

Je t'aime

Ah je t'aime!
Mon amant me délaisse Il ne veut plus de moi!
Je me jette à ses genoux, je pleure, je défaill!
Je me jette à ses genoux mais il reste de marbre.
Mon amant ne veut plus de moi!
Pourtant je l'aime! Que je l'aime!
Je l'aime, je l'aime tant!
Mmm que je t'aime! T'aime...
Quand même... je t'aime!

*Oh I love you!
My lover leaves me, he doesn't want me anymore!
I throw myself at his feet, I cry, I faint!
I throw myself at his feet but he stands like stone.
My lover doesn't want me anymore!
Yet I love it! That I like!
I love it, I love it so much!
Mmm how I love you! Love you...
Still... I love you!*

Caro Nome

Gualtier Maldè... nome di lui sì amato,
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
Festi primo palpitar,
Le delizie dell'amor
Mi dei sempre rammentar!
Col pensier il mio desir
A te sempre volerà,
E fin l'ultimo mio sospir,
Caro nome, tuo sarà.

*Walter Maldè... name of the man I love,
be thou engraved upon my lovesick heart!
Beloved name, the first to move
the pulse of love within my heart,
thou shalt remind me ever
of the delights of love!
In my thoughts, my desire
will ever fly to thee,
and my last breath of life
shall be, beloved name, of thee.*

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
– Notre amour est chose légère.

(translation © Richard Stokes)
*Our love is light and gentle,
like fragrance fetched by the breeze
from the tips of ferns
for us to breathe while dreaming.
– Our love is light and gentle.*

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
– Notre amour est chose charmante.

*Our love is enchanting,
like morning songs,
where no regret is voiced,
quivering with uncertain hopes.
– Our love is enchanting.*

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme le mystère des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
– Notre amour est chose sacrée.

*Our love is sacred,
like woodland mysteries,
where an unknown soul throbs
and silences are eloquent.
– Our love is sacred. (continued on next page)*

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieus réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

*Our love is infinite
like sunset paths,
where the sea, joined with the skies,
falls asleep beneath slanting suns.*

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,
– Notre amour est chose éternelle.

*Our love is eternal,
like all that a victorious God
has brushed with his fiery wing,
like all that comes from the heart,
– Our love is eternal.*

Un pensiero nemico di pace

Un pensiero nemico di pace
fece il Tempo volubile edace,
e con l'ali la falce gli diè.
Nacque un altro leggiadro pensiero,
per negare sì rigido impero,
ond'il Tempo più Tempo non è.

*A thought inimical to peace
made the fickle Time voracious
and gave him his wings and his scythe.
A second, lighter thought emerges,
to negate such rigid tyranny,
whereupon Time is no longer Time.*

Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen

Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen,
Tod und Verzweiflung flammet um mich her!
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro Todesschmerzen,
So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.
Verstossen sey auf ewig und verlassen,
Zertrümmert alle Bande der Natur,
Wenn nicht durch dich Sarastro wird erblassen!
Hört Rache, - Götter! - Hört der Mutter Schwur.

*My heart is seething with hellish vengeance,
death and despair are blazing around me!
Unless Sarastro feels the pangs of death at your hands
you are no longer my daughter.
Forever disowned, forever abandoned,
forever destroyed may all ties of nature be,
unless Sarastro dies at your hands!
Hear! Gods of vengeance! Hear a mother's vow!*

O Pastor animarum

O Pastor animarum et O prima vox
per quam omnes creati sumus,
nunc tibi, tibi placeat ut digneris nos
liberare de miseriis
et languoribus nostris.

*O Shepherd of our souls, O primal voice,
whose call created all of us:
now hear our plea to thee, to thee, and deign
to free us from our miseries
and feebleness.*

Try Me Good King

Try me, good king, let me have a lawful trial
and let not my enemies sit as my accusers and judges.
Try me, good king, let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame.
Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all duty,
never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all true affection,
never a prince had a wife more loyal than you have found in Anne Bulen.
You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion.
Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?
'My own darling, I would you were in my arms
for I think it long since I kissed you, my mistress and my friend.'
Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?
Try me, good king, Try me.
If ever I have found favor in your sight,
if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears,
if ever I have found favor in the sight,
if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears,
let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be known.
Let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be cleared.
Try me. Try me. Try me.
Good Christian people, I come hither to die and by the law I am judged to die.
I pray God, I pray God save the King.
I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little.

Green (French source: Paul Verlaine)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

(translation © Richard Stokes)

*Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
and here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
and may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.*

*I come all covered still with the dew
frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
dream of dear moments that will soothe it.*

*On your young breast let me cradle my head
still ringing with your recent kisses;
after love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
and let me sleep a while, since you rest.*

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

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 there will spring
many blossoming flowers,
and my sighs shall become
a chorus of nightingales.*

*And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and at your window shall sound
the nightingale's song.*

Joy

I went to look for Joy
Slim, dancing Joy
Gay, laughing Joy
Bright-eyed Joy—
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!
Such company, such company
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

Love Let the Wind Cry

Love, let the wind cry on the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees and the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent in the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting on the white seaboard
Titan and tireless, tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures, green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds, surer, serener,
Fuller of passion and exultation,
Let the hushed whisper in thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

Der Sommer

Noch ist die Zeit des Jahrs zu sehn, und die Gefilde
Des Sommers stehn in ihrem Glanz, in ihrer Milde;
Des Feldes Grün ist prächtig ausgebreitet,
Allwo der Bach hinab mit Wellen gleitet.

So zieht der Tag hinaus durch Berg und Tale,
Mit seiner Unaufhaltsamkeit und seinem Strahle,
Und Wolken ziehn in Ruh', in hohen Räumen,
Es scheint das Jahr mit Herrlichkeit zu säumen.

*Still the time of year can be seen, and the fields
of summer stand in their radiance, their mildness;
the green of the field is spread in glory,
where the brook glides down with its wavelets.*

*Thus the day wanders out through mountains and
valleys, irresistibly with its rays,
and clouds drift on quietly, high above,
the year seems to hold back its splendour.*

I Shall Not Live in Vain

If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain.

Amor

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor
Und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind!

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor
Läuft geschwind!
„O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!“
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!

*The child sat by the fire.
Cupid, Cupid,
and was blind;
with his little wings he fans
the flames and he smiles,
fans and smiles, the crafty child!*

*Alas, the child has burnt his wing,
Cupid, Cupid,
runs quickly!
‘Ah, how the flames hurt him!’
Beating his wings, he cries aloud,
seeks refuge in the shepherdess’s lap,
crying for help, the crafty child.*

*And the shepherdess helps the child
Cupid, Cupid,
naughty and blind.
Look, shepherdess, your heart’s on fire,
didn’t you recognize the child?
Look how quickly the flames spread.
Beware the crafty child!
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!*