

Songs by Franz Schubert

An die Musik

op. 88 (*Vier Lieder*) no. 4, D 547 (Text:)
Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu [warmer] Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,
Den Himmel [beßrer Zeiten] mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.

Franz Adolf Friedrich von Schober

Standchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen; Komm', beglücke
mich!

~ Ludwig Rellstab

To Music

You, lovely art, in how many gloomy
hours,
of experiencing the turmoil of life,
have you ignited love in my heart
and transported me to a better world?

Often has a sigh from your harp -
a sweet and holy chord from you -
opened the heaven of better times.
You lovely art, I thank you for it!

Serenade

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,
Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
With the sweet sound of their singing
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
They calm each tender heart
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling I wait for you,
Come, please me!

Nacht und Traume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein [Licht]¹ durch [diese Bäume]²,
[Lieblich durch der Menschen]³ Brust;
Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder [heil'ge]⁴ Nacht,
Holde Träume kehret wieder.

~ Matthäus Kasimir von Collin

Die Sterne

Wie blitzen Die Sterne
So hell durch die Nacht!
Bin oft schon darüber
Vom Schlummer erwacht.
Doch schelt' ich die lichten
Gebilde d'rum nicht,
Sie üben im Still
Manch heilsame Pflicht.

Sie wallen hoch oben
In Engelgestalt,
Sie leuchten dem Pilger
Durch Heiden und Wald.
Sie schweben als Bothen
Der Liebe umher,
Und tragen Oft Küsse
Weit über das Meer.

Sie blicken dem Dulder
Recht mild in's Gesicht,
Und säumen die Thränen
Mit silbernem Licht.
Sie weisen von Gräbern
Gar tröstlich und hold
Uns hinter das Blaue
Mit Fingern von Gold.

So sey denn Gesegnet
Du strahlige Schar!
Und leuchte mir lange
Noch freundlich und klar.
Und wenn ich Einst liebe,
Seyd hold dem Verein,
Und euer Geflimmer
Laßt Segen uns seyn.

~ Gottfried von Leitner

Night and Dreams

Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, drift down
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the quiet hearts of men;
They listen with delight
Calling out when day awakens:
Return, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

The Stars

How brightly the stars
Flash and flicker at night!
I've oft been awakened
From sleep by their light.
But I do not blame
Those bright beams for this slight
For in secret they help us
Complete many tasks.

They wander on high
As if angels in form
And light up the pilgrim
Through meadow and woods.
They float high above us
Like heralds of love.
And often bring kisses
Right over the sea.

They look at our suffering
With compassionate eyes
And trace all our tears
With their silvery light.
They point us so gently
Away from the grave
And lead us to heaven
With fingers of gold.

I bless you, I bless you
you radiant throng!
Light my way with your friendly beams
All my life long.
And if it so happens
That I fall in love
May your glimmering bless
The sweet bond from above.

~ trans. DM

Songs by Gabriel Fauré

Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de ses toiles,
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon coeur qu'un rêve lent enivre
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de cuivre,
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.

~ Armand Silvestre

Aurora

Out of the gardens of the night, the stars fly
away,
Bees of gold, attracted by an invisible
honey,
And the dawn, in the distance, spreading
the brightness of its canvases,
Weaves with threads of silver the blue
mantel of the sky.

From the garden of my heart which a
languid dream intoxicates,
My desires fly away on the steps of the
morning,
Like a light swarm on the coppery horizon,
Called by a plaintive song, eternal and far
away.

They fly to your feet, stars chased by the
clouds,
Exiled from the sky of gold, where your
beauty blossomed.
And, seeking to come near you on
uncharted paths,
Mingle their dying light with the dawning
day.

Rêve d'Amour

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naît en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclose,
Où l'on cueille à [pleine main]
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose !

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose !
Dont le ferme dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
Oh! J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose !
S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on [trouve chaque jour]
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh ! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose !

~ Victor Hugo

Après un Rêve.

Dans un sommeil que charmait 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!

~ Romain Bussine

Dream of Love

If there is a charming lawn
Watered by the sky,
Where in every season is born
Some blossoming flower,
Where one gathers freely
Lily, woodbine and jasmine,
There I would like to make a path
For your feet to tread.

If there is a loving breast
Wherein honor dwells,
Where a tender devotion
Never is morose,
If this noble breast always
Beats for worthy aim,
I would like to make of it the pillow
Where your face can rest.

If there is a dream of love
With the scent of roses,
Where one finds every day
Something that is sweet,
A dream blessed by God,
Where two souls unite,
Oh! I would like to make the nest
Where your heart can rest.

After a Dream

In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were more tender, your voice
pure and clear
You were radiant like a sky brightened by
the sunrise;

You called to me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies parted their clouds for us,
Splendors unknown, glimpses of
divine light.

Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your
illusions,
Return, return with your radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

Vincent Persichetti
Four Emily Dickinson Songs
(poetry ed. Mabel Todd)

Out of the Morning

Will there really be a Morning
Is there such a thing as Day?
Could I see it from the Mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like waterlilies
Has it feathers like a bird
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh some sailor!
Oh some wise man from the skies!
Please do tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called Morning lies.

I'm Nobody

I'm Nobody, who are you?
Are you Nobody too?
Then there's a pair of us - Don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be Somebody.
How public like a Frog
To tell your name the livelong Day
To an admiring Bog

When the Hills Do

Alter? When the Hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Questions if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the Daffodil
Doth of the dew --
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!

The Grass

The grass so little has to do
A sphere of simple green
With only Butterflies to brood
And Bees to entertain

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything.

And thread the dews all night with pearls
And make itself so fine
A Duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies - to pass
In odors so divine
As lowly spices gone to sleep
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns
And dream the days away--
The grass so little has to do
I wish, I wish I were the hay.

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Songs by W. A. Mozart

Ridente la calma

Ridente la calma, nell'alma si desti
Ne resti un segno di sdegno e timor.
Tu vieni frattanto a stringer mio bene
Le dolce catene si grate al mio cor.
Ridente la calma, nell'alma si desti...

~ Anon.

Abendempfindung an Laura

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! Schäme
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

~ attr. Joachim Heinrich Campe

Ridente la calma

May a joyful calm arise in my soul,
And may there be no sign of disdain or
fear remaining.
In the meantime you are coming,
my beloved,
to tighten those sweet chains so welcome
to my heart.
May a joyful calm arise in my soul...

Sentiments at Evening, to Laura

It is evening, the sun has gone down,
And the moon is shining silver.
So, too, do life's finest hours disappear,
And fly by as if in a dance.

The colorful theatre of life closes too soon,
And the curtain rolls down.
Our play is over. The tears of a friend are
Already flowing on our grave.

Soon maybe, (I sense, as if a gentle
Westwind were bringing me a quiet omen)
That I shall end this life's pilgrimage, and
Fly into the Land of Rest.

If you weep at my grave,
And mourn over my ashes,
Then, my friends. I shall appear to you,
And Heaven too will breathe the breath of
life on you.

If you shed a teardrop for me,
And pick a violet from my grave,
And with your whole soul
look gently down on me.

Bless me with a tear, and ah!
Please don't be ashamed to weep for me.
Oh, in my diadem.
It will be the loveliest pearl.

~translated by DM

LOVE IS NOT ALL
Six Poems of Edna Saint Vincent Millay

Recuerdo

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry,
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, “Good morrow, mother!” to a shawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, “God bless you!” for the apples and pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

from *A Few Figs From Thistles*

“I think I should have loved you presently”

I think I should have loved you presently,
And given in earnest words I flung in jest;
And lifted honest eyes for you to see,
And caught your hand against my cheek and breast;
And all my pretty follies flung aside
That won you to me, and beneath your gaze,
Naked of reticence and shorn of pride,
Spread like a chart my little wicked ways.
I, that had been to you, had you remained,
But one more waking from a recurrent dream,
Cherish no less the certain stakes I gained,
And walk your memory’s halls, austere, supreme,
A ghost in marble of a girl you knew
Who would have loved you in a day or two.

from *A Few Figs From Thistles*

LOVE IS NOT ALL
Six Poems of Edna Saint Vincent Millay

The Spring and the Fall

In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year,
I walked the road beside my dear.
The trees were black where the bark was wet.
I see them yet, in the spring of the year.
He broke me a bough of the blossoming peach
That was out of the way and hard to reach.

In the fall of the year, in the fall of the year,
I walked the road beside my dear.
The rooks went up with a raucous trill.
I hear them still, in the fall of the year.
He laughed at all I dared to praise,
And broke my heart, in little ways.

Year be springing or year be falling,
The bark will drip and the birds be calling.
There's much that's fine to see and hear
In the spring of a year, in the fall of a year.
'Tis not love's going hurt my days.
But that it went in little ways.

from *The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems*

“What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,”

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

from *The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems*

LOVE IS NOT ALL
Six Poems of Edna Saint Vincent Millay

Truce for a Moment

Truce for a moment between Earth and Ether
Slackens the mind's allegiance to despair:
Shyly confer earth, water, fire and air
With the fifth essence.

For the duration, if the mind require it,
Trigged is the wheel of Time against the slope;
Infinite space lies curved within the scope
Of the hand's cradle.

Thus between day and evening in the autumn,
High in the west alone and burning bright,
Venus has hung, the earliest riding-light
In the calm harbour.

from *Huntsman, What Quarry?*

“Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink”

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink,
Nor slumber, nor a roof against the rain;
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;
Love cannot fill the thickened lung with breath,
Nor clean the blood nor set the fractured bone;
Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.
It well may be that in a difficult hour,
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,
Or trade the memory of this night for food.
It well may be, I do not think I would.

from *Fatal Interview* \