

LIEDER ALIVE! June Anderson and Jeff Cohen Gala Benefit Concert – 9/14/11
TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI (1792–1868)

Maometto II

Cesare della Valle

Giusto Ciel! In tal periglio

Più consiglio,
Più speranza Non ci avanza,
Che piangendo, che gemendo
Implorar la tua pieta

Merciful Lord! In such peril
the only course,
the only hope which remains to us,
is weeping, lamenting
to beg Thy mercy

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO (1740-1816)

Nina ossia La pazza per amore

Il mio ben quando verrà

A veder la mesta amica?
Di bei fior s'ammanterà
La spiaggia aprica.
Ma nol vedo, e il mio ben,
Ahimè! Non vien?

When my beloved comes
to see his love in grief,
beautiful flowers will cover
the sunburnt shore.
But I do not see him,
alas, my beloved does not come.

Mentre all'aure spiegherà
La sua fiamma, i suoi lamenti,
Miti augei v'insegnerà
Più dolci accenti.
Ma non l'odo. E chi l'udì?
Ah! il mio bene ammutolì.

When he tells the breezes
of his beloved and his grief,
gentle birds, then he will teach you
a sweeter song.
However, I do not hear him. Who hears him?
Oh, my beloved has fallen silent.

Tu cui stanca omai già fe'
Il mio pianto, eco pietosa,
Ei ritorna e dolce a te
Chiede, chiede la sposa.
Pian, mi chiama; piano ahimè!
No, non mi chiama, oh Dio, non c'è!

Merciful echo, that at this point
has already exhausted my tears,
return to him
and he will gently ask you for his bride.
Hush, now he's calling me, hush! Alas!
No, he is not calling me, o God, he is not there.

VINCENZO BELLINI (1801–1835)

Norma

Felice Romani (1788–1865)

Casta Diva, che inargenti
queste sacre antiche piante,
a noi volgi il bel sembiante
senza nube e senza vel...
Tempra, o Diva,
tempra tu de' cori ardenti
tempra ancora lo zelo audace,
spargi in terra quella pace
che regnar tu fai nel ciel...

Pure Goddess, whose silver covers
These sacred ancient plants,
we turn to your lovely face
unclouded and without veil...
Temper, oh Goddess,
the hardening of you ardent spirits
temper your bold zeal,
Scatter peace across the earth
Thou make reign in the sky...

FRANZ LISZT (1811-1886)

Freudvoll und Leidvoll

Johann von Goethe (1749-1832)

Freudvoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Langen
Und bängen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

Joyful
And sorrowful,
Thoughtful;
Longing
And anxious
In constant anguish;
Skyhigh rejoicing
despairing to death;
Happy alone
Is the soul that loves.

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'ouvrira!

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!

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!

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!

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!

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!

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818–1893)

Faust

Jules Barbier and Michel Carré

from Goethe's Faust Part I

Il était un roi de Thulé...

Ah! je ris... (L'air de bijoux)

Je veux bien savoir
quel était ce jeune homme;
Si c'est un grand seigneur,
Et comment il se nomme.

I would really like to know
Who was that young man;
If he is a great lord,
And what he is named?

Il était un roi de Thulé
Qui, jusqu'à la tombe fidèle,
Eut, en souvenir de sa belle,
Une coupe en or ciselé.
Il avait bonne grâce
à ce qu'il m'a semblé.
Nul trésor n'avait tant de charmes,
Dans les grands jours il s'en servait,

He was a king of Thulé,
Who unto the tomb was faithful,
Kept, in memory of his beautiful lady,
An etched golden chalice.
He had good grace
So it seemed to me.
No treasure had more charms
On great feast days he made use of it,

Et chaque fois qu'il y buvait,
Ses yeux se remplissaient de larmes!
Les grands seigneurs ont seuls
Des airs si résolus,
Avec cette douceur!

Ah! je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir,
Est-ce toi, Marguerite, est-ce toi?
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!
Non! Non! ce n'est plus toi!
Non...non, ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un roi;
Ce n'est plus toi,
Qu'on salut au passage!
Ah s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
Il me trouverait belle, Ah!
Achevons la métamorphose,
Il me tarde encor d'essayer
Le bracelet et le collier!
Dieu! c'est comme une main,
Qui sur mon bras se pose! ah! ah!
Ah! je ris
de me voir si belle dans ce miroir!

HENRI DUPARC (1858-1924)

Chanson triste

Jean Lahor (1840–1909)

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresse[s]
Que peut-être je guérirai.

And each time he drank from it
His eyes would fill with tears!
Grand Lords alone have
Such resolute airs
With such kindness!

Ah, I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror,
Is it you, Marguerite, is it you?
Answer me, answer me,
Respond, respond, respond quickly!
No No! it's no longer you!
No...no, it's no longer your face;
It's the daughter of a king,
It's no longer you.
One must bow to her as she passes!
Ah if only he were here!
If he should see me thus
Like a lady,
he would find me so beautiful, Ah!
Let's complete the metamorphosis,
I am late yet in trying on
The bracelet and the necklace!
God! it's like a hand
Which is placed on my arm! Ah, ah!
Ah, I laugh
to see myself so beautiful in this mirror!

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Extase

Jean Lahor (1840–1909)

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien aimée ...
Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death...

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé.
Il semble à mon coeur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour.

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent...
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,
Mon coeur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour...

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow...
I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
still await his return.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour.

Someone is climbing the ramp with heavy steps.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF (1873-1943)

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne, op. 4, no. 4

Alexandr Pushkin (1799–1837)

Ne poy, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoji zhestokije napevy
I step', i noch', i pri lune
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh', i predno mnoj
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Zdes' khorosho, op. 21, no. 7

Glafira Galina (1873–1942)

Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.
Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

How nice it is here...
Look – far away,
The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of colour
The clouds are white.
Here there is no one...
Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!