

I. WISDOM

“Wie schön ist doch die Musik” (Die Schweigsame Frau)

Wie schön ist doch die Musik – aber wie schön erst, wenn sie vorbei ist!
How beautiful music is – but how much more so when it comes to an end!

Wie wunderbar ist doch eine junge, schweigsame Frau –
How wonderful is a young and gentle woman –

aber wie wunderbar erst, wenn sie die Frau eines andern bleibt!
but more wonderful when she remains one's wife!

Wie schön ist doch das Leben – aber wie schön erst, wenn man kein Narr ist und es zu leben weiß!
How beautiful is life – but how much more so if one is not a fool and knows how to live.

Ach, meine Guten, großartig habt ihr mich kuriert noch nie hab ich so glücklich mich gefühlt...
Ah, my good people, greatly have you cured me, that I've never felt so happy...

Ach, ich fühle mich unbeschreiblich wohl.
Ah, I feel indescribably good.

Nur Ruhe! Nur Ruhe! Nur Ruhe!
Now be quiet!

Aaah... Aaah... Aaah!...

II. TORMENT

“Aus meinen tränen sprießen” (*Dichterliebe*)

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears sprout
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, little one,
I will give you all the flowers;
And before your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

“Die Lotosblume” (*Myrthen*)

Text by Heine

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The lotus flower is afraid
Of the sun's splendor
And with drooping head
She dreamily awaits the night.

The moon, who is her lover,
Awakens her with his light,
And for him she gracefully unveils
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and shines
And gazes silently upwards;
She exhales, and weeps and trembles,
With love and love's torment.

“Aus den östlichen Rosen” (*Myrthen*)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Ich sende einen Gruß wie Duft der Rosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Rosenangesicht.
Ich sende einen Gruß wie Frühlingskosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Aug voll Frühlingslicht.

Aus Schmerzensstürmen, die mein Herz durchtosen,
Send' ich den Hauch, dich unsanft rühr' er nicht!
Wenn du gedenkest an den Freudelosen,
So wird der Himmel meiner Nächte licht.

I send a greeting like the scent of roses;
I send it to a rosy face.
I send a greeting like spring's caresses,
I send it to eyes full of spring's light.

From storms of pain roaring through my heart,
I send only a breath – that it may touch you gently!
If you will think about this joyless being,
Then the heaven of my nights will become light.

“Du bist wie eine Blume” (*Myrthen*)

Text by Heine

Du bist wie eine Blume
so hold und schön und rein;
ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
so rein und schön und hold.

You are like a flower,
So lovely, fair, and pure;
I look at you, and sorrow
Steals down into my heart.

I feel as if my hands
Upon your head should lay,
Praying that God may keep you,
So pure and lovely and fair.

“Die Rose, die Lilie...” (*Dichterliebe*)

Text by Heine

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;

Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love alone
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;

She herself--the source of all love--
IS the rose, lily, dove, and sun
I love only the little one,
The fine, the pure--the only one, the ONE!

“Wenn ich in deine augen seh'” (*Dichterliebe*)

Text by Heine

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes,
Then vanishes all my sorrow and pain;
But when I kiss your lips,
I become wholly and entirely well.

When I lean on your breast
It comes over me like heaven's delight;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
Then I must cry so bitterly.

III. TRAGEDY

Misalliance

The fragrant Honeysuckle spirals clockwise to the sun
and many other creepers do the same.
But some climb anti-clockwise, the Bindweed does for one,
or Convolvulus, to give her proper name.
Rooted on either side door one of each species grew
and raced towards the window ledge above;
Each corkscrewed to the lintel in the only way it knew,
where they stopped, touched tendrils, smiled, and fell in love.
Said the right-handed Honeysuckle
To the left handed Bindweed:
“Oh, let us get married
If our parents don't mind; we'd
Be loving and inseparable,
Inextricably entwined we'd
Live happily ever after”
Said the Honeysuckle to the Bindweed.

To the Honeysuckle's parents it came as a shock,
“The Bindweeds,” they cried, “are inferior stock,
They're uncultivated, of breeding bereft;
We twine to the right and they twine to the left!”
Said the anticlockwise Bindweed
To the clockwise Honeysuckle:
“We'd better start saving,
Many-a mickle mak's a muckle,
Then run away on a honeymoon
And hope that out luck'll
Take a turn for the better,”
Said the Bindweed to the Honeysuckle.

A bee who was passing exclaimed to them then;
“I've said it before, and I'll say it again;
Consider your offshoots, if offshoots there be,
They'll never receive any blessing from me!
Poor little sucker, how will it learn
When it is climbing, which way to turn?
Right, Left, what a disgrace!
Or it may go straight up and fall flat on its face.”
Said the right-hand thread Honeysuckle
To the left-hand thread Bindweed:
“It seems that against us
All fate has combined...
Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Columbine,
Thou art lost and gone forever,
We shall never intertwine.”

Together they found them the very next day.
They had pulled up their roots and just shriveled away,
Deprived of that freedom for which we must fight-
To veer to the left or to veer to the right!

IV. ECSTASY

Fêtes galantes

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Text by Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885)

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'amour!

The givers of serenades
And the lovely ladies who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Tircis and Aminte
And there's the eternal Clitandre,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, writes many tender verses

Their short coats of silk,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl in the ecstasy
Of a pink and gray moon,
And the mandolin chatters
Amidst the shivers of the breeze.

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the soul.

Close to you, pure and faithful,
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Richard Stokes

Quand je fus pris au pavillon

Text by Charles, Duc d'Orléans (1394-1465)

Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et belle,
Je me brûlai à la chandelle
Ainsi que fait le papillon.

Je rougis comme vermillon,
A la clarté d'une étincelle,
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.
De ma dame, très gente et belle,

Si j'eusse été esmerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.

L'Heure exquise

Text by Verlaine

La lune blanche
luit dans les bois.
De chaque branche
part une voix
sous la ramée.
O bien aimé[e]....

L'étang reflète,
profond miroir,
la silhouette
du saule noir
où le vent pleure.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
apaisement
semble descendre
du firmament
que l'astre irise.
C'est l'heure exquise!

When I was lured to the love-nest
Of my lady, so gentle and beautiful,
I burnt myself in the candle's flame,
As does the moth.

I blushed crimson red,
By the light of a spark,
When I was lured to the love-nest
Of my lady, so gentle and beautiful,

If I had been a falcon
Or had speedy wings,
I would fly to guard myself from her
Who enticed me with the sting,
When I was lured to her love-nest.

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
rises a voice
under the boughs.
Oh my beloved...

The pond reflects,
profound mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.
Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
peacefulness
seems to descend
from a sky
which the star makes iridescent.
It is the exquisite hour!

V.
DEVOTION

“If Ever I would leave you” (*Camelot*)

If ever I would leave you
It wouldn't be in summer,
Seeing you in summer
I never would go:
Your hair streaked with sunlight,
Your lips red as flame,
Your face with a lustre
That puts gold to shame.

But if I'd ever leave you
How could it be in autumn?
How I'd leave in autumn
I never would know.
I've seen how you sparkle
When fall nips the air;
I know you in autumn
And I must be there.

And could I leave you running merrily through the snow?
Or on a wint'ry evening when you catch the fire's glow?

If ever I would leave you
How could it be in springtime,
Knowing how in spring I'm
Bewitched by you so?
Oh, no! Not in springtime,
Summer, winter or fall!
No, never could I leave you at all!

INTERMISSION

I. JEALOUSY

Der Zwerg

Text by Matthäus Kasimir von Collin

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne;
Die mit der Milch des Himmels [blau]1 durchzogen.

*"Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne,"
So ruft sie aus, "bald werd' ich nun entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb' ich wahrlich gerne."*

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide,
Und weint, als wollt' er schnell vor Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: *"Du selbst bist schuld an diesem Leide
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch Freude."*

*"Zwar werd' ich ewiglich mich selber haßen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,
Doch mußt zum frühen Grab du nun erblassen."*

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll jungem Leben,
Und aus dem Aug' die schweren Tränen rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

*"Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod gewinnen!"
Sie sagt's; da küßt der Zwerg die bleichen Wangen,
D'rauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.*

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, von Tod befangen,
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eig'nen Händen,
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen,
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

Into the gloomy light, the mountains are fading
The boat floats on smooth sea waves,
On board, the queen sails with her dwarf.

She looks up into the high vault of the sky,
Up into the light-woven, blue distance
That with the milky way is threaded.

*"Never have you lied to me yet, you stars."
She cries, "soon I will vanish...
You tell me so... but truly I will gladly die."*

Then the dwarf comes up to the queen, begins to tie
A red silk cord around her throat,
And weeps as though blinded with grief.

He speaks: *"You are to blame for this suffering
Because you have forsaken me for the king;
Now only your death will awaken joy in me."*

*True, I will hate myself forever
For bringing death upon you with this hand;
Still, you must now go to your early grave."*

She lays her hand on her heart full of youth,
and heavy tears ran from her eyes
and she raised them imploringly to heaven.

*"May you have no sorrow through my death!"
she says; the gnome kisses her pale cheeks
and in that moment she loses her senses.*

The dwarf gazes at the lady, overcome by death,
and sinks her deep into the sea with his own hands.
His heart burns with desire for her;
upon no coast will he ever land again.

Never more will the wind cherish you again
Never more will the rain
Never more shall we find you bright in the snow and wind.

The snow is melted the snow is gone
And you are flown
Like a bird out of our hand
Like a light out of our heart
You are gone.

Text by Hilda Doolittle

II. LOVE

Aria of Prince Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*)

Text by Konstantin Shilovsky

Любви все возрасты покорны,
её порывы благотворны
и юноше в расцвете лет,
едва увидевшему свет,
и закалённому судьбой
бойцу с седою головой!

*lyubvi vse vorrasti pokorni
yjo parivi blagotorni
i yunoshe v rastsvyete lyet
yedva uvideshemu svyet
i zakaljonnomu sud'boj
bajtsu s sjedoyu golovoj*

All ages surrender to love.
Its impulses are beneficial
to both a youth in his prime
having hardly seen the world,
and the grey-headed warrior,
hardened by experience!

Онегин, я скрывать не стану,
безумно я люблю Татьяну!
Тоскливо жизнь моя текла;
она явилась и зажгла,
как солнца луч среди ненастья,
мне жизнь, и молодость,
да, молодость и счастье!

*Onegin, ja skryvat' nje stanu
bhezumno ja ljublju Tat'janu
taskliva zhizn' maja tekla
ana javilas' i zazhgla
kak solntsa luch sredi njenast'ja
mne zhizn' i molodost',
da, molodost', i schast'je*

Onegin, I will not disguise
That I madly love Titiana
My life was dreary,
She appeared and brightened
Like sunlight in a stormy sky,
Bringing me life and youth,
Yes, youth and happiness!

Среди лукавых, малодушных,
шальных, балованных детей,
злодеев и смешных, и скучных,
тупых, привязчивых судей,
среди кокеток богомольных,
среди холопов добровольных,
среди всedневных модных сцен,
учтивых, ласковых измен,
среди холодных приговоров,
жестокосердой суеты,
среди досадной пустоты
расчётов, дум и разговоров
она блистает, как звезда
во мраке ночи в небе чистом,
и мне является всегда
в сиянии ангела,
в сиянии ангела лучистом.

*Sredi lukavikh, malodushnikh
shalnikh balovannikh ditje
zladzejiv i smjeshnikh, I skushnikh
tupikh privjaschvikh sudje
sredi kokjetok bogomol'nikh
sredi khalop'jev dobrovol'nikh
sredi fsjdnjernih modnikh stsen
uchtivikh, laskovikh izmen;
sredi khalodnikh prigavorov
zbestokoserdai sujeti
sredi dasadnai pustoti
raschotov, dum I razgavorov
ana blistajet, kag zvezda
va mrake nochi v njebe chistom
i mne javlajitsja fsegda
v sijanjı angela,
v sijanji angela luchistom*

Among these sly, cowardly,
Foolish, spoiled children;
scoundrels, the absurd, and dull;
the dumb, the judgemental
among devout coquettes,
among voluntary slaves,
among daily scenes of fashion,
courteous, tender infidelities
Among cold verdicts
Of cruel-hearted vanity,
Among annoying emptiness of
Thought and conversation
She shines, like a star
In dark of night, in the clear sky
And to me always appears
A radiant angel,
A radiant angel, full of shine!

Любви все возрасты покорны,

lyubvi vse vorrasti pokorni...

All ages surrender to love...

III. ETERNITY

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.
(Two Gentlemen of Verona)

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
(Twelfth Night)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!
(Cymbeline)

IV. PATIENCE

And her mother came too

I seem to be the victim of a cruel jest,
It dogs my footsteps with the girl I love the best.
She's just the sweetest thing that I have ever known,
But still we never get the chance to be alone.

My car will meet her —
 And her mother comes too!
It's a two-seater —
 Still her mother comes too!
At Ciro's when I am free,
At dinner, supper or tea,
She loves to shimmy with me —
 And her mother does too!

We buy her trousseau —
 And her mother comes too!
Asked not to do so —
 Still her mother comes too!
She simply can't take a snub,
I go and sulk at the club,
Then have a bath and a rub —
 And her brother comes too!

We lunch at Maxim's —
 And her mother comes too!
How large a snack seems —
 When her mother comes too!
And when they're visiting me,
We finish afternoon tea,
She loves to sit on my knee —
 And her mother does too!

To golf we started —
 And her mother came too!
Three bags I carted —
 When her mother came too!
She fainted just off the tee,
My darling whisper'd to me:
"Jack, dear, at last we are free!" —
 But her mother came to!

V. COMMUNITY

The Hippopotamus

A bold Hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar.
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star.
Away on the hilltop sat combing her hair
Was a fair Hippopotami maid
The Hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade:

“Mud, Mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood!
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud!”

The fair Hippopotama he aimed to entice
From her seat on that hilltop above,
As she hadn't got a Ma to give her advice,
Came tiptoeing down to her love.
Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet:

“Mud, Mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood!
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud!”

Now more Hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide.
I wonder, now, what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side?
They dived all at once, with an ear-splitting splosh
Then rose to the surface again
A regular army of Hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain:

“Mud, Mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood!
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud!”