

## 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](http://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.

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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'avancait,  
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)*