

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Early in the Morning

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away
Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day

American Lullaby

Hush-a-bye you sweet little baby and don't you
cry any more.
Daddy has gone to his stockbroker's office a
keepin' the wolf from the door.
Nursie will raise the window shade high,
So you can see the cars whizzing by.
Home in a hurry each daddy must fly
To a baby like you.
Hush-a-bye you sweet little baby and close those
pretty blue eyes.
Mother has gone to her weekly bridge party to get
her wee baby the prize.
Nursie will turn the radio on
So you can hear a sleepy-time song,
Sung by a lady whose poor heart must long
For a baby like you.

There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed
and you just keep straight ahead
I do so hope they've come to stay.
There's a little wood with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare
to come merrymaking there,
Well, they do!
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees
Make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the
moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there
In the middle of the air
Well, they can!
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing
When the fairy queen and king
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The king is very proud and handsome;
The queen, now can you guess who that would
be?
She's a little girl all day
But at night she steals away.
Well, it's me!
Yes, it's me!

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso,
voi fate il borioso,
ma no, ma non vi può giovare,
ma no, ma non vi può giovare.
Bisogna al mio divieto:
Star cheto, cheto, e non parlare.
Zitt! Zitt! Serpina vuol così,

Voi fate il borioso,
ma non vi può giovare.
Bisogna mio divieto:
Star cheto e non parlare.
Zitt! Zitt! Cheto!
Zitt! Zitt! e non parlar.
Serpina vuol così, vuol così.

Cred'io che m'intendete, sì,
che m'intendete, sì,
che m'intendete,
dacchè mi conoscete
son molti e molti dì

Intorno all'idol mio

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,
E nelle guancie elette
Baciatelo per me,
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa
Su l'ali della quiete,
Grati, grati sogni assistete
E il mio racchiuso ardore
Svelate gli per me,
O larve, o larve d'amore!

Le violette

Rugiadose, odorose
Violette graziose,
Voi vi state vergognose,
Mezzo ascose fra le foglie,
E sgridate le mie voglie,
Che son troppo ambiziose.

My vexatious master, vexatious,
you're a bully,
but no, you're not getting anywhere with it,
My interdiction is necessary:
Stay quiet, quiet,
and don't talk.
Hush! Hush! That's the way Serpina wants it,

You're a bully,
but no, you're not getting anywhere with it.
My interdiction is necessary:
Stay quiet and don't talk.
Hush! Hush! Quiet!
Hush! Hush! and don't talk.
That's the way Serpina wants it, wants it,

I believe you understand me, indeed,
that you understand me, indeed,
that you understand me,
since you have known me,
for many, and yet many, days.

Around my idol
Breathe, merely breathe,
Winds sweet and gracious
And on the favored cheeks
Kiss him for me, courtly breezes!

In my love who rests
On the wings of peace
Pleasant dreams provoke.
And my hidden ardor
Reveal to him for me
O spirits of love.

Dewy scented
Pretty violets,
You are standing shy,
Half hidden among the leaves,
And you scold my desires,
That is too ambitious.

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust, hineinzuschauen,
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;
Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,
Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;
Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düst're Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

When love looks out of your blue,
Bright and open eyes,
And the joy of gazing into them
Causes my heart to throb and glow;
And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy cheeks warm,
Sweet girl and clasp
You trembling in my arms,
Sweet girl, sweet girl, and press
You firmly to my breast,
Where until my dying moment
I shall hold you tight –
My ecstatic gaze is blurred
By a sombre cloud;
And I sit then exhausted,
But blissful, by your side.

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.
Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.
The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.
She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

El majo tímido

Llega a mi reja y me mira
por la noche un majo
que, en cuanto me ve y suspira,
se va calle abajo.
¡Ay qué tío más tardío!
¡Si así se pasa la vida estoy divertida!

Coming to my window grate to look at me
In the evening is a gent
Who, when he has seen enough, sighs
And disappears down the road.
Ah, what a fleeting fellow!
If this is how life will go, it'll kill me!

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.
In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink. Ah!