

Siul a Ruin - Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Translation by David Wood

Walk, walk, walk my love,
Walk quickly to me, softly move,
Walk to the door, and away we'll flee,
And safe may my darling be.

Das Veilchen - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Text by Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe (1749-1832)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
modest and unknown
It was a dear little violet.
Then came a young shepherdess
With light step and happy mood
Along, along,
The meadow along and sang.
Ah! Thinks the little violet,
Were I but the fairest flower of nature
Ah, just a little while,
Until my beloved picked me
And pressed me firmly to her bosom!
Ah, just, ah just
A short quarter hour long!
Ah! But ah! The maid came and took no notice of the little violet.
It sunk and died and rejoiced in itself anyway,
And then i die through her
At her feet at least.
The poor violet!
It was a dear little violet.

An die Nachtigall - Franz Shubert (1797 - 1828)

Text - Mathias Claudius (1740-1815)

Translation by Richard Wigmore

He lies sleeping upon my heart;
My kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.

And I can be merry and jest,
Delight in every flower and leaf.
Nightingale, ah, Nightingale,
Do not awaken my love with your singing!

Vergebliches Standchen by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Text - Anon

Translation - Richard Stokes

(He): Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

(She): My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

(He): The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

(She): If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

Ad Una Stella - Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Text by Andrea Maffei (1798-1885)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Beautiful star of the earth,
Loving and beautiful light,
How my soul, oppressed and imprisoned,

Desires to break its chains,
And fly freely to you!
The unknown inhabitants
That you hide from me, oh star,
Embrace the angels in pure brotherly love,
In harmony with the angels make your sphere resound.
Our faults and worries are secrets to them;
Without want and calm,
Pass the days and the years,
With no thought of counting them,
Nor to recall them in sorrow.
Beautiful star of the night,
Gem in which the heaven delights,
How will this soul rise,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
From your earthly prison
To your beautiful radiance in flight!

¿Con qué la lavaré? - Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Translation by Stuart Allin

With what then may I bathe the bloom upon my beauty?
With what then may bathe?
Who life has made so twisted?

The wives and mothers wash them with water fresh from lemons,
I'll wash my marks of anguish,
I'll wash my marks of anguish with tears wrung from my sorrow.
With tears wrung from my sorrow.

De los álamos vengo, madre - Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Translation by Stuart Allin

I have been by the poplars, mother.
I've seen how their branches swayed in the breezes.

By the poplar trees of Sevilla,
I have seen my beautiful lover.
I have been by the poplars, mother.