Alessandro Scarlatti (1600-1725); arr. Michael Rondeau
Si suoni la tromba (1706)
Si suoni la tromba.
Miei fidi guerrieri,
in campo più fieri,
armati rimbomba.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
Let the trumpet sound.
My faithful warriors,
In-the encampment most fierce,
The battlefield resounds with (sound of) the most fierce, armed men.

Alessandro Scarlatti (1600-1725); arr. Michael Rondeau
Rompe Sprezza (1706)
Rompe sprezza con un sospir
Ogni cor benché di pietra;
Essa i numi l'alma impetra
Ogni grazia a suoi desir.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
With a sigh she breaks and scorns
Every heart, even though it may be made of stone;
Through prayer, she obtains from the gods
Every grace she desires.

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
O del mio amato ben (1918)
O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è si caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Translation by Martha Gerhart
Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my sight is
the one who was for me glory and pride!
Now throughout the silent rooms
always I seek her and call out
with my heart full of hopes…
But I seek in vain, I call out in vain!
And weeping is to me so dear
that with weeping only do I nourish my heart.

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Vaghissima sembianza (1918)
Vaghissima sembianza
d'antica donna amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta
contanta simiglianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo
d'averti a me davanti
come ai be di d'amor?

Translation by Martha Gerhart
Beautiful portrait
of a woman formerly loved,
Who was it that painted you
with such a similarity
That I look and speak and believe
To have you with me before me
as in the beautiful days of love?
La cara rimembranza
che in cor mi s’è destata
Si ardente v’ha già fatta
rinascere la speranza,
Che un bacio, un voto, un grido d’amore
Più non chiedo che a lei che muta è ognor.

Text by Alberto Donaudy

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Die Bekehrte from Goethe - Lieder (1891)
Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Dass es von den Felsen klang,
So lala! rallala! lalala!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küsse mich so hold so süß
Und ich sagte: Blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So lala! rallala! lalala!

Meine Ruh’ ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon
Und ich hör’ vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So lala! rallala! lalala!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Die Spröde from Goethe - Lieder (1891)
An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Dass es durch die Felder klang,
So lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort:
So lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

On the purest of spring mornings
Walked the shepherdess and sang,
Young and beautiful and without cares,
That her song resounded over the fields,
So lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

Thyrsis offered her for a little kiss,
Two, three lambs right on-the spot.
Roguishly looked she a little-while,
But she sang and laughed on:
So lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
And the third offered his heart;
But she made with heart and ribbons
Such as with the lambs a-joke:
Only lala! Lerallala!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

The dear remembrance
Which in my heart has been awakened
So ardently already
have revived my hopes,
For a kiss, a vow, a cry of love
More I do not ask of her who is silent forever.

In the glow of evening sunset
I walked silently through the woods,
Damon sat and blew his flute
So that it from the rocks resounded:
So lala! rallala! lalala!

And he drew me down to him,
Kissed me so gently and sweetly,
And I said “blow again”
And the good youth blew,
So lala! rallala! lalala!

My peace is now lost,
My joy has-flown away,
And I hear before my ears
Always only the old tones,
So lala! rallala! lalala!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

On the purest of spring mornings
Walked the shepherdess and sang,
Young and beautiful and without cares,
That her song resounded over the fields,
So lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

Thyrsis offered her for a little kiss,
Two, three lambs right on-the spot.
Roguishly looked she a little-while,
But she sang and laughed on:
So lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
And the third offered his heart;
But she made with heart and ribbons
Such as with the lambs a-joke:
Only lala! Lerallala!
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Mausfallen Sprüchlein from Sechs Lieder für eine Frauenstimme (1877)

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus,
Liebe Mäusin oder Maus,
Stell dich nur kecklich ein
Heut nacht bei Mondenschein!
Mach’ aber die Tür fein hinter dir zu,
Hörst du?
Dabei hüte dein Schwänzchen!

Nach Tische singen wir,
Nach Tische springen wir
Und machen ein Tänzchen!
Witt witt!
Meine alte Katze tanzt wahrscheinlich mit.

Text by Eduard Mörike

Little guests, little house,
Dear Mrs. Mouse or Mr. Mouse,
Meet boldly here
Tonight by moonlight!
But close the door tightly behind you,
Do you hear?
And guard your little-tail!

After supper we will sing,
After supper we will leap
And do a little dance!
Sniff sniff!
My old cat will likely dance with us.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Elfenlied from Mörike - Lieder (1888)

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: Elfe!
Ein ganz kleines Elchen im Walde schlief–
Wohl um die Elfe!

Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt’ ihm gerufen.

Reibt sich der Elf’ die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also, tippe, tapp,
Durch’s Haselholz in’s Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.

“Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen bei’m Mahle,
Und treiben’s in dem Saale.
Da guck’ ich wohl ein wenig ‘nein!”
Pfui, stößt den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elf, wel, have you had enough? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Text by Eduard Mörike

At night in the village the watchman cried: Eleven!
A very small elf was sleeping in the woods,
Just at the eleventh-hour!

He thinks, the nightingale is calling him
by name from the valley,
Or that Silpelit might have called him.

He rubs his eyes,
Brings himself before his snail-house,
Staggering like a drunken man,
He had not quite finished his nap;
And hobbling thus, tapping, fumbling,
Through the hazel-wood into the valley below,
Slipping away close by the wall,
Where the glowworms are sitting,
Alternating their lights.

“What are those bright little windows?
There must be a wedding inside;
The little creatures are sitting at the meal,
And doing something in the hall.
Then peek I just a little in!”
Ouch! He hits his head on the hard stone!
Elf, well, have you had enough? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Prendi, per me sei libero from L*elisir d*amore (1832)

Prendi; per me sei libero:
Resta nel suol natio,
non v’ha destin si rio,
Che non si cangi un di, resta!

Qui, dove t’amano,
saggio, amoroso, onesto, ah!
Sempre scontento e mesto
no, non sarai così, ah no!

Il mio rigor dimentica;
Ti giuro eterno amor.

Take it; through me you are free:
Stay on your native soil,
there is no destiny so bitter
that it cannot be changed in a day, stay!

Here where everyone loves you,
Wise, loving, honest, ah!
Always unhappy and sad,
No, you will not always be this way, ah, no!

Forget my severity;
I swear my eternal love to you.

Text by Felice Romani

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979) & Raoul Pugno (1852-1914)

S’il arrive jamais from Les heures claires (1909)

Should it ever occur
That we unwittingly become
Pain, sorrow or despair
For one another; if it ever were
That fatigue or banal pleasure
Loosened up the golden bow
of high desire;

If the crystal of pure thought
In our hearts should ever fall and break,
If, in spite of it all, I felt
Defeated for not having been
Sufficiently touched by the divine immensity
Of kindness;

Then, oh! Serrons nous comme
deux fous sublimes
Qui, sous les cieux cassés,
Se cramponnent aux cimes
Quand même et, d’un unique essor,
L’âme en soleil, s’exaltent dans la mort.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Text by Émile Verhaeren

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Soir d’hui from Sept mélodies, No. 1 (1914-15)

A young woman rocks her child
She is alone, she weeps, but she sings,
For it is necessary that he hears
The sweet and tender song
to fall asleep.

“It is Christmas, my little blue child.
The bells ring so that
You may be joyful.”

A young woman rocks her child
She is alone, she weeps, but she sings,
For it is necessary that he hears
The sweet and tender song
to fall asleep.

“Voici Noël, mon petit enfant bleu.
Les cloches sonneront
pour que tu sois joyeux.”
The man that she loves has left
And the song stops!
She says: “Where is he at this moment?
Does he hear my voice?
And does he know that I am alive?

She weeps so simply
That the heart aches.
She looks at her son
And tries to see whether he resembles
The man for whom she tirelessly waits
With all her soul, with all her tenderness!

She weeps but she hopes!
She hears the Victory from afar,
She imagines the merciless struggle,
But she believes in Justice,
She knows that a life has been given,
Has been given over, and she waits

Next to this tiny cradle,
That holds a man's heart.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Celui qu'elle aime est parti
Et la chanson s'arrête!
Elle dit: “Où est-il à cette heure?
Entendez-il ma voix? Et sait-il que je vis?”

Elle pleure si simplement
Que le cœur en a mal.
Elle regarde son fils
et cherche s'il ressemble
À celui qu'elle attend inlassablement,
De toute son âme, de toute sa tendresse!

Elle pleure, mais elle espère!
Elle entend de loin la Victoire,
Elle devine la lutte sans merci,
Mais elle croit à la Justice,
Elle sait que toute une vie s'est donnée,
Joyeuse et fière, et elle attend,

Auprès de ce berceau si petit,
Qui tient le cœur d'un homme.

Text by Nadia Boulanger

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
Au bord de la Route from Cinq mélodies, No. 4 (1922)

Cet homme ne voulait plus vivre
Voyons de quoi vous mêlez vous?
Monsieur, madame, en vérité,
Cet homme en avait assez.

Son cœur était comme une pierre
Mais si quelqu’un l’avait ouvert
Peut-être dans ce cœur d’amant
Aurait-il vu le diamante.

Mais la pierre était si pesante
Qu’il s’est couché sur le chemin
En serrant sur elle ses mains
Et il est mort de son attente.

Cet homme en avait assez
Avec lui le joyau mourra
Monsieur, madame, il se fait tard,
Un signe de croix et passez.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

**Cantique from *Cinq mélodies*, No. 2 (1909)**

À toute âme qui pleure  
À tout péché qui passe  
J’ouvre au sein des étoiles  
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n’est péché qui vive  
Quand l’amour a parlé  
Il n’est âme qui meure  
Quand l’amour a pleuré…

Et si l’amour s’égare  
Aux sentiers d’ici-bas  
Ses larmes me retrouvent  
Et ne s’égarent pas…

**Text by Maurice Materlinck**

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

**I Am in Doubt (1975)**

I’ll love you until stars fall.  
Can it be so sure, so lasting as my heart demands of one  
whose slightest touch upon my hands is like the wind inside  
an aspen tree?

I am in doubt of this frail thing  
I hold so sworn to constancy  
And this is why, why,  
Too often I have watched a burnt blue sky  
Where slipping stars spilled scarlet and grew cold.

**Text by Florence Hynes Willeté**

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

**To Be Baptized (1979)**

Take me to the water;  
Take me to the water;  
Take me to the water to be baptized.

Jesus sav’d me;  
Jesus sav’d me  
Jesus sav’d me Bless his name.

Here comes another one to be baptized  
Amen.  
Here comes another one to be baptized  
Amen.  
Oh! Here comes another one all dressed in white  
Amen.  
Oh! Here comes another one all dressed in white  
Amen.

**Traditional Spiritual; arr. Undine Smith Moore**
William Grant Still (1895-1978)
Give Me No Body Without Your Soul from Blue Steel (1934)
Give me no body without your soul.
You cannot love me unless I possess you whole.
Give me your heart, and with it cause a gleam
on the flowering fountain of my deep love
darkly now glistening,
weeping and dim.

Your eyes blaze with steel and bright fire
and give to shame my old gods
and shame to my fear.
The pain in my breast is sweeter than fear.
The voice of a new and strange
desire is clear.

Hold my hand, smooth my hair,
Lest the gods melt our love in the air.

Gladly now would I pay the score
that would the gods ask
if of your love I were sure,
if I were sure.
If of your love I could be sure,
of your love could be sure.

Text by Harold Bruce Forsythe

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)
Come Down Angels (1978)
Come down, Angels, trouble the water,
Come down, angels, trouble the water,
Come down, Angels, trouble the water,
Let God's saints - a come in.

I love to shout
I love to sing
Let God's saints a come in
I love to praise my heavenly King,
Let God's saints come in

I think I hear the Sinner say
Let God's saints a come in
My Savior taught me how to pray
Let God's saints come in

Down, down
Down, down.
Down, down trouble the water,
Let God's saints - a come in.

Traditional Spiritual; arr. Undine Smith Moore

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)
Watch and Pray (1972)
Mama, is Massa goin' to sell us tomorrow?
Yes, Yes, Yes.
Mama, is Massa goin' to sell us tomorrow?
Yes, yes, yes.
Mama, is massa goin' to sell us tomorrow?
Yes, yes, yes,
Oh watch and pray.

Is he a goin' to sell us down to Georgia,
down to Georgia, down to Georgia,
down to Georgia, down to Georgia.
Mama,
Is massa goin' to sell us down to Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes,
Is he a goin' to sell us down to Georgia
Yes, yes ,yes.
Oh! down to Georgia,
Watch and Pray.

Oh mama
Don't you grieve after me,
Oh, Mama, Don't you grieve after me.
Oh, Watch and Pray.

Traditional Spiritual; arr. Undine Smith Moore