

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Vado, ma dove? O Dei! K.583 (1789)

Vado, ma dove? O Dei!

Se de tormenti suoi,

Se desospiri miei

Non sente il ciel pietà!

Tu che mi parli al core,

Guida i miei passi, amore;

Tu quel retegno or togli

Che dubitar mi fa.

Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Les nuits d'été op.7 (1841)

I. Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,

Quand auront disparu les froids,

Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,

Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;

Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles

Que l'on voit au matin trembler,

Nous irons écouter les merles

Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;

C'est le mois des amants bény,

Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,

Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.

Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,

Pour parler de nos beaux amours,

Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:

Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,

Faisons fuir le lapin caché,

Et le daim au miroir des sources

Admirant son grand bois penché;

Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,

En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,

Revenons rapportant des fraises

Des bois!

II. Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close

Qu'effleure un songe virginal;

Je suis le spectre d'une rose

Que tu portais hier au bal.

Tu me pris encore emperlée

Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,

Et parmi le fête étoilée

Tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,

Sans que tu puisses le chasser,

Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose

À ton chevet viendra danser.

I-go, by where-to? Oh gods!

If for his torment,

If for my sighs,

heaven has no pity!

You who speak to my heart,

Guide my footsteps, love;

Remove that obstacle

That makes me doubt.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

When the new season comes,

When the cold has gone,

We two will go, my sweet,

To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;

Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew

We see quivering each morn,

We'll go and hear the blackbirds

Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;

It is the season lovers bless,

And the birds, preening their wings,

Sing songs from the edge of their nests.

Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank

To talk of our beautiful love,

And tell me in your gentle voice:

Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,

Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place

And the deer reflected in the spring,

Admiring his great lowered antlers;

Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,

And entwining our fingers basket-like,

We'll bring back home wild

Strawberries!

Open your eyelids,

Brushed by a virginal dream;

I am the spectre of a rose

That yesterday you wore at the dance.

You plucked me still sprinkled

With silver tears of dew,

And amid the glittering feast

You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,

You shall be powerless to banish me:

The rosy spectre which every night

Will come to dance at your bedside.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni _De profundis_;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

VI. L'île inconnue
Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
– Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

Text by Théophile Gautier

But be not afraid – I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives –
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every king will envy.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
– That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Alban Berg (1885-1935)
Sieben frühe Lieder (1907)

I. Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen
Hain
Einsam leise weht.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant
grove
Blows solitary soft.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

Text by Carl Hauptmann

II. Schilflied

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
And think, my girl, of you!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

When the bushes then grow dark,
The reeds pipe mysteriously,
Lamenting and whispering,
That I must weep, must weep.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

And I seem to hear the soft sound
Of your voice,
And your lovely singing
Drowning in the pond.

Text by Nikolaus Lenau

III. Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall

It is because the nightingale

Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Text by Theodor Storm

Francesco Santoliquido (1883-1971)

I Poemi del Sole (1914)

I. Un'ora di sole
Oh! bel Sole d'Anacapri, dolce e triste
per i clivi degli ulivi
Campanelle della sera,
case bianche al par di neve
Io vi porto nel cuore!
e vi penso
con triste nostalgia.
O bei clivi,
fioriti di rose selvaggie.
Oh! come il vostro fascino molle
e la vostra vaga tristezza m'avvincono!
Oh! bel Sole d'Anacapri, O Sole dolce
O fichi d'India addormentati!
o campanelle della sera!
Rose selvaggie!
O bel mare lontano!
Oggi io ripenso la vostra vaga malinconia.
Oh! bel Sole d'Anacapri,
io ti porto nel cor!

II. Riflessi

Oh! bei riflessi di Sole!
o bei riflessi gialli e rossi
che illuminano il giardino
come un immenso fuoco artificiale.
Inondate anche me di vostre calde
fosforescenze d'or.
Io scorgo in voi miriadi di stelle,
Io scorgo in voi miriadi di faville,
Lucciole e perle, rubini e smeraldi!
Ed i miei occhi stanchi s'accecano ai vostri
bagliori.
E la mia anima beve
ed il mio cor s'ubriaca
di luce e di colori!
Oh! bei riflessi di sole,
barbagli rossi di fiamme ardenti Splendete!
Ho bisogno di voi, Splendete!
Inondate il ruscello,
la vasca del giardino,
Le foglie mattutine d'una pioggia d'or!

III. Nel giardino

Un'ora dolce passa sul giardino,
un'ora piena di silenzio e di pace,
tutta inondata dal profumo dei fiori.
La fontana si tace ed i viali

Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Oh! Beautiful Sun of Anacapri, sweet and sad
throughout slopes of olives
Blue bells of the evening,
houses as white as snow
I hold you in my heart!
While reminiscing about you
I am fraught with nostalgia
Oh beautiful slopes
covered with blooming roses.
How deeply your pervasive fascination
and your unspeakable sadness fascinate me!
Oh! Beautiful Sun of Anacapri, Oh sweet Sun
benumbing prickly pears!
Oh blue bells of evening!
Wild roses!
Oh beautifully distant sea!
Today I relive your immense melancholie!
Oh! Beautiful Sun of Anacapri,
It is you I carry in my heart!

Oh! Beautiful sun reflections!
Oh beautiful yellow and red reflections
that make the garden sparkle
like an immensely bright flame.
Flood me too indeed with your hot and gold
phosphorescence.
I catch sight in you of myriads of stars,
I catch sight in you of myriads of sparks,
Fireflies and pearls, rubies and emeralds!
My tired eyes are blinded by your glow,
And my soul as well as my heart becomes
inebriated
from lights and colors!
Oh! Beautiful reflections of the sun,
Dazzles reds of shining flames,
your bright splendor!
I need you, and your bright splendor!
You inundate the brook,
the pool of the garden,
And the morning leaves with golden rain!

A sweet hour overtakes the garden,
an hour full of silence and peace,
totally inundated by the perfume of flowers.
The fountain is quiet and the

son deserti,
inoltriamo: non c'è che il Sole.
Un sole giallo, che ci guarda
e sorride,
e non ripeterà le parole divine,
che ci sussurreremo inebriati!
Ah! Vieni! Sediamoci qui...
un'ora dolce passa sul giardino.

IV. Sole d'autunno
Sole d'autunno! re delle tristezze,
palido nume delle foglie morte,
voglio cantar di te.
Le tue dolcezze meravigliose
e le tue fiamme smorte mi fioriscono in cuore.
Oh! fioriture di gigli rossi tra le felci!
Il folle ardore è in voi
delle capigliature che ho baciato ne' sogni!
Le corolle nel tuo lume si sfrondano
o sbiancato sole di morte,
Che fai pur fiorire
nel cuore di chi ha pianto nel passato
Una smania d'amare e di morire.
Sole d'autunno! re delle tristezze,
tragico nume delle cose morte...
come un malato nelle tue carrezze
voglio avvivare le mie fiamme smorte!
Voglio accendere i sogni come fari,
Nel sangue dei crepuscoli autunnali.
Sole d'autunno!
Fiori solitari.
Dolci profumi!
Aurore trionfali!

Text by Francesco Santoliquido

Jocelyn Hagan (b. 1980)
love. songs (2009)
I. "burn"
unto thee i
burn incense
the bowl crackles
upon the gloom arise purple pencils
fluent spires of forms
delightful with indefinable flowering,
the air is
deep with desirable flowers
i think
thou lovest incense
for in the ambiguous faint aspirings
the indolent frail ascensions,
of thy smile rises the immaculate
sorrow
of thy low
hair flutter the level litanies
unto thee I burn
incense, over the dim smoke
straining my lips are vague with

paths deserted,
And further beyond, there is nothing but Sun.
A yellow sun, that looks upon us
and smiles,
and which will not repeat the divine words,
that we shall whisper intoxicated!
Do come! Let us sit down here...
A sweet hour overtakes the garden.

Autumn Sun! King of sadness!
pale god of the dead leaves,
I want to sing of you.
Of your marvelous sweetness
and of your pale flames blooming in my heart.
Oh! flowering red lilies between the ferns!
The same mad ardor is in you
as that of the locks I kissed in my dreams!
The corollas bleach in your light
Oh paled sun of death,
you still give rise
in the heart of he who cried in the past
an intense desire to love as well as die.
Sun of autumn! King of sadness
tragic god of the things that once were
like a sick one with your caresses
I want to bring back to life my dull flame!
I want the dreams to shine like lighthouses
In the bloody red autumn twilights.
Autumn Sun!
Solitary flowers.
Sweet perfumes!
Triumphant dawns!

Translation by Abra K. Bush

ecstasy my palpitating breasts inhale the
slow
supple
flower
of thy beauty, my heart discovers thee
unto
whom i
burn
olibanum*

II. "your little voice"
your little voice
Over the wires came leaping
and I felt suddenly
dizzy
With the jostling and shouting of merry
flowers
wee skipping high-heeled flames
courtesied before my eyes
or twinkling over to my side
Looked up
with impertinently exquisite faces
floating hands were laid upon me
I was whirled and tossed into delicious
dancing
up
Up
with the pale important
Stars and the Humorous
moon
dear girl
How I was crazy how i cried when i heard
over time
and tide and death
leaping
Sweetly
your voice

III. "so quite new"
i like my body when it is with your
body. It is so quite new a thing.
muscles better and nerves more.
i like your body. i like what it does,
i like its hows. i like to feel the spine
of your body and its bones, and the trembling
-firm-smooth ness and which I will
again and again and again
kiss, I like kissing this and that of you,
i like slowly stroking the, shocking fuzz
of your electric fur, and what-is-it comes
over parting flesh And eyes big love-
crumbs,
and possibly I like the thrill
of under me you so quite new

IV. "i love you much (most beautiful
darling)
i love you much (most beautiful darling)

more than anyone on the earth and i
like you better than everything in the sky
-sunlight and singing welcome your coming
although winter may be everywhere
with such a silence and such a darkness
noone can quite begin to guess
(except my life) the true time of year-
and if what calls itself a world should have
the luck to hear such singing
or glimpse such sunlight
as will leap higher than high
through gayer than gayest someone's heart
at your each nearness
everyone certainly would
(my most beautiful darling)
believe in nothing but love

V. "i carry your heart with me"
i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)
i fear
no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my
true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always
meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you
here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the
bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;
which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars
apart
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Text by E.E Cummings