

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Erbarme Dich (Bach)**

Translation by lyricstranslate.com

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,  
Um meiner Zähren willen!  
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge  
Weint vor dir bitterlich.  
Erbarme dich, mein Gott.

Have mercy, my God,  
For the sake of my tears!  
See here, before you  
Heart and eyes weep bitterly.  
Have mercy, my God.

### **Nuit d'étoiles (Debussy)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,  
Beneath your veils,  
beneath your breeze and fragrance,  
Sad lyre  
That sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Serene melancholy  
Now blooms deep in my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Night of stars...

Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Once more at our fountain I see  
Your eyes as blue as the sky;  
This rose is your breath  
And these stars are your eyes.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Night of stars...

### **Hai Luli (Viardot)**

Translation by lieder.net

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,  
Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'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,  
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,  
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

I am sad, I am troubled,  
I no longer know what will happen!  
My lover ought to come,  
And I await him here alone.  
Hai Luli  
Could I have lost my love?

Alas, I languish in waiting,  
And the ingrate enjoys himself far from me!  
Perhaps he betrays his oath to me  
Beside a new lover.  
Hai Luli!  
How sad it is without my love.

If it is true; if it is true that he is faithless,  
If one day he should abandon me,  
The only thing is for the village to burn  
And myself with the village,  
Hai Luli!  
What use is it to live without my love?

### **Widmung (Schumann)**

Translation by Oxford Lieder

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I've consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my worth,  
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!

### **Von ewiger Liebe (Brahms)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!  
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

Dark, how dark in forest and field!  
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,  
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,  
And even the lark is silent now too.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,  
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Out of the village there comes a lad,  
Escorting his sweetheart home,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,  
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

He leads her past the willow-copse,  
Talking so much and of so many things:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,  
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

‘If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,  
Shame for what others think of me,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,  
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,  
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.’

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:  
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

The girl speaks, the girl says:  
‘Our love cannot be severed!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,  
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Steel is strong, and so is iron,  
Our love is even stronger still:

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,  
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Iron and steel can both be reforged,  
But our love, who shall change it?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,  
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Iron and steel can be melted down,  
Our love must endure forever!’

### **Where Corals Lie (Elgar)**

The deeps have music soft and low  
When winds awake the airy sly,  
It lures me, lures me on to go  
And see the land where corals lie.  
The land, the land, where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,

When night is deep, and moon is high,  
That music seeks and finds me still,  
And tells me where the corals lie.  
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
But far the rapid fancies fly  
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,  
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,  
Thy smile is like a morning sky,  
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go  
And see the land where corals lie.  
The land, the land, where corals lie.

### **Things Change, Jo (Adamo)**

Things change, Jo  
Things change  
You're a babe at the breast,  
You're a daughter by the fire,  
You have all the love  
You think you could desire,  
Still,  
Things change, Jo,  
And, oh,  
What happens when they do  
Your heart, Jo  
Your heart,  
It's a bird in the nest  
With its head beneath its wing:  
Half asleep, it cannot know  
It wants a thing,  
Still,  
Your heart, Jo,  
I know,  
Will dream of something new  
Something that blurred,  
That broke within me,

A secret word,  
Who was it? spoke within me  
By some decree, the girl I used to be,  
She's simply gone  
I cannot say  
I do not know  
Who stirred  
Who woke within me:  
She loves her mother,  
Loves her father,  
Her sisters of course,  
But wants her John,  
My John  
Things change, Jo  
Angels and pilgrims in heaven rejoice  
They change  
You're a rosebud in the night  
You're a blossom in the morn  
You're unmade by that light  
Yet reborn  
Things change,  
And oh  
One day,  
My Jo,  
I wish only that things change  
The same way for you  
Jo  
Do you understand?

### **Esser Mesto (Flotow)**

Esser mesto il mio cor non sapria,  
La tristezza non naque per me  
Il sospiro non so cosa si sospirar a vent' anni,  
e perche?  
Pure io sento una voce nel cor,  
Che vuoi dal cor, voce d'amor?

Ah! Sospirar si puo d'amor,  
Felice il cuore che alberga amore,

Dismal care, ne'er my heart shall weigh  
down,  
For sad pining it never was made  
Sighing, sobbing are to me unknown, I'm too  
young thus by grief to be sway'd.  
Softly whispers a voice to my heart, What to  
my heart says that voice?

Ah! Love to the soul will grief impart,  
Happy the breast that love doth rejoice,

La vita e un fior, l'olezzo e amor,  
Sospirar si puo d'amor

**Anzoleta avanti la regata (Rossini)**

Translation by Oxford Lieder

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,  
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.  
Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta  
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,  
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,  
cori a svolar.

The heart is a flower, love's breath round it  
plays  
Love to the soul will grief impart

Over there on the machina the flag is flying,  
Look, you can see it, now go for it.  
Bring it back to me this evening,  
Or else run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.  
Row the gondola with heart and soul,  
Then you cannot help but be first.  
Go on, think of your Angelina  
Watching you from this balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.  
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.