Harfenschwung aus angenehmen Sternen
Ras' ich, in mein trunknes Ohr zu ziehn;
Meine Muse fühlt die Schäferstunde,
Wenn von deinem wollustheissen Munde
Silbertöne ungen fliehn.

La Pastorella (Schubert - Goldoni)

[11] La Pastorella al prato contenta se ne va,
coll'agnellino al lato cantando in libertà.
Se l'innocente amore gradisce il suo pastore,
la bella pastorella contenta ognor sarà.

Nacht und Träume (Schubert - von Collin)

[12] Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume;
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht!
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Heidenröslein (Schubert - Goethe)

[13] Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
war so jung und morgenschön,
lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!

Laura, when your shimmering eyes are reflected in mine,
I imagine I am fleeing this world
To bathe in the light of some heavenly May.
I dream I am breathing ethereal air
When my image floats
In the sky-blue mirror of your gentle eyes.

I burn to draw to my intoxicated ear
The sound of lyres from distant Paradise,
The flourish of harps from more pleasurable stars;
My muse senses the hour of love
When from your warm, sensual lips
Silvery notes reluctantly escape.

The shepherdess walks content over the meadows,
with the lambkin at her side she is singing in freedom.
If the innocent love were accepted by her shepherd,
the beautiful shepherdess would be content forever.

Holy night, thou sinkest down;
down come also dreams;
like thy moonlight through space,
through men's silent breasts.

They listen to them with joy,
cry, when day awakes:
Return, holy night!
sweet dreams, return!

A boy saw a rose growing,
a rose on the hedge.
It was so young and fair that morning,
he quickly ran to look at it closely.
He looked at it with much joy.
Rose, rose, red rose,
rose on the hedge.

The boy said: I'll pick you,
rose on the hedge!

Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
daß du ewig denkst an mich,
und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
half ihr doch kein Weh und Ach,
mußt es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten (Schubert - Goethe)

14 Ich wollt, ich wär ein Fisch,
so hurtig und frisch;
und kämst du zu angeln,
ich würde nicht mangeln.
Ich wollt, ich wär ein Fisch,
so hurtig und frisch.

Ich wollt, ich wäre Gold,
dir immer im Sold:
und tätst du was kaufen,
käm ich wieder gelaufen.
Ich wollt, ich wäre Gold,
dir immer im Sold.

Doch bin ich, wie ich bin,
und nimm mich nur hin!
Willst du beßre besitzen,
so laß dir sie schnitzen.
Ich bin nun, wie ich bin;
so nimm mich nur hin!

Auf dem Schiffe (Brahms - Reinhold)

15 Ein Vögelein fliegt über den Rhein
und wiegt die Flügel im Sonnenschein,
sieht Rebenhügel und grüne Flut
in goldner Glut,
wie wohl das tut,
so hoch erhoben im Morgenhauch!
Beim Vögelein droben, o wär ich auch!

The rose said: I'll prick you,
so that you'll always think of me,
for I won't suffer it.
Rose, rose, red rose,
rose on the hedge.

And the savage boy picked
the rose on the hedge;
the rose defended itself and pricked,
but the aches and pains did not help,
it had to suffer, just the same.
Rose, rose, red rose,
rose on the hedge.

I wish I were a fish,
so agile and fresh;
and if you came to catch me,
I would not fail you.
I wish I were a fish,
so agile and fresh.

I wish I were gold,
always at your service.
And if you bought something,
I would come running back again.
I wish I were gold,
always at your service!

But I am as I am;
just accept me like this.
If you want a better man,
then have him made for you.
I am as I am;
just accept me like this.

A little bird, flying over the Rhine
Gently moving its wings in the sunshine,
Sees hilly vineyards and waters green
In a golden glow,
How good it is,
To be so high up in the morning breezes!
With that little bird on high, oh, could I be there too!

Wiegenlied (Brahms - Scherer)

16 Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
mit Rosen bedacht,
mit Näglein besteckt,
Schlupf unter die Deck:
morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
von Englein bewacht,
die zeigen im Traum
dir Christkindleins Baum:
schlaf nun selig und süß,
schau im Traum's Paradies.

Nachtigallen schwingen (Brahms - von Fallersleben)

17 Nachtigallen schwingen lustig ihr Gefieder;
Nachtigallen singen ihre alten Lieder.
Und die Blumen alle, sie erwachen wieder
bei dem Klang und Schalle aller dieser Lieder.

Und meine Sehnsucht wird zur Nachtigall
und fliegt in die blühende Welt hinein,
und fragt bei den Blumen überall:
wo mag doch mein Blümchen sein?

Und die Nachtigallen schwingen ihren Reigen
unter Laubeshallen zwischen Blütenzweigen,
vor den Blumen allen aber muß ich schweigen.
Und unter ihnen steh' ich traurig sinnend still:
Eine Blume seh' ich, die nicht blühen will.

Botschaft (Brahms - Daumer)

18 Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
um die Wangen der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
eile nicht hinwegzuffiehn!

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,

Good evening, good night!
with your shelter of roses,
full of thorns,
just slip under the covers.
Tomorrow, when God wills it,
you will wake up again.

Good evening, good night;
you are guarded by angels
who will show you in dreams
the Christ child's tree:
now sleep gently and sweetly,
you may see Paradise as you dream!

Nightingales gaily flutter their wings,
Nightingales sing their old songs,
And all the flowers awaken again
To the sound and ring of all these songs.

And my longing becomes a nightingale,
And flies into the blossoming world,
And asks the flowers everywhere:
Where might my own, my little flower be?

And the nightingales whirl 'round in their dance
Under leafy halls, among branches in bloom,
Before all these flowers I must be silent;
Among them I stand still, lost in sad thoughts.
I can see one flower that will not bloom.

Blow, breeze, gentle and loving
about the cheek of my beloved,
play tenderly in her locks,
be not swift to fly away.

If then she should ask
how things are with poor me,
say: "Infinite has been his woe,
most critical his state;

but now he can hope
gloriously to revive,

denn du, Holde,
denkst an ihn."

Die Spröde (Wolf - Goethe)

[19] An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Dass es durch die Felder klang,
So la-la! Le-ral-la-la!
So la-la, ral-la-la!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort.
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen,
Doch sie sang und lachte fort:
So la-la! Le-ral-la-la!
So la-la!

Und ein anderer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der dritte bot sein Herz:
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz.
Nur la-la! Le-ral-la-la!
Nur la-la, ral-la-la!

Die Bekehrte (Wolf - Goethe)

[20] Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la, le ralla!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold, so süß.
Und ich sagte: Blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!

Meine Ruh ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla!

for you, sweet one,
are thinking of him".

On the clearest of spring mornings
the shepherdess went walking and singing,
young and fair and carefree,
so that it resounded through the fields
So la-la! Le-ral-la-la!
So la-la, ral-la-la!

Thyrsis offered her, just for one kiss,
two lambskins, three, on the spot.
She looked at him roguishly for a while,
but then went on singing and laughing:
So la-la! Le-ral-la-la!
So la-la!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third his heart;
but she jested with heart and ribbons
as with the lambs:
Just la-la! Le-ral-la-la!
Just la-la, ral-la-la!

In the sunset gleam
quietly I walked the path,
Damon sat playing his flute,
making the cliffs resound,
so la la!

And he drew me down to him,
kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
And I said: "Play again."
And the good lad played,
so la la!

My peace is now lost,
my joy is flown,
and in my ears I hear
still only that old
so la la, le ralla!

Zitronenfalter im April (Wolf - Mörike)

[21] Grausame Frühlingssonne,
Du weckst mich vor der Zeit,
Dem nur in Maienwonne
Die Zarte Kost gedeiht!
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier
Das auf der Rosenlippe mir
Ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,
So muß ich jämmerlich vergehn,
Und wird der Mai mich nimmer sehn
In meinem gelben Kleid.

Clair de lune (Fauré - Verlaine)

[22] Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth, et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune.
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau.
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Notre amour (Fauré - Silvestre)

[23] Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère,
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin,
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme les mystères des bois,
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants,

Merciless spring sun,
to wake me before it's time,
not until the bliss of May
will my delicate fare thrive!
If there is no kind girl here
to offer me from her rosy lips
a little drop of honey,
I must perish miserably,
and May will never see me
in my yellow dress.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
to which maskers and bergamasks bring delight,
playing the lute and dancing, and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
While singing in the minor key
of victorious love and the propitious life,
they do not seem to believe in their happiness
and their song mingles with the moonlight,
with the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which brings dreams to the birds in the trees
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall, slender fountains among the marble statues.

Our love is a light thing
like the fragrance that the breeze
takes from the tips of the ferns,
for us to breathe in dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing,
like morning songs,
when there are no sorrows to lament,
where there is the thrill of an uncertain hope.

Our love is a sacred thing,
like the mysteries of the woods,
where an unknown soul quivers,
where the silences are eloquent.

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunsets,

Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes !... (Hahn - Hugo)

[24] Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau !

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour !

Le Colibri (Chausson - de L'isle)

[25] Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir !

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

La Cigale (Chausson - de Lisle)

[26] O cigale, née avec les beaux jours,
Sur les verts rameaux, dès l'aube posée,
Contente de boire un peu de rosée,

where the sea, united to the sky,
falls asleep beneath the inclining sun.

Our love is an eternal thing,
as all that a victorious god
has touched with the fire of his wing,
as all that comes from the heart.

My verse would fly, gentle and fragile,
towards your beautiful garden,
if my verse had wings
like a bird!

It would fly, glittering,
towards your merry home,
if my verse had wings
like the spirit...

Pure and faithful, night and day
it would hasten to be near you,
if my verse had wings
like love!

The green humming-bird, the king of the hills,
seeing the dew and the bright sun
shining into his nest, woven of fine grasses,
darts into the air like a ray of light.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
where bamboos make a sound like the sea,
where the red hibiscus with its divine fragrance
unfolds the dewy brilliance at its heart.

He descends to the golden flower, alights,
and drinks so much love from the rosy cup.
that he dies, not knowing if he had exhausted its nectar!

On your pure lips, O my beloved,
likewise my soul wished to die,
of the first kiss which perfumed it.

O cicada, born with the fine weather,
perched at early dawn on the green branches,
content to drink a little dew,

Et telle qu'un roi, tu chantes toujours.

Innocente à tous, paisible et sans ruses,
Le gai laboureur, du chêne abrité,
T'écoute de loin annoncer l'Été.
Apollon t'honore autant que les Muses,
Et Zeus t'a donné l'Immortalité

Salut, sage enfant de la terre antique,
Dont le chant invite à clore les yeux,
Et qui, sous l'ardeur du soleil attique,
N'ayant chair ni sang, vis semblable aux Dieux!

and like a king, you always sing.

Completely innocent, peaceful and guileless,
the gay labourer, under the shady oak tree,
hears you from afar announcing the arrival of summer.
Apollo honours you as greatly as the Muses,
and Zeus has rendered you immortal!

Hail, wise child of the ancient world,
whose song invites the eyes to close,
and who, beneath the heat of the Attic sun,
having neither flesh nor blood, lives like the gods!