

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris (Vivaldi)**

Translation by liveabout.com

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,  
miserere nobis.

Who sits at the right hand of the Father,  
have mercy on us.

### **Piango Gemo (Vivaldi)**

Translation by lieder.net

Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno,  
E la piaga rinchiusa è nel cor.

I weep, I groan, I sigh, I suffer,  
And the soreness is confined within my  
heart.

Solo chiedo per pace del seno,  
Che m'uccida più fiero dolor

I only ask for the sake of my heart's peace,  
That an even more fierce pain should kill me

### **Un certo non so che (Vivaldi)**

Translation by Dr. Th. Baker

Un certo non so che  
Mi giunge e passa il cor,  
E pur dolor, non è

There's no one, I know him not,  
Into my heart did rove,  
And yet no pain he brought.

Se questo fosse amor?  
Nel suo vorace ardor,  
Già posi incauta,  
Posi il piè!

Can this Unknown be love?  
Who fain his power to prove,  
A foot unwary,  
Unwary caught!

### **Feldeinsamkeit (Brahms)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras  
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,  
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlaß,  
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.

Alone in Fields

I rest at peace in tall green grass  
And gaze steadily aloft,  
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,  
Wondrously interwoven with blue sky.

Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin  
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;  
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,  
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

The lovely white clouds go drifting by  
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent  
dreams;  
I feel as if I have long been dead,  
Drifting happily with them through eternal  
space.

### **Die Mainacht (Brahms)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

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, garret 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.

### **Clair de lune (Fauré)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Votre âme est un paysage choise  
Que vont charmant masques et  
bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune.

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les  
marbres.

### **May Night**

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,  
See 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.

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by masquers and  
bergamaskers,  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key  
Of conquering love and life's favours,  
They do not seem to believe in their fortune  
And their song mingles with the light of the  
moon.

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

### **Le secret (Fauré)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Je veux que le matin l'ignore  
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,  
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,  
Comme une larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame  
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,  
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,  
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie  
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour  
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,  
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

Would that the morn were unaware  
Of the name I told to the night,  
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,  
It would vanish like a tear.

Would that day might proclaim it,  
The love I hid from the morn,  
And poised above my open heart,  
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Would that the sunset might forget,  
The secret I told to the day,  
And would carry it and my love away  
In the folds of its faded robe!

### **Les berceaux (Fauré)**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurant,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentient leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,  
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.