

## **Ophelia's Song**

Text by Jake Heggie

The hills are green, my dear one,  
And blossoms are filling the air.  
The spring is arisen  
And I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I'll lay me  
And dream of the open air.  
The spring is arisen  
And I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey.  
Sip of the wine.  
Pine for a chalice of gold.  
I have a dear one and he is mine.  
Thicker than water.  
Water so cold.

In this flowery  
And dream of the open air.  
The spring is arisen  
And I am a prisoner there.

## **Women Have Loved Before**

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Women have loved before as I love now;  
At least, in lively chronicles of the past –  
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow  
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast  
Much to their cost invaded – here and there,  
Hunting the amorous line, skimming the rest,  
I find some woman bearing as I bear  
Love like a burning city in the breast.  
I think however that of all alive  
I only in such utter, ancient way  
Do suffer love; in me alone survive  
The unregenerate passions of a day  
When treacherous queens, with dead upon the tread,  
Heedless and willful, took their knights to bed.

## **Not in a Silver Casket**

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls  
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,  
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls  
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;  
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring  
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain –  
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring  
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:  
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,  
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,  
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat  
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,  
I bring you, calling out as children do:  
“Look what I have! – And these are all for you.”

## **Spring**

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

To what purpose, April, do you return again?  
Beauty is not enough.  
You can no longer quiet me with the redness  
Of little leaves opening stickily.  
I know what I know.  
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe  
The spikes of the crocus.  
The smell of the earth is good.  
It is apparent that there is no death.  
But what does that signify?  
Not only under ground are the brains of men  
Eaten by maggots.  
Life in itself  
Is nothing,  
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.  
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,  
April  
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

## **Pantomime**

Text by Paul Verlaine

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,  
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,  
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,  
Verse une larme méconnue  
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine  
L'enlèvement de Colombine  
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise  
De sentir un coeur dans la brise  
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.

## **Clair de Lune**

Text by Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

## **Pantomime**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,  
Gulps down a bottle without delay  
And, being practical, starts on a pie.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,  
Sheds an unnoticed tear  
For his disinherited nephew.

That rogue of a Harlequin schemes  
How to abduct Colombine  
And pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, amazed  
To sense a heart in the breeze  
And hear voices in her heart.

## **Moonlight**

Translation by Elizabeth Parcells

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by maskers and bergamaskers  
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

While singing in the minor mode  
Of triumphant love and the pleasant life,  
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,  
And their song blends with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and lovely,  
Which makes the birds dream in the trees,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

## **Pierrot**

Text by Théodore de Banville

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,  
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,  
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.  
Une fillette au souple casaquin  
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;  
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,  
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau  
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse  
À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.

## **Apparition**

Text by Stéphane Mallarmé

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleur  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.

C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'œil rive sur le pave vieilli  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

## **Pierrot**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Good old Pierrot, watched by the crowd,  
Having done with Harlequin's wedding,  
Drifts dreamily along the boulevard of the Temple.  
A girl in a flowing blouse  
Vainly teases him with her mischievous eyes;  
And meanwhile, mysterious and sleek,  
Cherishing him above all else,  
The white moon with horns like a bull  
Throws a furtive glance  
At her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.

## **Apparition**

Translation by Charlotte Bagwell

The moon grew sad. Weeping cherubs  
Dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm of hazy flowers,  
Pulled from dying violets  
White sobs that slid over the blue corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreams, glad to torment me,  
Skillfully grew drunk on the scent of sadness  
That, without regret and without disappointment, is left  
by the harvest of a dream in the reaper's heart.

And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the aged pavement  
When with sun-flecked hair, in the street  
And in the evening, you appeared before me, laughing,  
And I thought I saw the fairy with her hat of light,  
Who long ago passed over my lovely childhood slumbers,  
And always allowed, from her half-closed hands,  
White bouquets of scented stars to snow.

## **Ich Schwebe**

Text by Karl Friedrich Henckell

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,  
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,  
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen  
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.  
Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,  
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,  
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise  
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.  
Mein schimmernd Aug' – indeß mich füllen  
Die süßesten der Melodien,  
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen  
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn.

## **Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden**

Text by Clemens Brentano

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,  
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,  
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,  
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht

Da flossen von den Wangen  
Mir Tränen in den Klee –  
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen  
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollt ich dir brechen  
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,  
Da fing es an zu sprechen:  
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!"

Sei Freundlich in dem Herzen,  
Betracht dein eigen Leid,  
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen  
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen  
Im Garten ganz allein,  
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,  
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,  
Ich bin so ganz allein.  
Im Lieben wohnt Betrübten  
Und kann nicht anders sein.

## **I Float**

Translation by Richard Stokes

I float as if on angels' wings,  
My foot hardly touches the earth,  
In my ears I hear a sound  
Like my love's farewell greeting.  
It sounds so sweetly, gently and softly,  
It speaks such tender, timid and pure words,  
Gently the tune sounds and lulls me gently  
Into bliss – laden dreams.  
My glistening eyes – while I'm filled  
By the sweetest of melodies –  
See, without creases or folds,  
My smiling love pass by.

## **I would have made a bouquet**

Translation by Emily Ezust

I would have made a little bouquet  
But dark night arrived,  
And there was no little flower to be found,  
Or I would have brought it.

Then down my cheeks flowed  
Tears onto the clover –  
I saw that one small flower had come up  
Now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you  
Deep in the dark clover,  
But it began to speak:  
"Ah, do not harm me!"

Be kindhearted,  
Consider your own grief,  
And do not let me  
Die in agony before my time!"

And if it had not spoken so  
In the garden all alone,  
I would have plucked it for you,  
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart stayed away  
I am utterly alone.  
In loving dwells sadness  
And it cannot otherwise be.

## **Säusle, liebe Myrte!**

Text by Clemens Brentano

Säusle, liebe Myrte!  
Wie still ist's in der Welt,  
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte  
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld,  
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe  
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,  
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,  
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Säusle, liebe Myrte!  
Und träum im Sternenschein,  
Die Turteltaube girrte  
Auch ihre Brut schon ein.  
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe  
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,  
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,  
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?  
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?  
Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen,  
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;  
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,  
Wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;  
O! Wie selig kann der fliegen,  
Den der Traum den Flügel schwingt,  
Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke  
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;  
Schlaf, träume, flieg', ich wecke  
Bald dich auf und bin beglückt!

## **Rustle, dear Myrtle!**

Translation by Megan Green

Rustle, dear myrtle!  
How silent it is in the world,  
The moon, the shepherd of the stars  
In the bright field of heaven,  
Is already driving the herd of clouds  
To the spring of light;  
Sleep, my friend, o sleep,  
Until I am with you again!

Rustle, dear myrtle!  
And dream in the starlight;  
The turtledove has already cooed  
Her brood to sleep.  
Quietly the herd of clouds float  
Toward the spring of light;  
Sleep, my friend, o sleep,  
Until I am with you again!

Do you hear how the fountains murmur?  
Do you hear how the cricket chirps?  
Hush, hush, let us listen,  
Blessed is he who dies while dreaming;  
Blessed is he who is cradled by clouds,  
While the moon sings a lullaby;  
Oh! How blissfully he can fly,  
He who brandishes wings in his dreams,  
So that from Heaven's blue ceiling  
He may pluck stars like flowers;  
Sleep, dream, fly, I shall awaken  
You soon and be made happy!

## **Die Nacht**

Text by Hermann von Gilm

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

## **Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! Quante volte**

Libretto by Felice Romani

Eccomi in lieta vesta...  
Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara.  
Oh! Almen potessi qual vittima  
Cader dell'ara al piede!  
O nuziali tede, abborrite così, così fatali,  
Siate per me faci ferali.  
Ardo...una vampa,  
Una foco tutta mi strugge.  
Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano.  
Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri?  
Dove, inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?

O, quante volte, oh quante  
Ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!  
Con quale ardor t'attendo,  
E inganno il mio desir!  
Raggio del tuo sembiante  
Ah! Parmi il brillar del giorno:  
Ah! L'aura che spira intorno  
Mi sembra un tuo sospir.

## **Die Nacht**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc,  
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves  
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof  
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You from me too.

## **Here I am in joyous garments...Oh! How often**

Translation by Nico Castel

Here I am in joyous garments...  
Here I am, adorned like a victim at the altar.  
Oh! If only I could fall like a victim  
At the foot of the altar!  
Oh nuptial torches, abhorrent so, so dire  
You are for me flames fateful.  
I am burning...a flame,  
A fire all consumes me.  
A soothing coolness of the winds I ask in vain  
Where are you, Romeo? In what land are you wandering?  
Where shall I send you my sighs?

Oh, how often  
I have wept to heaven for you!  
With what ardor I await you  
And deceive my desire!  
A ray of your presence  
Seems to me the light of day:  
Ah! The air that wafts around me  
Seems to me one of your sighs.