

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI (1792–1868)

La Separazione

Fabio Uccello

Muto rimasse il labbro
Il di che ti perdei,
ma degli affetti miei
non si cambiò la fé

Spariro I sogni lieti
paver tormenti l'ore,
quandol 'affitto care
si sovvenia di te.

Tentai lenir la pena.
e d'altro amor fui vago,
ma la tua bella imago
ovunque mi segui— ah! si.

Per te, mio bene,
lascia la patria terra
che un mesto sol rischiara:
forse lontano, o cara,
non soffrirò così.

My lips were silent
the day I lost you.
but my affection for you
was not changed a bit.

The happy dreams vanished;
the hours were torture
when my grieving heart
remembered you.

I tried to sooth my anguish
by falling in love with another,
but your beautiful image
was with me everywhere—oh yes!

For you, my beloved,
I left home,
which is lit by a sad sunlight.
Perhaps far away, my dear,
I won't suffer this way.

NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)

Aleksey Tolstoy (1828-1910)

He ветер, вея с высоты... Op.43, No. 2

He ветер, вея с высоты,
Листов коснулся ночью лунной;
Моей души коснулась ты —
Она тревожна, как листья,
Она, как гусли, многострунна.
Житейский вихрь её терзал
И сокрушительным набегом,
Свистя и воя, струны рвал
И заносил холодным снегом.
Твоя же речь ласкает слух,
Твоё легко прикосновение,
Как от цветов летящий пух,
Как майской ночи дуновение...

Not the wind, blowing from the heights,
Touched the leaves in a moonlit night.
You touched my soul.
It is restless, like the leaves,
like a lyre it has many strings.
Life's whirlwind pulled at it
and in a devastating assault,
howling and whistling, tore the strings
and then bedecked it with cold snow.
Yet what you say delights the ear,
your touch is very light,
like the dust which wafts from flowers
like a breath of air in a May night.

HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803-1869)
Le spectre de la rose – Les Nuits d'Été
Théophile Gautier (1811-72)

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi la fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De profundis;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: "Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser

GABRIEL FAURÉ
Après un Rêve
Romain Bussine (1830–1899)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

The Ghost of the Rose

Open your closed eyelid
Which is gently brushed by a virginal dream!
I am the ghost of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.
You took me when I was still sprinkled with pearls
Of silvery tears from the watering-can,
And, among the sparkling festivities,
You carried me the entire night.

O you, who caused my death:
Without the power to chase it away,
You will be visited every night by my ghost,
Which will dance at your bedside.
But fear nothing; I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This mild perfume is my soul,
And I've come from Paradise.

My destiny is worthy of envy;
And to have a fate so fine,
More than one would give his life
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I rest,
A poet with a kiss
Wrote: "Here lies a rose,
Of which all kings may be jealous."

In a slumber which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Unknown splendours, divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

FRANZ LISZT (1811-1886)

Oh! Quand je dors

Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...
Soudain ma bouche
S'entrouvrira!

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

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

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,
as Laura appeared to Petrarch;
and as you pass, touch me with your breath...
at once my lips
will part!

On my glum face, where perhaps
a dark dream has rested for too long a time,
let your gaze lift it like a star...
and at once my dream
will be radiant!

Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance,
a flash of love that God has kept pure,
place a kiss, and transform from angel into woman...
at once my soul
will awaken!

HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803-1869)

L'Absence– Les Nuits d'Été

Théophile Gautier (1811-72)

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée !
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Entre nos coeurs quel distance !
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers !
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence !
Ô grands désirs inapaisés !

D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux !

Come back, come back, my dearest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life has drooped,
Far from your rosy smile.

Between our hearts what a distance!
Such a wide space our kisses divide!
O bitter fate! O cruel absence!
O longing vain, unsatisfied!

From here to there how wide the country,
What towns and hamlets,
What valleys and mountains,
What tired horses along the way!