

## MONTEVERDI

### Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti  
l'aer fa grato e' il piè discioglie a l'onde  
e, mormorando tra le verdi fronde,  
fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori  
note temprando amor care e gioconde;  
e da monti e da valli ime e profonde  
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e' sole,  
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento  
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,  
l'ardor di due begli occhi e' il mio tormento,  
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango hor canto.

*Text: Ottavio Rinuccini*

Zephyr returns, and with sweet accents  
enchants the air and ruffles the waves,  
and murmuring among the green leaves,  
makes the flowers dance to his sweet sound.

With garlanded hair, Phyllis and Chloris sing  
love-songs, dear and joyful to them,  
and through the mountains and valleys, high  
and low, the echoing caves redouble their  
music.

Dawn rises more glorious in the sky,  
and the sun pours down the brightest gold,  
embellishing with purer silver the sky-blue  
mantle of Thetis.

Alone I wander through lonely and deserted  
woods; of the ardour of two lovely eyes,  
and of my torment, as my fortune decrees,  
I by turns weep and sing.

*Translation: James Halliday*

## MONTEVERDI

### Lamento della ninfa

Non havea Febo ancora  
recato al mondo il dì,  
ch'una donzella fuora  
del proprio albergo uscì.

Sul pallidetto volto  
scorgeasi il suo dolor,  
spesso gli venia sciolto  
un gran sospir dal cor.

Sì calpestando fiori  
errava hor qua, hor là,  
i suoi perduti amori  
così piangendo va:

'Amor', dicea, il ciel  
mirando, il piè fermo,  
'dove, dov'è la fè  
ch'el traditor giurò?'

'Fa che ritorni il mio  
amor com'ei pur fu,

Phoebus had not yet  
ushered in the day  
when a girl came forth  
from her house.

On her pallid face  
Her grief was visible,  
and frequently she heaved  
a great sigh from her heart.

Trampling the flowers underfoot,  
she wandered this way and that,  
lamenting thus  
her lost love:

'O Love,' she said, gazing  
at the sky, her foot steady,  
'what has become of the faith  
that the deceiver swore?'

'Persuade him to be once more  
the lover he used to be,

o tu m'ancidi, ch'io  
non mi tormenti più.'

Miserella, ah più no, no,  
tanto gel soffrir non può.

'Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri  
se non lontan da me,  
no, no che i martiri  
più non darammì affè.

Perchè di lui mi struggo,  
tutt'orgoglioso sta,  
che sì, che sì se'l fuggo  
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno  
colei, che'l mio non è,  
già non rinchiude in seno,  
Amor, sì bella fè.

Ne mai sì dolci baci  
da quella bocca havrà,  
ne più soavi, ah taci,  
taci, che troppo il sa.'

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti  
spargea le voci al ciel;  
così ne' cori amanti  
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

*Translation: Ottavio Rinuccini*

or kill me, so that I  
may no longer torment myself.'

Unhappy girl! Ah, no, no more  
can she bear such coldness.

'I do not want him to sigh  
unless he is far away from me;  
No, for then all this misery  
will be spared me.

Since my pining for him  
makes him so proud,  
perhaps if I show indifference,  
he will return to me?

Her eyes may shine more brightly  
than mine do,  
but in her breast  
Love has not implanted a faith as true as mine.

Nor will he receive sweeter kisses  
from those lips,  
nor more tender... Ah, be silent,  
be silent, for he knows it too well.'

And so with angry tears  
her cries filled the sky;  
thus in the hearts of lovers  
love mixes fire and ice.

*Translation: James Halliday*

## BRAHMS

### **Vier Gesänge, op. 17 for two horns, harp and women's voices**

#### **1. Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang**

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang  
den Lieb' und Sehnsucht schwellen,  
er dringt zum Herzen tief und bang  
und läßt das Auge quellen.

O rinnet, Tränen, nur herab,  
o schlage Herz, mit Beben!  
Es sanken Lieb' und Glück ins Grab,  
verloren ist das Leben!

*Text: Friedrich Ruperti*

#### **1. The rich sound of a harp**

The rich sound of a harp rings out,  
Increasing love and longing,  
Deep and quivering, it pierces my heart  
And causes tears to well in my eyes.

Flow down my cheeks, O tears,  
Throb and tremble, O heart!  
Love and happiness sank into the grave,  
My life is lost!

*Translation: Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder, published by Faber, provided  
courtesy of Oxford Lieder*

## 2. Lied von Shakespeare

Komm herbei, komm herbei, Tod,  
Und versenk' in Cypressen den Leib;  
Lass mich frei, lass mich frei, Not,  
Mich erschlägt ein holdseliges Weib.  
Mit Rosmarin mein Leichenhemd,  
O bestellt es!  
Ob Lieb' ans Herz mir tödlich kommt,  
Treu' hält es.

Keine Blum, keine Blum süß,  
Sei gestreut auf den schwärzlichen Sarg;  
Keine Seel', keine Seel' grüß  
mein Gebein, wo die Erd' es verbarg.  
Um Ach und Weh zu wenden ab',  
bergt alleine  
mich, wo kein Treuer wall' ans Grab  
und weine.

*Translation: August Wilhelm von Schlegel*

## 2. Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Bid share it.  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Text: William Shakespeare*

## 3. Der Gärtner

Wohin ich geh' und schaue,  
In Feld und Wald und Tal,  
Vom Berg hinab in die Aue;  
Viel schöne, hohe Fraue,  
Grüß ich dich tausendmal.

In meinem Garten find' ich  
Viel' Blumen schön und fein,  
Viel' Kränze wohl draus wind' ich  
Und tausend Gedanken bind' ich  
Und Grüße mit darein.

Ihr darf ich keinen reichen,  
Sie ist zu hoch und schön,  
Die müssen alle verbleichen,  
Die Liebe nur ohnegleichen  
Bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

Ich schein' wohl froher Dinge  
Und schaffe auf und ab,  
Und ob das Herz zerspringe,  
Ich grabe fort und singe,  
Und grab mir bald mein Grab.

*Text: Joseph von Eichendorff*

## 3. The Gardener

Wherever I walk and gaze,  
Through valley, wood and field,  
From mountaintop to meadow:  
I, lovely gracious lady,  
Greet you a thousand times.

I seek out in my garden  
Many fine and lovely flowers,  
Weaving many garlands,  
Binding a thousand thoughts

And greetings with them too.  
I cannot give her a garland  
She is too noble and lovely,  
They would all perish,  
But love without compare  
Remains forever in my heart.

I appear to be of good cheer,  
And continue busily though my work,  
And though my heart may break,  
I shall dig away and sing  
And shortly dig my grave.

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

#### 4. Gesang aus Fingal

Wein' an den Felsen, der brausenden Winde  
weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!  
Beug' über die Wogen dein schönes Haupt,  
lieblicher du als der Geist der Berge,  
wenn er um Mittag in einem Sonnenstrahl  
über das Schweigen von Morven fährt.

Er ist gefallen, dein Jüngling liegt darnieder,  
bleich sank er unter Cuthullins Schwert.  
Nimmer wird Mut deinen Liebling mehr reizen,  
das Blut von Königen zu vergießen.

Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb  
O Mädchen von Inistore!  
Seine grauen Hunde heulen daheim,  
sie sehn seinen Geist vorüberziehn.  
Sein Bogen hängt ungespannt in der Halle,  
nichts regt sich auf der Haide der Rehe.

*Anonymous German translator*

#### 4. The maid of Inistore

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds,  
O maid of Inistore!  
Bend thy fair head over the waves,  
thou lovelier than the ghost of the hills;  
when it moves in a sun-beam, at noon,  
over the silence of Morven!

He is fallen, thy youth is low!  
pale beneath the sword of Cuthullin!  
No more shall valour raise thy love  
to match the blood of kings.

Trenar, graceful Trenar died,  
O maid of Inistore!  
His grey dogs are howling at home!  
they see his passing ghost.  
His bow is in the hall unstrung.  
No sound is in the hall of his hinds!

*Text: Ossian (pseudonym of James MacPherson)*