

Texts and Translations

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock), D. 965

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

Wilhelm Müller

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley,
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.

Translation: Richard Stokes

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave,
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,

Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin...

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

O könnt' ich in küssen
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Die Spröde

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Daß es durch die Felder klang,
So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort,
So la la! le ralla!

Und ein andrer bot ihr Bänder,

My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone...

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes.

And the magic flow
Of his words.
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone...

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! If I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Oh, if I could kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Translation: Richard Stokes

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

On the clearest of spring mornings
The shepherdess went out and sang,
Carefree, young and beautiful,
Till it echoed through the fields,
So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis offered her for a kiss
Two, three lambs without delay,
She looked on archly for a while;
But went laughing and singing on her way,
So la la! le ralla!

And another offered ribbons,

Und der dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz.
Nur la la! le ralla!

And a third bid his heart;
But she made fun of heart and ribbons,
As she had done with the lambs,
Only la la! le ralla!

Translation: Richard Stokes

Die Bekehrte

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold, so süß.
Und ich sagte: "Blase wieder!"
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!

Meine Ruh' ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör' vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

In the red glow of sunset
I wandered quietly through the wood,
Damon sat and played his flute,
Making the rocks resound,
So la la!

And he drew me down to him,
Kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
And I said: 'Play once more!'
And the good lad played,
So la la!

Now my peace is lost,
My joy has flown away,
And ringing in my ears I hear
Nothing but the old refrain,
So la la, le ralla!

Translation: Richard Stokes

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh' es heiter,

Friedrich Rückert

He came
In storm and rain,
My anxious heart
Beat against his.
How could I have known
That his path
Should unite itself with mine?

He came
In storm and rain,
Audaciously
He took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both draw near to each other.

He came
In storm and rain.
Now spring's blessing
Has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,

Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

Translation: Richard Stokes

**Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen
(from *Die Zauberflöte*, K.620)**

Emanuel Schikaneder

Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen,
fehlt auch ein gutes Herze nicht.

Men who feel the call of love
Do not lack a gentle heart.

Die süßen Triebe mitzufühlen,
ist dann der Weiber erste Pflicht.

To share these sweet desires
Is women's first duty.

Wir wollen uns der Liebe freu'n,
wir leben durch die Lieb' allein.

We shall rejoice in love,
We live for love alone.

Die Lieb' versüßet jede Plage,
ihr opfert jede Kreatur.

Love sweetens every sorrow,
All creatures pay it homage.

Sie würzet uns're Lebenstage,
sie wirkt im Kreise der Natur.

Love adds spice to our days on Earth,
Love is at work throughout all nature.

Ihr hoher Zweck zeigt deutlich an:
nichts Edler's sei, als Weib und Mann.
Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann,
reichen an die Gottheit an.

Its exalted goal is manifest:
Nothing is more noble than man and wife.
Man and wife, and wife and man,
Attain divinity.

Translation: Richard Stokes

INTERMISSION

**Toi qui m'es apparue
(from *Cendrillon*)**

Henri Cain

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Toi qui m'es apparue,
O beau rêve enchanteur, beauté du Ciel venue,
Toi qui m'es apparue!
Ah! Par pitié dis-moi, dis-moi de quel nom te salue,
O Reine, la Céleste Cour
Qui, dans le Paradis, t'invoque avec amour...
Par pitié, dis-le moi!
Toi! Toi! qui m'es apparue!

You who have appeared to me,
Oh lovely, enchanting dream from heaven,
You who have appeared to me!
Ah! For pity's sake, tell me, with what name,
Oh Queen, the heavenly court
In paradise calls you!
For pity's sake, tell me!
You who have appeared to me!

CENDRILLON

Pour vous je serai L'inconnue!

For you, I shall be the unknown one.

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Beauté du Ciel venue,
Qui donc es-tu?

Beauty from heaven,
Who, then, are you?

CENDRILLON

Pour vous je serai L'inconnue!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Qui donc es-tu?

CENDRILLON

L'inconnue!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

L'inconnue!

CENDRILLON

Je serai L'inconnue!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

O céleste Inconnue!

CENDRILLON

Vous l'avez dit, je suis le rêve,
et dois panser sans qu'il en reste trace...
Comme s'efface un reflet du ciel
que l'on voit glisser sur l'eau,
que le vent ride et pousse...
Et qui bientôt ira se perdre dans la mousse...

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Je te perdrais, moi, je te perdrais?
Non... non! Plutôt le trépas!
Qui que tu sois, partout, je veux suivre les pas!
everywhere!

CENDRILLON

Non, je vais fuir, hélas!
Et vous ne me reverrez pas! Hélas!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Ah! cette parole cruelle,
Est-ce bien toi qui l'as dite?
Comment ta douce lèvre peut-elle
La prononcer?
Ton oeil candide la dément!

CENDRILLON

Vous êtes mon Prince Charmant.
Et si j'écoutais mon envie,
Je voudrais conserver ma vie
A vous complaire seulement.
Vous êtes mon Prince Charmant.
Et mon âme gémit, blessée, jusqu'à mourir
à la pensée de vous attrister seulement.

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

For you, I shall be the unknown one!

Who, then, are you?

The unknown one!

The unknown one!

I shall be the unknown one!

Oh, heavenly unknown one!

You have said it, I am the dream,
And must pass through without a trace...
Vanishing just like a reflection of the sky
that one sees gliding over the water,
Which the wind furrows and pushes
and which will soon lose itself in the moss.

I would lose you? I?
No...no! I would rather die!
Whoever you may be, I want to follow your steps

No, I will flee, alas,
And you will never see me again! Alas!

Ah! Those cruel words,
Is it really you who says this?
How can your sweet lips
Utter it?
Your innocent eyes discredit it!

You are my Prince Charming.
And if I gave into my wishes,
I would wish to consecrate my life
to please you only.
You are my Prince Charming.
And my soul moans, wounded unto death
At the thought of saddening you only.

Et! bien... laisse ta main...

CENDRILLON

... ma main?

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Dans la mienne pressée...

CENDRILLON

... ainsi?

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Oui, car si de toi j'étais abandonné,

Lors, je serais ton prince infortuné.

CENDRILLON

Sa voix est comme une harmonie

Qui ravit mon oreille et tient mon coeur charmé!

Oui, du seul souvenir de cette heure bénie,
hour,

Mon esprit restera embaumé!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Reste et prends pitié de mon coeur alarmé!

Eveille en mon esprit la douceur infinie,

Et le charme innocent de l'Avril embaumé,

pour toujours embaumé!

Je t'aime et t'aime toujours!

CENDRILLON

Ah! je frissonne!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Rien ne m'éloignera de toi...

CENDRILLON

Déjà! L'heure qui sonne... Mon Dieu!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Qu'importe l'heure?

Il la faut oublier! Je suis à tes genoux

pour te mieux supplier!

Je t'aime! Reste!

CENDRILLON

C'est l'heure!

Ah! Minuit!

LE PRINCE CHARMANT

Suis-je fou?

Qu'est-elle devenue?

Inconnue! O céleste Inconnue!

Well then, allow your hand...

...my hand?

To press against my own...

...like this?

Yes, for if I were abandoned by you,

Then I would be your unfortunate Prince.

His voice is like a harmony

That ravishes my ears and charms my heart!

Yes, with the mere remembrance of this blessed

My spirit shall remain embalmed!

Stay and take pity on my worried heart!

Awaken in my spirit the infinite sweetness

and the innocent charm of April,

Forever embalmed!

I love you, and will love you always!

Ah! I shiver!

Nothing will keep me away from you...

Already! The hour that strikes...My God!

Why does the hour matter?

You must forget it! I am at your knees

The better to beg you!

I love you! Stay!

The hour!

Ah! Midnight!

Am I mad?

What happened to her?

Unknown one! Oh, heavenly unknown one!

Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia

Text: Jake Heggie (I) and Edna St. Vincent Millay (II-IV)

I. Ophelia's Song

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.
In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.
Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water – water so cold.
In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

II. Women have loved before as I love now

Women have loved before as I love now;
At least, in lively chronicles of the past --
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast
Much to their cost invaded -- here and there,
Hunting the amorous line, skimming the rest,
I find some woman bearing as I bear
Love like a burning city in the breast.
I think however that of all alive
I only in such utter, ancient way
Do suffer love; in me alone survive
The unregenerate passions of a day
When treacherous queens, with death upon the tread,
Heedless and willful, took their knights to bed.

III. Not in a silver casket cool with pearls

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain --
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
"Look what I have! -- And these are all for you."

IV. Spring

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

Children Will Listen

From *Into The Woods*

Stephen Sondheim

Careful the things you say,
Children will listen.
Careful the things you do,
Children will see and learn.
Children may not obey, but children will listen.
Children will look to you for which way to turn,
To learn what to be.
Careful before you say, "Listen to me".
Children will listen.
Careful the wish you make,
wishes are children.
Careful the path they take,
Wishes come true. Not free.
Careful the spell you cast,
Not just on children.
Sometimes the spell may last
Past what you can see
And turn against you.
Careful the tale you tell, that is the spell.
Children will listen.