

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)

Adieu, Mignon (1866)

Adieu, Mignon! courage! Ne pleure pas!
Les chagrins sont bien vite oubliés à ton âge; Dieu te
consolera! Mes vœux suivront tes pas!

Goodbye, Mignon! Be brave! Do not cry! Sorrow is quickly
forgotten at your age; God will console you! My wishes will
follow your path.

Puisses-tu retrouver et famille e patrie!
Puisses-tu rencontrer en chemin le bonheur!
Je te quitte à regret et mon âme attendrie Partage ta douleur.

May you find your family and fatherland.
May you find a path to happiness!
I left you with regret and my tender soul shares your pain.

N'accuse pas mon coeur de froide indifférence!
Ne me reproche pas de suivre un fol amour.
En te disant adieu je garde l'espérance
De te revoir un jour.

Don't blame my heart of cold indifference! Don't blame me for
following a foolish love.
As I say goodbye I still hope to see you again one day.

Text by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré

Translation by David Kakareko

Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)

Le Soir

La terre embrasée
Attend la rosée
Qui tombe des cieux.

The earth, parched at even, is waiting that Heaven
The fresh dew may bring.

La chaleur s'apaise,
On respire à l'aise,
L'oiseau chante mieux,

Cooler winds are blowing,
Best relief be stowing.
The birds sweeter sings.

Le feuillage sombre
Couvre de son ombre
Les amants heureux

Shadows deep descending,
From trees are bending
Where lovers meet.

Et plus d'une étoile
À travers son voile,
Parle aux amoureux,

While the star beams tender
Thro' their veil of splendor
Tell me Love's story sweet.

Text by Michael Carré

Translation by Isabella G. Parker

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Der Gang Zum Liebchen, Op. 48, No. 7 (1868)

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr gehn?

The moon shines down,
So I should set out
Again to my love,
How is she, I wonder?

Ach weh, sie verzaget
Und klaget, und klaget,
Daß sie mich nimmer
Im Leben wird seh'n!

Alas, she's despairing
And lamenting, lamenting
She'll never see
Me again in her life!

Es ging der Mond unter,
Ich eilte doch munter,
Und eilte daß keiner
Mein Liebchen entführt.

The moon went down,
But I hurried off happily,
Hurried so that no one
Should steal my love.

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
Mein Liebchen entführt!

Text by Josef Wenzig

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht, Op. 96, No. 4 (1884)
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Text by Heinrich Heine

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
O kühler Wald, Op.72, No. 3 (1844)
O kühler Wald,
Wo rauschest du,
In dem mein Liebchen geht?
O Widerhall,
Wo lauschest du,
Der gern mein Lied versteht?
Im Herzen tief,
Da rauscht der Wald,
In dem mein Liebchen geht,
In Schmerzen schlief
Der Widerhall,
Die Lieder sind verweht.

Text by Clemens von Brentano

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Treue Liebe, Op.7, No.1 (1854)
Ein Mägdlein saß am Meerestrand
Und blickte voll Sehnsucht ins Weite.
»Wo bleibst du, mein Liebster, Wo weilst du so lang?
Nicht ruhen läßt mich des Herzens Drang.
Ach, kämst du, mein Liebster, doch heute!«

Der Abend nahte, die Sonne sank
Am Saum des Himmels darnieder.
»So trägt dich die Welle mir nimmer zurück?
Vergebens späht in die Ferne mein Blick.
Wo find' ich, mein Liebster, dich wieder,

Die Wasser umspielten ihr schmeichelnd den Fuß,
Wie Träume von seligen Stunden;
Es zog sie zur Tiefe mit stiller Gewalt:
Nie stand mehr am Ufer die holde Gestalt,
Sie hat den Geliebten gefunden!

Text by B. Eduard Schulz

Keep cooing, you doves,
Keep whispering, you breezes,
So that no one
Should steal my love!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Death is cool night,
Life is sultry day.
Dusk falls now, I feel drowsy,
The day has wearied me.

Over my bed rises a tree,
In which the young nightingale sings;
She sings of nothing but love,
I hear it even in my dreams.

Translation by Richard Stokes

O cool forest,
Where do you rustle,
In whom my darling walks?
O echo,
Where do you listen,
Who understands my song so well?
In the depth of my heart
There rustles the forest
In which my darling walks;
In pain sleeps
the echo;
The songs have been blown away

Translation by Albert Combrink

A maiden sat by the seashore
And looked, full of longing, into the distance.
"Where are you, my lover? What is keeping you so long?
The turmoil of my heart gives me no rest.
Ah, if only you would come today, my love!"

The evening approached, the sun sank low
At the edge of the sky.
"So the waves will never then bring you back?
It is then in vain that I peer in the distance.
Where will I find you again, my beloved?"

The creeping water played about her feet,
Like a dream of blissful hours;
She was drawn to the depths by some silent power:
No more did that lovely form stand on the shore;
She had found her beloved again!

Translation by Emily Ezust

Antonio Lotti (1667-1740)
Pur dicesti, o bocca bella
Pur dicesti, o bocca bella,
Quel soave e caro sì,
Che fatutto il mio piacer.

Per onor di sua facella
Con un bacio Amor t'apri,
Dolce fonte del goder, ah!

Text by N/A

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Non t'amo piu (1884)
Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor...?
Folle d'amore io ti seguìi ...ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai felice, di carezze a baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci...
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso...
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che pasamo inieime
lo cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme
Tu della mente l'unico pensier

Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te
lo sol per appagare un tuo desire
Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fè...

Text by Carmelo Errico

Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered
That gentle and precious yes,
Upon which all my pleasure is founded.

In his own radiant honour
Love has opened you with a kiss,
Sweet foundation of pleasure, ah!

Translation by Nicholas Cornforth

Do you still remember the day that we met;
Do you still remember your promises?
Crazy from love I followed you, we were enamored with each
other
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from love.

I dreamed, happily, of caresses and kisses
A chain fading away into the sky:
But your words were misleading,
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together
I scattered flowers at your feet
You were the only hope of my heart
You were the only thought in my mind

You watched me beg, turning pale
You watched me cry before you
Only to satisfy your desire, I
Had given my blood and my faith.

Translation by Madeleine Gotschlich