

Texts and Translations
(please turn pages quietly)

I

Henry Purcell: *If music be the food of love (First Version)*

If music be the food of love,
sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
for then my list'ning soul you move
with pleasures that can never cloy,
your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
that you are music ev'rywhere.

Georg Frideric Handel: *Xerxes*
Ombra mai fu, cara ed amabile, soave piu
Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato
per voi risplende il fato;
tuoni, lampi, e procelle -
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace ne giunga a
profanarvi, austro rapace!

Ombra mai fu di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile, soave piu.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
so fierce the transports are, they wound,
and all my senses feasted are,
tho' yet the treat is only sound.
Sure I must perish by your charms,
unless you save me in your arms.

***There never was a shadow of a plant
more dear, agreeable and sweet***
Branches, tender and beautiful,
of my beloved sycamore -
for you shines the destiny;
thunder, lightning and tempests -
do not let them ever disturb the dear peace,
nor let the rapacious west winds arrive to profane you!

There never was a shadow of a plant
more dear, agreeable and sweet.

II

Vincenzo Bellini: *Malinconia, Ninfa gentile*
from *Sei Ariette, No. 1; Text by I. Pindemonte*
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.

Francesco Paolo Tosti:
Van li effluvi de le rose da i verzieri, from
Gabriele d'Annunzio: *Versi D'amore (1882)*
Van gli effluvi de le rose da i verzieri,
da le corde van le note de l'amore,
lungi van per l'alta notte
piena d'incantesimi.

L'aspro vin di giovinezza brilla ed arde
ne le arterie umane; reca l'aura a tratti
un tepor voluttuoso d'aliti feminei.

Spiran l'acque ai solitari lidi; vanno,
van li effluvî de le rose da i verzieri,
van le note de l'amore lungi e le meteore.

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

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
They heard me at last; I will live satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I never
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

The scent of roses from the gardens
The scent of roses from the gardens
and the loving notes from the strings
disappear into a deep night
full of enchantment.

The fierce wine of youth burns brilliant and ardent
in human veins; from time to time,
on the air comes a pleasant feminine warmth.

The waters touch the solitary shores;
The scent of roses drifts from the gardens,
into the distance go the notes of love, like shooting stars.

Giuseppe Verdi: Stornello (poet unknown)

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non t'amo...
Dici non mi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.

Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:
Tu fa quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.

Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia,
Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Story

You say that you don't love me, so I don't love you...
You say that you reject me, so I reject you.
You say you'll look for other fish in the sea,
So I will pick new roses in other gardens.

Let us agree about it, now, together:
You behave as you like, I'll do as you do.
I myself am free, no one commands me,
I serve everyone and no one.

A constant love affair is only madness;
Inconstantly I live with pride and boldness.
I won't be scared of you if I will meet you,
I won't cry anymore if you shall leave me.

Just like a nightingale out of his cage,
All night and all day, I'll rejoice and twitter.
I myself am free, no one commands me,
I serve everyone and no one.

III

Antonín Dvořák: from Cigánské melodie (Gypsy Melodies, Op. 55)

Ma písen zas mi láskou zní

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
když starý den umírá,
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj
si tajně perle sbírá.

Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
když svetem noha bloudí;
jen rodné pusty dálnou
zpěv volně z nader proudí.

Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
když bouře běží plání;
když těším se, že bídy prost
dlí bratr v umírání.

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala,
podivno, že často, často slzívala.
A ted' také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!

My song again rings to me with love

My song again rings to me with love
when the old day is dying;
and when the poor moss secretly gathers pearls into
its guise.

My song so longingly rings into the country
When I wander through the world;
My homeland is in the distant wilderness -
my song stirs with my love of my homeland.

My song loudly resounds of love
when the storm hurries through the flatlands.
I'm glad that my brother is dying free from poverty.

When my old mother taught me to sing

When my old mother taught me to sing,
it's strange that often, often she cried.
And now I also torment my swarthy face by weeping
when I teach gypsy children to play and to sing, to
play and to sing!

From Biblické písně (Biblical Songs, Op. 99)

Hospodin jest můj pastýř

Hospodin jest můj pastýř; nebudu míti nedostatku.
na pastvách zelených pase mne,
k vodám tichým mne přivodí.
Duši mou občerstvuje; vodí mne po stezkách
spravedlnosti pro jméno Své.
Byť se mi dostalo jíti
přes údolí stínu smrti:
nebuduť se báti zlého, nebo Ty se mnou jsi;
A prut Tvůj a hůl Tvá, Tot' mne potěšuje.

Moravské dvojzpěvy (Moravian Duets), Op. 32

Skromná

Krásná moja milá jako rozmarýna,
moja galanenka jako fialenka.
Nejsem rozmarýna, nejsem já fialka,
ale sem galanka švárného šohajka.

Prsten

Hraj, muziko, hraj, z cich na Dunaj,
budem sa ubírat na milého kraj.
A vy, formané, širujte koně,
a vy, družbové, sedajte na ně!
Ztracila sem vínek, můj zlatý prstýnek u mamičky mej.
U mej matery v truhle zamčený, červeným
jabúčkem s milého srdečkem zapečacený.

Rusalka: Mesiku na nebi hlubokem

Měsiku na nebi hlubokem
Svetlo tve daleko vidi,
Po svetě bloudis širokem,
Divas se v příbytky lidi.
Měsicku, postuj chvíli
Řeckni mi, kde je muj mily
Řekni mu, sribmy měsicku,
Me ze jej objima rame,
Aby si alespon chvilicku
Vzpomenul ve sneni na mne
Zasvet mu do daleka
Řekni mu, řekni m kdo tu nan čeka!
Omněli duše lidska sni
At'se tou vzpominkou vzbudi!
Měsicku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

The Lord is my shepherd, I will lack nothing

The Lord is my shepherd, I will lack nothing.
In pastures green He watches over me,
to still waters He leads me.
He refreshes my soul; He leads me along paths of justice.
for the sake of His name.
Though it would befall me to walk
through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for You are with me;
and Your rod and Your staff
certainly they comfort me.

The Modest Maiden

Beautiful my dear girl like rosemary,
my sweetheart like a violet.
I'm not rosemary, I'm not a violet,
but I'm the sweetheart of a handsome, strapping lad.

The Ring

Play, band, play, softly to the Danube,
We'll be setting out for my sweetheart's land.
And you, coachman, prepare the horses,
And you groomsmen, mount them!
I've lost my garland, my gold ring at my mother's house.
At my mother's house in a trunk, sealed with red wax,
as my darling's heart is sealed.

Song to the Moon

Silver moon upon the deep dark sky,
Through the vast night pierce your rays.
This sleeping world you wander by,
Smiling on men's homes and ways.
Oh moon as you glide past me, tell me,
Tell me, oh where is my loved one?
Tell him, oh tell him, my silver moon,
Mine are the arms that shall hold him,
That between waking and sleeping he may
Think of the love that enfolds him,
Light his path far away, light his path,
Tell him, oh tell him who does for him stay!
Human soul, should it dream of me,
Let my memory wakened be.
Moon, moon, oh do not wane, do not wane.

IV

Samuel Barber: *The Secrets of the Old* by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) from *A Man Young and Old*

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Margery is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;

For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

***Sleep Now* by James Joyce (1882-1941),
from *Chamber Music*, no. 34, published 1907**

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

***Sure on this shining night* by James Agee (1909-
1955), from *Permit Me Voyage***

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
From shadows on the stars.

Jeffrey Brody: *The Call* by George Herbert, pub. 1633

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a way as gives us breath;
Such a truth as ends all strife,
Such a life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a light as shows a feast,
Such a feast as mends in length,
Such a strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a light as shows a feast,
Such a feast as mends in length,
Such a strength as makes his guest.

Gustav Mahler: Rückert-Lieder, based on poems by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein goldnes Haar!
 Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe den Frühling, er jung ist jedes Jahr!
 Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar!
 Liebst du um Liebe, o ja – mich liebe!
 Liebe mich immer, dich lieb ich immerdar!

If you love for beauty

Do you love for beauty? Oh do not love me!
 Love the sun who wears her golden hair!
 Do you love for youth? O do not love me!
 Do you love the Spring, it is young every year!
 Do you love for riches? Oh do not love me!
 Do you love the mermaid, she has many pearls!
 Do you love love? Oh yes, then love me!
 Love me always, I will always love you.

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
 Im Zimmer stand ein Zweig der Linde,
 Ein Angebinde von lieber Hand.
 Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft.

I breathed a gentle fragrance

I breathed a gentle fragrance
 In the room there was branch of a lime tree,
 A gift of a dear hand.
 How lovely was the lime fragrance!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
 Das Lindenreis brachst du gelinde;
 Ich atme leis im Duft der Linde
 Der Liebe linden duft.

How lovely is the lime fragrance,
 The sprig of the lime tree you plucked gently;
 Softly I breathed in the fragrance of the lime tree,
 The gentle fragrance of love.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
 Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
 Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
 Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
 Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
 Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
 Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Look not into my songs!

Look not into my songs!
 My eyes I lower,
 as if I've been caught in an evil deed.
 I can't even trust myself
 to watch them grow.
 Look not into my songs!
 Your curiosity is a betrayal!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
 Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
 Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
 Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
 Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
 Dann vor allen nasche du!

Bees, when they build their cells,
 also do not let anyone observe them;
 even themselves.
 If the rich honeycombs
 are brought out to the light of day,
 then you shall taste them before everyone else!

VI

Edward Elgar: Sea Slumber-Song by Roden Berkeley Wriothesley Noel (1834-1894)

Sea-birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
My slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins,

"I, the Mother mild, Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild! Hush thee, O my child,
Hush thee."

Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes good-night,
Good-night...
Leave woes, and wails, and sins,
Good-night... Good-night...

Isles in elfin light, Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lull'd by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles, Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand of this elfin land.

Ralph Vaughn Williams: Let Beauty Awake from Songs of Travel by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend
To render again and receive!

*Herbert Howells: King David by Walter de la Mare (1873-1956),
from Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes (pub. 1913)*

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,
To ease his melancholy.

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,
Who taught my grief to thee?"

They played till they all fell silent:
Played and played sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away.

But the bird in no-wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Harkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

He rose; and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.