

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE (1870)

Invitation to the voyage

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Text by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit on les charmes
Si mystérieux
De traîtres yeux
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme, et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together,
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!

The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
For my spirit has the charms
So mysterious
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There, nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping
With a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!

AU PAYS OÙ SE FAIT LA GUERRE (1877)

To the land where there is war

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Text by Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé,
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voici le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit,
Roucoulent amoureusement,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,
Mon cœur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,
Voici briller la lune blanche.
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève.
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

To the land where there is war
My handsome lover has gone,
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone am left on earth.
When we parted with a farewell kiss,
He took my soul from my lips...
Who detains him so long, my God?
See, the sun is setting,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly,
With a sad and enchanting sound;
Waters flow beneath tall willows.
I am near weeping,
My heart overflows like a full-blown lily,
And I dare no longer hope,
See the white moon is shining.
And I all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

Someone is bounding up the stairs...
Could it be he, my sweet lover?
It is not he, but only
My little page with my lamp...
Take wing, evening breezes, and tell him
That he is my thought and my dream
And all my joy and my sorrow.
See the dawn is breaking.
And I all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

CHANSON TRISTE (1868/9)

Sad song

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Text by Henri Cazalis (1840-1909)

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans la clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life,
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Колыбельная песня (1873)

Kolybel'naya pesnya (Lullaby)

Six Romances, Op. 16, No. 1

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Text by Apollon Maykov (1821-1897)

Spi, ditya moyo, spi usni! spi, usni!
Sladkiy son k sebe mani:
V nyan'ki ya tebe vzyala
Veter, solnce i orla.

Uletel oryol domoy;
Solnce skrylos' pod vodoy:
Veter, posle trekh nochey,
Mchitsya k materi svoeyey.

Vetra sprashivayet mat':
"Gde izvolil propadat?
Ali zvezdy voyeval?
Ali volny vsyo gonyal?"

"Ne gonyal ya voln morskikh,
Zvezd ne trogal zolotyx;
Ya ditya oberegal,
Kolybelochku kachal!"

Spi, ditya moyo, spi, usni! spi, usni!
Sladkiy son k sebe mani:
V nyan'ki ya tebe vzyala
Veter, solnce i orla.

Sleep, my child, fall asleep!
Beckon slumber's sweetness deep:
I have summoned three nannies for you
The wind, the sun and an eagle.

The eagle has flown home;
The sun has slipped below the water:
The wind, after three nights,
Races to its mother.

The wind's mother asked him:
"Where have you been hiding all this time?
Did you wage war with the stars?
Did you drive the waves away?"

"I didn't drive the waves of the sea away,
I touched no golden stars;
I was keeping a child safe and sound,
Rocking its little cradle!"

Sleep, my child, fall asleep!
Beckon slumber's sweetness deep:
I have summoned three nannies for you
The wind, the sun and an eagle.

Погоди! (1873)

Pogodi! (Wait a minute!)

Six Romances, Op. 16, No. 2

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Text by Nikolay Grekov (1807-1866)

Pogodi! Dlya chego toropit'sya!
Ved' i tak zhizn' nesetsya streloy.
Pogodi! Pogodi! ty uspeyesh' prostit'sya,
Kak luchami vostok zagoritsya.
No dozhdomsya l' my nochi takoy?

Posmotri, posmotri, kak chudesno
Ubran zvezdami kupol nebesniy!
Kak mechtatel'no smotrit luna!
Kak temno v etoy seni drevesnoi,
I kakaya vezde tishina!

Tol'ko slyshno, kak shepchut berosy,
Da stuchit serdtse v pylkoy grudi...
Vozdukh ves' polon zapakhom rozy...
Milyy drug! Eto zhizn', a ne grozy!
Zhizn' letit... pogodi!
Zhizn' letit... pogodi!

Wait! Why rush!
After all, life rushes like an arrow anyway.
Wait! Wait! you will have time to say goodbye,
How the east will light up with rays.
But can we wait for such a night?

Look, look how wonderful it is
The dome of heaven is decorated with stars!
How dreamily the moon looks!
How dark it is in this tree canopy,
And what silence everywhere!

You can only hear the birches whispering,
Let your heart beat in your ardent chest...
The air is full with the scent of roses...
Dear friend! This is life, not dreams!
Life flies... wait!
Life flies... wait!

PROCRIS (1958)

Four Last Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Text by Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911-2007)

Procris is lying at the waterside,
The yellow flowers show spring,
The grass is green,
Before a gentle wind the thin trees lean towards
the rushes,
The rushes to the tide.

She will not see the green spring turn to summer,
Summer go in a long golden dusk towards the
snow,
With eyes so lit by love that everything burned,
flowed, grew, blossomed
Moved on foot or wing with the guessed rhythm
of eternity.

All her hope and will flowed from her unavailing
and she knew darkness,
As her eyes know now shut to the daylight,
And despair prevailing she saw no way to go.

TIRED (1956)

Four Last Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Text by Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911-2007)

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper holding
you in my arms,
Glad that you lie so near at last.

This sheltering midnight is our meeting place,
No passion or despair or hope divide me from
your side.

I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face,
I shall remember shadows growing deeper as the
fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

HANDS, EYES, AND HEART (1956)

Four Last Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Text by Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911-2007)

Hands, give him all the measure of my love surer
than any word.

Eyes, be deep pools of truth, where he may see a
thought more whole than constancy.

Heart, in his keeping, be at rest and live as music
and silence meet, and both are heard.

MENELAUS (1954)

Four Last Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Text by Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911-2007)

You will come home,
Not to the home you knew that your thought
remembers,
Going from rose to rose along the terraces and
staying to gaze at the vines and reeds and iris
beside the lake in the morning haze.

Forgetting the place you are in where the cold
seawinds go crying like gulls on the beach where
the horned sea poppies grow.

Homesick wanderer,
You will come home to a home more ancient,
waiting your return:
Sea frets the steps that lie green under waves and
swallows nest below lintel and eaves:
There lamps are kindled for you,
They will burn till you come, however you come,
Till the west wind's sheltering wing folds round
your sail and brings you to land.

Stretch out your hand, murmuring,
Lapping sea and the lamps and the welcome wait
to draw you home to rest.

You shall come home and love shall fold you in
joy and lay your heart on her breast.

ICH ATMET' EINEN LINDEN DUFT!

(1901-1902)

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

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

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

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.

How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of lime
The gentle fragrance of love.

LIEBST DU UM SCHÖNHEIT (1901-1902)

If you love for beauty

Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.

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

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.

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

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

BLICKE MIR NICHT IN DIE LIEDER!

(1901-1902)

Do not look into my songs!

Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

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,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.

Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
As if caught in the act.

I dare not even trust myself
To watch them growing.
Your curiosity is treason!

Bees, when they build cells,
Let no one watch either,
And do not even watch themselves.

When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought to daylight,
You shall be the first to taste!

UM MITTERNACHT (1901-1902)

At Midnight

Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

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

At midnight
I kept watch
And looked up to heaven;
Not a star in the galaxy
Smiled on me
At midnight.

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

At midnight
My thoughts went out
To the dark reaches of space;
No shining thought
Brought me comfort
At midnight.

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

At midnight
I paid heed
To the beating of my heart;
A single pulse of pain
Was set alight
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 afflictions;
I could not gain victory
By my own 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 gave my strength
Into Thy hands!
Lord over life and death,
Thou keepest watch
At midnight!

**ICH BIN DER WELT ABHANDEN
GEKOMMEN (1901-1902)**

I am lost to the world

Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

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!

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.

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 lost to the world,
With which I used to waste much time,
It has for so long known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead!

Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think I am dead,
Nor can I deny it,
For I am truly dead to the world.

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