

Texts and Translations

Songs of Inspiration

A Simple Song

Leonard Bernstein

Sing God a simple song: Lauda, Laudē
Make it up as you go along: Lauda, Laudē
Sing like you like to sing.
God loves all simple things,
For God is the simplest of all,
For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song
To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.
I will sing His praises while I live
All of my days.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises Him.
Lauda, Lauda, Laudē
And walks in His ways.

I will lift up my eyes
To the hills from whence comes my help.
I will lift up my voice to the Lord
Singing Lauda, Laudē.

For the Lord is my shade,
Is the shade upon my right hand,
And the sun shall not smite me by day
Nor the moon by night.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Lauda, Lauda, Laudē,
And walks in His ways.

Lauda, Lauda, Laudē,
Lauda, Lauda di-da-di-day.
All of my days.

Nacht und Träume

Matthäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,

Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published by Schirmer Books.

Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Beau Soir
Paul Bourget

Beautiful evening

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont
roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of
wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: The Book of Lieder (Faber); The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber); A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press); The Spanish Song Companion (Scarecrow Press); The Penguin Book of English Song (Penguin Classics); and J.S. Bach: The Complete Cantatas (Scarecrow Press).

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Songs of Love

It was a lover and his lass
William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i-no,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i-no,

These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i-no,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i-no,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

From As You Like It

La mi sola, Laureola
Juan Ponce

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola,

Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.

My one and only, Laureola

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only, only,

I'm the captive Leriano
Even though I'm very proud
I'm wounded by that hand
Of which in the whole world, there is only one.

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only.

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Quisiera Ser Jardinero
Apolinar Peralta

Quisiera ser jardinero
Para cultivar una rosa
Que al abrir sus pétalos

I would like to be a gardener

I would like to be a gardener
To grow a rose that,
When opening its petals

Me recuerde que eres hermoa

Reminds me that you are beautiful.

La rosa que yo cultive
La nombraré diferente
Porque al representar tu bellaza
no podrá nombrarla la gente

The rose I grow
I will name it different
Because when representing your beauty,
People will not be able to name it.

El tallo y el terreno
Es tan siendo preparados
Porque hace catorce meses
Que estamos enamorados,
Que estamos enamordos.

The stem and the terrain
Are so being prepared
Because it's fourteen months we have been in love
That we are in love,
That we are in love

El tiempo lo marcará el sol
En su esfera con claridad,
El lugar será en Bonao
Donde las estrellas brillan más

The weather will be marked by the sun
In its sphere clearly
The place will be in Bonao,
Where the stars shine brightest

El olor de esta rosa
Me tiene muy orgulloso
Pero más hace tu amor
Que me hace sentir dichoso.

The smell of this rose
Has made me very proud
But more does your love
That makes me feel happy.

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Songs of Reflection

Allerseelen

Hermann von Gilm

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: *The Book of Lieder* (Faber); *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber); *A French Song Companion* (Oxford University Press); *The Spanish Song Companion* (Scarecrow Press); *The Penguin Book of English Song* (Penguin Classics); and *J.S. Bach: The Complete Cantatas* (Scarecrow Press).

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Hébé

Louise Ackermann

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait,
Les dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.

When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,
Blushingly drew near their feast,
The delighted gods proffered empty goblets
Which the child replenished with nectar.
And we too, when youth fades,
Vie in proffering her our goblets.
What is the wine she dispenses?
We do not know; it elates and enraptures.
Having smiled with her immortal grace,
Hebe goes on her way—you summon her in vain.
For a long time still on the eternal path,
We follow the cup-bearer with weeping eyes.

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Come away, Death

William Shakespeare

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there, to weep, to weep there.

From Twelfth Night, Act II Scene 4

Three Songs

Now Have I Fed and Eaten up the Rose James Joyce

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiff-cold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in live-man's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
The flow'r that in the darkness my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

*Text - original German -
Gottfried Keller (1819-1890),
trans. James Joyce (1882-1941)*

A Green Lowland of Pianos Czesław Miłosz

In the evening
as far as the eye can see
herds
of black pianos

up to their knees
in the mire
they listen to the frogs

they gurgle in water
with chords of rapture

they are entranced
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation
they cause scandals

in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
suddenly they lie down
like cows

looking with indifference
at the white flowers
of the audience

at the gesticulating
of the ushers
black pianos, black pianos.

*Text - original Polish -
Jerzy Harsymowicz (1933-1999),
trans. Czesław Miłosz (1911-2004)*

**O Boundless, Boundless Evening
Christopher Middleton**

O boundless, boundless evening.
Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.

O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing, very small.
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays.

Yet in ravines beyond
Between the hills already nests the night.

*Text - original German -
Georg Heym (1887-1912),
trans. Christopher Middleton (1926 - 2015)*