

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Cäcilie

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

Text by Heinrich Hart

Allerseelen

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 am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Text by Hermann von Gilm

Kornblumen

Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,
die milden mit den blauen Augen,
die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,

Cecily

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.
If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
In the frightening storm,
With no soft voice
To comfort
The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.
If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.

Translation by Richard Stokes

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.
Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.
Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,
Those gentle girls with blue eyes,
Who simply and serenely impart

den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen
aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,
mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,
bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.
Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,
durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

Text by Felix Dahn

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...

Text by John Henry Mackay

Douglas Stuart Moore (1893-1969)

Letter Aria

Dearest Mamma, I am writing,
For I'm lonely and distressed.
I am staying here in Leadville
without Harvey, by myself
Every thing is over now between us.
He has left me and it's better that way too.
I never loved him.
We weren't suited.
When two people feel that way they shouldn't stay together.
Mamma dear, you often told me
That I was beautiful,
at that my beauty deserved to find a man some day
So rich, a man so powerful, that he could
Give me anything and make me like a princess in olden days
Ah
And so I waited, hoping some day he would come
Dearest mama, now I've found him
And he loves me truly too.
Every moment we're together
We both know it had to be.
But, dear mamma he's not free to marry.
It is wrong for us to feel the way we do.
I know he needs me and that I love him,
But I have to give him up and we must part forever

Text by John Latouche

The dew of peace, which they draw
From their own pure souls,
To all those they approach,
Unaware of the jewels of feeling
They receive from the hand of Heaven:
You feel so at ease in their company,
As though you were walking through a cornfield,
Rippled by the breath of evening,
Full of devout peace and gentleness.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...
And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

Translation by Richard Stokes

Florence Price (1927-1953)

An April Day

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.

Text by Joseph Seamon Cotter, Jr.

Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals —
I know what the caged bird feels!
I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting —
I know why he beats his wing!
I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings —
I know why the caged bird sings!

Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar

Hold Fast to Dreams

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

Intermission

Manuel P Velez

Sa kabukiran

Sa kabukiran walang kalungkutan
Lahat ng araw ay kaligayahan
Sa kabukiran ay walang kalungkutan
Lahat ng araw ay kaligayahan
Ang halamanan kung aking masdan
Masiglang lahat ang kanilang kulay
Ang mga ibon nag-aawitan
Kawili-wili silang pakinggan
Kawili-wili silang pakinggan
O aking buhay na maligaya
Busog ang puso at maginhawa
O aking buhay na maligaya

Constancio de Guzman (1903-1982)

Bayan Ko

Ang bayan kong Pilipinas
Lupain ng ginto't bulaklak
Pag-ibig na sa kanyang palad
Nag-alay ng ganda't dilag
At sa kanyang yumi at ganda
Dayuhan ay nahalina
Bayan ko, binihag ka
Nasadlak sa dusa
Ibon mang may layang lumipad
Kulungin mo at umiiyak
Bayan pa kayang sakdal-dilag
Ang 'di magnasang makaalpas
Pilipinas kong minumutya
Pugad ng luha ko't dalita
Aking adhika
Makita kang sakdal laya

Text by José Corazón de Jesús

Jose Estrella (1870-1943)

Ang Maya

Ang ibong sa parang ka pag lumilipad
Ma dalas ang ga law ng kanilang pak pak
At kung ma pagod na ay da dapong agad
Sa sanga ng kahoy ay palipat lipat
Sa umaga ang awitan Ay mainam na pakingan
Sa gabi du ma dapo Di mahuli at malik si
Pag nagulat ay lilipad
Papagakpak ma nga pakpak
At huhuning
Kiring kiring kiring kiring
Pag napagod ha haling hinang

In the countryside

In the countryside there is no loneliness
All days are happiness
In the countryside there is no loneliness
All days are happiness
When I look at the garden
Their colors are all active
The birds are singing,
It's entertaining to listen to them
It's entertaining to listen to them
O my happy life
My heart is full and full of ease
O my happy life

My Country

My country The Philippines
Land of gold and flowers
Love bestowed to her
Offered beauty and glow
Due to her beauty and grace
Foreigners are tempted
My country, they enslaved you
Gave you endless suffering
Even bird that fly freely
Will cry once caged
My land so fair
Yearns to break free
Philippines that I so adore
Nest of tears and poverty
All that I desire
To see you rise and free

The Sparrow

The bird in the meadow when you fly
Often they fly with their wings
And if they get tired they rest
On the branch of the tree they move from one to another
In the morning it is nice to hear them sing
At night it is hard to catch them because they are quick
If you stir them they will fly
They flap with their wings
They sing
Tweet tweet, tweet tweet
When they get tired they wine

Levi Celerio (1910-2001)

Ikaw ang Mahal ko

Ikaw ang mahal ko
Ikaw ang mahal kong tunay na tunay
Ang tanging panaginip ko'y tanging ikaw
Nguni't ang totoo madalas mong mapag-alinlangan
Ang puso kong tapat sa pagsintang 'di moa lam
Ang pagibig kung lubusan kay hirap maunawaan
Ngunit kung ang young pagsinta'y sadyang da li say
Lagging tapat kahit na pagbintangan
Ikaw ang mahal ko Ikaw ang mahal kong tunay na tunay

Rodgers and Hammerstine (1902-1979), (1895-1960)

I have Dreamed

I have dreamed that your arms are lovely,
I have dreamed what a joy you'll be.
I have dreamed every word you whisper.
When your close,
Close to me.
How you look in the glow of evening
I have dreamed and enjoyed the view.
In these dreams I've loved you so
That by now I think I know
What it's like to be loved by you-
I will love being loved by you.
Alone and awake I've looked at the stars,
The same that smile on you;
And time and again
I've thought all the things
That you were thinking too.
I have dreamed that arms are lovely,
I have dreamed what a joy you'll be.
I have dreamed every word you whisper.
When your close,
Close to me.
How you look in the glow of evening
I have dreamed and enjoyed the view.
In these dreams I've loved you so
That by now I think I know-
What it's like to be loved by you-
I will love being loved by you

Adam Guettel (b.1964)

Beauty is

These are very popular, in Italy.
It's the land of naked marble boys.
Something we don't see a lot in Winston-Salem,
That's the land of corduroys.
I'm just a someone in an old museum.
Far away from home as someone can go.
And the beauty is I still meet people I know.
Hello.
This is wanting something, this is reaching for it,
This is wishing that a moment would arrive.
This is taking chances, this is almost touching, what the
beauty is.
I don't understand a word they're saying,
I'm as different here as different can be.
But the beauty is I still meet people like me.

You're the one I love

You're the one I love
You're the one I love you are my true love
I only dream of you
But the truth is I always doubt
If my hear is sincere
The love that is hard to understand
But if your love is sincere
Always sincere even if you don't believe
you are still my true love

Everyone's a mother here, in Italy.
Everyone's a father, or a son.
I think if I had a child, I would take such care of her.
Then I wouldn't feel like one.
I've hardly met a single soul, but I am not alone.
I feel grown.
This is wanting something, this praying for it,
This is holding breath and keeping fingers crossed.
This is counting blessings, this is wondering when I'll see that
boy again.
I've got a feeling he's just a someone, too.
And the beauty is, when you realize, when you realize,
Someone could be looking for a someone like you.

Verdi (1813-1901)

Caro nome

Gualtier Maldè!.. Nome di lui siamato,
ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
festi primo palpitar,
Le delizie dell'amor
mi dêi sempre rammentar!
Col pensier il mio desir
a te sempre volerà,
E fin l'ultimo sospir,
caro nome, tuo sarà.

Sweet name

Gualtier Malde!... name of my beloved,
Brand this loving heart!
Sweet name, you who made my heart
Throb for the first time,
You must always remind me
The pleasures of love!
My desire will lfy to you
On the wings of though
And my last breath
Will be yours my beloved

Translation by Guia K. Monti