

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Isabella Colbran (1785-1845)

Povero cor tu palpiti (1813)

Povero cor tu palpiti
 ne a torto in questo di
 tu palpiti così povero core
 si tratta o dio di perdere
 per sempre il caro ben
 che di sua mano
 in sen m'inpresse amore.

Text by Pietro Metastasio

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Clara Schumann: 3 Lieder, Op. 12 (1841)

No. 2 Er Ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Er ist gekommen
 In Sturm und Regen,
 Ihm schlug beklommen
 mein Herz entgegen.
 Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
 Dass seine Bahnen
 Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen
 In Sturm und Regen,
 Er hat genommen
 Mein Herz verwegen.
 Nahm er das meine?
 Nahm ich das seine?
 Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen
 In Sturm und Regen,
 Nun ist gekommen
 Des Frühlings Segen.
 Der Freund zieht weiter,
 Ich seh' es heiter,
 Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

No. 4 Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
 O nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe die Sonne,
 Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
 Liebst du um Jugend,
 O nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe den Frühling,
 Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
 Liebst du um Schätze,
 O nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe die Meerfrau,
 Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
 Liebst du um Liebe,
 O ja, mich liebe!
 Liebe mich immer,
 Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

My poor heart, you palpitate so,
 How right you are to tremble,
 You throb so, poor heart,
 For fear of losing forever,
 Of losing forever that dear beloved
 That love's hand
 Has engraved in my heart.

Translation by C. Kimball

He came
 In storm and rain;
 My anxious heart
 Beat against his.
 How could I have known
 That his path
 Should unite itself with mine?

He came
 In storm and rain;
 Audaciously
 He took my heart.
 Did he take mine?
 Did I take his?
 Both drew near to each other.

He came
 In storm and rain.
 Now spring's blessing
 Has come.
 My friend journeys on,
 I watch with good cheer,
 For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

If you love for beauty,
 O love not me!
 Love the sun,
 She has golden hair.
 If you love for youth,
 O love not me!
 Love the spring
 Which is young each year.
 If you love for riches,
 O love not me!
 Love the mermaid
 Who has many shining pearls.
 If you love for love,
 Ah yes, love me!
 Love me always,
 I shall love you ever more.

No. 11 Warum willst du and're fragen
Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Yvette Souviron (1914-2010)

Al banco solitario (1955)
Al banco solitario del parque
En que, por vez primera,
Yo to besé en la boca
A la luz del alba,
Anoche regresé a soñar.

Soñé que te besaba,
Tus ojos y tu boca
Una vez, otra vez y otra
Hasta que tú viniste a mí
Diciéndome, "te quiero."

Text by Yvette Souviron

Judith Cloud (b. 1954)

Four Sonnets by Pablo Neruda, Set 1 (2006)
I. I do not love you as if you were Salt-rose or Topaz (Morning)
No te amo como si fueras rosa de sal, topacio
o flecha de claveles que propagan el fuego:
te amo como se aman ciertas cosas oscuras,
secretamente, entre la sombra y el alma.

Te amo como la planta que no florece y lleva
dentro de sí, escondida, la luz de aquellas flores,
y gracias a tu amor vive oscuro en mi cuerpo
el apretado aroma que ascendió de la tierra.

Te amo sin saber cómo, ni cuándo, ni de dónde,
te amo directamente sin problemas ni orgullo:
así te amo porque no sé amar de otra manera,

sino así de este modo en que no soy ni eres,
tan cerca que tu mano sobre mi pecho es mía,
tan cerca que se cierran tus ojos con mi sueño.

Text by Pablo Neruda

Why enquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!

Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!

Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!

Translation by Richard Stokes

To the lonely park bench,
On which for the first time,
I kissed you on the lips
By dawn's light,
Last night I returned to dreaming.

I dreamt I kissed you,
your eyes, and your lips...
One time, another time, and again.
Until you came to me
And told me, "I love you."

Translation by Sophia Altamirano & Adriana Altamirano

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.
I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;
so I love you because I know no other way

that this: where I does not exist, nor you,
so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,
so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.

Translation by Stephen Tapscott

Maria Grever (1885-1951)

Júrame (1927)

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero,
porque nunca me habían visto enamorada.
Yo te juro que yo mismo no comprendo,
el porqué me fascina tu mirada.

Cuando estoy cerca de ti y estoy contenta,
no quisiera que de nadie te acordaras.
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento,
que pueda recordarte a otra persona amada.

Júrame, que aunque pase mucho tiempo,
no olvidarás el momento en que yo te conocí.

Mírame, pues no hay nada más profundo,
ni más grande en este mundo,
que el cariño que te di.

Bésame, con un beso enamorado,
como nadie me ha besado,
desde el día en que nací.

Quiéreme, quiereme hasta la locura,
así sabras la amargura,
que estoy sufriendo por ti.

Text by Maria Grever

They all say it is a lie that I love you,
because they had never seen me in love.
I swear that not even I understand,
why your glance fascinates me.

When I am near you and I am happy,
I wouldn't want you to remember anyone else.
I am jealous of any thought,
that could make you remember a past lover.

Swear to me,
that although the time passes
you won't forget the moment
Of when I first met you.

Look at me,
for there is nothing in this world
bigger or more profound
than the love I gave you.

Kiss me,
with a loving kiss,
like no one has kissed me
since the day I was born.

Love me,
love me to madness
and then you will know the bitterness
that I am suffering for you.

Translation by Sophia Altamirano & Adriana Altamirano