

GLUCK: Divinités du Styx**TEXT: F.L.G. Lebland du Roulet**

Divinités du Styx,
 Ministres de la mort,
 Je n'invoquerai point
 Votre pitié cruelle.

J'enlève un tendre époux
 À son funeste sort,
 Mais je vous abandonne
 Une épouse fidèle.

Divinités du Styx,
 Ministres de la mort,
 Mourir pour ce qu'on aime,
 Est un trop doux effort,
 Une vertu si naturelle,
 Mon coeur est animé
 Du plus noble transport.

Je sens une force nouvelle,
 Je vais où mon amour m'appelle,
 Mon coeur est animé
 Du plus noble transport.

Divinités du Styx,
 Ministres de la mort,
 Je n'invoquerai point
 Votre pitié cruelle.

WOLF: Elfenlied**TEXT: Eduard Mörike**

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: „Elfe!“
 Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief –
 Wohl um die Elfe –

Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
 Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
 Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
 Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
 Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
 Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
 Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
 Und humpelt also tippe tapp
 Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
 Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
 Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
 „Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
 Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
 Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
 Und treibens in dem Saale;
 Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!“
 – Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
 Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
 Gukuk! Gukuk!

Gods of the River Styx**TRANSLATION: Ed Lein**

Gods of the River Styx,
 Dread Ministers of death,
 I shall not invoke
 Your cruel sympathy

I rescue a dear spouse
 From his funeral pyre,
 Yet for you abandon now
 That same faithful husband.

Gods of the River Styx,
 Dread Ministers of death,
 To die for what we love
 Is no real sacrifice,
 But it is a native virtue--
 My heart is wakening
 For its noblest journey.

I can feel a new strength rising,
 I shall go where my love beckons,
 My heart is wakening
 For its noblest journey.

Gods of the River Styx,
 Dread Ministers of death,
 I shall not invoke
 Your cruel sympathy

Elf-song**TRANSLATION: Richard Stokes**

The village watch cried out at night: “Eleven!”
 An elfin elf was asleep in the wood –
 Just at eleven –

And thinks the nightingale was calling
 Him by name from the valley,
 Or Silpelit had sent for him.
 The elf rubs his eyes,
 Steps from his snail-shell home,
 Looking like a drunken man,
 Not having slept his fill,
 And hobbles down, tippety tap,
 Through the hazels to the valley,
 Slips right up against the wall,
 Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
 “What bright windows are these?
 There must be a wedding inside:
 The little folk are sitting at the feast
 And skipping round the ballroom;
 I'll take a little peek inside!”
 Shame! He hits his head on hard stone!
 Elf, don't you think you've had enough?
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

R. STRAUSS: Zueignung

TEXT: Hermann von Gilm

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 an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

SCHUBERT: Auf dem Wasser zu singen

TEXT: Graf G.L. Stolberg

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Dedication

TRANSLATION: Richard Stokes

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held The amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

To be sung on the water

TRANSLATION: Richard Wigmore

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
The rocking boat glides, swan-like,
On gently shimmering waves of joy.
The soul, too, glides like a boat.
For from the sky the setting sun
Dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove
The red glow beckons kindly to us;
Beneath the branches of the eastern grove
The reeds whisper in the red glow.
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
The peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Alas, with dewy wings
Time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.
Tomorrow let time again vanish with shimmering wings,
As it did yesterday and today,
Until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

MOZART: Non so piu cosa son

TEXT: Lorenzo da Ponte

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio,
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitare.

Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

Parlo d'amore vegliando,
Parlo d'amor sognando,

All'acqua, all'ombre, ai monti,
Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,
All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,
Che il suon de'vani accenti
Portano via con se.

E se non ho chi m'oda,
Parlo d'amor con me!

BELLINI: Per pietà bell'idol mio

TEXT: Pietro Metastasio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
Non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
Infelice e sventurato
Abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
Se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
Sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
Il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

BELLINI: Malinconia, ninfa gentile

TEXT: Ippolito Pindemonte

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
La vita mia consacro a te;
I tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
Ai piacer veri nato non è.
Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
M'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
Né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
Né mai quel monte trapasserò.

I don't know any more what I am, what I'm doing,

TRANSLATION: Jane Bishop

I don't know any more what I am, what I'm doing,
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,
Any woman makes me change color,
Any woman makes me quiver.

At just the names of love, of pleasure,
My breast is stirred up and changed,
And a desire I can't explain
Forces me to speak of love.

I speak of love while awake,
I speak of love while dreaming,

To the water, the shades, the hills,
The flowers, the grass, the fountains,
The echo, the air, and the winds
Which carry away with them
The sound of my vain words.

And if there's nobody to hear me,
I speak of love to myself!

For Pity's Sake

TRANSLATION: Camilla Bugge

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
Do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
Unhappy and unfortunate enough
Has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
That I languish under your bright gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
My heart [knows], and yours knows.

Melancholy Gentle Nymph

TRANSLATION: Anonymous

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.
I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
They heard me at last; I live satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I never
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

COPLAND: Going to Heaven!

TEXT: Emily Dickinson

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, –
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! –
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

Going to Heaven!
I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

COPLAND: Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

TEXT: Emily Dickinson

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little "Minor"
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me
Just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door!

Oh, if I were the Gentleman
In the "White Robe"
And they were the little Hand that knocked
Could I forbid?

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

COPLAND: Heart, we will forget him

TEXT: Emily Dickinson

Heart, we will forget him

You and I, tonight.

You may forget the warmth he gave,

I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,

That I my thoughts may dim;

Haste! lest while you're lagging,

I may remember him!