

Presents

SUZANNE HENDRIX-CASE, MEZZO-SOPRANO
KOREY BARRETT, PIANO

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From The Diary of Anne Frank Michael Nyman (b. 1944)
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Fünf Lieder, op. 38 Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
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"*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*" Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
From Samson et Dalila, op. 47

TRANSLATIONS

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind,
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück –
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Oh, if only I knew the way back,
the delightful way to the land of childhood!
Oh, why did I seek after fortune
and let go my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to rest
undisturbed by any aspiration –
to close my tired eyes,
gently sheltered by love.

And to seek nothing, to look for nothing!
and only to dream, lightly and softly –
not to notice the change of seasons...
for the second time to be a child!

Oh, do show me the way back,
the delightful way to the land of childhood!
In vain do I seek after fortune...
all around is a desolate shore!

Der Gang zum Liebchen

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr gehn?
Ach weh, sie verzaget
Und klaget, und klaget,
Daß sie mich nimmer
Im Leben wird sehn!

Es ging der Mond unter,
Ich eilte doch munter,
Und eilte daß keiner
Mein Liebchen entführt.
Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
Mein Liebchen entführt!

The moon is shining down.
I really must go again
to my sweetheart;
how are things with her?
Oh dear, she is despondent,
and whines and whines
that she will never again
in her life see me.

The moon went down.
I hurried briskly –
hurried so that no one
should steal my sweetheart away.
You dear doves, oh, coo –
you gentle breezes, oh, whiz –
so that no one my sweetheart,
my sweetheart, may steal away!

Unbewegte laue Luft

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur;
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir;
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!

Motionless balmy air,
deep repose of nature
throughout the quiet garden night
only the fountain is splashing.
But in my being swells
more ardent desire;
but in my veins rushes
life and longing for life.
Should I not also your breast
rise with more passionate desires?
Should the cry of my soul
not tremble deeply through yours?
Softly, with your ethereal feet,
do not hesitate to float hither!

Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmliche Genüße geben!

Come, oh come, so that we may to each other
give heavenly contentments!

Hai luli!

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Hai luli, hai luli, Où donc peut être mon ami ?

I am sad, I worry,
I know not what will come.
My good friend ought to come.
And I await him here alone.
Ah, alas! Where indeed can be my friend?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main...
Allons! je filerai demain,
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Hai luli, hai luli, Qu'il fait donc triste sans mon ami!

I sit down to spin my wool,
the thread breaks in my hand...
Go, I will spin tomorrow;
Today I am in pain too much!
Ah, alas! How sad it is without my friend!

Si jamais il devient volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village!
Hai luli, hai luli, À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

If ever he becomes fickle,
if he were to one day abandon me,
the village only has to burn
and myself with the village!
Ah, alas! For what good is life without a friend?

Povera me

Povera me che non pensavo al fine,
quando di voi mi presi a innamorare,
e non guardai a dir: "son poverina,"
che da' vostri occhi mi lasciai legare!
io mi lasciai legar ed era sciolta,
merito questo e peggio un'altra volta.

Poor me, who did not think about the end
when I fell in love with you,
and I didn't look to say "I'm poor,"
who let me be bound up by your eyes!
I let myself be tied up and it was loose,
I deserve this and worse one more time.

Sento la morte, e la vedo venire,
la vedo che mi prende per mano,
e l'uscio della chiesa vedo aprire,
sento suonar a morte le campane;
Quando m'incontri, fallo il pianto amaro,
Ricordati di me, quando t'amavo.
Quando m'incontri, volgi i passi indietro,
Ricordati di me quand' era teco!

I feel death, and I see it coming,
I see her taking me by the hand,
and I see the door of the church open
I hear the bells ringing to death
When you meet me; do the bitter cry,
Remember me when I loved you
When you meet me, take your steps back
Remember me when he was with you!

Morirò

Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta.
Più non la sentirai, l'afflitta voce!
Quattro campane sentirai suonare,
'Na piccola campana a bassa voce.
Quando la sentirai l'morto passare,
Fatti di fuori che quello son io!

I shall die, I shall die, you will be happy.
You will no more hear it, the distressed voice!
Four bells you will hear sounding,
A little bell with a quiet voice.
When you hear it the dead man passes,
Put yourself outside because that one is me!

Canción de la Infanta

Hablando estaba la reina
En su palacio real
Con la infanta de Castilla,
Princesa de Portugal.
Ay! que malas penas!
Ay! que fuerte mal!
Allí vino un caballero
Con grandes lloros llorar:
"Nuevas te traigo, señora,
Dolorosas de contar.

The queen was talking
in her royal palace
with the Princess of Castille,
Princess of Portugal.
Ah! What bad pains!
Ah! What strong evil!
There came a horseman
with great sobs to weep:
"News I bring to you, Lady,
sad to tell.

Ay, no son de reyno estraño,
De aquí son, de Portugal.
Vuestro príncipe, señora,
Vuestro príncipe real
Es caído de un caballo,
El alma quiere a Dios dar.
Si le queredes ver vivo,
No queredes detardar.
Allí está el Rey su padre,
Que quiere desesperar.
Lloran todas las mugeres
Casadas y por casar."

Alas, they are not from foreign kingdoms,
From here they are, from Portugal,
your prince, Lady,
your prince royal,
has fallen from a horse
His soul he wants to give to God.
If you want to see him alive,
you do not want to delay.
There is the King, his father,
he is about to despair.
All the women weep,
the married and the to-be married."

Glückwunsch

Ich wünsche dir Glück.
Ich bring dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;
es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.
Es fühlt und wünscht: die Sonne scheint,
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsuchtslos,
als trügest du die Welt im Schoß.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehren,
als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft,
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.
Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß!

I wish you bliss.
I bring you the sun with my kiss.
I feel your heart beat in my breast
to stay forever in its guest.
It feels and hopes: the sunshine beams
although your eyes may lose their dreams.
It hopes for glances so wanting in lust,
as though you held the world in trust.
It hopes for glances so full of desire
as if the earth should be born of fire.
It hopes for glances of such might
To make spring of a winter's night.
And ever, ever, through the day
shines love's most beautiful rose bouquet.

Der Kranke

Soll ich dich denn nun verlassen,
Erde, heit'res Vaterhaus?
Herzlich Lieben, mutig Hassen,
Ist denn alles, alles aus?
Vor dem Fenster durch die Linden
Spielt es wie ein linder Gruß.
Lüfte, wollt ihr mir verkünden,
Daß ich bald hinunter muß?

Must I leave thee, joyful dwelling,
earth and sky and blushing dawn?
Eerie voices are foretelling,
all is gone, forever gone.
Past my window through the willows
tender breezes softly blow.
Are you warning me, o billows,
that I soon must go below?

Liebe ferne blaue Hügel,
Stiller Fluß im Talesgrün,
Ach, wie oft wünscht ich mir Flügel,
Über euch hinweg zu zieh'n!
Da sich jetzt die Flügel dehnen,
Schaur' ich in mich selbst zurück
Und ein unbeschreiblich Sehnen
Zieht mich zu der Welt zurück.

Dear familiar fields and mountains,
peaceful rivers in the dales,
oh, to wing over crystal fountains,
soaring on celestial gales!
As my wings are growing stronger
shuddering I subdue my mirth
and I know that I no longer
Want to leave my love: my earth.

Alt-spanisch

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,
In die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.
Blaß die Wangen, schwer ihr Herze,
Singt sie von entschwundnem Glück:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'
Der Abend dämmt sacht,
Ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.
Und im Winde klinget leise
eine bange Traummusik.

Stood a maiden at her window,
sadly gazing out to sea.
Pale her cheek, her heart grew heavy,
sorrowful her melody:
"My love is far from me."
The evening yields her light,
A star awaits the night.
And the wind brings back an echo
faintly from across the sea,

Wie ein Echo tönt die Weise:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

carries home her melody:
"My love is far from me."

Alt-englisch

Nun hört mich, ihr Leute,
ich sing' euch ein Lied
von Lord Essex, dem Schlächter,
in der Schlacht bei Cadix!
wie schlug er die Spanier,
wie jagt' er sie hin,
zu Ehren von England
und England's Königin!

Kanonen, die pfeffern in den Hafen ihr Schrot.
Das Meer ist voll Leichen und Spanien ist tot!
Drum singet und tanzet,
ob dick oder dünn,
zu Ehren von England
und England's Königin!

Now hark all you gallants,
your ear I would tease with a song
of Lord Essex
in the fight at Cadiz!
How he scuppered them Spaniards
and hacked out their spleen,
for the glory of England
and England's Queen!

We've rounded the port, canons they roar,
the sea's full of corpses and Spain is no more!
they bobbed on the tide, boys,
the fat and the lean,
for the glory of England
and England's Queen!

Kein Sonnenglanz

Kein Sonnenglanz im Auge meiner Frau;
Korallenrot ist röter als ihr Mund.
Wenn weiß der Schnee, dann ist ihr Busen grau,
Wenn Haar wie Flachs,
wallt Flachs ihr bis zum Grund.
Wohl sah ich Rosen, weiß und rot erblüht,
doch keine, die ihr Angesicht verklärt;
und manch Parfum erfreuet das Gemüt
mit holder'm Duft als ihrem Mund entfährt.

Ich hör' sie reden gern, doch muß gestehn,
Musik hat einen angenehmer'n Klang.
Noch keine Göttin hab' ich schreiten seh'n,
die Liebste mein hat einen Erdengang.
Und doch, und doch,
scheint sie mir so an Reizen reich,
sie scheint mir so an Reizen reich,
wie die, die nur gewinnt durch Trugvergleich.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun
Coral is far more red than her lips red:
if snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
if hair be wires,
black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
but no such roses I see in her cheeks;
and in some perfumes is there more delight
than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
that music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never say a goddess go,
my mistress, when she walks, treads on ground.
And yet, by heaven,
I think my love is as rare,
I think my love, my love as rare
as any she belied with false compare.

L'assiolo canta

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo canta.
Vieni, ti volgio dir quell che non dissi mai.
E sul sentiero fioriscono le stelle,
magici fiori.
Inoltriamoci insieme e là nel folto ti dirò
perchè piansi una triste sera che non c'eri.

Inoltriamoci insieme. Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

Come! The summer night shines serenely,
on the forest, and the owl sings.
Come, I want to tell you what I never said.
And on the path, the stars bloom,
magical flowers.
Let's go together and in the thicket I'll tell you
Why I cried when one sad evening
you weren't there.
Let's go together. A mystery invites us,
Listen, the owl sings.

Alba di luna sul bosco

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta rossa
come una fiamma congelata nel cielo,
Lo stagno la riflette
e l'acqua mossa dal vento
par rabbrivire al gelo.
Che pace immensa!

Look, the moon is born all red
like a flame frozen in the sky,
The pond reflects it
and the water moved by the wind
seems to shiver in the cold.
What immense peace!

il bosco addormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.
Quanto silenzio intorno!
Dimmi: È un tramonto
o un'alba per l'amor?

the sleeping forest,
is reflected in the pond.
How much silence around!
Tell me: It's a sunset,
Or a sunrise for love?

Tristezza Crepuscolare

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore
delle foglie morte.
È l'ora delle campane,
è l'ora in cui respiro il vano profumo
d'un amore passato.
E sogno e piango.
È la sera.
È la sera, una sera piena di campane,
una sera piena di profumi,
una sera piena di ricordi
e di tristezze morte.

And the evening.
From the wet earth rises the odor
of dead leaves.
It's time for the bells,
it is the hour when I breathe the vain perfume
of a past love.
And I dream and cry.
And the evening...
And the evening, and evening full of bells,
an evening full of perfumes,
an evening full of memories
and of dead sadness.

L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più
quando noi c'incontrammo
la prima volta
ma fu certo una lontana sera
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze
lungo un benigno mar!
A noi giungevano di lontano suoni
di campane e di greggi
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal mare.
Questo rammento!
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno,
Lo rammentate?
Io non ricordo più.
Ma che importa?
Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore
la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora lontana.
E m'è dolce stringere nella mia
la vostra mano bianca
e parlarvi d'amor,
anch'oggi vengono di lontano suoni
di campane e di greggi
e anch'oggi il mar come allora
ci sorride lontano.
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco,
non sorridete più.
Ah! La vostra mano trema.
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi darete
non scorderemo più questa dolce
ora d'amor!

I do not remember anymore
when we met
the first time
but it was certainly a distant evening
all suffused with pale sadness
along a benign sea!
Sounds reached us from afar
of bells and flocks
and a strange peace came to us from the sea.
This I remember!
What did we say that day,
Do you remember it?
I don't remember anymore.
But what does it matter?
Today it blooms in my heart
the withered sweetness of that distant hour.
And it is sweet for me to hold in mine
your white hand
and speak of love,
even today sounds come from afar
of bells and flocks
and today the sea smiles at us
from afar as it did then.
But perhaps today you love me a little,
don't smile anymore.
Ah! Your hand trembles.
If today you will give me your beautiful lips
we will never forget this sweetness
now of love!

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix

Mon cœur s'ouvre à la voix,
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
Aux baisers de l'aurore!

My heart opens to your voice,
like the flowers open
To the kisses of the dawn!

Mais, ô mon bienaimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
Que ta voix parle encore!
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila
tu reviens pour jamais,
Redis à ma tendresse
Les serments d'autrefois,
ces serments que j'aimais!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés
les épis onduler
Sous la brise légère,
Ainsi frémit mon coeur,
prêt à se consoler,
A ta voix qui m'est chère!
La flèche est moins rapide
à porter le trépas,
Que ne l'est ton amante
à voler dans tes bras!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

But, o my beloved,
To dry my tears the best,
Let your voice speak again!
Tell me that to Dalila
You will return forever,
Repeat to my tenderness
The oaths of other times,
the oaths that I loved!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Pour out to me the drunkenness!

Like one sees the wheat
the blades undulate
Under the light breeze,
So trembles my hear,
ready to be consoled,
by your voice which is dear to me!
The arrow is less quick
to carry death,
Than is your love
to fly into my arms!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Pour out to me the drunkenness!

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SCHOOL OF MUSIC

