

## Program Translations

*Le Nozze di Figaro* is one of Mozart's opera buffas, or a comic operas, portraying a series of unfortunate events for an unfaithful Count and his servants. Susanna, one of the servants in the Count's house, sings her aria, "Deh vieni, non tardar," disguised as the rich Countess, all as a ruse to outsmart the Count. It was common for Mozart to portray his lower-class characters as the more clever and heroic characters. A lyrical declaration to her true love and future husband, Figaro, Susanna hopes to convince Figaro of her faithfulness while simultaneously exposing the Count in his unfaithfulness. In the aria, she is seemingly singing to herself in the gardens, but really, she knows that Figaro is there is the darkness listening.

Susanna's Aria, "**Deh, vieni, non tardar**"  
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Deh, vieni, non tardar,  
Oh gioia bella,  
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,  
Finché non splende in ciel notturna face,  
Finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,  
Che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura,  
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,  
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adesca.  
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascole,  
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

"**Oh, come, do not delay**"  
from *The Marriage of Figaro*

Oh, come, do not delay,  
Oh beautiful joy,  
Come where love calls you to enjoy,  
Until night's torches do not shine in the sky,  
While the air is still dark and the world quiet.  
Here the stream murmurs, the light plays,  
Which with sweet whispers restores the heart,  
Here little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh,  
Here everything entices to love's pleasures.  
Come, my dear, hidden among these bushes,  
I want to crown your brow with roses.

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind

Schubert's beautiful **Lieder** are German songs that set poetry to music by a single vocalist and piano. Schubert composed over 600 Lieder in his lifetime and has influenced generations of songwriters up to the present day. Virtuoso pianist and composer Franz Liszt called Schubert "the most poetical musician that ever was."

### Wehmut

Wenn ich durch Wald und Fluren geh',  
Es wird mir dann so wohl und weh  
In unruhvoller Brust.  
So wohl, so weh, wenn ich die Au  
In ihrer Schönheit Fülle schau',  
Und all die Frühlingslust.  
Denn was im Winde tönen weht,  
Was aufgetürmt gen Himmel steht,  
Und auch der Mensch, so hold vertraut  
Mit all der Schönheit, die er schaut,  
Entschwindet, und vergeht.

### Melancholy

When I walk through the woods and fields,  
I feel so happy and yet so sad  
in my unquiet heart;  
so happy and so sad when I behold  
the meadows in the fullness of their beauty,  
and all the joy of spring.  
For all that blows and echoes in the wind,  
all that towers up towards heaven,  
and man himself, communing so fondly  
with all the beauty he beholds –  
all shall vanish and perish.

Matthäus von Collin

Translation by Richard Wigmore

## Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!  
Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach wohin?  
Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse, Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfangen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Alliebender Vater!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## Nähe des Geliebten

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer  
Vom Meere strahlt;  
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer  
In Quellen malt.  
Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege  
Der Staub sich hebt;  
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege  
Der Wandrer bebt.  
Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen  
Die Welle steigt.  
Im stillen Hain da geh ich oft zu lauschen,  
Wenn alles schweigt.  
Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne.  
Du bist mir nah!  
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.  
O wärst du da!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## Ganymede

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!  
Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?  
Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap, upwards,  
embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

## Nearness of the Beloved

I think of you when sunlight  
glints from the sea;  
I think of you when the moon's glimmer  
is reflected in streams.  
I see you when, on distant roads,  
dust rises;  
in the depths of night, when on the narrow bridge  
the traveller trembles.  
I hear you when, with a dull roar,  
the waves surge up.  
I often go to listen in the tranquil grove  
when all is silent.  
I am with you, however far away you are.  
You are close to me!  
The sun sets, soon the stars will shine for me.  
Would that you were here!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

**Scheherazade** means “the person whose realm or dominion is free.” The narrator and heroine of *The Arabian Nights*, Scheherazade is depicted as a wise, courageous woman. By educating herself and through her generosity, grace, and courage she not only saved herself, but the lives of many other women from an angry and abusive king. Also known as *One Thousand and One Nights*, *The Arabian Nights* is a mixture of Persian, Indian, Arabian, Greek, and Judaic folk tales. The oldest surviving fragments of the tales were found in Egypt in 800 AD. Charity and compassion are intrinsic virtues woven throughout the tales and still resonate with audiences today. Inspired by these folk tales, both Rimsky-Korsakov and Ravel produced two large works they titled *Scheherazade*. Ravel admired Rimsky-Korsakov’s version and when he met the poet, Tristan Klingsor (1788-1866), who had recently published a collection of free-verse poems under the title **Shéhérazade**, he used three of the poems and began composing his song cycle Shéhérazade: Asie, La flûte enchantée, and L’indifférent.

## II. La flûte enchantée

L’ombre est duce et mon maître dort,  
Coiffe d’un bonnet conique de soie  
Et son long nex jaune en sa barbe blanche.  
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore  
Et j’écoute au dehors  
Une chanson de flûte où s’épanche  
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.  
Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole,  
Que mon amoureux cheri joue.  
Et quand je m’approche de la croisée,  
Il me semble que chaque note s’envole  
De la flûte vers ma joue  
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

Tristan Klingsor

## II. The Enchanted Flute

Darkness soothes and my master sleeps,  
Coiffed in a cone-shaped night-bonnet of silk  
With his long nose yellow on his white whiskers.  
But I, I’m awakened and roused again,  
And I hear from outdoors  
The lone song of a flute  
overflowing  
At first with sorrow but then with such joy!  
An air turning from languishing so frivolous,  
Which my own dearest lover plays.  
And as I move closer to the window,  
To me it’s as though each note has come winging  
From his flute onto my cheek  
Like a mysterious caress.

Translations by Edward Lein

## III. L’indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d’un fille,  
Jeune étranger,  
Et la courbe fine  
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé  
Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.

Ta levre chante sur le pas de ma porte  
Une langue inconnue et charmante  
Comme une musique fausse...  
Entre! Et que mon vin te réconforte...

Mais non, tu passes  
Et de mon seuil je te vois t’eoigner,  
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grace,  
Et la hanche légèrement ployée.  
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

Tristan Klingsor

## III. The Indifferent One

Your eyes are soft like those of any maiden,  
My young stranger,  
And the delicate curve  
Of your fine features, shadowed with a silk down  
Forms an even more seductive outline.

Your lips form a song at the foot of my doorstep  
In a tongue incoherent yet charming.  
Rather like music turned falsely...  
Enter! And let my wine give you refreshment...

But no...you pass on,  
And from my threshold I watch you depart  
As you make a last graceful gesture for me,  
With a curved hip casually swaying  
From your saunter that’s both girlish and languid...

Rodrigo's "Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios" or "Four Madrigals of Love" (1947) are influenced by the folk music of the Spanish Golden Age, oriented towards the peasant and the needs of the common man. Apparent is Rodrigo's modernized and intellectualized approach to Spanish musical traditions, his love of literature, and appreciation of the human voice. Subtitled "Inspired by Spanish music of the 16<sup>th</sup> century," the author of the four poems is unknown but they come from a collection of poetry called *Recopilación de sonetos y sonatas y villancicos a quarto y a cinco* dating to 1560.

## Cuatro madrigales amatorios (1947)

### 1. ¿Con qué la lavaré

¿Con qué la lavaré  
la tez de la mi cara?  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
Que vivo mal penada?  
Lávanse las casadas con agua de limones:  
lávome yo, cuitada,  
con penas y dolores.  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
que vivo mal penada?

### 1. With what shall I wash

With what shall I wash  
the skin of my face?  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.  
Married women wash in lemon water:  
in my grief I wash  
in pain and sorrow.  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

### 2. Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,  
niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Riberas de un río  
ví moza vírgo,  
Niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Niña en cabello  
vos me matásteis,  
vos me habéis muerto.

### 2. You killed me

You killed me,  
girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
By the river bank  
I saw a young maiden.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have killed me,  
you have slain me.

### 3. ¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo!  
¡Ah! Bien sé yo de dónde.

### 3. Where hast thou been, my love?

Where hast thou been, my love?  
I know well where.  
Where hast thou been, my friend?  
Were I a witness  
Ah! I know well where!

### 4. De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos de Sevilla,  
de ver a mi linda amiga,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

### 4. I come from the poplars, mother

I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
From the poplars of Seville,  
from seeing my sweet love,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.

Anon.

Translations by Richard Stokes