

# Texts and Translations

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## **Il mondo della luna: "Ragion nell'alma siede"**

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732-1809)

Libretto by CARLO GOLDONI (1707-1793)

## **Il mondo della luna: "Ragion nell'alma siede"    *The World of the Moon: "Reason sits in the soul"***

Ragion nell'alma siede  
regina dei pensieri,  
ma si disarmo e cede  
se la combatte amor.  
E amor, se occupa il trono,  
di re si fa tiranno,  
e sia tributo o dono,  
vuol tutto il nostro cor.

Reason sits in the soul  
Queen of thoughts,  
But she is disarmed and forfeits  
If she is fought by love.  
And love, if it occupies the throne,  
Like a king it becomes a tyrant,  
And be it a tribute or gift,  
It wants our entire heart.

## **Selections from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister*, op.62, D.877**

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Poems by JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749-1802)

### **"Heiß mich nicht reden"**

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,  
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,  
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,  
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.  
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf die  
finstre Nacht,  
Und sie muss sich erhellen,  
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,  
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen  
Quellen.  
Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,

Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen,  
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,  
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

### **"Bid me not speak"**

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,  
Because my secret is to me duty,  
I would like to reveal to you my entire heart,  
Only fate does not will it so.  
At the right time the sun's course will chase  
away the dark night,  
And she must brighten herself,  
The hard stone will unlock its bosom,  
The earth ungrudgingly will flow with deep  
hidden springs.  
Those others will search for peace in the arm of  
a friend,

There can the suffering heart pour itself out,  
Only a vow locks my lips shut,  
And only a God will unlock them.

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## “So lasst mich scheinen”

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,  
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!  
Ich eile von der schönen Erde  
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.  
Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,  
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;  
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,  
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.  
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten  
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,  
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten  
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.  
Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,  
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genung.  
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;  
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

## “Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt”

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir,  
es brennt mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!

## “So let me seem to be”

So let me seem to be, until I become so,  
Don't take the white dress from me!  
I rush from the beautiful Earth  
down to that dark house.  
There will I rest a brief quiet while,  
Then my eyes open again anew;  
I then leave the pure shrouds,  
The belt and the wreath behind.  
And those heavenly figures,  
They ask not about man or woman,  
and no clothes, no garments  
will surround the transfigured body.  
It's true I have lived without worries and troubles  
But I have still felt deep pain.  
For suffering I have aged too soon;  
Make me forever young again!

## “Only he who knows longing”

Only he who knows longing  
Knows how I'm suffering!  
Alone and separated  
From all joy  
I see on the earth  
from all sides.  
Ah! He who loves me and knows me,  
is in the distance.  
It makes me dizzy,  
it burns my insides.  
Only he who knows longing  
Knows how I'm suffering!



# Texts and Translations

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“Suleika,” op. 57, no. 3

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809–1847)

Poem by MARIANNE VON WILLEMER (1784–1860)

## “Suleika”

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?  
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?  
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung  
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.  
Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,  
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,  
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube  
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.  
Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,  
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,  
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,  
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.  
Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern  
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;  
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,  
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.  
Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!  
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.  
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,  
Find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.  
Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,  
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben  
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,  
Kann mir nur sein Athem geben.

## “Suleika”

What means this movement?  
Does the east bring me good news?  
Its flourishing, fresh stirring  
cools the heart's deep wounds.  
Caressingly it plays with the dust,  
It drives it up in light little clouds,  
It drives to the secure grapevines  
The insects, joyful little ones.  
It eases the rays of the sun,  
It cools also my hot cheeks,  
It kisses the vines still in flight,  
Those that are resplendent on the fields and the hills.  
And it brings me its light whisper  
From my friend a thousand greetings;  
Before these hills become dark,  
I'll be greeted with a thousand kisses.  
And so you can move along then!  
Serve friends and those who are suffering  
There where the high walls glow,  
I will soon find my most beloved.  
Ah, the true heart's message,  
The touch of love, freshest life,  
For me, comes only from his own mouth,  
Only his breath can give it to me.

# Texts and Translations

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**“O Jugend, o schöne Rosenzeit,”** op. 57, no. 4

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809–1847)

Poem a Rhenish folksong

**“O Jugend, o schöne Rosenzeit”**

Von allen schönen Kindern auf der Welt  
Mir eines doch am meisten wohlgefällt;  
Es hat ein rot Mündlein und dunkelbraunes Haar;  
Wohl will ich es lieben auch ganz und gar.

Die Grübchen in den Wangen,  
Das Grübchen in dem Kinn,  
Drin war mich gleich gefangen  
Mein ganzer leichter Sinn,  
Und in die blauen Augen,  
Seh' ich da recht hinein,  
Da möcht' ich mein Lebtag  
Gefangen drin sein!

O Jugend, o schöne Rosenzeit!

Die Wege, die Stege sind mit Blumen bestreut;  
Der Himmel steht offen, man schaut die Eng-  
lein.

O könnt' ich, Herzliebchen, stets bei dir sein!

**“O youth, o lovely time of roses”**

Of all the lovely youths of the world,  
There is just one I like the most of all;  
He has a red little mouth and dark brown hair;  
Very much I want to love him completely and  
totally.

The dimples in his cheeks,  
The dimple in his chin,  
I am all caught up in them  
All of my fleeting senses.  
And in the blue eyes,  
I see right directly within,  
There I would like for my lifetime  
To be caught up inside!

O youth, o lovely time of roses

The paths, the shores are littered with blossoms;  
The heavens stand wide open, one can see the  
angels.

O if only I could, my heart's love, forever be near you!

**“Venetianisches Gondellied,”** op. 57, no. 5

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809–1847)

German text by FERDINAND FREILIGRATH (1810–1876)

Based on a poem by THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852)

**“Venetianisches Gondellied”**

Wenn durch die Piazzetta  
Die Abendluft weht,  
Dann weißt du, Ninetta,  
Wer wartend hier steht.  
Du weißt, wer trotz Schleier  
Und Maske dich kennt,  
Du weisst, wie die Sehnsucht  
Im Herzen mir brennt.  
Ein Schifferkleid trag' ich  
Zur selbigen Zeit,  
Und zitternd dir sag' ich:  
“Das Boot ist bereit!  
O, komm'! jetzt, wo Lunen  
Noch Wolken umziehn,  
Laß durch die Lagunen,  
Geliebte, uns flieh'n!”

**“Venetian Gondola Song”**

When through the “piazzetta”  
The evening's breeze drifts,  
Then you will know, Ninetta,  
Who waiting here stands.  
You know, who despite the veil  
And mask knows it is you,  
You know how the longing  
Burns within my heart.  
A boatman's dress I will wear  
At that very time,  
And trembling I will say to you:  
“The boat is ready!  
O come! Now while the moon  
Still is surrounded by clouds,  
Let us, through the lagoons,  
My love, run away together!”

# Texts and Translations

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“Wanderlied,” op. 57, no. 6

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809–1847)

Poem by JOSEPH KARL BENEDIKT VON EICHENDORFF (1788–1857)

## “Wanderlied”

Laue Luft kommt blau geflossen,  
Frühling, Frühling soll es sein!  
Waldwärts Hörnerklang geschossen,  
Mut’ger Augen lichter Schein;  
Und das Wirren bunt und bunter  
Wird ein magisch wilder Fluß,  
In die schöne Welt hinunter  
Lockt dich dieses Stromes Gruß.  
Und ich mag mich nicht bewahren!  
Weit von Euch treibt mich der Wind;  
Auf dem Strome will ich fahren,  
Von dem Glanze selig blind!  
Tausend Stimmen lockend schlagen;  
Hoch Aurora flammend weht;  
Fahre zu! ich mag nicht fragen,  
Wo die Fahrt zu Ende geht.

## “Travel Song”

Balmy wind has turned blue,  
Spring, springtime it must be!  
Forestward the sound of horns burst out,  
Brave eyes the glare of the light;  
And the excitement more and more colorful  
Becomes a magical wild river,  
Into the beautiful world there underneath  
Entices you this great river’s greeting.  
And I may not be able to save myself!  
Far from you the wind drives me;  
Against the storm I will journey,  
From radiance, blessedly blind!  
A thousand voices tempt defeat;  
High morning flaming drifts;  
Journey on! I may not ask,  
Where this journey will end.



## *Intermission*

*Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon*, FP.122

FRANCIS POULENC (1899–1963)

Poems by LOUIS ARAGON (1897–1982)

## “C.”

J’ai traversé les ponts de Cé  
C’est là que tout a commencé  
Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d’un chevalier blessé  
D’une rose sur la chaussée,  
Et d’un corsage délacé  
Du château d’un duc insensé,  
Et des cygnes dans les fossés  
De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée  
Et j’ai bu comme un lait glacé,  
Le long lai des gloires faussées  
La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées  
Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacées  
O ma France, ô ma délaissée;  
J’ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

## “C.”

I crossed the bridges of Cé  
It’s there that everything started  
A song of times gone by  
Talks of a wounded knight  
Of a rose on the road,  
And of an undone blouse  
Of the castle of an insane Duke,  
And of swans in their ditches  
Of the meadow where comes to dance  
An eternal fiancée  
And I drank like icy milk,  
The long lay of wrongful glories  
The Loire takes away my thoughts  
With overturned vehicles  
And the defused weapons  
And the tears not well hidden  
O my France, oh my neglected one;  
I crossed the bridges of Cé.

# Texts and Translations

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## “Fêtes galantes”

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes  
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon  
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes  
On voit des pompiers brûler les pompons  
On voit des mots jetés à la voirie  
On voit des mots élevés au pavois  
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie  
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix  
On voit des voitures à gazogène  
On voit aussi des voitures à bras  
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent  
On voit des coïons de dix huit carats  
On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs  
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées  
On voit des voyous On voit des voyeurs  
On voit sous les ponts passer les noyés  
On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures  
On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'œufs  
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres  
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux.

## “Courtship Parties”

One sees marquises on bicycles  
one sees pimps in petticoats  
one sees brats with veils  
one sees firemen burning their pompons  
one sees words thrown on the rubbish-heap  
one sees words carried aloft  
one sees the feet of the children of Mary  
one sees the backs of public speakers  
one sees gasogene powered cars  
one also sees handcarts  
one sees fellows whose long noses bother them  
one sees eighteen-carat fools  
one sees here what one sees elsewhere  
one sees girls gone astray  
one sees gutter-snipes one sees voyeurs  
one sees the drowned passing under the bridge  
one sees shoe sellers out of work  
one sees egg candlers dying of boredom  
one sees reliable values in jeopardy  
and life fleeing by the six-four-two.



## “A Nun Takes the Veil,” op. 13 no. 1

SAMUEL BARBER (1910–1981)

Poem by GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844–1889)

## “A Nun Takes the Veil”

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail  
And a few lilies blow.  
And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

# Texts and Translations

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**“The Secrets of Old,”** op. 13 no. 2

SAMUEL BARBER (1910–1981)

Poem by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865–1939)

## **“The Secrets of Old”**

I have old women’s secrets now  
That had those of the young;  
Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.  
Though Marg’ry is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge’s way,  
We three make up a solitude;  
For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:  
How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.

**“Sure on this Shining Night,”** op. 13 no. 3

SAMUEL BARBER (1910–1981)

Poem by JAMES AGEE (1909–1955)

## **“Sure on this Shining Night”**

Sure on this shining night  
Of star made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder wand’ring far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

# Texts and Translations

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“Nocturne,” op. 13 no. 4

SAMUEL BARBER (1910–1981)

Poem by FREDERICK PROKOSCH (1908–1989)

## “Nocturne”

Close my darling both your eyes,  
Let your arms lie still at last.  
Calm the lake of falsehood lies  
And the wind of lust has passed,  
Waves across these hopeless sands  
Fill my heart and end my day,  
Underneath your moving hands  
All my aching flows away.  
Even the human pyramids  
Blaze with such a longing now:  
Close, my love, your trembling lids,  
Let the midnight heal your brow,  
Northward flames Orion’s horn,  
Westward th’Egyptian light.  
None to watch us, none to warn  
But the blind eternal night.



## “La mi sola laureola”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1897-1945)

Poem by JUAN PONCE (1460–1521)

## “La mi sola laureola”

La mi sola, Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola...  
Yo el cautivo Leriano  
Aunque mucho estoy ufano  
Herido de aquella mano  
Que en el mundo es una sola.  
La mi sola Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola.

## “My One and Only Laureola”

My one and only, Laureola  
My one and only, only...  
I the captive Leriano  
Even though I am very vain  
Hurt by that hand  
That in the world is only one.  
My one and only Laureola  
My one and only, only.



# Texts and Translations

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## “Al amor”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1864–1949)

Poem by CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO (1490–1550)

## “Al amor”

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento  
Asido de mis cabellos  
Y mil y ciento tras ellos  
Y tras ellos mil y ciento  
Y después...  
De muchos millares, tres!  
Y porque nadie lo sienta  
Desbaratemos la cuenta  
Y... contemos al revés.

## “To Love”

Give me, love, kisses without number  
Lingering on my hair  
And a thousand and a hundred after those  
And after those a thousand and a hundred  
And after...  
Of many millions, three!  
And because no one can hear it  
We should start the count all over  
And...count them all backwards.

## “¿Corazón porqué pasais”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1864–1949)

XVII Century Poem by ANONYMOUS

## “¿Corazón porqué pasáis...”

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis  
Las noches de amor despierto  
Si vuestro dueño descansa  
En los brazos de otro dueño?

## “Heart, why do you pass...”

Heart, why do you pass  
The night awake because of love  
If the one who owns it is resting  
In the arms of another owner?

## “El majo celoso”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1864–1949)

XVII Century Poem by ANONYMOUS

## “El majo celoso”

Del majo que me enamora  
He aprendido la queja  
Que una y mil veces suspira  
Noche tras noche en mi reja:  
Lindezas, me muero  
De amor loco y fiero  
Quisiera olvidarte  
Mas quiero y no puedo!  
Le han dicho que en la Pradera  
Me han visto con un chispero  
Desos de malla de seda  
Y chupa de terciopelo.  
Majezas, te quiero,  
No creas que muero  
De amores pérdida  
Por ese chispero.

## “The jealous cutie”

From the cutie that I am in love with  
I have learned the complaint  
That one and a thousand times he sighs  
Night after night at my window:  
Beauties, I die  
Of love crazy and fierce  
I wish I could forget you  
But I want to and cannot!  
They have told him that in the meadow  
They have seen me with some nobody  
The kind that wears a silk shirt  
And a jacket of velvet.  
Cutie, I love you  
Don't think that I am dying  
Of lost love  
For that lowlife.

# Texts and Translations

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## “Con amores, la mi madre”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1864–1949)

Poem by JUAN DE ANCHIETA (1462–1523)

## “Con amores, la mi madre”

Con amores, la mi madre,  
Con amores me dormí;  
Así dormida soñaba  
Lo que el corazón velaba,  
Que el amor me consolaba  
Con más bien que merecí.  
Adormecióme el favor  
Que amor me dió con amor;  
Dió descanso a mi dolor  
La fe con que le serví  
Con amores, la mi madre,  
Con amores me dormí!

## “With loves, my mother”

With loves, my mother,  
With loves I fell asleep;  
That way asleep I dreamt  
That which the heart safeguarded,  
That love consoled me  
With more goodness than I deserved.  
I was lulled to sleep with the kindness  
That love gave me with love;  
It gave rest to my pain  
The faith with which I served it  
With loves, my mother,  
With loves I feel asleep!

## “Del cabello más sutil”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1864–1949)

Poem a FOLKSONG

## “Del cabello más sutil”

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzada  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.  
Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

## “Of the Softest Hair”

Of the softest hair  
That you have in your braid  
I should make a chain  
To bring you to my side.  
A jug in your house  
Little one, I would like to be,  
To kiss you on the mouth,  
When you go to drink.

## “Chiquitita la novia”

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1864–1949)

Poem a FOLKSONG

## “Chiquitita la novia”

Chiquitita la novia,  
Chiquitito el novio,  
Chiquitita la sala,  
Y el dormitorio,  
Por eso yo quiero  
Chiquitita la cama  
Y el mosquitero.

## “Tiny the girlfriend”

Tiny the girlfriend,  
Tiny the boyfriend,  
Tiny the living room,  
And the bedroom,  
For that reason I want  
For the bed to be tiny  
As well as the mosquito net.

