

Text and Translations

Poet: Wilhelm Müller

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.
Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!

Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!
Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Am Feierabend

Hätt ich tausend Arme zu rühren!
Könnt ich brausend die Räder führen
Könnt ich wehen durch alle Haine!
Könnt ich drehen alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.

Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Stop!

I see a mill glinting
From among the elder trees,
The rushing and singing
Are pierced by the roar of wheels.
Oh welcome, oh welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!

And the house, how cozy!
And the windows, how shiny!
And the sun, how brightly
It glows in the sky!
Oh brook, dear brook,
Was this destined for me?

After Work

If I had a thousand arms to move!
I could drive the wheels with a roar!
I could blow through all the copses!
I could turn all the millstones!
Then the miller's daughter
Could sense my true purpose!

Oh, how weak my arms are!
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I hammer,
Any fellow can do as well.

And there I sit among all the others
In the quiet, cool time of rest,
And the master says to all of us:
I am pleased with your work,
And the lovely maiden said
Goodnight to everyone.

Mein

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt euer Brausen ein!
All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!

Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!

Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein
Mit dem seligen Worte mein
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

Der Müller und der Bach

Der Müller:

Wo ein treues Herze in Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien auf jedem Beet;
Da muß in die Wolken der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen die Menschen nicht sehn;
Da halten die Englein die Augen sich zu
Und schluchzen und singen die Seele zur Ruh.

Der Bach:

Und wenn sich die Liebe
dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
am Himmel erblinkt;

Da springen drei Rosen,
halb rot und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden
die Flügel sich ab
Und gehn alle Morgen

Mine

Brook, stop your murmuring!
Wheels, stop your thundering!
All you merry woodland birds,
Large and small,
Stop your singing!

Through the grove,
In and out,
Only one phrase resounds:
The beloved miller's daughter is mine!
Mine!

Spring, are these all your flowers?
Sun, can't you shine any brighter?
Alas, then I must stand all alone,
With the blissful word mine,
Misunderstood in this vast universe.

The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

When a loyal heart perishes from love,
The lilies wither in every field;
The full moon must hide itself in the clouds,
So people won't see its tears;
And the angels close their eyes
And sob and sing his soul to peace.

The Brook:

And when love
frees itself from pain,
A little star, a new one,
twinkles in the sky;

And three roses spring,
half red and half white,
That never wither,
from the thorny stem.

And the angels cut off
their wings
And every morning

zur Erde herab.

Der Müller:

Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
du meinst es so gut:
Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,
wie Liebe tut?
Ach unten, da unten
die kühle Ruh!
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
so singe nur zu.

go down to earth.

The Miller:

Oh brook, dear brook,
you mean so well:
Oh brook, but do you know
what love does to you?
Ah, below, down there,
the cool repose!
Oh brook, dear brook,
just sing to me.

Librettist: Lorenzo Da Ponte

Un aura amorosa

Un'aura amorosa
Del nostro tesoro
Un dolce ristoro
Al cor porgerà;

Al cor che, nudrito
Da speme, da amore,
Di un'esca migliore
Bisogno non ha.

Poet: Anonymous Irish Monk

Translator: W.H. Auden

A loving breath

A loving breath
From our treasured lovers
Will afford our hearts
Sweet sustenance;

A heart nourished
On the hope of love,
Has no need
Of any other substance.

The Monk and his Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

Traditional Argentinian Folk Song

Gato

El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.

Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas, digo,
Como a las grandes.

Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo, si
Ponete al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño, digo,
Me gusta verte.

Poets: Unknown

Σεικίλος Εὐτέρπου
(*Seikilos Euterpe*)

Ὅσον ζῆς φαίνου
(*Ozon, zee, phainou*)

μηδὲν ὄλωσ σὺ λυποῦ
(*Meden holos si-li, po-u*)

πρὸς ὀλίγον ἐστὶ τὸ ζῆν
(*Pros oligon esti to zeen*)

τὸ τέλος ὁ χρόνος ἀπαιτεῖ.
(*To-te los o Kronos a pei tei*)

Cat

The cat of my house
is like a little cowboy,
but when they dance,
they stamp their feet.

With a pine guitar
and wire strings.
I like the small girls, I say,
Just as much as the big ones.

That girl dancing
I very much desire
But not as a sister
I already have a sister.
It's true that I have a sister, yes
Bring yourself to the front.
Although I may not be your lover, I say,
I like to watch you dance.

Epitaph of Seikilos

While you live, shine

Have no grief at all

Life exists only for a short while

And Time demands his due.

لما بدا يتثنى

(Lamma bada yatathanna)

لما بدا يتثنى .. قضى الصبا و الدلال

(Lamma bada yatathanna, aman)

حبي جماله فتننا .. أفديه هل من وصال

(Hobbi jamaluu fataana)

أومى بلحظة أسرنا .. في الروض بين التلال

(Amara ma bilahdatin assarna, aman)

غصن سبا حينما .. غنى هواه ومال

(Ghahsoun thaana heyne mala)

وعدي و يا حيرتي .. ما لي رحيم شكوتي

(Wyadi waya hirati, man li rahimu shekwati)

بالحب من لوعتي .. إلا مليلك الجمال

(Filhobimin laywati Illa malikil gamal, aman)

Librettist: Henry Purcell

When she began to sway

When she began to sway,

Her beauty amazed me.

Surrender, Surrender.

She imprisoned me with a glance.

She was a swaying branch that consumed me,
Surrender, Surrender.

Oh my destiny, my confusion,

No one can comfort me in my misery,
In my lamenting and suffering for love,
But for the one in the beautiful mirage;

My beloved's beauty drives me to distraction,
Surrender, Surrender.

The Fatal Hour

The fatal hour comes on apace,

Which I had rather die than see,

For when fate calls you from this place,
You go to certain misery.

The thought does stab me to the heart,
And gives me pangs no word can speak,

It wracks me in each vital part,

Sure when you go, my heart will break.

Since I for you so much endure,

May I not hope you will believe,

'Tis you alone these wounds can cure,

Which are the fountains of my grief.

Poet: Fernán Silva Valdés

Canción al Árbol del Olvido

En mis pagos hay un árbol
Que del olvido se llama.
Al que van a despenarse, vidualitay,
Los moribundos del alma

Para no pensar en vos
Bajo el árbol del olvido
Me acosté una nohecita, vidualitay,
Y me quedé bien dormido.

Al despertar de aquel sueño
Pensaba en vos otra vez.
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte, vidualitay
En cuantito me acosté.

Canción a la Luna Lunanca

Al corral del horizonte
Va entrando la nohecita,
Está tan aquerenciada
Porque entra todos los días
Así estoy aquerenciado
En el corral de tus brazos;
Y en el fuego de tus ojos
Estoy como encandilado.

Noche de luna lunanca
Noche de cielo estrellado;
Las horas tienen perfume
y son los besos más largos.

Ha aparecido la luna,
Sobre el gran claro del cielo
Abarcando todo el campo
Como un perfume a un pañuelo
Así apareció una moza
En el tropel de mis días,
Ella para mí es la luna
Que abarca toda mi vida.

Song to The Tree of Forgetfulness

Where I was born there is a tree
That is called forgetfulness.
Where, to console themselves, my little love,
The moribund souls go.

So I wouldn't think about you
Under the tree of forgetfulness
I lay down to sleep one night, my little love,
And I fell fast asleep.

Upon waking from that sleep
I thought of you once again.
For I forgot to forget you, my little love
The moment I laid down.

Song to the Moon

In the stable of the horizon
Nightfall is entering,
It is expected
Because it enters every day
And so I am also expected
In the stable of your arms;
And in the flame of your eyes
I am entranced.

Night of the Horse-like Moon
Night of starry skies;
The hours are perfumed
And are the longest kisses.

The moon has appeared,
Above the great clear sky
It covers the whole countryside
Like perfume from a handkerchief
And so appears a woman
In the hectic mess of my days,
She is, for me, the moon
That covers my whole life.

Librettist: Guillaume Apollinaire

Chansons d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds :
« Qu'emportes-tu de la ville ? »
« J'y laisse mon coeur entier. »

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
« Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville ? »
« Mon cœur pour me marier. »

Que de cœurs dans Orkenise !
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotèrent superbement ;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des
mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking out of the town?"
"I'm leaving my whole heart behind."

And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the carter and ask:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart: I'm getting married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed.
Oh tramp, the road is dreary,
Oh carter, love is heady.

The handsome sentries of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
slowly swung shut.

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the
air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work - I want to smoke.

Librettist: Francesco Cimmino

L'ultima canzone

M'han detto che domani,
Nina vi fate sposa,
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.
Là nei deserti piani,
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!
Foglia di rosa,
O fiore d'amaranto,
Se ti fai sposa,
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno
Feste, sorrisi e fiori,
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.
Ma sempre, notte e giorno,
Piena di passione
Verrà, gemendo a voi la mia canzone:
Foglia di menta,
O fiore di granato,
Nina, rammenta
I baci che t'ho dato!
Ah! ... Ah! ...

L'ultimo bacio

Se tu la vedi le dirai che l'amo,
Che l'amo ancora come ai primi dì,
Che nei languidi sogni ancor la chiamo,
La chiamò ancor come se fosse qui.

E le dirai che colla fé tradita
Tutto il gaudio d'allor non mi rapì;
E le dirai che basta alla mia vita
L'ultimo bacio che l'addio finì.
Nessun lo toglie dalla bocca mia
L'ultimo bacio che l'addio finì.

Ma se vuoi dargli un altro
in compagnia digli che l'amo,
e che l'aspetto qui.

The last song

They told me that tomorrow,
Nina, you will be a bride,
yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!
Rose-petal,
O flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love.
Yet always, by day and by night,
with passionate longing
To you, my song will sigh:
Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses I gave you!
Ah! ... Ah! ...

The last kiss

If you see her, tell her that I love her,
That I love her still as in the first days,
That in languid dreams I still call to her,
I call her as if she were here.

And to her, say that with my faith betrayed,
You have not stolen my past joy;
And to her, say it's enough for my life
The final kiss that the farewell ended.
No one can take it from my lips
The final kiss that the farwell ended.

But if you want to give her another goodbye
In company tell her that I love her,
And that I wait for her.