

Texts and Translations

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Selections from *Sechs Lieder von Adolf Friedrich Graf von Schack, Op. 17*

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Poems by ADOLF FRIEDRICH, GRAF VON SCHACK (1815-1894)

“Ständchen,” op. 17, no. 2

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.

Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.
Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

“Serenade”

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
so as to rouse no one from slumber.
The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze
scarcely trembles
a leaf on bush or hedge.
So softly, my maiden, so nothing shall stir,
just lay your hand soft on the doorlatch.
With footsteps as light as the footsteps of elves,
Hop your way over the flowers,
fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
and slip to me in the garden.
By the rippling brook the flowers slumber,
fragrant in sleep; only love is awake.
Sit--here the dark is full of mystery,
under the linden trees,
the nightingale above our heads should
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, when in the morning it wakes,
brightly glows from this bliss drenched night.

Texts and Translations

“Nur Mut!”, op. 17, no. 5

Laß das Zagen, trage mutig
Deine Sorgen, deine Qual,
Sei die Wunde noch so blutig,
Heilen wird sie doch einmal.
Unter tiefer Eisesdecke
Träumt die junge Knospe schon,
Dass der Frühling sie erwecke
Mit der Lieder holdem Ton.
Nur empor den Blick gewendet,
Und durch düst'res Wolkengrau
Brich zuletzt, dass es dich blendet,
Glorreich noch des Himmels Blau.
Aber auch die trüben Stunden
Und die Tränen, die du weinst,
laub', wie Freuden, die entschwunden,
Süßer scheinen sie dir einst.
Und mit Wehmut, halb nur heiter,
Scheidest du für immerdar
Von dem Leiden, dem Begleiter,
Der so lange treu dir war.

“Take Courage!”

Leave your hesitating, bear bravely
Your worries, your torment!
Be the wound, ever so bloody,
It shall one day heal.
Beneath a deep blanket of ice
The young bud already dreams
That spring awakens it
With the lovely sound of song.
Only turn your gaze aloft,
And through the grey of gloomy clouds
Breaks at last, to dazzle you,
the glorious blue heavens!
But also in the dim hours,
And the tears that you weep—
Believe, the joys which disappeared,
will one day seem sweeter to you than before.
And with melancholy, only half-cheerful,
Forever say goodbye
To sorrow, your companion,
Who for so long was faithful to you.

Texts and Translations

“Barkarole” op. 17, no. 6

Um der fallenden Ruder Spitzen
Zittert und leuchtet ein schimmernder Glanz,
Flieht bei jedem Schlage mit Blitzen
Hin von Wellen zu Wellen im Tanz.
Mir im Busen von Liebeswonnen
Zittert und leuchtet das Herz wie die Flut,
Jubelt hinauf zu den Sternen und Sonnen,
Bebt zu vergeh'n in der wogenden Glut.
Schon auf dem Felsen durch's Grün der
Platane
Seh' ich das säulengetragene Dach,
Und das flimmernde Licht am Altane
Kündet mir, dass die Geliebte noch wach.
Fliege, mein Kahn, und birg uns verschwiegen,
Birg uns, selige Nacht des August;
Süß wohl ist's, auf den Wellen sich wiegen,
Aber süßer, süßer an ihrer Brust.

“Morgen,” op. 27, no. 4

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Poem by JOHN HENRY MACKAY (1864-1933)

“Morgen”

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

“Barcarole”

Around the tips of the falling oars
A gleaming radiance trembles and shines,
it flies at every stroke with flashes,
From wave to wave in a dance.
With love's rapture in my breast,
My heart trembles and shines like the flood,
Rejoices to the stars and suns above,
Quivers and fades away in the surging glow.
Now on the cliffs through the green of the sycamore
I see the column-supported roof,
And the shimmering light on the balcony
Tells me my beloved is still awake.
Fly, my boat, and hide us discreetly,
Hide us, blissful August night!
Although it is sweet to sway on the waves,
It is sweeter still upon her breast.

“Tomorrow”

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
We will, we happy ones, again be made one
upon this sun-breathing earth ...
And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silently, into each other's eyes we'll gaze,
and on us will fall joy's speechless silence ...



Texts and Translations

Selections from *Clairières dans le ciel* (*Clearing in the Sky*)

LILI BOULANGER (1893-1918)

Poem by FRANCIS JAMMES (1868-1938)

“Un poète disait,” no. 4

Un poète disait que lorsqu’il était jeune,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier des
roses.

Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que jase
une fontaine intarissable dans mon cœur.
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum
d’église,
comme il met du corail aux joues de la cerise,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,
la couleur d’un parfum, qui n’aura pas de nom.

“Nous nous aimerons tant,” no. 7

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous tairons nos
mots,
En nous tendant la main, quand nous nous rever-
rons.
Vous serez ombragée par d’anciens rameaux
Sur le banc que je sais où nous assoierons.
Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce banc tous
deux seuls.
D’un long moment, ô mon amie, vous n’oserez.
Que vous me serez douce et que je tremblerai.

“Vous m’avez regardé avec toute votre âme,” no. 8

Vous m’avez regardé avec toute votre âme.
Vous m’avez regardé longtemps comme un ciel
bleu.
J’ai mis votre regard à l’ombre de mes yeux
Que ce regard était passionné et calme.

“A poet said”

A poet said that when he was young
he blossomed with verse, like rose-bushes with
roses.

When I think of her, an inexhaustable spring
seems to babble in my heart.
As God places a church-scent on the lily
and coral on the cheeks of the cherry,

I wish to give, with devotion, to her
the colour of a scent that shall have no name.

“Our Love Will Equal Our Silence”

We will love each other so much that our words
will be silent,
as we hold hands when meeting again.

You will be shaded by ancient branches
on the bank where I know we shall sit.
So we shall sit on this bank the two of us alone
For a long time, oh my friend, you will not dare,
How sweet you will be with me and I shall
tremble.

Translation by Edward M. Anderson

“You Have Looked at Me with All Your Soul”

You have watched me with all your soul.
For a long time you have looked at me like a
blue sky.
I have put your glance in the shadow of my eyes
It was passionate... and calm

Translation by Edward M. Anderson

Texts and Translations

“Les lilas qui avaient fleuri,” no. 9

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière
vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes parterres.
Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu
de ses roses, comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.

Mon cœur devrait mourir au milieu de ces choses
car c'était au milieu des vergers blancs et roses
que j'avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous.
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos genoux.
Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez pas
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle ne voie
combien vous êtes faible et troublée dans ses bras.

“The Lilacs which had flowered”

The lilacs that bloomed last year
will bloom once again in the melancholy flowerbeds.
The spindly peach tree has already sprinkled
the blue sky with its roses
like a child on Corpus Christi day.
My heart should die in the midst of these things.
For it was in the midst of white and pink orchards
that I had hoped for . . . I don't know what . . . from you.
My soul dreams silently on your lap.
Do not push it away. Do not awaken it
for fear that in drawing away from you,
it will see how weak and troubled you are in its arms.

Translation by D. Williamson



“Marechiare”

FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI (1846-1916)

Poem by SALVATORE DI GIACOMO (1860-1934)

“Marechiare”

Quando sponta la luna a Marechiare
pure li pisce nce fann' a l'ammore,
se revotano l'onne de lu mare,
pe la priezza cagneno culore
quando sponta la luna a Marechiare.
A Marechiare nce sta na fenesta,
pe' la passione mia nce tuzzulea,
nu carofano adora int'a na testa,
passa l'acqua pe sotto e murmuléa,
A Marechiare nce sta na fenesta
A Marechiare, a Marechiare,
nce sta na fenesta.

“Marechiare”

When the moon rises over Marechiaro,
even the fish are making love.
The waves of the sea revolt
changing color from joy
When the moon rises over Marechiaro,
In Marechiaro, there is a window.
My passion knocks on it.
A fragrant carnation in a vase,
with murmuring waters passing beneath.
In Marechiaro, there is a balcony.



Intermission

Texts and Translations

“The Children and Sir Nameless”

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

Poem by THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

“The Children and Sir Nameless”

These wretched children romping in my park
Trample the herbage till the soil is bared,
And yap and yell from early morn till dark!
Go keep them harnessed to their set routines:
Thank God I've none to hasten my decay;
For green remembrance there are better means
Than offspring, who but wish their sires away.”

Sir Nameless of that mansion said anon:

“To be perpetuate for my mightiness
Sculpture must image me when I am gone.”

- He forthwith summoned carvers there express
To shape a figure stretching seven-odd feet
(For he was tall) in alabaster stone,

With shield, and crest, and casque, and word
complete:

When done a statelier work was never known.

Three hundred years hied; Church-restorers
came,

And, no one of his lineage being traced,
They thought an effigy so large in frame
Best fitted for the floor. There it was placed,
Under the seats for schoolchildren. And they
Kicked out his name, and hobnailed off his nose;
And, as they yawn through sermon-time, they say,
“Who was this old stone man beneath our toes?”

“The Last Rose of Summer”

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

Melody and Poem by THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

“The Last Rose of Summer”

‘Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter,

Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Texts and Translations

“The Choirmaster’s Burial” from *Winter Words*

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

Poem by THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best -
The one whose sense suits
“Mount Ephraim” -
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in Death’s dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
“I think,” said the vicar,
“A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.

That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be.”

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But ‘twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster’s grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.



Texts and Translations

“Spring is like a perhaps hand”

from *Three* by *e.e. cummings*

JOHN GRUEN (1926-2016)

Poem by E.E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look (while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here) and
changing everything carefully
spring is like a perhaps

Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there) and
without breaking anything.

“Lady will you come with me into”

from *Three* by *e.e. cummings*

JOHN GRUEN (1926-2016)

Poem by E.E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)

“Lady will you come with me into”

Lady will you come with me into
the extremely little house of
my mind. Clocks strike. The
moon’s round, through the window
as you see and really i have no
servants. We could almost live
at the top of these stairs, there’s a free
room. We almost could go (you

and i) into a together whitely big
there is but if so or so
slowly I opened the window a
most thinyness, the moon (with white wig
and polished buttons) would take you away
--and all the clocks would run down the next
day.

“The Arrow and the Song”

from *Six Songs on Poems of Henry W. Longfellow*

LOWELL LIEBERMANN (1961-)

Poem by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

“The Arrow and the Song”

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,

That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

“I rise when you enter”

THEODORE CHANLER (1902-1961)

Poem by LEONARD FEENEY (1897-1978)

You are so wonderful, what shall I do?
I rise when you enter.
Of attraction I tell you, if anything's true.
You're the absolute center.
I take off my hat when I ride with you down
on the lift
From the seventeenth floor to the fifth, to the
ground;
Through the circular door I revolve you around;
We go out in the moonlight, the mist, or the rain,
And I give you my arm to accept, and I love

you again.
You are so wonderful, what shall I say?
Shall I tell you a story of a knight and a maid
and the old fashioned way
He would fight for her glory?
No, we're not the people for such enterprise
You're just one of those gals,
I'm just one of those guys;
But anyhow notice whenever you enter,
I rise.

“Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening”

NED ROEM (1923-)

Poem by ROBERT FROST (1874-1963)

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

