
TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Richard Faith (1926-2021)

“Echo” No. 2 from *Christina Rossetti Lyrics* (1991)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream;
 Come back in tears,
 O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet
 Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
 Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
 Where thirsting longing eyes
 Watch the slow door
 That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
 My very life again tho' cold in death:
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
 Speak low, lean low,
 As long ago, my love, how long ago.

Text by Christina Rossetti

John Musto (b. 1954)

The Sea” No. 3 from *Enough Rope* (1987)

Who lay against the sea, and fled,
 Who lightly loved the wave,
 Shall never know, when he is dead,
 A cool and murmurous grave.

But in a shallow pit shall rest
 For all eternity,
 And bear the earth upon the breast
 That once had worn the sea.

Text by Dorothy Parker

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

“Wild Nights” No. 3 from *Four Dickinson Songs* (1988)

Wild Nights — Wild Nights!
 Were I with thee
 Wild Nights should be
 Our luxury!

Futile — the Winds —
 To a Heart in port —
 Done with the Compass —
 Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden —
 Ah, the Sea!
 Might I but moor — Tonight —
 In Thee!

Text by Emily Dickinson

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

“Ô ma lyre immortelle” from *Sapho* (1850)

Où suis-je?

Ah! Oui, je me rappelle.

Tout ce qui m’attachait à la vie est brisé.

Il ne me reste plus que la nuit éternelle,

Pour reposer mon cœur de douleur épuisé.

Ô ma lyre immortelle, qui dans les tristes jours

à tous mes maux fidèle les consolait toujours!

En vain ton doux murmure veut m’aider à souffrir.

Non, tu ne peux guérir ma dernière blessure;

ma blessure est au cœur.

Seul le trépas peut finir ma douleur.

Adieu, flambeau du monde, Descends au sein des flots.

Moi, je descends sous l’onde, dans l’Éternel repos.

Le jour qui doit éclore, Phaon, luira pour toi,

mais, sans penser à moi, tu reverras l’aurore.

Ouvre-toi, gouffre amer

Je vais dormir pour toujours dans la mer.

Text by Émile Augier

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)

“Цена VI” (*Zachem ty*) from *The Tsar’s Bride* (1898)

GRYAZNOY

Зачем ты?

LUBASHA

Я спроси тебя хотела, Пойдёшь ли ты к заутрене.

GRYAZNOY

Пойду.

LUBASHA

Скажи, за что т на меня сердит? Чем, глупая, тебя я прогневила, Что ты словечка вымолвить не хочешь?

GRYAZNOY

Отстань!

LUBASHA

Ох, надоела я тебе! Давно пора! Чего ты хочешь, девка? Тобою понатешились довольно, Ты надоела: есть другая, лучше, Приветливей...

GRYAZNOY

Ложися спать, Любаша!

LUBASHA

Знать, не любишь больше т свою Любашу, Кольне знаешь ныне, спит она иль нет.

GRYAZNOY

Тяжко речи эти слушать И глядеть на горьки слёзы. Сам не знаешь, что на это ей сказать; Или виновен я, что Марфу повстречал, Что красой своею кровью она зажгла, Сердце покорила.

Where am I?

Ah! Yes, I remember.

All the ties that bound me to life are broken.

Nothing is left for me but eternal night,

to give rest to my heart exhausted by grief.

Oh, my immortal lyre, you, who in my sorrow filled days to all my pains faithfully has always consoled them!

In vain your sweet murmuring tries to help me in my suffering.

No, you cannot heal my final wound;

for this wound is to my heart.

Only death can end my pain.

Farewell, sun, torch of the world, sink into the waters.

Me, I sink into the waters, into my eternal rest.

The day that shall dawn, Phaon, will shine for you,

but, without a thought of me, you will see the dawn.

Open, bitter abyss

I shall sleep forever in the sea.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

GRYAZNOY

Why are you here?

LUBASHA

I wanted to ask you, if you’d go to the morning prayer.

GRYAZNOY

I will go.

LUBASHA

Tell me, why are you angry at me? What did stupid me upset you with that you won’t say a word?

GRYAZNOY

Leave me alone!

LUBASHA

Oh, I bored you! It’s about time! What do you want, a new girl? You’ve played with me enough, you’re bored: there is another one, better, friendlier...

GRYAZNOY

Go to sleep, Lubasha!

LUBASHA

So you don’t love your Lubasha anymore since now you don’t know if she sleeps or not.

GRYAZNOY

Painful are these speeches to hear, and bitter tears to look at. I don’t know what to answer; if I’m guilty for meeting Marfa, that her beauty ignited my blood, and conquered my heart.

LUBASHA

С поцелуев жарких щёки не остыли, А уж разлюбил ты и уж позабыл, Как ко мне в светёлку двери отворять.

GRYAZNOY

Ведь любовьто та же тетива на луке: Порвалась она узлом её не свяжешь.

LUBASHA

А давно ли было время, Что меня любил мой милый, Что Любашу он ласкал и нежил, Что и дня не мог прожить он без неё.

GRYAZNOY

Не воротится любовь прежняя, Коль красой своею кровь зажгла она, Сердце покорила.

LUBASHA

А теперь напрасно жду его всю ночь, Всюто ночь до света плачу я.

Нет, быть не может!...

Ты меня не кинешь!

Я прогневила чемнибудь тебя.

Ты, верно, полюбил с сердцов другую. Оставь её! Она тебя не любит!

Ведь я одна тебя люблю.

О, вспомни, вспомни, милый мой, Свой стыд девичий для тебя Забыла я.

Забыла я отца и мать, Забыла племя и свой род, О них слезы не пролила, Всё для тебя, Всё для тебя, всё для тебя!

А ты меня покинешь.

Не погуби души моей, Григорий!...

GRYAZNOY

Заутреня...

LUBASHA

Постой, не уходи!

Скажи, что брежу, Что ты. любишь меня, А не её, не эту...

Да скажи же... мне чтонибудь!

GRYAZNOY

Прощай!

LUBASHA

Постой! Куда ты?

Ушёл и даже не взглянул ни разу.

Небось, на ту глядит, не наглядится, И зелья для неё просил у немца, И золота сулил ему за зелье...

Она его приворожила

Ох, отыщу же я твою колдунью И от тебя её отворожу, Отворожу её!

Text by Ilia Tyumenev

LUBASHA

From hot kisses my cheeks haven't cooled, but you fell out of love and forgot how to open the doors to my room.

GRYAZNOY

But love is like a bowstring: Breaks it's knot and cannot tie.

LUBASHA

But was it long ago, that my sweetheart loved me, that he caressed Lubasha, that he couldn't live a day without her.

GRYAZNOY

Past love won't return, since she ignited my blood with her beauty, and conquered my heart.

LUBASHA

But now I wait for him all night in vain. All night I cry til' light.

No, it cannot be!

You won't leave me!

I angered you with something.

Surely, you only impulsively loved another. Leave her! She doesn't love you!

But I alone love you.

Oh, remember, remember my sweetheart, I forgot my maiden shame for you.

I forgot father and mother, forgot tribe and my kin, I haven't shed tears for them, all for you, all for you, all for you!

But you will leave me.

Don't destroy my soul, Gregory!

GRYAZNOY

Morning Prayer...

LUBASHA

Wait, don't go!

Tell me that I'm delirious, that you love me, and not her, not that one...

Tell me... say something!

GRYAZNOY

Farewell!

LUBASHA

Wait! Where are you going?

He left and didn't even look, not once.

Surely, he can't look enough at that one, and has asked for a potion for her from the German and offered him gold for it...

She bewitched him, you see

Oh, I will find your witch and will disenchant you from her!

Translation by Lisa Zilberman and Kirill Kuzmin

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937)

6 Songs, Op. 2 (1900-02)

I. "Daleko został"

Daleko został cały świat
Wiatr, tylko wiatr po uboczy
Nagiej, pożółkłej,
Po szarych mchach jęczące skrzydła włóczy.
Nie przyszła tutaj wraz ze mną,
Ze mną wraz pamięć ni myśl niczyja,
Tylko tęsknota, co duszę rwie!
Tęsknota, co zabija.

The whole world was left far away,
By my side, only the wind,
naked, yellowed wind
Groans, roaming with her wings across the grayed moss,
But she did not come here with me.
Together with me are the memories, and nobody's thoughts,
Only a longing which tears the soul!
A longing that kills.

III. "We mgłach"

We mgłach strumienie szumią wód
po skale biegnąc ściętej;
We mgłach wieczorny opadł chłód
na sennych fal od męty;
We mgłach żalobny pomrok z hal

Amidst the fog, the stream hums
Nighttime falls cold,
I run across the ridge on soporific waves to the finish;

i ciemnych zszedł krzesanie
I we mgłach splywa żal, ach żal
Bez dna, bez dna, bez granic...

Amidst the fog, a funereal gloom arises
As the striking darkness comes down
In the fog, my grief falls, oh grief.
Bottomless, bottomless, borderless...

V. "Słyszałem ciebie"

Słyszałem ciebie... Zdało mi się może,
lecz głos twój dzwonił mi chwilę w przestworze, podobny
woni, ziół i kwiatów echu, co w przestrzeń leci w powietrznym
oddechu.

I heard you pass me...
For a moment, I heard your voice call to me in the expanse
Like the fragrance of herbs and flowers echo
Where in space flies their airy breath.

Może bez wiedzy twej, we śnie, w odległy
kraj ku mnie myśli twe cicho pobiegły,
jak jaskółki, co niekiedy wrócą
Zobaczyć gniazda, które rzucą.

Maybe without your knowledge,
in a dream, from a distant land,
you ran toward me.
Like swallows, who sometimes return to
Look at old nests they've tossed aside, too.

Text by Kazimierz Tetmajer

Translation by Jules Furgal and Filip Duda

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

"Viens! mon bien-aimé!" W290 (1892)

Les beaux jours vont enfin renaître,
Le voici, l'avril embaumé!
Un frisson d'amour me pénètre,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

The beautiful days will at last return,
Fragrant April is here!
A trembling of love passes through me:
Come! My beloved!

Ils ont fui, les longs soirs moroses,
Déjà le jardin parfumé
Se remplit d'oiseaux et de roses:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

They are gone, the long gloomy evenings,
Already the scented garden
Fills with birds and roses:
Come! My beloved!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse,
J'ai senti mon cœur enflammé,
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Sun, with your burning intoxication,
I have felt my heart inflamed,
More intoxicating is your caress,
Come! My beloved!

Tout se tait, de millions d'étoiles
Le ciel profond est parsemé,
Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Everything falls silent, with millions of stars
the deep sky is dotted,
when night casts her veils over us:
Come! My beloved!

Text by Armand Lafrique

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

“Chanson triste” W329 (1898)

Dans les profondes mers naquit la perle ambrée,
Au pied des sapins verts, la violette en fleur,
Dans l’air bleu du matin, la goutte de rosée,
Moi, dans ton cœur!

En un royal collier la perle ronde est morte,
En un vase élégant, la violette en fleur,
Au baiser du soleil la gouttelette est morte,
Moi, dans ton cœur!

Ici-bas les choses exquises,
Et qui souvent ne parlent pas,
Sont bien mortes quand on les brise;
Par pitié ne les brise pas!

Car ces frêles et tendres choses,
Ailes fines de papillons,
Plumes d’oiseau, branches de roses,
Disparaissent dans le sillon.

Mon pauvre rêve de bonheur
Est bien mort, ainsi que la rose,
Le jour sombre où j’ai, dans mon cœur,
Senti qu’on brisait quelque chose!

Text by Comtesse Joseph Roçaïd

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

“L’anneau d’argent” W284 (1891)

Le cher anneau d’argent que vous m’avez donné
Garde en son cercle étroit nos promesses encloses;
De tant de souvenirs recéleur obstiné,
Lui seul m’a consolée en mes heures moroses.

Tel un ruban qu’on mit autour de fleurs écloses
Tient encor le bouquet alors qu’il est fané,
Tel l’humble anneau d’argent que vous m’avez donné
Garde en son cercle étroit nos promesses encloses.

Aussi, lorsque viendra l’oubli de toutes choses,
Dans le cercueil, de blanc satin capitonné,
Lorsque je dormirai, très pâles sur des roses,
Je veux qu’il brille encor à mon doigt décharné,
Le cher anneau d’argent que vous m’avez donné.

Text by Rosemonde Gérard

The amber pearl was born in the deep seas,
At the foot of the green pines, the flowering violet,
In the blue morning air, the drop of dew,
I (was born), in your heart!

The round pearl dies in a royal necklace,
In an elegant vase, the flowering violet,
At the kiss of the sun, the dewdrop dies,
I (die), in your heart!

Here these things that are exquisite,
And which often cannot speak,
Are quite dead when one breaks them;
For pity’s sake, do not break them!

Because these frail and tender things,
Delicate butterfly wings,
Bird’s feathers, rose branches,
Vanish into the depths.

My poor dream of happiness
It’s quite dead, like the rose,
On that dark day when I, in my heart,
Felt something break!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

The dear silver ring that you gave me,
holds our vows in its narrow band;
the devoted keeper of so many memories,
it alone has consoled me in my gloomy hours.

Just as a ribbon around blossoming flowers
still holds the bouquet after it has faded,
in that way the humble silver ring that you gave me,
keeps our vows in its narrow band.

And so, when the final oblivion comes,
in a white satin lined coffin,
when I shall sleep, pale on some roses,
I want it to still shine on my bony finger,
the dear silver ring that you gave me.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

“Espoir” W317 (1895)

Ne dis pas que l'espoir à tout jamais t'a fui,
Ni que, cet amour mort, l'amour ne peut renaître.
Rien ne doit s'en aller, rien ne doit disparaître,
Demain voit revenir ce qui passe aujourd'hui.

Pour une heure de vide, et d'angoisse, et d'ennui,
Tu peux maudire en paix le destin lâche et traître;
Désespéré d'un jour, tu peux pleurer peut-être:
L'aurore d'un bonheur va monter dans ta nuit!

Elle grandit, l'ardente et lumineuse aurore!
Toi qui niais l'amour, tu vas aimer encore!
L'aurore va venir, l'aurore va monter!

Et, toujours saluant chaque bonheur qui passe,
Tu sentiras toujours, sous ta poitrine lasse,
Quelque tendresse battre et quelque espoir chanter.

Text by Charles Fuster

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Rückert-lieder (1901-02)

I. “Um Mitternacht”

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzes
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben,
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

Do not say that hope has fled forever.
nor that, love being dead, love cannot be reborn,
nothing must depart, nothing must vanish,
Tomorrow sees the return of that which passes today.

For an hour of emptiness, and of anxiety, and of boredom,
you may curse cowardly and traitorous fate;
in the despair of the day, you may perhaps weep;
the dawn of happiness will rise in your night!

The glowing and luminous dawn spreads!
You who reject love will love again!
The dawn will come, the dawn will rise!

And, while greeting each joy that passes,
you will forever feel, in your weary breast,
some beating of love and some singing of hope.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

At midnight
I awoke
and gazed up to heaven;
no star in the starry mass
smiled on me
at midnight.

At midnight
I sent my thoughts
outward into the dark barriers.
There was no shining-thought
that brought comfort to me
at midnight.

At midnight
I was aware of
the beating of my heart;
a single pulse of pain
was enflamed
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
oh Mankind, of your suffering;
I was not able to settle it
with my strength
at midnight.

At midnight
have I my strength
into your hands given!
Lord over death and life,
You keep the watch
at midnight!

II. "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen"
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Est ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

Text by Friedrich Rückert

I have become lost to the world,
with which I used to waste so much time,
for so long it has heard nothing from me,
it may well believe, I am dead!

It is also of no consequence to me,
whether it believes me dead.
Nor can I say anything against its assumption,
for actually I am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
in my love, in my song!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop