

# Texts & Translations

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## **Songs with texts by Victor Hugo**

FRANZ LISZT (1811–1886)

Poems by VICTOR MARIE HUGO (1802–1885)

### **“Enfant, si j'étais roi”**

*Enfant, si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,  
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon  
peuple à genoux,  
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains de  
porphyre,  
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire,  
Pour un regard de vous!*

*Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,  
Les anges, les démons courbés devant  
ma loi,  
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,  
L'éternité, l'espace et les cieux et les mondes,  
Pour un baiser de toi!*

### **“Oh! Quand je dors”**

*Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma  
couche,  
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,  
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...  
Soudain ma bouche  
S'ouvrira!*

*Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève  
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,  
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève...  
Et soudain mon rêve  
Rayonnera!*

*Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,  
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,  
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens  
femme...  
Soudain mon âme  
S'éveillera!*

### **“Child, if I were king”**

My child, were I a king, I would surrender  
my empire  
And my chariot and my scepter and my  
subjects,  
And my gilded crown, and my porphyry  
baths  
And my fleets which the ocean cannot  
contain,  
For one gaze from you!

Were I God, the earth and heavens and seas,  
The angels, the demons bent before my  
rule,  
And the profound chaos in the pregnant  
depths  
Eternity, the space and the skies and the  
worlds,  
For one kiss from you!

### **“Oh! While I sleep”**

Oh! While I sleep, come close by my bed,  
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,  
And let your breath brush me as you pass...  
Suddenly my lips  
shall part!

On my dreary brow perhaps will end,  
A black dream still long remaining,  
Let your eyes like a star rise,  
And suddenly my dream  
will be radiant!

Then on my lips where flutters a flame,  
A flash of love purified by God himself,  
Place a kiss, and transform from angel to a  
woman...  
Suddenly my soul  
will elevate!

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## “Comment, disaient-ils”

*Comment, disaient-ils,  
Avec nos nacelles,  
Fuir les alguazils?  
Ramez, disaient-elles.*

*Comment, disaient-ils,  
Oublier querelles,  
Misère et périls?  
Dormez, disaient-elles.*

*Comment, disaient-ils,  
Enchanter les belles  
Sans philtres subtils?  
Aimez, disaient-elles.*

## “How then, the men asked”

“How then,” asked the men,  
“With our skiffs  
Are we to flee the alguacils?”  
“Row,” the women said.

“How then,” asked the men,  
“Are we to set aside  
Misery and distress?”  
“Sleep,” the women said.

“How then,” asked the men,  
“Are we to enchant beautiful women,  
Without subtle potions?”  
“Love,” the women said.



## Selections from *Mörrike-Lieder*

HUGO WOLF (1860–1903)

Poems by EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804–1875)

### “Er ist’s”

*Frühling läßt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen bald kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!*

### “It is Spring”

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
flutter once more in the breeze;  
sweet, familiar fragrances  
drift ominously through the land.  
Violets are dreaming already,  
soon they will be here.  
Hark, from far away, a sweet harp sound!  
Yes, Spring, it is you!  
I have heard you!

### “Das verlassene Mägdlein”

*Früh, wann die Hähne kräh'n,  
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,  
Muß ich am Herde stehn,  
    Muß Feuer zünden.*

*Schön ist der Flammen Schein,  
Es springen die Funken.  
Ich schaue so darein,  
In Leid versunken.*

### “Forsaken Servant Girl”

Early, when the cock crows,  
before the tiny stars vanish,  
I must be at the hearth,  
    And must light the fire.

The flames' glow is beautiful,  
the sparks leap;  
I stare upon them,  
lost in grief.

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*Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Daß ich die Nacht von dir  
Geträumet habe.*

Suddenly it comes to me,  
Faithless boy,  
that last night  
I dreamt about you.

*Träne auf Träne dann  
Stürzt hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran -  
O ging er wieder!*

Tear upon tear  
Falls then;  
So starts the day -  
would that it were gone again!

## “Begegnung”

*Was doch heut Nacht ein Sturm gewesen,  
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!  
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen  
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!*

What a storm there was last night,  
that raged until the morning!  
How that uninvited broom has  
swept the streets and chimneys clean!

*Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Straßen,  
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;  
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,  
So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.*

Along the street a girl comes,  
Half-afraid, she looks around her,  
as roses tossed before the wind,  
does her face's glow ever change.

*Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,  
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:  
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen  
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!*

A handsome fellow steps across to her,  
With pleasure, he wants to approach her:  
How joyful and embarrassed,  
Does this unusual rascal appear!

*Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen  
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,  
Die heute Nacht im offenen Stübchen  
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.*

He seems to ask if his darling  
has straightened her pigtails,  
which, last night, in her open little bedroom,  
were messed up by a storm.

*Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küßen,  
Die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,  
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,  
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.*

The lad still dreams of the kisses  
that the sweet child exchanged,  
He stands, entranced by her charm,  
while she rushes round the corner

## “Verborgenheit”

*Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!*

Leave, O world, oh, leave me be!  
Do not tempt me with gifts of love,  
leave this heart alone to have  
its bliss, its pain!

*Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.*

What do I grieve, I know not,  
It is an unknown grief,  
all the time I see through tears  
the sun's lovely light.

## “Encounter”

## “Seclusion”

# Texts & Translations

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*Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.*

*Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!*

## “Nixe Binsefuß”

*Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein  
Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein,  
Sie singt und lachet sonder Scheu  
Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei.*

*»Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuß,  
Und meine Fisch’ wohl hüten muß,  
Meine Fisch’ die sind im Kasten,  
Sie haben kalte Fasten;  
Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist,  
Da zähl’ ich sie zu jeder Frist.*

*Gelt, Fischermatz? gelt, alter Tropf,  
Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf?  
Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!  
Die will ich schön zerfetzen!  
Dein Mägdlein zwar ist fromm und gut,  
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.*

*Drum häng’ ich ihr, zum Hochzeitsstrauß,  
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,  
Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer,  
Er stammt von König Artus her,  
Ein Zwergen-Goldschmids-Meisterstück,  
Wer’s hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück:  
Er läßt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,  
Da sind’s fünfhundert Gröschlein baar.*

*Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!  
Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe schreit.«*

Often, I am barely aware,  
And bright joy breaks,  
through the heaviness,  
flashes delightfully in my heart.

Leave, O world, oh, leave me be!  
Do not tempt me with gifts of love,  
leave this heart alone to have  
its bliss, its pain!

## “The Mermaid Rushfoot”

The water-sprite’s daughter,  
Dances on the ice in the full moon’s light,  
She sings and laughs freely,  
As she passes by the fisherman’s house.

“I am the mermaid Rushfoot,  
And must take good care of my fish,  
My fish are in the chest,  
They have cold food;  
The case is made of Bohemian glass,  
There I count them at any time.

Really, little fisherman, old ninny,  
Doesn’t your head see it’s winter?  
Come to me with your nets!  
I will surely tear them apart!  
Your daughter is truly meet and good,  
Her lover a bold huntsman.

Then for her wedding bouquet, will I hang,  
A wreath of rare reeds upon the house,  
I will also bring a pike made of silver,  
That was cast for good king Arthur,  
A dwarf goldsmith’s masterpiece  
That brings its owner nothing but joy,  
Year after year can the pike be flaked,  
And clear 500 Groschen.

Farewell, my child, farewell for now!  
The morning cock cries in the village.”



# Texts & Translations

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**“Blow blow thou winter wind,”** op. 6, no. 3

ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)

Poem by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

## **“Blow blow thou winter wind”**

Blow, blow thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

**“Now sleeps the crimson petal,”** op. 3, no. 2

ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)

Poem by ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–1892)

## **“Now sleeps the crimson petal”**

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.  
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

# Texts & Translations

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**“Love’s philosophy,”** op. 3, no. 1  
ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)  
Poem by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

## “Love’s philosophy”

The fountains mingle with the River  
And the Rivers with the Ocean,  
The winds of Heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another’s being mingle.  
Why not I with thine? -

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me?



## Intermission

**“Allerseelen,”** op. 10, no. 8  
RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)  
Poem by HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG (1812–1864)

### “Allerseelen”

*Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.*

*Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich  
drücke  
Und wenn man’s sieht, mir ist es einerlei,*

*Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.*

*Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,*

*Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder  
habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.*

### “All Souls”

Placing on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bringing inside the last red asters,  
and let us again speak of love,  
as once in May we spoke.

Give me your hand, so that I may hold it  
secretly;  
and when someone witnesses, to me it  
does not matter.

Just give me one of your sweet glances,  
as once in May you gazed.

Flowers bloom and smell today amongst  
the graves  
one day a year indeed the dead are free.  
Come to my heart, so that I may hold you  
again,  
as once in May I held you.

# Texts & Translations

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## **“Zueignung,”** op. 10, no. 1

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

Poem by HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG (1812–1864)

### **“Zueignung”**

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.*

*Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnetest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.*

*Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,  
Habe Dank.*

## **“Die Nacht,”** op. 10, no. 3

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

Poem by HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG (1812–1864)

### **“Die Nacht”**

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib acht.*

*Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.*

*Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.*

*Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.*

### **“Dedication”**

Yes, you understand, precious soul,  
away from you I am tormented,  
love makes the heart sick,  
have thanks.

Once I, the imbiber of freedom, held  
high the amethyst cup  
and you blessed this drink,  
have thanks.

And you drove out the evil ones,  
till I, as never before,  
holy, sank holy into your heart,  
have thanks!

### **“The Night”**

From the forest night appears,  
From the trees she slips silently.  
Looking around in a wide arc,  
now be careful.

All the lights in this world,  
all flowers, all colors  
she snuffs them out, and steals the sheaves  
from the field.

All that she takes is only fair,  
taking the silver from the current,  
from the cathedral's copper roof  
the gold.

Plundered is the bush,  
draw near, soul to soul;  
Oh the night, I fear, will also steal  
you from me.

# Texts & Translations

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**“Ständchen,”** op. 17, no. 2

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

Poem by ADOLF FRIEDRICH, GRAF VON SCHACK (1815–1894)

## “Ständchen”

*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.*

**“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...*

## “Serenade”

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,  
so as to not awaken any from slumber.  
The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze  
barely trembles,  
a leaf on bushes or hedges.  
So softly, my girl, so nothing stirs,

only softly lay your hand on the latch.

With treading as light as that of elves,  
to leap over the flowers,  
fly out into the moonlit night,  
and slip me into the garden.  
By the rippling brook the flowers rest,  
fragrant in slumber; love alone is awake.

Sit low, the dawn is mysterious  
under the linden trees,  
the nightingale shall raise us,  
dream of our kisses,  
and the rose, when she wakes in the  
morning,  
glimmers deep from the bliss of this night.

## “Tomorrow”

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
and on this path, I shall go,  
if we, the lucky, shall unite  
upon this sun-breathing earth...

and to the strand, the wide, blue-waved,  
shall we, quietly and slowly, descend,  
silently, gazing into each other's eyes,  
on us will sink silent stillness of  
bliss...



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**“Cäcilie,”** op. 27, no. 2  
RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)  
Poem by HEINRICH HART (1855–1906)

## “Cäcilie”

*Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,  
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,  
Aug in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest dein Herz!*

*Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand  
tröstet  
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.*

*Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höhn,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir!*

## “Cecily”

If you only knew  
what it is to dream of blazing kisses,  
of wandering, resting with one's beloved,  
glancing at each other,  
and caressing and talking,  
if you knew,  
you would raise your heart!

If you only knew  
what dread is on lonely nights,  
in the incredible storm, when no one can  
comfort  
with gentle voice the strife-weary soul,  
if you only knew,  
you would come to me.

If you only knew  
what it is to live surrounded in God's  
creative breath,  
to ascend upwards, borne on light,  
to blissful heavens,  
if you only knew,  
you would dwell with me!



## “Giovanna d'Arco”

GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI (1792–1868)  
Poem by ANONYMOUS

## “Giovanna d'Arco”

*E notte, e tutto addormentato è il mondo.  
Sola io veglio, ed aspetto  
che un destrier passi, che una tromba  
chiami.  
Ascolto, e nulla sento  
se non l'acque, il mormorar del vento.  
Muta ogni cosa e afflitta  
come l'ora che segue alla sconfitta.  
O patria! O re! novella  
un'aita verrà. L'onnipossente  
dal grege suscitò la pastorella.  
Vadasì. O dolce mio loco natio,  
dolce famiglia, o campi, o selve addio.*

## “Joan of Arc”

It is night, and all the world's asleep.  
Only I lie awake, waiting  
for a charger to pass by, for a trumpet to  
call.  
I listen, but I hear nothing  
Except for water, the murmuring wind.  
All is somber and silent,  
Just like the hour that follows defeat.  
O my country! O king! New  
help will come. The Almighty  
rouses the shepherdess from her flock.  
Let her go forth. O my beloved birthplace,  
my sweet family, o fields, o forests, farewell.

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*O mia madre, e tu frattanto  
la tua figlia cercherai,  
affannata chiamerai  
e nessun risponderà.*

*Ma fra poco d'alte imprese  
verrà un suon conforto al pianto:  
ogni madre, ogni francese  
la mia madre invidierà.*

*O mia madre, se frattanto  
la tua figlia cercherai,  
se affannata chiamerai,  
questo suon risponderà.*

*Eppur piange. Ah! repente  
qual luce balenò nell'oriente,  
non è il sole che s'alza,  
sei la mia vision, io ti conosco.  
Più grande che non suole  
empie il ciel fulminando e mi fa segno.  
Angiol di morte, tu mi chiami, io vengo.*

*Ah, la fiamma che t'esce dal guardo  
già m'ha tocca, m'investe, già m'arde.*

*Presto un brando, marciamo pugnando.  
Viva il re, la vittoria è con me.*

*Guida i forti la vergine al campo,*

*tra i leoni l'agnello s'avventa,  
non han scampo, il Signor li spaventa.*

*Viva il re, la vittoria è con me.*

*Corre la gioia  
di core in core  
ma, queta e timida fra lo stupore,  
chi se', domandano,  
chi il re salvò?  
Vinse la vergine  
che in Dio sperò.*

O my mother, while I am gone  
you will search for your daughter,  
breathlessly you will call for her,  
but none shall respond.

But soon by the news of great deeds  
Will your tears be dried,  
All mothers, all the French  
Will envy my mother.

O my mother, if when I am gone  
you search for your daughter,  
if breathlessly you call for her,  
the sound of this news shall respond.

Yet she weeps. Ah! what light  
blazes in the east suddenly –  
it is not the sun that rises,  
you are my vision – I know you.  
Larger than before,  
Thundering in the sky, it gives me a sign.  
Angel of death, you call me, I will come.

Ah, the flame that shoots from your look  
Reaches me me now, runs through me,  
burns.

Quick, a sword, let us march and fight.  
Long live the king, victory is with me.

The virgin leads the warriors into the  
battlefield,  
the lamb flings herself upon the lions,  
they cannot escape, the Lord fills them  
with fear.  
Long live the king, victory is with me.

Joy flows  
from heart to heart  
but, before the quaking and timid girl,  
they will ask in wonder “Who are you,  
Who have saved the king?”  
Victory belongs to the virgin  
who put her faith in God.

