



Department of Music
University of Alberta

NICHOLAS ARTHUR KILBURN
MEMORIAL CONCERT 1988

Maureen Forrester, contralto

Accompanied by Derek Bampton, pianist

Friday, November 4, 1988 at 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta

Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Memorial Concert Series

This series of annual concerts has been organized in memory of Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931), a former member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors, by his sons Nicholas Weldon and Peter (B.A., University of Alberta, 1929).

Programme

I

Ariadne Auf Naxos (1791)

**Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)**

The Confession Stone (1967)
(poems by Owen Dodson)

**Robert Fleming
(1921-1976)**

Oh my boy Jesus
Don't Pay Attention
Jesus, did you Know?
There's a Supper in Jerusalem
Cold and Icy in My Bed
Bring me those Needles, Martha
Everything is Black
Oh my boy Jesus

INTERMISSION (15 minutes)

II

Le Travail du Peintre (1956)
(poems by Paul Eluard)

**Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)**

Ten Songs from "Italienisches Liederbuch"
(1891-1896)

**Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)**

Auch kleine Dinge
Wer rief dich denn?
Mein Liebster singt
Verschling der Abgrund
Ich esse nun mein Brot
Ihr jungen Leute
Wohl kenn ich Euern Stand
Du denkst mit einem Fadchen
Wir haben beide
Ich hab in Penna

Programme notes

Ariadne auf Naxos

Joseph Haydn

Haydn wrote many Italian style operas for production at Esterhaza during the years he served as musician under Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. However, when he went to London for the first time in 1791 his principal concern was the production of instrumental works for the concerts organized by Johann Peter Salomon. Six of the so-called "London" or "Salomon" symphonies were presented during the first visit, 1791 to 1792, and six more were written for the return visit to London in 1794. However, one work which created great excitement with the London audience was a solo cantata Haydn presented with clavier accompaniment on February 18, 1791, less than two months after his arrival in the foreign city. The Morning Chronicle for February 23 carried the following review:

"The Musical World is at this moment enraptured with the Composition which Haydn has brought forth, and which has produced effects bordering on all that Poets used to sing of the ancient lyre. Nothing is talked of -- nothing sought after but Haydn's Cantata -- or, as it is called in the Italian School -- his Scena ... It abounds with such a variety of dramatic modulations -- and is so exquisitely captivating in its larmoyant passages, that it touched and dissolved the audience. They speak of it with rapturous recollection, and Haydn's Cantata will accordingly be the musical desideratum for the Winter." The soloist for the first London performance was Pacchierotti, a male soprano; for a later performance the singer was Nancy Storace, the soprano who was much admired by Mozart and who sang the role of Susanna in The Marriage of Figaro in Vienna.

The Scena presents dramatic recitative and two arias. The text reveals the emotional states of Ariadne who was abandoned on the isle of Naxos by Theseus. It may be recalled that Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, had aided Theseus when he had come to Crete by providing him with the thread so that he could find his way out of the labyrinth after killing the minotaur. When Theseus escaped Crete, Ariadne fled with him. However, Ariadne was deserted by Theseus on Naxos.

In Haydn's aria, Ariadne awakens and wonders where her beloved Theseus has gone; she expresses her great love for him. There follows an aria, Dove sei mio bel tesoro (Where are you my beloved) in which she says that if he does not return she will die. In the recitative that follows she discovers that the ship of the Greeks, with Theseus in command, is departing. She realizes that she has been betrayed. In the closing aria A che morir vorrei in si fatal momento (O, that I might die in this so fatal moment) Ariadne expresses complete desolation. And at the end she accuses Theseus and Calla barbarous and faithless (barbaro ed infedell).

- Aaron Parsons

The Confession Stone Poems by Owen Dodson

Robert Fleming

This cycle was commissioned especially for Maureen Forrester by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The music was written by Robert Fleming, a Canadian composer, and the poems were written by an American poet, Owen Dodson. The complete collection of poems is called: "Out of the Blue"; the poems in the Confession Stone are specially about the Virgin Mary as a mother.

**Texts
and
Translations**



Ariadne auf Naxos

Theseus, mein Geliebter! Wo bist du?
Ich glaubte dich mir nahe, doch trog
mich ein schmeichelndes, falsches Traumbild
Die rosenfarbene Aurora zeigt sich am Himmel
und Gräser und Blumen bekommen Farbe.
Mit goldschimmerndem Haar entsteigt Phöbus
dem Meere. Geliebter Bräutigam,
wohin lenkst du deine Schritte?
Vielleicht treibt dich die Jagdlust,
wilde Tiere zu erlegen!
Ach, komm, o Lieber, und ich werde
für deine Schlingen eine bessere Beute sein.
Das Herz der liebenden Ariadne,
das dir so treu ist,
knüpfe es fester an dich,
und schöner glänze
die Flamme unserer Liebe.
Ich kann's nicht ertragen, für einen Moment
von dir zu sein.
Ach, dich zu sehn, o Teurer, drängt mich mein
Wunsch. Dich sehnt mein Herz herbei.
Komm, o komm, Geliebter.

ARIE

Wo bist du, mein Geliebter?
Wer entfremdet dich diesem Herzen?
Wenn du nicht kommst, will ich sterben
und nicht länger meinem Schmerz widerstehen
Wenn ihr mitleidig seid, o Götter,
begünstigt meine Wünsche,
mein Geliebter kehre zu mir zurück.
Wo bist du, Theseus, wo bist du?

REZITATIV

Aber zu wem spreche ich? Nur das Echo
antwortet mir. Theseus hört mich nicht,
Theseus antwortet mir nicht,
und Winde und Wellen tragen die Worte fort.
Nicht weit entfernt muss er sein. Besteige
diesen Bergfels, der sich hoch über die andern
von dort aus wirst du ihn entdecken.
Was sehe ich? O Himmel! ich Arme!
Das ist der Argive Schiff!
Das sind Griechen! Theseus! er, auf dem
Vorderschiff! Ach, täuschte ich mich doch...
nein, nein, ich täusche mich nicht.
Er flieht mich, lässt mich allein zurück.
Keine Hoffnung ist mehr: ich wurde verraten.
Theseus! Theseus! Höre mich! Theseus!
weh, ich rede irre!
Wind und Wasser
tragen ihn für immer von hier fort.
Ach, ihr seid ungerecht, o Götter,
denn ihr den Ruchlosen nicht bestraft!
Undankbarer! Warum errettete ich dich vom Tod
Musstest du mich so verraten?

Und deine Versprechungen, deine Schwüre?
Meineide! Du Treuloser, du konntest mich
verlassen?

Joseph Haydn

Theseus my love where are you?
I thought that you were near,
but a false alluring dream tricked me.
Already pink Aurora springs forth skywards
and plants and flowers are coloured by
Phoebus emerging from the sea with golden
hair. Adored husband,
where do your steps take you?
Perhaps to hunt wild beasts
your noble ardour calls you!
Ah! Come! ah! come my dearest and I shall offer
myself a more welcome prey to your nets.
The heart of Ariadne who loves you,
who, constant, adores you,
bind with a more tenacious knot
and let the torch of our love shine
more brightly.
I cannot bear to be separated from you a single
moment.
Ah! the desire to see you, my love, already takes
hold of my heart. My heart sighs for you.
Come, come my idol.

ARIA

Where are you, my beautiful treasure?
Who steals you from this heart of mine?
If you do not come back, I am already dying,
nor shall I be able to endure my grief.
If you have pity, oh Gods,
favour my prayers,
let my dear one return to me.
Where are you, Theseus, where are you?

RECITATIVE

But whom am I speaking to? Only Echo repeats
my cries. Theseus does not hear me,
Theseus does not reply,
and the winds and the waves bear away my words.
He cannot be far away from me.
Let me climb the steepest and highest cliff,
there I will sight him.
What do I see? Oh heavens! Unhappy me!
There is the Argive ship!
Those are Greeks! And Theseus! In the prow
of the ship! Ah! if only I were mistaken . . .
no, no, I am not wrong.
He is escaping and leaving me here, abandoned.
I have no hope left, I am betrayed.
Theseus! Theseus! Hear me! Theseus!
But alas, I am talking wildly.
The wind and the waves
are stealing him for ever from my sight.
Ah! you are unjust, Gods,
if you do not punish this wicked man.
Ungrateful wretch! Why did I save you from
death? Therefore you had to betray me?
What of your promises? The vows you swore to
me? Perjurer!
Unfaithful man! Have you the heart to leave me?

Ariadne auf Naxos continued

An wen wende ich mich? Von wem kann ich
Mitleid erhoffen?
Schon kann ich nicht mehr, die Beine versage
den Dienst, und in diesem Moment
fühle ich, wie mir in der Brust
das zitternde Herz vergehen will.

ARIE

Ach, dass ich sterben könnte
in diesem Moment des Verhängnis
aber der ungerechte Himmel
gibt mich meinen grausamen
Verlassen und elend
habe ich niemanden, der mich
der Grausame und Treulose,
den ich so liebte, entschwinde.

The Confession Stone

Oh my boy Jesus

Oh my boy: Jesus,
My first and only son,
Rock on my breast,
My first and only one,
My first and only son.
Oh my boy Jesus:
My first and only one:
Born of God and born
near His sun,
Bright boy: my only one:
Oh my Jesus,
Rest on my breast,
My first and only son:
Oh my boy: Jesus: rest:
Shushhh, you need the rest.

Don't Pay Attention

Don't pay attention
To the old men in the Temple:
They have given up.
Tell them what you told me:
Cast the sinners out,
Clean the house of God,
Load the rich with grief,
Prepare the poor with hope...
... and Jesus,
Don't stop to play
With Judas and his friends
Along the way.

Jesus, did you Know?

Jesus, did you know
That Lazarus is back?
Jesus, are you listening?

To whom can I turn?
From whom can I hope for pity?
I can no longer stand, my foot gives way,
and in such bitter moment
I feel my breast is abandoned
by my trembling soul.

ARIA

Ah! how I long to die
at such a fateful moment,
but for my cruel torment
the unjust heavens preserve me alive.
Unhappy and abandoned,
I have no one to console me,
the man I loved so much flees from me,
cruel and faithless.

poems by Owen Dodson

Jesus, did you Know? continued

Lazarus has come back.
His grave is still open
And Martha tells she hears
Three angels singing
With three birds:
Their feathers brushed together.
Jesus, are you hearing:
Lazarus has returned
To Bethany.
Jesus, won't you answer:
Lazarus has come back
And he's calling for you
He says that death was gentle
And woke him up early.
Jesus, are you praying:
Lazarus has returned.

There's a Supper in Jerusalem

There's a supper in Jerusalem tonight
And I wish that I was there
I'd journey anywhere
To be with Jesus:
To stroke His hair,
Remind Him, oh my baby dear,
I'd journey anywhere
To be with Jesus tonight.
There's that supper in Jerusalem tonight
And I could be right there.
But I don't dare
To venture to Jerusalem tonight.
Oh my Jesus you're eating in Jerusalem tonight
And I wish that I was there.
Oh my boy take care
At that supper in Jerusalem tonight.

The Confession Stone continued

Cold and Icy in My Bed

Cold and icy in my bed:
Layed on the ground of Jerusalem:
Every flower is withered,
The birds have left their song,
The sun wears a twisted eye.
I'm alone with Your dream of redemption
My Lord...save Him, save our son.

I'm his mother: save Him:
Let me rock Him again in my trembling arms.
Save Him. I'll receive the silver from Judas.
Help him. Your word is all my world.
I'll receive the silver from Juda's hand
And spend it on... nothing...
Save Him...Jehovah,
Help Him... my God,
Bless Him... my Lord,
Redeem Him, my Husband.
Oh save Him, save Him, save Him,
Save Him, save our boy!

Bring me those Needles, Martha

Bring me those needles, Martha,
I believe I'll knit Jesus a scarf.
Go on snapping those butterbeans...
What time is it?
Let me see now: knit one...
You say it's twelve o'clock?
Snap enough for Joseph and Lazarus:
They'll be home before you're through.
Martha, what time is it? Purl two...
Purl one,
Knit one,
Purl two...
If I had the star of Bethlehem...
I'd knit three...
...and light His sky...
Where was I, Martha?
Oh yes, knit one,
Purl seven...
What time is it Martha?
Knit three...purl ten...
It can't be near three o'clock.
Where was I? Knit...purl twelve...
Purl nothing...
Martha, don't leave me alone.
Where are you Martha?
Martha, where are you, Martha?
Martha!

Everything is Black

Everything is black:
Air, water, sun, moon,

Everything is Black continued

All light...dirt is black.
Heaven is in mourning for our Son.
The earth is dead:
It will rise again
Almighty God.
Now I understand
What light is:
It is our Son.
It is Jesus, no longer trembling
In my arms: it is THE CHRIST.
Oh my boy Jesus
My first and only one.
Now on my knees,
with Joseph at my side,
I ask Thee: send the resurrection now.
Give the air and water and sun
And the moon and the dirt; Thy light again.
Send the presence, Almighty God,
Send it even to evil men.
I see Jesus in the clouds
OH OH OH OH OH oh oh oh ohooooo
Free Him from death for life:
We must be free to sing:
Loose the birds for their song,
Bloom the flowers for their songs,
Light Martha, whose brother came back
From death, light Mary Magdalen,
Light Gethsemane's gardens:
Light those walkways with lilies,
And heal the wounds of Christ.
Let me rise up
Into your starry sky
And love our Son,
And PRAISE THEE,
And PRAISE THEE.
Ah comfort me in paradise.

Oh my boy Jesus

Oh my boy: Jesus,
My first and only son,
Rock on my breast
My first and only one.
My first and only son.
Oh my Jesus:
My first and only one:
Born of God and born
near his sun,
Bright boy: My only one:
Oh my Jesus
Rest on my breast
My first and only son:
Oh my boy Jesus: rest.
Shushhh, you need the rest.

Le Travail du Peintre (sept Poèmes de Paul Eluard)

I. Pablo Picasso

*Entoure ce citron de blanc d'oeuf informe
Enrobe ce blanc d'oeuf d'un azur souple et fin
La ligne droite et noire a beau venir de toi
L'aube est derrière ton tableau*

*Et des murs innombrables croulent
Derrière ton tableau et toi l'oeil fixe
Comme un aveugle comme un fou
Tu dresses une haute épée vers le vide*

*Une main pourquoi pas une seconde main
Et pourquoi pas la bouche nue comme une plume
Pourquoi pas un sourire et pourquoi pas des larmes
Tout au bord de la toile où jouent les petits clous*

*Voici le jour d'autrui laisse aux ombres leur chance
Et d'un seul mouvement des paupières renonce.*

II. Marc Chagall

*Ane ou vache coq ou cheval
Jusqu'à la peau d'un violon
Homme chanteur un seul oiseau
Danseur agile avec sa femme*

Couple trempé dans son printemps

*L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel
Séparés par les flammes bleues
De la santé de la rosée
Le sang s'irise le coeur tinte*

Un couple le premier reflet

*Et dans un souterrain de neige
La vigne opulente dessine
Un visage aux lèvres de lune
Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.*

III. Georges Braque

*Un oiseau s'envole,
Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile,
Il n'a jamais craint la lumière,
Enfermé dans son vol,
Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.*

*Coquilles des moissons brisées par le soleil.
Toutes les feuilles dans les bois disent oui,
Elles ne savent dire que oui,
Toute question, toute réponse
Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.*

*Un homme aux yeux légers décrit le ciel d'amour.
Il en rassemble les merveilles
Comme des feuilles dans un bois,
Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes
Et des hommes dans le sommeil.*

Francis Poulenc

1. Pablo Picasso

Surrounding this lemon with shapeless white of egg, and this with a blue, pliant and delicate. Dawn is behind your picture and you like a blind person, a madman, raise your sword high. One hand why not a second, why not a smile, why not tears?

2. Marc Chagall

Donkey or cow, cock or horse...man singer...agile dancer with his wife...gold of the grass, grey of the sky...

3. Georges Braque

A bird takes wing, it casts off the clouds like a useless cloak. It has never feared the light. The leaves in the woods say yes. A man with nimble eyes describes the sky of love - it resembles the wonders as the leaves in the wood, the birds on wing.

Le Travail du Peintre continued

IV. Juan Gris

*De jour merci de nuit prends garde
De douceur la moitié du monde
L'autre montrait rigueur aveugle*

*Aux veines se lisait un présent sans merci
Aux beautés des contours l'espace limité
Cimentait tous les joints des objets familiers*

*Table guitare et verre vide
Sur un arpent de terre pleine
De toile blanche d'air nocturne*

*Table devait se soutenir
Lampe rester pépin de l'ombre
Journal délaissait sa moitié*

*Deux fois le jour deux fois la nuit
de deux objets un double objet
Un seul ensemble à tout jamais*

V. Paul Klee

*Sur la pente fatale, le voyageur profite
De la faveur du jour, verglas et sans cailloux,
Et les yeux bleus d'amour, découvre sa saison
Qui porte à tous les doigts de grands astres en
bague.*

*Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles
Et le sable creusé la place d'un beau crime.
Le supplice est plus dur aux bourreaux qu'aux
victimes
Les couteaux sont des signes et les balles des larmes.*

VI. Joan Miro

*Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête,
Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt.
La ciel est plus beau que jamais.*

*Les libellules des raisins
Lui donnent des formes précises
Que je dissipe d'un geste.*

*Nuages du premier jour,
Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,
Leurs graines brûlent
Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.*

*A la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que la nuit.*

4. Juan Gris

Of day thanks, of night take care...table, guitar,
an empty glass on an acre of plain earth, of
white cloth...lamp in the centre of the shadow,
newspaper...a single ensemble forever.

5. Paul Klee

On the fatal slope of voyager...on the beach the
sea has left its marks...the sand the place
of a crime. Corporal punishment is harder on the
executioner than on the victim, daggers are
tokens, bullets tears.

6. Joan Miro

Sun, raise the hill and the forest. The sky is more
beautiful than ever. Clouds burning in the fire of
my gaze at last to disappear with the dawn.

Le Travail du Peintre continued

VII. Jaques Villon

*Irremediable vie à toujours chérir
En dépit des fléaux et des morales basses
En dépit des étoiles fausses et des cendres
envahissantes
En dépit des fièvres grinçantes des crimes à hauteur
du ventre*

*Des seins taris des fronts idiots en dépit des soleils
mortels
En dépit des dieux morts en dépit des mensonges*

*L'aube l'horizon l'eau l'oiseau l'homme l'amour
L'homme léger et bon adoucissant la terre
Eclaircissant les bois illuminant la pierre
Et la rose nocturne et le sang de la foule.*

Songs from "Italienisches Liederbuch"

Auch Kleine Dinge

*Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.*

Wer rief dich denn?

*Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?
Wer hiess dich kommen, wenn es dir zur Last?
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt,
Geh dahin, wo du die Gedanken hast.
Geh nur, wohin dein Sinnen steht und Denken!
DaB du zu mir kommst, will ich gern dir schenken.
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt!
Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?*

Mein Liebster singt

*Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,
Und ich muss lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett had ich geweint,
Weiss nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht die blugnen Tränen.*

7. Jacques Villon

Life to cherish always in spite of plague, crimes,
lies. The bird, man, love pacify the earth,
brighten the woods, illuminate the rosy night.

Hugo Wolf

Even small things may delight us,
even small things may be precious.
Think how gladly we deck ourselves in pearls;
for much they are sold, and are only small.
Think how small the olive is,
and yet it is sought for its virtue.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
yet smells so sweet, as you know.

Who called you then? Who sent for you?
Who bade you come, if burdensome it is?
Go to that love who pleases you the more,
go there where you have your thoughts.
Go where your intention is, your mind!
From coming to me I gladly will excuse you.
Go to that love who pleases you the more!
Who called you then? Who sent for you?

My dearest's below singing in the moonlight,
and I must lie listening here in bed.
Away from my mother I turn, and weep,
My tears are blood which will not dry.
That broad stream by the bed I've wept,
for my tears I cannot tell if day is dawning.
That bedside stream I've wept from yearning
blinded I am by my tears of blood.

Songs from "Italienisches Liederbuch" continued

Verschling der Abgrund

*Verschling der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte,
An ihrer Stelle schäum ein See zur Stunde.
Bleikugeln soll der Himmel drüber schütten,
Und eine Schlange hause dort im Grunde.
Drin hause eine Schlange giftiger Art,
Die ihn vergifte, der mir untreu ward.
Drin hause ein Schlange, giftgeschwollen,
Und bring ihm Tod, der mich verraten wollen!*

Ich esse nun mein Brot

*Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr,
Ein Dorn ist mir im Fusse stecken geblieben.
Sonst nach rechts und links blick ich umher,
Und keinen find ich, der mich möchte lieben.
Wenn's doch auch nur ein altes Männlein wäre,
Das mir erzeugt ein wenig Lieb und Ehre.
Ich meine nämlich si ein wohlgestalter,
Ehrbarer Greis, etwa von meinem Alter.
Ich meine, um mich ganz zu offenbaren,
Ein altes Männlein so von vierzehn Jahren.*

Ihr jungen Leute

*Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld,
Auf meinen Liebsten sollt ihr Achtung geben.
Sorgt, dass er tapfer sich im Feuer hält;
Er war noch nie im Kriege all sein Leben.
Lasst nie ihn unter freiem Himmel schlafen;
Er ist so zart, es möchte sich bestrafen.
Lasst mir ihn ja nicht schlafen unterm Mond;
Er ginge drauf, er ist's ja nicht gewohnt.*

Wohl kenn ich Euern Stand

*Wohl kenn ich Euern Stand, der nicht gering.
Ihr braucht nicht so tief herabzusteigen,
Zu lieben solch ein arm und niedrig Ding,
Da sich vor Euch die Allerschönsten neigen.
Die schönsten Männer leicht besieget Ihr,
Drum weiss ich wohl, Ihr treibt nur Spiel mit mir.
Ihr spottet mein, man hat mich warnen wollen,
Doch ach, Ihr seid so schön! Wer Kann Euch
grollen?*

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen

*Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?
Ich fing schon andre, die sich höher schwangen;
darfst mir ja nicht trauen, siehst du mich lachen.
schon andre fing ich, glaub es sicherlich.
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.*

Let the abyss engulf my lover's house,
and let a lake foam there this very hour.
Lead balls shall heaven rain upon it,
and a serpent dwell there at the bottom.
A poisonous serpent there let dwell,
to poison him who was untrue to me;
a venom-swollen serpent there let dwell,
and kill him who tried to betray me!

Dry bread satisfies me no more
I have a thorn stuck in my foot.
In vain I look around to left and right,
and no one do I find to love me.
If only there were a little old man
to show me a little love and respect.
I mean of course a handsome,
honourable old man of about my age.
I mean, to be quite frank,
a little old man of about fourteen.

You young men who are marching to war,
you are to take care of my beloved.
See that he keeps brave under fire;
He's never been to war in his life.
Never let him sleep in the open;
He's so delicate, he'd suffer for it.
And don't let him sleep out under the moon;
he'd die, he's not used to it, you see.

Your station is no mean one, well I know.
You did not need to condescend so far
to love a girl so humble and so poor,
since the fairest ladies bow before you.
The handsomest men you could easily outdo,
from which I know you do but trifle with me.
You're mocking me, as people tried to warn,
but oh, you are so handsome! Who could mind?

You think to snare me with a thread,
make me, with one glance, fall in love?
I've caught others who've flown higher;
you musn't trust me if you see me laugh.
Others I've caught, believe you me.
I am in love, but not with you.

Songs from
"Italienisches Liederbuch"
continued

Wir haben beide

*Wir haben beide lange zeit geschwiegen,
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.
Die Engel, die herab von Himmel fliegen,
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.*

Ich hab' in Penna

*Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein anderer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione!*

We have both been silent for a long time;
all at once now speech comes back to us.
The angels, flying down from heaven,
after war bring peace again.
God's angels have flown down;
with them they have brought peace.
The angels of love have come over night
and have brought peace to my breast.

I have a lover who lives in Penna,
on the plains of Maremma I have another,
one in the beautiful harbor of Ancona,
for the fourth I must travel to Viterbo;
another lives there in Casentino,
the next lives in the same place with me,
and yet another I have in Magione,
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!



