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ABENDEMPFINDUNG

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Text by Joachim Heinrich Campe
(1746-1818)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2021)

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond Strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließt schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind
leise, Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließe ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmel auf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tranchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Trane, und ach! shäme
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

It is evening; and the sun has set,
and the moon shines with a silver luster;
So flys the life's most-pleasant hours,
Fly past as if in a dance.

Soon will fly away life's colorful pageant,
and the curtain will-roll down;
Over is our play, the friends tears
Flow already upon our grave.

Soon, perhaps (on-me blows like the west
wind gently, a quiet foreboding)
I will finish my life's pilgrimage,
I will fly to the land of rest.

If you then by my grave weep,
Mournfully on my ashes to gaze,
Then, oh friends, will I to you appear
and will bring you to heaven.

Give also you a small tear for me,
and pluck for me a small violet for my grave
and with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently on me below.

Dedicate to me a tear, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to give it to me;
Oh, it will in my crown
Then the fairest pearl be!

O WÄR ICH' SCHON MIT DIR VEREINT

from *Fidelio*

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Text by Joseph Sonnleithner (1766-1835)

and Georg Friedrich Treitschke (1776-1842)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2020)

O war' ich schon mit dir vereint
Und dürfte Mann dich nennen!
Ein Mädchen darf ja, was es meint,
Zur Hälfte nur bekennen.

Doch wenn ich nicht erröthen muss
Ob einem warmen Herzenkuss,
Wenn nichts uns stört auf Erden.

Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust,
Mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
Wie glücklich will ich werden!

In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit
Erwach' ich jeden Morgen,
Wir grüßen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,
Der Fleiß verscheucht die Sorgen.

Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,
Dann dann schleicht die holde Nach heran,
Dann ruhn wir von Beschwerden.

Oh were I already with you united
and might call you husband!
A girl may only admit
to half of what she really thinks.

But why should I blush
Over a passionate kiss,
When no one is there to disturb us?

The hope already fills my breast
With inexpressible sweet pleasure;
How happy I will be!

In peaceful, quiet family life
Awake I every morning,
We greet each-other with tenderness,
The hard work drives away worries.

And the work is finished,
Then creeps the dear night
Then we rest from complaints.

HAÏ LULI

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Text by Xavier de Maistre (1764-1852), from
Prisonniers du Caucase

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2008)

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir!
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.

Hai luli! Hai luli! Hai luli!
Où donc peut-être mon ami?

Je assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main...
Allons, je filerai demain;
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!

Hai luli! Hai luli! Hai luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans mon ami.

Si jamais il devient volage
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village!

Hai luli! Hai luli! Hai luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

I am sad and worried,
I don't know what will happen any longer!
My lover should have come,
And I await-him here alone.

Hai luli! Hai luli! Hai luli!
Where then can be my lover?

I sit in order to spin my wool,
The thread it breaks in my hand...
Well then, I will spin tomorrow;
Today I am in too much pain!

Hai luli! Hai luli! Hai luli!
How sad it is without my lover.

If ever he becomes fickle
If he should one day abandon me,
I shall burn down the village
And myself with the village.

Hai luli! Hai luli! Hai luli!
What is the use to live without a lover?

BONJOUR MON COEUR

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Text by Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2010)

Bonjour mon coeur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon oeil
Bonjour ma chère amie!

He! Bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise,
Bonjour, mes délices,
Mon amour,

Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colombe,

Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

Good day my heart,
Good day my sweet life,
Good day my eye,
Good day my dear friend!

Hey! Good day, my most beautiful one,
My sweetheart,
Good day, my delicious one,
My love,

My sweet spring,
My sweet, fresh flower,
My sweet pleasure,
My sweet little dove,

My sparrow, my pretty turtledove!
Good day my sweet rebel.

PLAINTE D'AMOUR

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Text by Louis Pomey (1835-1901)

Translation by Barbara Miller

Chère âme, sans toi j'expire,
Pourquoi taire ma douleur?
Mes lèvres veulent sourire
Mes yeux disent mon malheur.

Helas! Loin de toi j'expire,
Que ma cruelle peine,
De ton ame hautaine
Desarme la rigueur

Cette nuit dans un rêve,
Je crois te voir;
Ah, soudain la nuit s'achève,
Et s'enfuit l'espoir.

Je veux sourire
Helas! La mort est
Dans mon coeur.

Dear soul, without you I die,
Why silence my sorrow?
My lips want to smile
My eyes speak of my misfortune.

Alas! Far from you I die.
May my cruel pain,
Disarm the hardness
Of your haughty soul.

Tonight in a dream,
I believed I saw you;
Ah, suddenly the night is over,
And hope flies away.

I want to smile
Alas! Death
Is in my heart.

THE SEAL MAN

Rebecca Clark

Text by John Masefield (1878-1967)

And he came by her cabin to the west of the
road, calling.

There was a strong love came up in her at
that,

and she put down her sewing on the table,
and "Mother," she says,

"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt,
and no door.

There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything
at all

will keep me this night from the man I love."

And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty,
beyond the river.

And he says to her: "You are all of the
beauty of the world,

will you come where I go, over the waves of
the sea?"

And she says to him: "My treasure and my
strength," she says,

"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my
feet bleeding."

Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track [upon]¹ the sea,
and they walked down it;

it was like a flame before them. There was
no fear at all on her;

only a great love like the love of the Old
Ones,

that was stronger than the touch of the fool.

She had a little white throat, and little
cheeks like flowers,

and she went down into the sea with her
man,

who wasn't a man at all.

She was drowned, of course.

It's like he never thought that she wouldn't
bear the sea like himself.

She was drowned, drowned.

DREAM WITH ME

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Dream with me tonight.
Tonight and ev'ry night,
Wherever you may chance to be.
We're together, if we dream the same sweet
dream.
And though we're far apart,
Keep me in your heart
And dream with me.

The kiss we never dared
We'll dare in dreaming.
The love we never shared
Can still have meaning.
If you only dream a magic dream
With me tonight.

Tonight and every night
Wherever you may change to be.
Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.