

Hébé Op. 2, No. 6 (1882)
Ernest Chausson (1886-1899)

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait,
Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe
vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la Jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi,
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?
Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encor, sur la route éternelle,
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.

When, with eyes lowered, blushing and candid,
Hebe came forward, towards their banquet,
the charmed Gods held out their empty goblets,

and the child filled them with nectar.
Likewise all of us, when Youth passes by,
we longingly hold out our empty cups to her,
Which is the wine that the Goddess pours into it?
We do not know; it intoxicates and delights.
Having smiled with her immortal grace
Hebe draws away; one calls her back in vain.
A long time afterwards, along the eternal road,
our weeping eye follows the divine cup-bearer.

Le rossignol des lilas (The nightingale of the lilac trees) (1913)
Hahn (1873 - 1947)

O premier rossignol qui vient
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!
Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encore, divin petit être!
O premier rossignol qui vient
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!
Nocturne ou matinal, combien
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens.
O premier rossignol qui viens!

O first nightingale which comes
to the lilacs, beneath my window
your voice is sweet for me to hear again!
No other accent can compare with yours!
Faithful to the bonds of love
trill on, divine little being!
O first nightingale which comes
to the lilacs, beneath my window,
Whether by night or in the morning, how
deeply
your hymn to love penetrates my being!
So much passion renews in me
the echo of my bygone Aprils.

Lied der Brautm, from *Myrthen* (1840) Op. 25
Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht,
Weil ich ihn lieb' also sehr,
Dass nun Liebe mir gebricht,
Dich zu lieben, wie vorher.

Mother, mother! Never believe,
Because I love him so,
That I now lack the love
To love you as before!

Mutter, Mutter! Seit ich ihn
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich sehr.
Lass mich an mein Herz dich ziehn,
Und dich küssen, wie mich er.

Mother, mother! Since loving him
I love you all the more.
Let me press you to my heart
And kiss you, as he kisses me.

Mutter, Mutter! Seit ich ihn
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich ganz,
Dass du mir das Sein verliehn,
Das mir ward zu solchem Glanz.

Mother, mother! Only since loving him
Do I truly love you now,
For giving me my life
That has become so radiant.

Madre, unos ojuelos vi from *Seis canciones*

Eduardo Toldrà (1895-1962), text by Lope Félix de Vega Carpio

Madre, unos ojuelos vi
Verdes, alegres y bellos.
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,
Y ellos se burlan de mí!

Mother, I saw some little eyes.
Green, happy and beautiful.
Oh, I'm dying for them,
And they make fun of me!

Las dos niñas de sus cielos
Han hecho tanta mudanza,
Que la calor de esperanza
Se me ha convertido en celos.
Yo pienso, madre, que vi
Mi vida y mi muerte en ellos
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,
Y ellos se burlan de mí!

The two girls of their heavens
They have moved so much,
May the warmth of hope
It has turned me into jealousy.
I think, mother, what I saw
My life and my death in them
Oh, I'm dying for them,
And they make fun of me!

¡Quién pensara que el color
De tal suerte me engañara!
Pero ¿quién no lo pensara,
Como no tuviera amor?
Madre, en ellos me perdí,
Y es fuerza buscarme en ellos.
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,
Y ellos se burlan de mí!

Who would think that the color
So lucky he deceived me!
But who wouldn't think about it,
How could I not have love?
Mother, I got lost in them,
And it is strength to look for myself in them.
Oh, I'm dying for them,
And they make fun of me!

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta from *La rondine*

Puccini (1858-1924), text by Giuseppe Adami

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta
potè indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai
come mai fini

Doretta's beautiful dream
Who could ever guess?
Her mystery how come it's never
how come it's never ending

Ahimè! un giorno uno studente
in bocca la baciò
e fu quel bacio
rivelazione:
fu la passione!
Folle amore!
Folle ebbrezza!
Chi la sottile carezza
d'un bacio così ardente
mai ridir potrà?

Alas! One day a student
kisses her on the lips
and it was such a kiss
revelation:
It was passion!
Crazy love!
Crazy intoxication!
Who could this subtle carress
of such flaming a kiss
ever describe;

Ah! mio sogno!
Ah! mia vita!
Che importa la ricchezza
se alfine è rifiorita
la felicità!
O sogno d'or
poter amar così!

Ah! my dream!
Ah! my life!
Who cares about riches
if it finally flourishes
happiness!
Oh golden dream
to be able to love like this!

Suleika I

Schubert (1797-1828), text by Marianne von Willemer, English translation © Richard Wigmore

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

What does this stirring portend?
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Now you may pass on,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given to me only by his breath.

No sé qué siento aquí, from *Zarzuela Château-Margaux*

Manuel Fernández Caballero (1835-1906), text by José Jackson Veyán

No sé qué siento aquí
que el alma se encendió.
No hay vino para mí
como el Chateau Margaux.
Chispea sin cesar,
alegre y juguetón;
parece que es del vals
la dulce invitación.
Quiero bailar,
quiero reír.
De la botella
voy a dar fin.
Moveiéndose a compás
palpita el corazón,
haciendo tin, tin, tan

I do not know what this feeling is
that sets my heart aglow.
For me, there is no wine
like Chateau Margaux.
Ceaselessly sparkling,
joyful and playful;
it seems like a gentle invitation
to the waltz.
I want to dance,
I want to laugh.
I want to finish
the bottle.
Keeping time to the rhythm
my heart throbs,
going tin, tin, tan,

y haciendo tin, tin, ton.

De amores y placeres
el encendido mar,
refleja en sus espumas
la copa de cristal.
Su fuego centellea
aquí en el corazón.
No hay vino tan alegre
como el Chateau Margaux.
Quiero reír,
quiero bailar
así, así etc.
Parece que es etc.
"Bebe, esposa mía,"
me dijo Manuel,
y estoy tan alegre
como ustedes ven.
¡Ven, esposo mío!
Ven, mi dulce amor,
y juntos bebamos
del Chateau Margaux.
Ven mi amor!

Quanto amore from *L'elisir d'amore*
Donizetti (1797-1848), text by Felice Romani

ADINA
(Quanto amore! ed io, spietata!
Tormentai sì nobile cor!)

DULCAMARA
(Essa pure è innamorata:
Ha bisogno del liquore.)

ADINA
S'avvicina a Dulcamara
Dunque ... adesso ... è Nemorino
In amor sì fortunato!

DULCAMARA
Tutto il sesso femminile
È per i giovani pazzi.

ADINA
E qual donna è a lui gradita?
Qual fra tante è preferita?

DULCAMARA
Egli è il gallo della Checca,
Tutte seguono, tutte becca.

going tin, tin, ton.

A burning sea
of love and pleasure
is reflected in the foam
of the crystal glass.
Its fire crackles
here in my heart.
There's no wine so joyous
as Chateau Margaux.
I want to laugh,
I want to dance
like this, and like this etc.
It seems like etc.
"Drink, my dear wife,"
said Manuel,
and I am so happy
as you can see.
Come, my husband!
Come, sweet love!
and let's drink together
some Chateau Margaux.
Come to me, my love!

ADINA
(How much love! And I, ruthless!
Tormented yes noble cor!)

DULCAMARA
(She is also in love:
He needs liquor.)

ADINA
He approaches Dulcamara
So ... now ... it's Nemorino
In love so lucky!

DULCAMARA
All the feminine sex
It is for young people crazy.

ADINA
And which woman is welcome to him?
Which among many is preferred?

DULCAMARA
He is the cock of the Checca,
All follows, all becca.

ADINA
(Ed io sola, sconsigliata,
Possedea quel nobil cor!)

DULCAMARA
(Essa pure è innamorata:
Ha bisogno del liquor.)
Bella Adina! qua un momento ...
Più dappresso ... su la testa.
Tu sei cotta ... io l'argomento
A quell'aria afflitta e mesta.
Se tu vuoi? ...

ADINA
S'io vo? che cosa?

DULCAMARA
Su la testa, schizzinosa!
Se tu vuoi, ci ho la ricetta,
Che il tuo mal guarir potrà.

ADINA
Ah, Dottor, sarà perfetta,
Ma per me virtù non ha.

DULCAMARA
Vuoi vederti mille amanti
Spasimar, languire al piede?

ADINA
Non saprei che far di tanti;
Il mio core un sol ne chiede.

DULCAMARA
Render vuoi gelose, pazze
Donne, vedove, ragazze?

ADINA
Non mi alletta, non mi piace
Di turbar altrui la pace.

DULCAMARA
Conquistar vorresti un ricco?

ADINA
Di ricchezze non mi picco.

DULCAMARA
Un contino? Un marchesino?

ADINA
No, non vo' che Nemorino.

ADINA
(And I alone, not advised,
Possede that nobil cor!)

DULCAMARA
(She is also in love:
He needs liquor.)
Bella Adina! here a moment ...
Closer ... on the head.
You're cooked ... I'm the topic
At that afflicted and sad air.
If you want? ...

ADINA
Am I? what?

DULCAMARA
On the head, fussy!
If you want, I have the recipe,
May your ill cure be able.

ADINA
Ah, Doctor, it will be perfect,
But for me, virtue does not have.

DULCAMARA
Want to see you a thousand lovers
Spasimar, languish at the foot?

ADINA
I would not know what to do with so many;
My heart only asks for it.

DULCAMARA
Render you want jealous, crazy
Women, widows, girls?

ADINA
It does not appeal to me, I do not like it
Peace is another's turbar.

DULCAMARA
Conquistar would you like a rich man?

ADINA
Of riches it does not spike me.

DULCAMARA
A contino? A marquisino?

ADINA
No, I did not want Nemorino.

DULCAMARA
Prendi, su, la mia ricetta,
Che l'effetto ti farà.

ADINA
Ah! Dottor, sarà perfetta,
Ma per me virtù non ha.

DULCAMARA
Sciagurata! e avresti core
Di negare il suo valore?

ADINA
Io rispetto l'elisire,
Ma per me ve n'ha un maggiore:
Nemorin, lasciata ogni altra,
Tutto mio, sol mio sarà.

DULCAMARA
(Ah! Dottore! è troppo scaltra:
Più di te costei ne sa.)

Una parola, o Adina, from *L'elisir d'amore*
Donizetti (1797-1848), text by Felice Romani

NEMORINO
Una parola, o Adina.

ADINA
L'usata seccatura!
I soliti sospir! Faresti meglio
A recarti in città presso tuo zio,
Che si dice malato, e gravemente.

NEMORINO
Il suo mal non è niente – appresso al mio.
Partirmi non poss'io ...
Mille volte il tentai ...

ADINA
Ma s'egli more,
E lascia erede un altro? ...

NEMORINO
E che m'importa? ...

ADINA
Morrai di fame, e senza appoggio alcuno ...

NEMORINO
O di fame o d'amor ... per me è tutt'uno.

DULCAMARA
Get, on, my recipe,
What the effect will do to you.

ADINA
Ah! Doctor, it will be perfect,
But for me, virtue does not have.

DULCAMARA
Wretched! and you would have core
To deny its value?

ADINA
I respect the elixire,
But for me there is a greater one:
Nemorin, left each other,
All mine, mine will be mine.

DULCAMARA
(Oh, Doctor! It's too cunning:
More than you, she knows.)

NEMORINO
A word, or Adina.

ADINA
The used nuisance!
The usual sigh! You'd do better
To go to your uncle's town,
Which is said to be sick, and badly.

NEMORINO
His illness is nothing - near mine.
I can not leave ...
A thousand times I tried ...

ADINA
But if you have more,
And leaves another heir? ...

NEMORINO
What do I care? ...

ADINA
You will die of hunger, and without any support...

NEMORINO
O of hunger or love ... for me it's all one.

ADINA
Odimi. Tu sei buono,
Modesto sei, né al par di quel sergente
Ti credi certo d'inspirarmi affetto;
Così ti parlo schietto,
E ti dico che invano amor tu speri,
Ché capricciosa io sono, e non v'ha brama.
Che in me tosto non muoia appena è desta.

NEMORINO
Oh! Adina! ... e perché mai? ...

ADINA
Hear me. You are good,
You are modest, neither is that sergeant's par
You certainly believe in inspiring yourself;
So I speak to you candidly,
And I tell you that in vain love you hope,
What a capricious I am, and there is no desire.
That in me it does not die as soon as it is awakened.

NEMORINO
Oh! Adina! ... and why? ...

Suleika II

Schubert (1797-1828), text by Marianne von Willemer

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
your moist wings;
for you can bring him word
of what I suffer separated from him.

The motion of your wings
awakens a silent longing within my breast.
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills
grow tearful at your breath.

But your mild, gentle breeze
cools my sore eyelids;
ah, I should die of grief
if I had no hope of seeing him again.

Hasten then to my beloved
speak softly to his heart –
but be careful not to distress him,
and conceal my suffering from him.

Tell him, but tell him humbly,
that his love is my life,
and that his presence will bring me
a joyous sense of both.

Als die alte Mutter (When my old mother)
Dvorak (1841–1904), text by Adolf Heyduk

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
sonderbar, daß Tränen ihr am Auge hingen.
Jetzt die braunen Wangen netzen mir die
Zähnen,
wenn ich will die Kinder Sang und Spielen
lehren!

When my old mother taught me songs to
sing,
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,
When I teach the children how to sing and
play!

Widmung, from *Myrthen* (1840) Op. 25
Schumann (1810 - 1856), text by Béla Bartók

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!