

Translations and Program Notes

Die Forelle (The Trout)

Text by Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739-1791)

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

In a clear brook
there darted in joyful haste
the capricious trout
past, like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
and watched, in sweet peace,
the merry little fish's bath
in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod
stood right at the edge
and observed, heartlessly,
how the little fish wriggled around.
As long as the clearness of the water
so thought I is not lacking,
then he won't catch the trout
with his hook.

But finally became, for the thief,
the waiting time too long. He made
the little brook maliciously muddy;
and before I realized it,
he jerked his rod.
The little fish struggled on it;
and I, with quick pulse,
regarded the betrayed one.

Morgen (Morning)

Text by John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)

Morgen is the fourth song in Strauss' op. 27, a collection of songs that he presented to his bride, Pauline de Ahna on their wedding day.

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird uns, die glücklichen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue
waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)

Text by Hermann von Glim (1812-1864)

All Souls Day, November second, is a day to remember the dead. In Allerseelen, a lover uses the mood of that day to relive a love affair that has long since passed.

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
carry the last red astors here,
and let us again talk of love
like once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
And if anyone sees it, it makes on difference to
me,
give me only one of your sweet glances
like once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ya den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Today it blossoms and smells sweet on each
grave
one day in the year indeed the dead are free,
come to my heart, that I have you again,
like once in May.

Hai già vinta la causa!

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

In *The Marriage of Figaro*, Count Almaviva is determined to prevent his servants Susanna and Figaro from marrying each other so that he himself will be able to seduce Susanna. The count is convinced that he will prevail in a legal dispute against the couple until he overhears Susanna telling Figaro that they have already won the case, when he erupts in a burst of rage and frustration, “Hai già vinta la causa!” at having been tricked.

Hai già vinta la causa!
Cosa sento?
In qual laccio cadea?
Perfidi! io voglio di tal modo punirvi,
A piacer mio la sentenza sarà.
Ma s'ei pagasse la vecchia pretendente?
Pagarla! In qual maniera?
E poi v'è Antonio
Che all'incognito Figaro ricusa
Di dare una nipote in matrimonio.
Coltivando l'orgoglio di questo mentecatto..
Tutto giova a un raggioiro...
Il colpo è fatto.

Vedrò mentr'io sospiro
Felice un servo mio?
E un ben che invan desio,
Ei posseder dovrà?
Vedrò per man d'amore
Unita a un vile oggetto
Chi in me destò un affetto,
Che per me poi non ha?

Ah no! lasciar in pace
Non vo' questo contento,
Tu non nascesti, audace,
Per dare a me tormento,
E forse ancor per ridere
Di mia infelicità.
Già la speranza sola
delle vendette mie
Quest'anima consola,
E giubilar mi fa.

"You've won the case already"!
What do I hear?
What trap have I fallen into?
Scoundrels! I'll punish you in this way,
The decision will be how I want it.
But if he pays off the old plaintiff?
Pay her! How?
And then there's Antonio,
Who won't give his niece in
marriage to the nobody Figaro.
To nurture that lamebrain's pride...
Everything's useful for the plot...
The die is cast.

Shall I, while I'm sighing,
See one of my servants happy?
And the good thing I want in vain,
Shall he have it?
Shall I see the woman who woke in me
A feeling she doesn't have for me
United to a vile object
By the hand of love?

Ah no! I won't leave
This happiness in peace,
You weren't born, rash person,
To torture me,
And maybe to laugh
At my unhappiness.
Now only the hope
Of the revenges I'll have
Consoles this soul
And makes me rejoice.

Au Fond du Temple Saint

Libretto by Eugène Cormon and Michel Carré.

Georges Bizet was a French romantic composer, most famous for his opera *Carmen*. Although he had a promising career as a student, his professional career struggled to get off the ground. Much of his work was met with mostly negative reviews, including *Pearl Fishers*, the opera from which this duet comes. He died at the young age of 37, three months after the premier of *Carmen*; at the time of his death, he believed the opera was a failure.

Au fond du temple saint
Paré de fleurs et d'or,
Une femme apparaît!
Je crois la voir encore!

At the back of the holy temple,
decorated with flowers and gold,
a woman appears...
I can still see her.

Une femme apparaît!
Je crois la voir encore!

A woman appears...
I can still see her.

La foule prosternée
La regarde, étonnée,
Et murmure tous bas:
Voyez, c'est la déesse!
Qui dans l'ombre se dresse
Et vers nous tend les bras!

The prostrate crowd
looks at her amazed
and murmurs under its breath:
look, this is the goddess
looming up out of the shadow
and holding out her arms to us.

Son voile se soulève!
Ô vision! ô rêve!
La foule est à genoux!

Her veil parts slightly;
what a vision, what a dream!
The crowd is kneeling.

Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse plus charmante et plus belle!
Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse qui descend parmi nous!
Son voile se soulève et la foule est à genoux!

Yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
more charming and more beautiful;
yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
who has come down among us.
Her veil has parted, and the crowd is kneeling.

Mais à travers la foule
Elle s'ouvre un passage!

But through the crowd
she makes her way.

Son long voile déjà
Nous cache son visage!

Already, her long veil
hides her face from us.

Mon regard, hélas!
La cherche en vain!

My eyes, alas,
seek her in vain.

Elle fuit!

She flees

Elle fuit!
Mais dans mon âme soudain
Quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!

Quel feu nouveau me consume!

Ta main repousse ma main!

Ta main repousse ma main!

De nos cœurs l'amour s'empare
Et nous change en ennemis!

Non, que rien ne nous sépare!

Non, rien!

Jurons de rester amis!
Oh oui, jurons de rester amis!
Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse!
En ce jour qui vient nous unir,
Et fidèle à ma promesse,
Comme un frère je veux te chérir!
C'est elle, c'est la déesse
Qui vient en ce jour nous unir!
Oui, partageons le même sort,
Soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

She flees!
But what is this strange flame
which is suddenly kindled within my soul!

What unknown fire is destroying me!

Your hand pushes mine away.

Your hand pushes mine away.

Love takes our hearts by storm
and turns us into enemies.

No, let nothing part us!

No, nothing!

Let us swear to remain friends!
Oh yes! Let us swear to remain friends!
Yes, it is she! It is the goddess!
Who today led you to me,
and loyal to my promise
I will cherish you as a brother!
It is she, it is the goddess
Who comes today to unite us!
Yes, let us share the same fate,
let us be united till death!

Mandoline

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Gabriel Fauré was a French composer of the romantic period. He was a prolific composer, and was successful both with large works, such as his *Requiem* for choir and orchestra, and short songs, such as *Après un rêve* and *Clair de Lune*. French composer Roger Ducasse wrote of Fauré, “More profound than Saint-Saëns, more varied than Lalo, more spontaneous than d'Indy, more classic than Debussy, Gabriel Fauré is the master par excellence of French music, the perfect mirror of our musical genius.”

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

The serenaders
And the beautiful listeners
Exchange idle talk
Under the singing branches.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

It's Tircis and it's Aminte
And it's the eternal Clitandre
And it's Damis who, for many
A cruel one, makes many a tender verse.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leur molles ombres bleues,

Their short silk jackets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Swirl in the ecstasy
Of a moon pink and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Among the shivers of the breeze.

Oh! Quand Je Dors

Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Franz Liszt was a Hungarian composer who was also considered to be one of the best pianists of his generation. In addition to art songs such as “Oh Quand Je Dors,” Liszt wrote prolifically for piano and organ, and is credited with the invention of the symphonic poem. He is considered one of the representatives of the New German School, and his work is seen as anticipating many of the musical developments of the 20th Century.

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Petrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève...
Soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclaire d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Oh! As I sleep, come to where I rest,
just as Laura used to appear to Petrarch,
and as you pass, let your breath touch me...
Suddenly my mouth
will part!

On my sad brow, where perhaps a black
dream which has lasted too long is ending,
let your gaze arise like a star...
suddenly my dream
will shine!

Then on my lip where a flame flutters,
spark of love which God himself would purify,
place a kiss and from an angel become a
woman...
suddenly my soul
will awaken.

Una Furtiva Lagrima

Libretto by Felice Romani (1788-1865)

Gaetano Donizetti was an Italian composer most famous for his operas, of which he composed almost 70 over the course of his career. *L'Élixir d'Amour*, from which this aria comes, is one of the most commonly performed of any of his operas. He is considered one of the most important composers of the *bel canto* style of opera.

Una furtiva lagrima
negli occhi suoi spuntò:
Quelle festose giovani
invidiar sembrò.
Che più cercando io vo?
Che più cercando io vo?
M'ama! Sì, m'ama, lo vedo. Lo vedo.
Un solo instante i palpiti
del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir, confondere
per poco a' suoi sospir!
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,
confondere i miei coi suoi sospir..
Cielo! Si può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Ah, cielo! Si può! Si, può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Si può morire! Si può morir d'amor.

A single secret tear
from her eye did spring:
as if she envied all the youths
that laughingly passed her by.
What more searching need I do?
What more searching need I do?
She loves me! Yes, she loves me, I see it. I see it.
For just an instant the beating
of her beautiful heart I could feel!
As if my sighs were hers,
and her sighs were mine!
The beating, the beating of her heart I could feel,
to merge my sighs with hers...
Heavens! Yes, I could die!
I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.
Oh, heavens! Yes, I could, I could die!
I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.
Yes, I could die! Yes, I could die of love.