

Großer Herr, und starker König

(by J. S. Bach)

Großer Herr, und starker König,
 Liebster Heiland, o wie wenig
 Achtest du der Erden Pracht!
 Der die ganze Welt erhält,
 Ihre Pracht und Zier erschaffen,
 Muß in harten Krippen schlafen.

Quia fecit mihi magna

(from the Gospel of John)

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est,
 Et sanctum nomen eius.

Già risonar d'intorno al Campidoglio io sento

(by Pietro Metastasio)

Già risonar d'intorno
 al Campidoglio io sento
 di cento voci e cento
 lo strepito guerrier.
 Che fo!
 Si vada e sia stimolo all'alma mia
 il debito di amico,
 di suddito il dover.

Vecchia Zimarra

(by L. Illica and G. Giacosa)

Vecchia zimarra, senti,
 io resto al pian, tu ascendere
 il sacro monte or devi.
 Le mie grazie ricevi.
 Mai non curvasti il logoro
 dorso ai ricchi ed ai potenti.
 Passâr nelle tue tasche
 come in antri tranquilli
 filosofi e poeti.
 Ora che i giorni lieti
 fuggîr, ti dico: addio,
 fedele amico mio.
 Addio, addio.

Ho capito, signor, si

(by Lorenzo Da Ponte)

Ho capito, signor sì!
 Chino il capo e me ne vo.
 Giacche piace a voi così,
 Altre repliche non fo.
 Cavalier voi siete già.
 Dubitar non posso affé;
 Me lo dice la bontà
 Che volete aver per me.
 Bricconaccia, malandrina!
 Fosti ognor la mia ruina!
 Vengo, vengo!
 Resta, resta.
 È una cosa molto onesta!
 Faccia il nostro cavaliere
 cavaliera ancora te.

Great Lord, and powerful King,

(trans. Pamela Dellal)

Great Lord, and powerful King,
 Dearest Savior, o how little
 You care about the glories of the earth!
 He who sustains the entire world,
 Who created its magnificence and beauty,
 Must sleep in a harsh manger.

Because He who is mighty

(trans. Francis Browne)

Because He who is mighty has done great
 Things for me, and holy is his name.

Already around the Capitol I hear the resounding

(by Pietro Metastasio)

Already around the Capitol
 I hear the resounding
 Of a hundred voices
 And a hundred warriors clamor.
 What do I do!
 Let us go and let my debt
 As a friend, and as a subject,
 Be a boon to my love.

Dear Old Coat

(by L. Illica and G. Giacosa)

Dear old coat, listen,
 I stay here below, but you must now
 ascend the mount of piety!
 Receive my thanks.
 You never bent your threadbare
 back to the rich and powerful.
 You have sheltered in your pockets
 like peaceful caves,
 philosophers and poets.
 Now that happy days
 have fled, I bid you farewell,
 my faithful friend,
 farewell, farewell.

Oh Yes, I Understand, Sir!

(by Lorenzo Da Ponte)

Oh yes, I understand sir!
 I bow my head and go.
 Since you will it so,
 I'll keep my mouth shut.
 You're a gentleman,
 Of that I'm in no doubt, indeed:
 That's clear from the gracious favor
 You bestow on me.
 Harlot! Tramp!
 You've brought my ruin!
 Yes, yes I'm coming!
 Don't you go anywhere.
 There's a fine thing!
 Let my lord make
 A lady out of you!

Hat Man nicht auch Gold daneben

(by Joseph von Sonnleithner)

Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben,
Kan man nicht ganz glücklich sein;
Traurig schleppt sich fort das Leben,
Mancher Kummer stellt sich ein.
Doch wenn's in den Taschen
fein klingelt und rollt,
Da hält man das Schicksal gefangen,
Und Macht und Liebe verschafft dir das Gold
Und stillt das kühnste Verlangen.
Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Sold,
Es ist ein schönes Ding, das Gold.
Ein goldnes Ding, das Gold
Wenn sich Nichts mit Nichts verbindet,
Ist und bleibt die Summe klein;
Wer bei Tisch nur Liebe findet,
Wird nach Tische hungrig sein.
Drum lächle der Zufall euch gnädig und hold,
Und segne und lenk' euer Streben;
Das Liebchen im Arme, im Beutel das Gold,
So mögt ihr viel Jahre durchleben.
Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Sold,
Es ist ein mächtig Ding, das Gold.

Le bestiaire:

(by Guillaume Apollinaire)

1. Le dromedaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

2. La chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris

3. La sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens.

4. Le dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

If You Have No Gold at Hand

(by Joseph von Sonnleithner)

If you have no gold at hand,
You cannot be completely happy;
Your life plods on unhappily,
Many griefs arise.
But when in your pockets
It rings and rolls,
Then you hold Fate captive.
And might and love are brought by gold,
And still your deepest desires.
Your luck serves you as a paid servant,
It is a beautiful thing, gold.
A golden thing, gold.
When nothing is combined with nothing,
The sum remains always small;
Who at the table only finds Love,
Will after dinner still be hungry.
Therefore Fate smiles on us merciful and friendly,
And blesses and guides our aspiration;
The loved one in your arms, in your purse, gold.
Thus you would like to live many years.
Your luck serves you as a paid servant,
It is a mighty thing, gold.

The Bestiary:

(trans. Winifred Radford)

1. The Camel

With his four camels
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Traveled the world over and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four camels.

2. The Tibetan Goat

The hair of this goat and even
The golden hair for which such pains were taken
By Jason are worth nothing compared
To the hair of the one I love

3. The Grasshopper

Here is the delicate grasshopper
The nourishment of Saint John
May my verses likewise be
A feast for superior people

4. The Dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea
But the waves are always briny.
Does my joy burst forth at times?
Life is still cruel.

5. L'écrevisse

Incertitude, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons, à reculons.

6. La carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.

Sonntag

(by Johann Ludwig Uhland)
So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!
So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

Dein blaues Auge

(by Klaus Growth)
Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.
Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

Die Mainacht

(by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty)
Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.
Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

5. The Crayfish

Uncertainty, Oh! my delights,
You and I, we progress
As crayfish do,
Backwards, backwards.

6. The Carp

In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, you live such a long time!
Is it that death has passed you by,
Fish of melancholy?

Sunday

(trans. Richard Stokes)
For a whole week now
I haven't seen my love;
I saw her on a Sunday,
Standing at her door:
My loveliest girl,
My loveliest sweet,
Would to God I were with her today!
Yet I'll still be able
To laugh all week;
I saw her on a Sunday,
As she went to church:
My loveliest girl,
My loveliest sweet,
Would to God I were with her today!

Your Blue Eyes

(trans. Richard Stokes)
Your blue eyes stay so still,
I look into their depths.
You ask me what I seek to see?
Myself restored to health.
A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me,
The pain of it still throbs:
Your eyes are limpid as a lake,
And like a lake as cool.

May Night

(trans. Richard Stokes)
When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.
Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.
When, O smiling vision, that shines through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.