

TRANSLATIONS

Lydia (Gabriel Faure)

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Mandoline (Gabriel Faure)

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Les Roses d'Ispahan (Gabriel Faure)

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss,
the jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh, an aroma less sweet,
O pale Leila, than your light breath!

Your lips are coral and your light laughter
has a softer and lovelier sound than rippling water,
lovelier than the joyous breeze that rocks the orange-tree,
lovelier than the bird that sings near its nest of moss.

But the subtle fragrance of the roses in their moss,
the breeze that plays around the orange-tree
and the spring-water flowing with its plaintive murmur
have a more certain charm than your fickle love!

O Leila, ever since in their airy flight
all the kisses have fled from your lips so sweet,
there is no longer any fragrance from the pale orange-tree,
no heavenly aroma from the roses in the moss.

The bird, in its nest of moist feathers or moss,
sings no more among the roses and orange-trees;
the springs in the gardens have lost their soft song;
and dawn no longer gilds the pure and weightless sky.

Oh, if only your youthful love, that light butterfly,
would return to my heart on swift and gentle wings,
and perfume once more the orange blossom
and the roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

Notre Amour (Gabriel Faure)

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

The Shepherd on the Rock (Franz Schubert)

When, from the highest rock up here,
Down to the valley deep I peer,
And sing,

Far from the valley dark and deep
Echoes rush through, in upward sweep,
The chasm.

The farther that my voice resounds,
So much the brighter it rebounds
From under.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I hotly long with her to be
O'er yonder.
I am consumed in misery,
I have no use for cheer,
Hope has on earth eluded me,
I am so lonesome here.

So longingly did sound the song,
So longingly through wood and night,
Towards heav'n it draws all hearts along
With unsuspected might.

The Springtime is coming,
The Springtime, my cheer,
Now must I make ready
On wanderings to fare.

Damunt de tu nomes les flors (Federico Mompou)

Over you only the flowers.
They were like a white offering;
The light they threw on your body
Would never again be the same
As that on the branch.

They gave you a whole life of perfume
With their kisses.
You were resplendent in the light
Kept as a treasure by your closed eyes.

If I could have been the sigh
Of a flower! Offer myself, as a lily,
To you , so that my life

Would wither over your breast.
And no longer know the night
That, next to you, would have vanished.

Aquesta nit un mateix vent (Federico Mompou)

Tonight only one wind
And only one burning sale
Are carrying your thought
And mine across seas on which tenderness

Becomes music and crystal.
Our kiss became a luminosity
- You were the water, I the mirror -
As if we were embracing an absence.

Is our heaven, perhaps,
An eternal dream of kisses
Made melody, and a not being
Of bodies together and eyes burning

With white flames, and a sign
As if caressing silken lillies?

Jo et pressentia com la mar (Federico Mompou)

I had a premonition of you being like the sea
And the wind: Immense, free,
Towering over all fate
And all destiny. And in my life

Like breathing. But now that I have you
I see how limiting my dream had been.
You are not a name nor a gesture.
Nor do I come
To you as one goes to the bluish image

Of a human dream. You are not the sea,
caught in a prison of beaches;
You are not the wind, caught in space.

You have no limits; there are yet
No words to name you, no scenery
To become your world - there never will be.

Das Rosenband/The Rose Ribbon (Richard Strauss)

In spring shade I found her,
and bound her with rosy ribbons:
she did not feel it, and slumbered on.

I looked at her; my life hung
with that gaze on her life:
I felt it well, but knew it not.

But I whispered wordlessly to her
and rustled the rosy ribbons.
Then she awoke from her slumber.

She looked at me; her life hung
with this gaze on my life:
and around us it became Elysium.

Staendchen/Serenade (Richard Strauss)

Open up, open, but softly my dear,
So as to wake no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes
A leaf on bush or hedge.
So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
To steal to me in the garden.
The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously
Beneath the lindens,
The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

Freundliche Vision/Friendly Vision (Richard Strauss)

I did not dream this while asleep;
I saw it fair before me in the light of day:
A meadow full of daisies,
a white house deep in green bushes,
images of gods gleaming from the leaves.
And I walk with one who loves me,
in a peaceful mood in the coolness
of this white house, in which peace
awaits our arrival, full of beauty.

Cäcilie/Cecilia (Richard Strauss)

If you only knew
what it's like to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering and resting with one's beloved,
eye turned to eye,
and cuddling and chatting -
if you only knew,
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew
what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm, while no one comforts
with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul -
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

If you only knew
what it's like to live, surrounded by God's
world-creating breath,
to float up, carried by the light,
to blessed heights -
if you only knew,
then you would live with me!