***English*** ***Songs***

**Ah, Love, But A Day (1899)**

Text by Robert Browning (1812-1889)

Ah, Love, but a day,

And the world has changed!

The sun’s away,

And the bird estranged;

The wind has dropped,

And the sky’s deranged;

Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!

Wilt thou change too?

Should I fear surprise?

Shall I find aught new

In the old and dear,

In the good and true,

With the changing year?

**If You’ve Only Got a Moustache (1864)**

Text by George Cooper (1840-1927)

Oh all of you poor single men,

Don't ever give up in despair,

For there's always a chance while there's life,

To capture the hearts of the fair,

No matter what may be your age,

You always may cut a fine dash,

You will suit all the girls to a hair,

If you've only got a moustache,

A moustache, a moustache,

If you've only got a moustache.

I once was in sorrow and tears,

Because I was jilted you know,

So right down to the river I ran,

To quickly dispose of my woe,

A good friend he gave me advice,

And timely prevented the splash,

Now at home I've a wife and ten heirs,

And all through a handsome moustache,

A moustache, a moustache,

And all through a handsome moustache.

**A Perfect Day (1909)**

Text by Carrie Jacobs-Bond (1862-1946)

When you come to the end of a perfect day,

And you sit alone with your thought,

While the chimes ring out with a carol gay

For the joy that the day has brought,

Do you think what the end of a perfect day

Can mean to a tired heart,

When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,

And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,

Near the end of a journey, too;

But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,

With a wish that is kind and true.

For mem’ry has painted this perfect day

With colors that never fade,

And we find at the end of a perfect day

The soul of a friend we’ve made.

***Aria***

**Piangerò la sorte mia (1724)**

Text by Nicola Francesco Haym (1678-1729)

**Recitative**

E pur così in un giorno

perdo fasti e grandezze?

Ahi fato rio!

Cesare, il mio bel nume,

è forse estinto.

Cornelia e Sesto

inermi son,

nè sanno darmi soccorso.

O dio, non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

**Recitative**

And yet thus in a single day

do I lose splendour and greatness?

Ah wicked fate!

Cesare, my handsome sovereign, is probably dead.

Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,

nor do they know how to give me assistance.

Oh God, there doesn’t remain any hope for my life.

**Aria**

Piangerò la sorte mia,

sì crudele e tanto ria,

finché vita in petto avrò.

Ma poi morta d’ogn’intorno

il tiranno e notte e giorno

fatta spettro agiterò.

**Aria**

I shall lament my fate,

so cruel and so wicked,

as long as I have life in [my] breast.

But when I am dead, from all around,

the tyrant, both night and day,

having become a ghost, I will haunt.

***Spanish Songs***

**Del cabello más sutil (1921)**

Text by Traditional poem

Del cabello más sutil

Que tienes en tu trenzado

He de hacer una cadena

Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,

Chiquilla, quisiera ser,

Para besarte en la boca,

Cuando fueras a beber.

**From the finest hair**

From the finest hair

in your tresses

I wish to make a chain

to draw you to my side.

In your house, young girl,

I'd fain be a pitcher,

to kiss your lips

whenever you went to drink. Ah!

**English Translation © Richard Stokes**

**Por los Campos Verdes (1942)**

Text by Juana de Ibarbourou (1892–1979)

**Through the green fields**

Por los campos verdes

De Jerusalén, de Jerusalén

Va un niñito rubio, rubio

Camino a Belén.

Through the green fields

From Jerusalem, from Jerusalem

A little blond boy goes, blond

On the way to Bethlehem.

Le dan los pastores

Tortas de maíz, tortas de maíz,

Leche de cabra,

Y pan con anís,

Pan con anís.

The shepherds give him

Corn cakes, corn cakes,

Goat milk,

And bread with anise.

Bread with anise.

El niñito tiene,

Los rizos de luz.

Duérmete, Natasha,

Sueña con Jesús.

The little boy has,

The curls of light.

Go to sleep, Natasha,

Dream about Jesus.

**Esta Iglesia No Tiene (1948)**

Text by Carlos Guastavino(1912-2000)

Esta iglesia no tiene

lampadarios votivos

No tiene candelabros

ni ceras amarillas

No necesita el alma

de vitrales ojivos

Para besar las hostias

y rezar de rodillas

El sermón sin inciensos

es como una semilla

De carne y luz

que cae temblando al surco vivo:

El Padre-Nuestro,

rezo de la vida sencilla

Tiene un sabor de pan

frutal y primitivo...

Tiene un sabor de pan.

Oloroso pan prieto

Que allá en la infancia

blanca entregó su secreto

A toda alma fragantе

que lo quiso escuchar...

Y el Padrе-Nuestro

en medio de la noche se pierde;

Corre desnudo

sobre las heredades verdes

Y todo estremecido

se sumerge en el mar...

**This Church Has No**

This church does not

have votive lamps

It has no candle holders

or yellow waxes

Don't need the soul of

stained glass windows

To kiss the hosts

and pray on my knees

The sermon without

incense is like a seed

Of flesh and falling light,

trembling to the living furrow:

The Our Father,

prayer of the simple life

It has a taste of fruity

and primitive bread ...

It has a taste of bread.

Smelly brown bread

That back in the white childhood

he gave up his secret

To every fragrant soul

who wanted to listen ...

And the Our Father

in the middle of the night is lost;

He runs naked

on green fields

And all shaken

dives into the sea .

***Italian Songs***

**Dimando A Voi Pietà (1982)**

Text by an anonymous poet

Dimando a voi pietà,

di tante lagrime.

A voi dell'idol mio,

luci spietate.

Io spero col mio pianto,

un giorno frangere.

Le pietre ancor che dure

ed insensate.

**I ask from you pity**

I ask from you pity

for so many tears,

from you,

the cruel eyes of my idol.

I hope, with my weeping,

one day to break.

the stones (of your eyes),

although they are hard and unfeeling

**La Pastorella (1835)**

Text by an anonymous poet

La pastorella

sul primo albore,

Semplicemente

canta d'amore,

Mentre la greggia

pascendo va.

Non ha gelosa

l'alma nel petto

Poiché il suo caro

pastor diletto

Da pari laccio

legato sta.

**The Shepherdess**

The shepherdess

on the first dawn,

Simply

sing of love,

While she flocks it

grazing it goes.

She is not jealous

the alma in the chest

Since its dear

beloved pastor

From an equal snare

tied is.

**English Translation © Nicholas Cornforth**

***French Songs***

**Le Mariage Des Roses (1871)**

Text by Eugène David (1784-1830)

Mignonne, sais tu comment,

S'épousent les roses?

Ah! cet hymen est charmant!

**The marriage of the roses**

My dear one, do you know

how the roses marry?

It's a charming ceremony.

Quelles tendres choses

Elles disent en ouvrant

Leurs paupières closes!

Mignonne, sais tu comment

S'épousent les roses?

They say all sort of sweet nothings

as they open their lids.

My sweet, do you know

how the roses marry?

Elles disent: Aimons nous!

Si courte est la vie!

Ayons les baisers plus doux,

L'âme plus ravie!

Pendant que l'homme, à genoux,

Doute, espère, ou prie!

Ô mes soeurs, embrassons-nous

Si courte est la vie!

They say, "Let us love each other!

Life is so short!

Let us have the sweetest kisses,

the most ravished soul!

While man, on his knees,

doubts, hopes or prays!

My sisters, let us kiss each other!

Life is so short!"

Croix-moi, mignonne, croix-moi,

Aimons nous comme elles,

Vois, le printemps vient à toi,

Et, des hirondelles

Aimer est l'unique loi

À leurs nids fidèles.

Ô ma reine suis ton roi,

Aimons nous comme elles.

Believe me, my dear one, believe me,

let us love each other as they do.

Look, spring is coming to you,

and the only law

in the swallows' faithful nests

is love.

My queen, follow your king.

Let us love as they do.

Excepté d'avoir aimé,

Qu'est-il donc sur terre?

Notre horizon est fermé,

Ombre, nuit, mystère!

Un seul phare est allumé,

L'amour nous l'éclaire!

Excepté d'avoir aimé,

Qu'est-il donc sur terre?

Unless you have loved,

what use is life on this earth?

Our horizon is closed,

shadow, night, mystery!

Only one lamp is lit -

love lights our way!

Unless you have loved,

what use is life on this earth?

**Fumée (1896)**

Text by Jean Moréas (1856-1910)

Compagne de l'ether,

indolente fumée,

Je te ressemble un peu...

Ta vie est d'un instant,

la mienne est consumée;

Mais nous sortons du feu.

**Smoke**

Aether companion,

indolent smoke,

I look a bit like you ...

Your life is a moment,

mine is consumed;

But we come out of the fire.

L'homme pour subsister,

en recueillant la cendre,

Qu'il use ses genoux,

Sans plus nous soucier

et sans jamais descendre,

Evanouissons-nous!

The man to subsist,

by collecting the ashes,

That he wears out his knees,

Without worrying anymore

and without ever going down,

Do we pass out.

**Les Cigales (1889)**

Text by Rosemonde Gérard (1871-1953)

Le soleil est droit sur la sente,

L'ombre bleuit sous les figuiers ;

Ces cris au loin multipliés,

C'est Midi, c'est Midi qui chante.

Sous l'astre qui conduit le chœur,

Les chanteuses dissimulées

Jettent leurs rauques ululées,

De quel infatigable cœur !

Les cigales, ces bestioles,

Ont plus d'âme que les violes ;

Les cigales, les cigalons,

Chantent mieux que les violons.

S'en donnent-elles, les cigales,

Sur les tas de poussière gris,

Sous les oliviers rabougris

Étoilés de fleurettes pâles ;

Et sur les euphorbes aussi

Agonisant sur la pierraille,

C'est encor leur voix qui s'éraille

Dans le pauvre gazon roussi.]1

Les cigales, ces bestioles,

Ont plus d'âme que les violes ;

Les cigales, les cigalons,

Chantent mieux que les violons.

**The cicadas**

As the sun climbs higher and higher,

patches of shade keep shrinking

and noise multiplies on every side:

it is noon, summer noon is singing!

Directed by the blazing star is a chorus, who have rehearsed their parts,

broadcasting a raucous cantata

with resolute and tireless hearts

The cicadas, those tiny fellows,

out-vibrato the loudest cellos.

The cicadas' concerted din

outperforms any violin!

They overdo it, the cicadas;

they indulgently wallow

in among the old olive-trees

and the flowers of the dusty hollow.

Enchanted with their power to sing,

they press on with their crazy musicking.

Through the branches and browning grasses their unremitting song takes wing.

The cicadas, those tiny fellows,

out-vibrato the loudest cellos.

The cicadas' concerted din

outperforms any violin!

Aux rustres épars dans le chaume,

Le grand astre torrentiel,

À larges flots, du haut du ciel,

Verse le sommeil et son baume.

Tout est mort, rien ne bruit plus

Qu'elles, toujours, les forcenées,

Entre les notes égrenées

De quelque lointain Angelus.

Les cigales, ces bestioles,

Ont plus d'âme que les violes ;

Les cigales, les cigalons,

Chantent mieux que les violons.

And since for the work-weary peasants

the abundant sun of summer

in ample waves from high above

pours the magic potion of slumber,

all is still, to mark this special hour...

except for these fanatics

filling in the spaces between

the chimes of the distant church tower!

The cicadas, those tiny fellows,

out-vibrato the loudest cellos.

The cicadas' concerted din

outperforms any violin!

***Art Songs with Musical Theme***

**Der Musikant (1980)**

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Wandern lieb’ ich für mein Leben,

Lebe eben wie ich kann,

Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,

Passt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiss ich;

In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,

Draussen in die Saiten reiss ich,

Weiss nicht, wo ich abends ruh’.

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,

Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,

Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,

So ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Mag dir Gott ein’n Mann bescheren,

Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!

Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,

Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

**The minstrel**

I simply love to wander,

And live as best I can,

And were I to exert myself,

It wouldn’t suit at all.

Beautiful old songs I know,

Barefoot out in the cold

I pluck my strings,

Not knowing where I’ll rest at night.

Many a beauty gives me looks,

Says she’d fancy me,

If I’d make something of myself,

Were not such a beggar wretch.

May God give you a husband,

Well provided with house and hime!

If we two were together,

My singing might fade away.

**English Translation © Richard Stokes**

**An die Musik (1817)**

Text by Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,

Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,

Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,

Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir

Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,

Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

**To Music**

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,

when I am enmeshed in life’s tumultuous round,

have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,

and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh,

escaping from your harp,

a sweet, celestial chord

has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.

Beloved art, for this I thank you!

**English Translation © Richard Wigmore**

**If Music be the Food of Love (1690)**

Text by Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

If music be the food of love,

Sing on till I am fill’d with joy;

For then my list’ning soul you move

To pleasures that can never cloy.

Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare

That you are music ev’rywhere.

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.

**On Music (2006)**

Text by Ben Moore (1960)

When the winter rushes in and darkness reigns

Or while basking in the gleaming sun

There is music to attend both joys and pains

For both the lover and the loveless one

Fill your days with music.

With tender joyful song

Dream your dreams to music.

You’ll help your dreams along.

Makes no difference who you are or where you’re from

You will always have a song to sing.

Sing the clamor of the city with its ceaseless hum.

Sing the coming of another spring.

Fill your days with music.

With clear and powerful song

Find your way to music.

You’ll find you can’t go wrong.

For there, within a simple anthem

A glimpse of life beyond our eyes

Like water mirroring the skies

So, let the melody start.

Let music fill your heart.