

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Handel was a German composer from the Baroque period but is often considered a British composer due to his compositional output in his later years. He set the standard for oratorios, small ensembles for church settings, and in general the aesthetic that was the Baroque period. This aria is from the oratorio *Samson*, which consists of three acts and features a duet between the voice and trumpet; performance practice requires ornamentation in the reiteration of the A material. This aria was added a year after the oratorio was premiered, giving the ending a more victorious finale than the funeral march that precedes it. It is sung by the character Manoah, who calls upon the people of Israel to cease their lamenting of Samson's death.

Let the bright seraphim
In burning row,
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow.

Let the cherubic host,
In tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps
With golden wires.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Mozart was a prolific Austrian composer from the Classical period and greatly influenced music as we know it. Composing numerous instrumental and vocal works, Mozart was also respected as a brilliant musician. Mozart's operas include *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così fan Tutte*, and *Die Zauberflöte* to name a few. This aria comes from the singspiel *Der Schauspieldirektor*, more commonly known as *The Impresario*. The plot revolves around two sopranos being hired by a theatre company and competing for the position of prima donna. This aria is sung by the character Mademoiselle Silberklang, and is her audition selection.

Bester Jüngling! Mit Entzücken
Nehm' ich deine Liebe an,
Da in deinen holden Blicken
Ich mein Glück entdecken kann.

Best suitor! With delight
I accept your love,
There in your beloved eyes
I find my happiness.

Aber ach! wenn düstres Leiden
Unsrer Liebe folgen soll.
Lohnen dies der Liebe Freunden?
Jüngling, das bedenke wohl!

But alas! If we are suffering
Our love shall follow.
Are these worth it to dear friends?
Young man, think about that!

Nichts ist mir so wert und teuer
Als dein Herz und deine Hand;
Voll vom reinsten Liebesfeuer
Geb' ich dir mein Herz zum Pfand.

Nothing is worth enough to me
As your heart and your hand;
Full of the purest fiery love
I pledge my heart to you.

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Rossini was an Italian composer from the Romantic period. While he is mostly known for his work in operas, including *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Le comte Ory*, and *Otello*, he has also delved into instrumental works and art songs. This song cycle is about a young man, Momolo, who is taking part in a gondola race in Venice. His lover, Anzoleta, watches from the sidelines, cheering him on and narrating the plot in each movement.

Within every movement of this set there is an energetic and driving force in the accompaniment and the vocal line. This feeds the energy of the text and adds to the drama of the race itself. Anzoleta details the beginning of the race, the excitement during it, and the end of it; which is respectively represented in each of the three movements.

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
Varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
O pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

There on the boat is the flag,
Look, can you see it? go for it!
Come back with it tonight
Or else you can run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp!

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,
Né el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
Che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but win the first prize. Go,
think Of your Anzoleta,
Who's watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp!
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly!

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
Povereti i ghe da drento,
Ah contrario tira el vento,
Igha l'acqua in so favor.

They're coming, they're coming, look, look at them,
The poor things! they row hard!
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide is running their way.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
A tremar me sento el cuor.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah! I see him, he's the second,
Ah! I'm in a fidget! I get confused,
I feel my heart trembling.

Su, coraggio, voga, voga,
Prima d'esser al paletto
Se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
Tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Come on, row! row!
before you reach the pole,
If you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.

Caro, caro, par che el svola,
El li magna tuti quanti
Meza barca l'è andà avanti,
Ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Dear boy, he seems to be flying,
He's beating the others hollow,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah, I understand: he looked at me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
Caro Momolo, de cuor;
Qua destrachite che xe ora
De sugarte sto sudor.

Have a kiss! another one!
Dear Momolo, from my heart;
Rest here, for it's high time
To dry this sweat.

Ah t'o visto co passando
Su mi l'ocio ti a butà
E go dito respirando:
Un bel premio el ciaparà,

Ah, I saw you when, as passing,
You threw a glance at me
And I said, breathing again:
He's going to win a good prize,

Sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera,

Indeed, the prize of this flag,

Che xe rossa de color;
Gha parlà Venezia intiera,
La t'a dito vincitor.

That is the red one;
The whole Venice spoke:
She declared you the winner.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
A vogar nissun te pol,
De casada, de tragheto
Ti xe el megio barcarol.

Have a kiss, God bless you!
No one rows better than you,
Of all the breeds of gondoliers
You're the best.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Schumann was a German composer from the Romantic period. He and Franz Schubert are regarded as two of the most prolific composers of German lied. Schumann wrote many song cycles however this is the only one with text from a woman's perspective. It is important to note that this text was written by a man and should be taken as such. This song cycle follows a young woman as she falls in love and gets married. In this recital the final three pieces from the cycle will not be performed, however they continue through young woman having her first child and her husband dying. In the original poetry, the poet ends the text with the woman finding comfort in her children and family; however, Schumann decided to omit this part of the poem and end the cycle on a solemn note.

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
Where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
As in waking dreams
His image floats before me,
Dipped from deepest darkness,
Brighter in ascent.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

All else dark and colorless
Everywhere around me,
For the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
Silently in my little chamber,
Since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
Lovely lips, clear eyes,
Bright mind and steadfast courage.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
Bright and glorious, that star,
So he is in my heavens,
Bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,

Meander, meander thy paths,
But to observe thy gleam,

Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausend Mal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
Ich bin auf ewig dein
Mir war's ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Thränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen Werth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,

But to observe in meekness,
But to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
Consecrated only to thy happiness,
Thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
Lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
May make happy thy choice,
And I will bless her, the lofty one,
Many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
Blissful, blissful I'll be then;
If my heart should also break,
Break, O heart, what of it?

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
A dream has bewitched me,
How should he, among all the others,
Lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
Cradled on his breast,
Let the most blessed death drink me up
In tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
Piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
The tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
In barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
Thou hast taught me for the first time,
Hast opened my gaze unto
The endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
Belong to him entire,

Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Give myself and find myself
Transfigured in his radiance.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Thou ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
Piously upon my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, ye sisters,
Friendly, adorn me,
Serve me, today's fortunate one,
Busily wind
About my brow
The adornment of blooming myrtle.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved, so he
Called ever out,
Yearning in his heart,
Impatient for the present day.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Help me, ye sisters,
Help me to banish
A foolish anxiety,
So that I may with clear
Eyes receive him,
Him, the source of joyfulness.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demuth,
lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Dost, my beloved,
Thou appear to me,
Givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
Let me in meekness,
Let me curtsy before my lord.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß' ich mit Wehmuth,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

Strew him, sisters,
Strew him with flowers,
Bring him budding roses,
But ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
Joyfully departing from your midst.

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Bizet was a French composer from the Romantic period. While he is well-known for his opera *Carmen*, one would be remiss to ignore his skill with French *mélodie*. He was influenced by Gounod, and even modeled the first of these art songs after his style. Bizet was also greatly influenced by the nationalism and exoticism movements in the 1800's, and this shines through in much of his music. The three *mélodies* in this set all deal

with romance and young love. The first compares the rebirth of spring with young love, the second deals with the flirty and playful aspect of love, and the third with the excitement and naivety that comes with new love.

Chanson d'Avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps vient de naître!
Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un réseau vermeil!
Tout frissonne au jardin,
Tout chante et ta fenêtre,
Comme un regard joyeux, est pleine de soleil!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes violettes,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la fois
Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant ses clochettes,
A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les bois!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites blanches, Laisse
Ta mante lourde et ton manchon frileux, Déjà l'oiseau
T'appelle et tes soeurs les pervenches
Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant tes yeux bleus!

Viens, partons! au matin, la source est plus limpide;
Lève-toi! viens, partons! N'attendons pas du jour les
brûlantes chaleurs;
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la rosée humide,
Et te parler d'amour sous les poiriers en fleurs.

Arise! Arise! Spring is just born!
Yonder over the valleys rosy gossamer floats!
Everything thrills in the garden,
Everything sings, and your window
Like a joyous glance, is full of sun!

Beside the lilac with its purple clusters,
Flies and butterflies hum together,
And the wild lily-of-the-valley, ringing its tiny bells,
Has awakened love asleep in the woods!

Since April has sown its white daisies,
Put off your heavy cloak and your cozy muff,
Already the bird calls you and your sisters the
periwinkles
Will smile in the grass on seeing your blue eyes!

Come let us go! At morn the springs are more limpid!
Let us not wait for the burning heat of the day,
I would moisten my feet in the damp dew,
And tell you of my love beneath the flowering pear
trees.

Pastorale

Un jour de printemps,
Tout le long d'un verger
Colin va chantant,
Pour ses maux soulager:
Ma bergère, ma bergère,
Tra la la la la la la la
Ma bergère, laisse-moi
Prendre un tendre baiser!

La belle, à l'instant
Répond à son berger:
Tu veux, en chantant
Un baiser dérober?
Non Colin, non Colin,
Tra la la la la la la la
Tu voudrais, en chantant
Prendre un tendre baiser
Non, Colin, ne le prends pas,
Je vais te le donner.

One day in the Springtime
As they walked in the valley,
Colin sang a song
To express his desire:
Shepherdess, oh shepherdess,
Tra la la la la la la la
Please allow, grant me this,
May I now steal a kiss?

She then in reply
Answered him in this way:
You wish, says your song,
To take something of mine?
No, Colin. No, Colin,
Tra la la la la la la la
Would you dare steal a kiss?
Could I be so remiss?
No, Colin. You will not steal it.
For I'll give it away to you!

La Coccinelle

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose
"Me tourmente." Et j'aperçus

She told me: "Something
Is bothering me." And I noticed

Son cou de neige, et, dessus,
Un petit insecte rose.

J'aurais dû, oui mais, sage ou fou,
A seize ans, on est farouche, -
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche
Plus que l'insecte à son cou.

On eût dit un coquillage;
Dos rose et taché de noir.
Les fauvettes pour nous voir
Se penchaient dans le feuillage.

Sa bouche fraîche était là;
Je me penchai sur la belle,
Et je pris la coccinelle;
Mais le baiser s'envola.

"Fils, apprends comme on me nomme,"
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu,
"Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu;
"Mais la bêtise est à l'homme."

Her snow-white neck, and, upon it,
A small reddish insect.

I should have - but wise or mad,
At sixteen, one is timid --
I should have noticed the kiss on her mouth More
than the insect on her neck.

It looked like a shell,
Its back red and spattered with black.
To see us better, warblers
Stretched out their necks in the branches.

Her sweet mouth was there;
I bent over the beautiful girl,
And I removed the ladybug,
But the kiss flew away!

"Son, learn what they call me,"
The insect said from the blue sky,
"Animals belong to the Good Lord,
But Idiocy belongs to Man."

Geoffrey Bush (1920-1998)

Bush was a British composer from the Contemporary (Modern) period. Not a lot is known about him, however he was an affluent composer whose works were rarely performed. He wrote many sets of piano and vocal music and pulled texts from many different eras. This set features texts by British poets and playwrights from the Elizabethan period, including Shakespeare. All three of these texts deal with love in different ways. The first deals with a fiery unrequited love, the second with the end of a relationship, and the third with how one should not waste their tears and sighs on unfaithful men.

Fire! Fire!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Lo, I burn in such desire,
That all the tears that I can strain
Out of mine idle empty brain
Cannot allay my scorching pain.

Come Trent and Humber and fair Thames,
Dread Ocean haste with all thy streams,
And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drown both me and my desire!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
There's no hell to my desire.
See all the rivers backward fly,
And th'Ocean doth his waves deny,
For fear my heat should drink them dry.

Come heav'nly show'rs then pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown,

Some then you spared, but now save all
That else must burn and with me fall!

Sweet, Stay Awhile

Sweet, stay awhile; why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes.
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
O stay or else my joys must die
And perish in their infancy.

Dear, let me die in this fair breast,
Far sweeter than the Phoenix' nest.
Love raise desire by his sweet charms
Within the circle of thine arms;
And let the blissful kisses cherish
Mine infant joys, that else must perish.

Sigh No More, Ladies

Sigh no more, ladies, Sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go and be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into "Hey, Nonny, Nonny!"

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heay;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go and be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into "Hey, Nonny, Nonny!"

Sources for Translations (in order of appearance)

- “The Venetian Regatta: Three Songs in Venetian Dialect.” *The Venetian Regatta: Three Songs in Venetian Dialect (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, Mélodies, Canzoni, and Other Classical Vocal Music)*, www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?LanguageId=7&SongCycleId=966&ContribId=364.
- “A Woman’s Life and Love.” *A Woman’s Life and Love (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, Mélodies, Canzoni, and Other Classical Vocal Music)*, https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=
- Get up! Get up! Spring Has Just Been Born! (Bouilhet, Set by Georges Bizet, Alfred Lebeau) (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, Mélodies, Canzoni, and Other Classical Vocal Music)*, www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=2927.
- Pastorale (Not Applicable, Set by Georges Bizet) (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, Mélodies, Canzoni, and Other Classical Vocal Music)*, www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=13279.
- The Ladybug (Hugo, Set by Georges Bizet, Alain Lecompte, Pierre-Jacob Robert-Cantabre, Charles Camille Saint-Saëns) (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, Mélodies, Canzoni, and Other Classical Vocal Music)*, www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=8514.