

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Arianna a Naxos, Cantata A Voce Sola, Hob XXVlb:2

Recitativo (Adagio)

Teseo mio ben, dove sei? Dove sei tu?
 Vicino d'averti mi pareo,
 ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.
 Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora,
 e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo
 uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.
 Sposo, sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè
 Forse le fere ad inseguir
 ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
 Ah vieni, ah vieni, o caro,
 ed offrirò più grata preda ai tuoi lacci.
 Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante,
 stringi, stringi con nodo più tenace,
 e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor.
 Soffrir non posso d'esser da te divisa un sol istante.
 Ah di vederti, o caro, già mi strugge il desio;
 ti sospira il mio cor, vieni, vieni idol mio.

Aria (largo)

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro, chi t'invola a questo cor?
 Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
 né resisto al mio dolor.
 Se pietade avete, oh Dei, secondate i voti miei,
 a me torni il caro ben.
 Dove sei? Teseo!

Recitativo

Ma, a chi parlo? Gli accenti Eco ripete sol.
 Teseo non m'ode, Teseo non mi risponde,
 e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.
 Poco da me lontano esser egli dovria.
 Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro
 s'alza alpestre scoglio; ivi lo scoprirò.
 Che miro? Oh stelle, misera me,
 quest'è l'argivo legno!
 Greci son quelli!
 Teseo! Ei sulla prora!
 Ah m'ingannassi almen ...
 no, no, non m'inganno.
 Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia
 in abbandono.

Ariadne at Naxos, Cantata for solo voice, Hob XXVlb:2

Recitativo (Adagio)

Theseus, my love! Where are you?
 I thought you were beside me,
 But it was only a sweet, false
 dream.
 The rosy dawn rises in the sky
 Pheobus tinges grass and flowers
 As he rises, golden, from the sea.
 Dear husband! Where are you?
 Perhaps the chase has called,
 Tempting your brave spirit!
 Oh, come, my love
 And find a sweeter prey for your snares.
 Ariadne's loving heart, constant and adoring,
 Binds with ever tighter bonds
 And our radiant flame burns brightly with our love.
 I cannot be separated from you for a single moment
 Ah! I am seized, my love, with the desire to see you
 My heart sighs for you. Come, my beloved idol!

Aria

Where are you my sweet treasure? Who tore you from my
 breast?
 If you do not come, I shall die,
 I cannot bear such grief.
 If you are merciful, oh gods, hear my prayer,
 And send my beloved back to me.
 Where are you? Theseus!

Recitativo

But, to whom do I speak? Echo alone repeats my words.
 Theseus neither hears nor responds
 Winds and waves silence my voice.
 He cannot be far away from me.
 If I climb that cliff rising above the rest,
 I shall see him from there.
 What is this? Alas! Woe is me!
 That is the Argive ship!
 Those men are Greeks!
 Theseus! He is at the prow!
 Oh, I may be mistaken...
 No! There is no mistake.
 He flees, and leaves me behind, abandoned.

Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.

Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta, Teseo!
 Ma oimè! vaneggio!
 I flutti e il vento lo involano per
 sempre agli occhi miei.
 Ah siete ingiusti, o Dei,
 se l'empio non punite!
 Ingrato!
 Perchè ti trassi dalla morte
 dunque tu dovevi tradirmi!
 E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?
 Spergiuro, infido! hai cor
 di lasciarmi?
 A chi mi volgo, da chi pietà sperar?
 Già più non reggo,
 il piè vacilla, e in così amaro istante
 sento mancarmi in sen
 l'alma tremante.

Aria

A che morir vorrei in sì fatal momento,
 ma al mio crudel tormento
 mi serba ingiusto il ciel.
 Misera abbandonata non ho chi mi consola.
 Chi tanto amai s'invola barbaro ed infedel.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Dichterliebe, op 48 (selection)

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
 Als alle Knospen sprangen,
 Da ist in meinem Herzen
 Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
 Als alle Vögel sangen,
 Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
 Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

All hope is gone, I am betrayed.

Theseus! Hear me!
 But alas, I shall go mad!
 He is swallowed by wave and wind
 Forever before my very eyes.
 Oh! Gods, you are unjust
 If you do not punish the traitor! Ungrateful man!
 Why ever did I bother to save your life?
 For you to betray me?
 And your promises? Your vows?
 Faithless one! Deceiver! Have you the heart to leave me?
 To whom shall I turn?
 From whom seek compassion?
 I cannot stand, my knees tremble,
 And the bitterness of this wretched moment
 Makes my heart quiver in my breast.

Aria

Oh! Would that death might come in this dreadful hour
 But heaven cruelly decrees
 My continued suffering.
 Poor abandoned one, with no one to console her,
 My beloved has fled, cruel and disloyal.

Anon.

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I. In the wonderfully fair month of May

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
 As all the flower-buds burst,
 Then in my heart
 Love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
 As all the birds were singing,
 So have I confessed to her
 My yearning and longing.

II. 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.

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt 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.

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

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.

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein,
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund.

II. From my tears spring

From my tears spring forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighs become
A nightingale choir,

And if you will love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

III. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
All these I once loved with passionate joy.
I love them no longer, I love only
The small, the fine, the pure, the one;

She herself – the joy of all passion –
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.
I only love
The small, the fine, the pure, the one!

IV. When I gaze into your eyes

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanishes,
But when I kiss your mouth,

I have all my health once more.

When I lay on your breast,
Heaven's delight comes over me,
But when you say, "I love you!"
Then I must weep bitterly.

V. I want to plunge my soul

I want to plunge my soul
Into the chalice of the lily,
The lily shall resoundingly exhale

A song of my beloved.
The song shall quiver and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour!

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
 Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
 Mit seinem großen Dome,
 Das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis
 Auf goldenem Leder gemalt.
 In meines Lebens Wildnis
 Hat's freundlich hinein gestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
 Um unsre liebe Frau;
 Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
 Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

VII. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
 Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
 Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
 Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
 Das weiss ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
 Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
 Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
 Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
 Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
 Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.

VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
 Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
 Sie würden mit mir weinen,
 Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
 Wie ich so traurig und krank,
 Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
 Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
 Die goldenen Sternelein,
 Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
 Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

VI. In the Rhine, in the holy stream

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
 Mirrored in the waves,
 With its great cathedral,
 Is the great, holy city Cologne.

In the cathedral, stands an image
 Painted on golden leather.
 Into my life's wilderness
 It has shone friendly beams.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
 Around Our Beloved Lady;
 The eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,
 They match my beloved's exactly.

VII. I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
 Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.
 Even though you shine in diamond splendour,
 No ray illuminates the darkness of your heart,
 This I have long known.

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
 I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
 And saw the night in your heart,
 And saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,
 I saw, my love, how wretched you are.
 I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.

VIII. And if the little flowers knew

And if the little flowers knew
 How deeply wounded my heart is,
 They would weep with me
 To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew,
 How sad and sick I am,
 They would gaily sound
 A refreshing song.

And if they knew my sorrow,
 The golden little stars,
 They would descend from their heights
 To console me.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

INTERVAL

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
5 Rückert-Lieder (1901-02)

I. Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,

All of them cannot know this,
My pain is known to only one;
For she herself has torn,
Torn up my heart.

IX. There is a fluting and fiddling

There is a fluting and fiddling,
With trumpets blaring inside;
There dancing the wedding dance
Is my dearest beloved.

There is ringing and roaring
Drumming and piping;
Amidst there is sobbing and moaning
From the dear little angels.

X. When I hear the dear song sounding

When I hear the dear song sounding
That my beloved once sang,
My heart wants to shatter
From the wild anguish of pain.

I am driven by a dark longing
Up to the heights of the woods,
There in my tears can be dissolved
My overwhelming woe.

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) Translation copyright © Musica Viva, 2008

I. Look not into my songs

Look not into my songs!
I lower my eyes,
As if I were caught in an evil deed.
Even I do not dare
To watch them grow.
Your curiosity is a betrayal!

Bees, when they build their cells,
Also let no-one watch,

Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Nor do they watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Are brought into the daylight,
Then you shall taste them first!

II. Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

II. I breathed a gentle fragrance

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

I breathed a gentle fragrance
In the room there stood
A sprig of linden,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely was the linden fragrance!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

How lovely is the linden fragrance!
The linden twig
You broke off gently!
I breathe in softly
The fragrance of the linden,
The gentle fragrance of love.

III. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

III. I am lost to the world

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

I am lost to the world
Where I once wasted so much time,
Nothing has been heard from me for so long
That it may well believe that I am dead!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Indeed, I hardly care
If the world thinks me dead,
Neither, can I deny it,
For I truly am dead to the world.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I am dead to the world's bustle,
And repose in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

IV. Um Mitternacht

IV. At midnight

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht

At midnight
I awoke
And gazed up to heaven;
No star in the mass of stars
Smiled upon me
At midnight.
At midnight



Song Recital 3 | Song Texts

Sally-Anne Russell & Andrew Greene and
Andrew Goodwin & Bernadette Balkus

Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

I thought
Beyond the dark barriers.
No thought of light
brought me consolation
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight
I paid close attention
To the beating of my heart;
A single pulse of pain
Was roused
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
O Mankind, of your suffering;
I could not resolve it
With my strength
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr! über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

At midnight
I yielded my strength
Into your hands!
Lord! over death and life
You stand guard
At midnight!

V. Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

V. If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
With its golden hair!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
That is young every year!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

If you love for treasure,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many bright pearls!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,

If you love for love,
Oh yes, then love me!
Love me forever,



Song Recital 3 | Song Texts

Sally-Anne Russell & Andrew Greene and
Andrew Goodwin & Bernadette Balkus

Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

As I will always love you!

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) translation copyright © Musica Viva 2008

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)
Songs

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne

Do not sing to me, my beauty, op 4 no 4

Ne poy, krasavitsa,
pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noy;
Napominayut mne oni
Druguyu zhizn' i bereg dal'niy.

Do not sing to me,
my beauty,
your songs of sad Georgia;
they remind me
of another life and distant shore.

Uvy, napominayut mne
Tvoyi zhestokiye napevy
I step', i noch', i pri lune
Cherty dalekoy, bednoy devy!

Alas, they remind me,
Of your cruel melodies,
And the steppe and the night And the face of a distant,
poor maiden in the light of the moon!

Ya prizrak milyy, rokovoy,
Tebya uvidev, zabyvayu;
No ty poyosh', i predno mnoy
Yego ya vnov' voobrazhayu.

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image once more.

Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)

Son

A dream, op 8 no 5

I u menya byl kray
rodnoy;
Prekrasen on!
Tam yel' kachalas' nado mnoy...
No to byl son!

A homeland,
I had,
How wonderful it was
There, the fir tree swayed over me...
But it was a dream!

Sem'ya družey zhiva byla.
So vsekh storon
Zvuchali mne lyubvi slova...
No to byl son!

A lively circle of friends, I had.
From all around
The words of love resounded...
But it was a dream!

Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825-1893)

Siren'

Lilacs, op 21 no 5

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosiy trav,
Ya poydu svezhim utrom dyshat';

In the morning, at dawn,
over dewy grass,
I go to breathe the fresh morning air;

I v dushistuyu ten',
Gde tesnitsya siren',
Ya poydu svoye schast'ye iskat'...

V zhizni schast'ye odno
Mne nayti suzhdeno,
I to schast'ye v sireni zhivyot;
Na zelyonykh vetvyakh,
Na dushistykh kistyakh
Moyo bednoye schast'ye tsvetyot...

Noch' pechal'na

Noch' pechal'na, kak mechty moyi...
Daleko, v glukhoy stepi shirokoy,
Ogonek mertsayet odinokiy...
V serdtse mnogo grusti i lyubvi.

No komu i kak razkazhesh' ty,
Chto zovyot tebya, chem serdtse polno?
Put' dalek, glukhaya step' bezmolvna,
Noch' pechal'na, kak moyi mechty.

Vchera my vstretilis'

Vchera my vstretilis': ona ostanovilas',
Ya takzhe... My v glaza drug drugu posmotreli...

O, Bozhe! kak ona s tekh por peremenilas',
V glazakh potukh ogon', i shchyeiki pobledneli...

I dolgo na neyo glyadel ya, molcha, strogo...
Mne ruku protyanuv, bednyazhka ulybnulas';

Ya govorit' khotel; ona zhe, radi Boga,
Velela mne molchat', i tut zhe otvernulas',

I brovi sdvinula, i vydernula ruku,
I molvila: proshchayte, do svidan'ya!

A ya khotel skazat': na vechnuyu razluku
Proshchay, pogibsheye, no miloye sozdan'ye!

and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilacs crowd,
I will go to seek my happiness...

It was destined to me,
To find happiness once,
And that happiness lives in the lilacs;
In the green boughs,
In the fragrant bunches,
My poor happiness blossoms...

Night is mournful, op 26 no 12

The night is mournful as my dreams...
Far away, in the wide, savage steppe,
A solitary light is glimmering...
In my heart, there is much anguish and love.

But to whom, and how, could you explain,
What is calling you, with what your heart is filled?
The journey long, the savage steppe is silent,
The night is mournful as my dreams.

Ivan Alekseyevich Bunin (1870-1953)

Yesterday we met, op 26 no 13

Yesterday we met: she stopped,
and so did I... We looked in each others eyes...

O, God! How she had changed from those times,
The light in her eyes had dimmed, her cheeks grown pale...

And for a long time I stared at her, silently, severely...
Her hand out-stretched, the poor little soul smiled;

I wanted to speak; but she, for the sake of God,
Ordered me to remain silent, and turned away,

With knitted brow and snatched away her hand,
and said: farewell, goodbye!

But I wanted to say: for eternal separation
Farewell, perished, but sweet creation!

Yakov Petrovich Polonsky (1819-1898)



Song Recital 3 | Song Texts

Sally-Anne Russell & Andrew Greene and
Andrew Goodwin & Bernadette Balkus

Vesenniye vody

Yeshchyo v polyakh beleyet sneg,
A vody uzh vesnoy shumyat,
Begut i budyat sonnyi breg,
Begut i bleshchut, i glasyat.

Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy:

“Vesna idet,

Vesna idet!

My molodoi vesny gontsy,

Ona nas vyslala vperyod.

Vesna idet,

Vesna idet!”

I tikhikh, tyeplykh mayskikh dney

Rumyanyi, svetlyi khorovod

Tolpitsya veselo za ney.

Spring streams, op14 no 11

Still the fields are covered with white snow,
But the streams are already rushing,
Running and awakening the sleepy shore,
Running and glittering, and proclaiming.

They are proclaiming to all corners of the earth:

“Spring is coming,

Spring is coming!

We are the messengers of young Spring,

She sent us ahead.

Spring is coming,

Spring is coming!”

And the quiet, warm May days,

Follow her, happily crowded,

Into the rosy, bright dancing round.

Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803-1873)

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