

Claude Debussy - *Ariettes Oubliées*

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| 1. | C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.
Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.
Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas? | It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.
O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.
This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low? |
| 2. | Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?
Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.
C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine. | Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?
Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!
Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.
And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain. |
| 3. | L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.
Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême | The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.
How this faded landscape, O traveller, |

Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes
feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

5. Green

Green

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.

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.

6. Spleen

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.
Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.
Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.
The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.
I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.
I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,
And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

Giancomo Puccini - *Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi*

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori...
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia...
Lei m'intende?
Mi chiamano Mimi,
il perché non so.
Sola, mi fo
il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta
là in una bianca cameretta:
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;
ma quando vien lo sgelo
il primo sole è mio
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fiori ch'io faccio,
Ahimè! non hanno odore.
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina che la vien fuori d'ora a
importunare.

Yes, they call me Mimi
but my true name is Lucia.
My story is short.
A canvas or a silk
I embroidery at home and abroad...
I am happy and at peace
and my pastime
is to make lilies and roses.
I love all things
that have gentle sweet smells,
that speak of love, of spring,
of dreams and fanciful things,
those things that have poetic names ...
Do you understand me?
They call me Mimi,
I do not know why.
Alone, I make
lunch by myself.
I do not go to church,
but I pray a lot to the Lord.
I stay all alone
there in a white room
and look upon the roofs and the sky
but when the thaw comes
The first sun, like my
first kiss, is mine!
Buds in a vase...
Leaf and leaf I spy!
That gentle perfume of a flower!
But the flowers that I make,
Alas! no smell.
Other than telling you about me, I know
nothing.
I am only your neighbor who comes out to
bother you.

Giancomo Puccini - *Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém*

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, řekni, kde je můj milý!

Moon high and deep in the sky
Your light travels far,
You travel around the wide world,
and see into people's homes.

Moon, stand still a little while
and tell me where is my dear.

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvit' mu do daleka, zasvit' mu,
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Měsíčku, nezhasni!

Tell him, silvery moon,
that I am embracing him.
For at last momentarily
Let him recall dreaming of me.

Illuminate him from far away
and tell him, tell him who is waiting for
him.

If his human soul is really dreaming of
me,
may the memory awaken him!
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear!

Moon, don't disappear!

Samuel Barber - *Hermit Songs*

1. At St. Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Nor moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made
Who shunned not the death by three wounds
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
And I with a heart not softer than stone!

2. Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be with a light and foolish woman.

3. St. Ita's Vision

'I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,
'unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.'
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast'.

4. The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

5. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief

Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

6. Sea Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

7. Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

8. The Monk and his Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

9. The Praises of God

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words
As he alone can?
Heaven's high king.
To whom the light birds,
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere,
Laudation sing!

10. The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.