George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Handel was a German composer from the Baroque period but is often considered a British composer due to his compositional output in his later years. He set the standard for oratorios, small ensembles for church settings, and in general the aesthetic that was the Baroque period. This aria is from the oratorio *Samson*, which consists of three acts and features a duet between the voice and trumpet; performance practice requires ornamentation in the reiteration of the A material. This aria was added a year after the oratorio was premiered, giving the ending a more victorious finale than the funeral march that precedes it. It is sung by the character Manoah, who calls upon the people of Israel to cease their lamenting of Samson’s death.

Let the bright seraphim  
In burning row,  
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow.

Let the cherubic host,  
In tuneful choirs,  
Touch their immortal harps  
With golden wires.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Mozart was a prolific Austrian composer from the Classical period and greatly influenced music as we know it. Composing numerous instrumental and vocal works, Mozart was also respected as a brilliant musician. Mozart’s operas include *Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Cosi fan Tutte*, and *Die Zauberflöte* to name a few. This aria comes from the singspiel *Der Schauspieldirektor*, more commonly known as *The Impressario*. The plot revolves around two sopranos being hired by a theatre company and competing for the position of prima donna. This aria is sung by the character Mademoiselle Silberklang, and is her audition selection.

Bester Jüngling! Mit Entzücken  
Nehm' ich deine Liebe an,  
Da in deinen holden Blicken  
Ich mein Glück entdecken kann.  

Best suitor! With delight  
I accept your love,  
There in your beloved eyes  
I find my happiness.

Aber ach! wenn düstres Leiden  
Unsrer Liebe folgen soll.  
Lohnen dies der Liebe Freunden?  
Jüngling, das bedenke wohl!  

But alas! If we are suffering  
Our love shall follow.  
Are these worth it to dear friends?  
Young man, think about that!

Nichts ist mir so wert und teuer  
Als dein Herz und deine Hand;  
Voll vom reinsten Liebesfeuer  
Geb' ich dir mein Herz zum Pfand.  

Nothing is worth enough to me  
As your heart and your hand;  
Full of the purest fiery love  
I pledge my heart to you.

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Rossini was an Italian composer from the Romantic period. While he is mostly known for his work in operas, including *Il barbiere di Siviglia, Le comte Ory*, and *Otello*, he has also delved into instrumental works and art songs. This song cycle is about a young man, Momolo, who is taking part in a gondola race in Venice. His lover, Anzoleta, watches from the sidelines, cheering him on and narrating the plot in each movement.
Within every movement of this set there is an energetic and driving force in the accompaniment and the vocal line. This feeds the energy of the text and adds to the drama of the race itself. Anzoleta details the beginning of the race, the excitement during it, and the end of it; which is respectively represented in each of the three movements.

**Anzoleta avanti la regata**

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
Varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
O pur a sconderti ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

There on the boat is the flag,
Look, can you see it? go for it!
Come back with it tonight
Or else you can run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp!

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,
Né el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
Che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but win the first prize. Go,
think Of your Anzoleta,
Who's watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp!
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly!

**Anzoleta co passa la regata**

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
Poveret i ghe da drento,
Ah contrario tira el vento,
Igha l'acqua in so favor.

They're coming, they're coming, look, look at them,
The poor things! they row hard!
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide is running their way.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
A tremar me sento el cuor.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah! I see him, he's the second,
Ah! I'm in a fidget! I get confused,
I feel my heart trembling.

Su, coragio, voga, voga,
Prima d'esser al palo
ten ti voghi, ghe sco meto,
Tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Come on, row! row!
before you reach the pole,
If you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.

Caro, caro, par che el svola,
El li magna tuti quanti
Meza barca l'è andà avanti,
Ah capissio, el m'a vardà.

Dear boy, he seems to be flying,
He's beating the others hollow,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah, I understand: he looked at me.

**Anzoleta dopo la regata**

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
Caro Momolo, de cuor;
Qua destrachite che xe ora
De sugarte sto sudor.

Have a kiss! another one!
Dear Momolo, from my heart;
Rest here, for it's high time
To dry this sweat.

Ah t'o visto co passando
Su mi l'ocio ti a butà
E go dito respirando:
Un bel premio el ciaparà,

Ah, I saw you when, as passing,
You threw a glance at me
And I said, breathing again:
He's going to win a good prize,

Sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera,
Indeed, the prize of this flag,
Che xe rossa de color;  
Gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
La t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,  
A vogar nissun te pol,  
De casada, de traghetto  
Ti xe el megio barcarol.

That is the red one;  
The whole Venice spoke:  
She declared you the winner.

Have a kiss, God bless you!  
No one rows better than you,  
Of all the breeds of gondoliers  
You're the best.

---

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Schumann was a German composer from the Romantic period. He and Franz Schubert are regarded as two of the most prolific composers of German lied. Schumann wrote many song cycles however this is the only one with text from a woman’s perspective. It is important to note that this text was written by a man and should be taken as such. This song cycle follows a young woman as she falls in love and gets married. In this recital the final three pieces from the cycle will not be performed, however they continue through young woman having her first child and her husband dying. In the original poetry, the poet ends the text with the woman finding comfort in her children and family; however, Schumann decided to omit this part of the poem and end the cycle on a solemn note.

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Since I saw him
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;  
I believe myself to be blind,  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Where I but cast my gaze,  
Seh' ich ihn allein;  
I see him alone.  
Wie im wachen Traume  
As in waking dreams  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
His image floats before me,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
Dipped from deepest darkness,  
Heller nur empor.
Brighter in ascent.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
All else dark and colorless  
Alles um mich her,  
Everywhere around me,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
For the games of my sisters  
Nicht begeh' ich mehr,  
I no longer yearn,  
Möchte lieber weinen,  
I would rather weep,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Silently in my little chamber,  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Since I saw him,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.
I believe myself to be blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen
He, the most glorious of all
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
O how mild, so good!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Lovely lips, clear eyes,  
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.
Bright mind and steadfast courage.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Just as yonder in the blue depths,  
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
Bright and glorious, that star,  
Also er an meinem Himmel,  
So he is in my heavens,  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.  
Bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Meander, meander thy paths,  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
But to observe thy gleam,
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
Ich bin auf ewig dein
Mir war's ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Thränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen Werth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringslein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.  
Windet geschäftig  
Mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,  
Freudigen Herzens,  
Dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;  
Daß ich mit klarem  
Aug' ihn empfange,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?  
Laß mich in Andacht,  
Laß mich in Demuth,  
lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüß' ich mit Wehmuth,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

Give myself and find myself  
Transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
Piously upon my heart.

Help me, ye sisters,  
Friendly, adorn me,  
Serve me, today's fortunate one,  
Busily wind  
About my brow  
The adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
of joyful heart,  
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved, so he  
Called ever out,  
Yearning in his heart,  
Impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
Help me to banish  
A foolish anxiety,  
So that I may with clear  
Eyes receive him,  
Him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,  
Thou appear to me,  
Givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?  
Let me with devotion,  
Let me in meekness,  
Let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
Strew him with flowers,  
Bring him budding roses,  
But ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
Joyfully departing from your midst.

**Georges Bizet (1838-1875)**

Bizet was a French composer from the Romantic period. While he is well-known for his opera *Carmen*, one would be remiss to ignore his skill with French mélodie. He was influenced by Gounod, and even modeled the first of these art songs after his style. Bizet was also greatly influenced by the nationalism and exoticism movements in the 1800’s, and this shines through in much of his music. The three mélodies in this set all deal
with romance and young love. The first compares the rebirth of spring with young love, the second deals with the flirty and playful aspect of love, and the third with the excitement and naivety that comes with new love.

**Chanson d’Avril**

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps vient de naître!
À yonder over the valleys rosy gossamer floats!
Tout frissonne au jardin,
Everything thrills in the garden,
Tout chante et ta fenêtre,
Everything sings, and your window
Comme un regard joyeux, est pleine de soleil!
Like a joyous glance, is full of sun!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes violettes,
Beside the lilac with its purple clusters,
Mouches et papillons bruisent à la fois
Flies and butterflies hum together,
Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant ses clochettes,
And the wild lily-of-the-valley, ringing its tiny bells,
A réveillé l’amour endormi dans les bois!
Has awakened love asleep in the woods!

Puisqu’Avril a semé ses marguerites blanches, Laisse
Since April has sown its white daisies,
Ta mante lourde et ton manchon frileux, Déjà l’oiseau
Put off your heavy cloak and your cozy muff,
T’appelle et tes soeurs les pervenches
Already the bird calls you and your sisters the
Te souriront dans l’herbe en voyant tes yeux bleus!
Will smile in the grass on seeing your blue eyes!

Viens, partons! au matin, la source est plus limpide;
Come let us go! At morn the springs are more limpid!
Lève-toi! viens, partons! N’attendons pas du jour les
Let us not wait for the burning heat of the day,
brûlantes chaleurs;
I would moisten my feet in the damp dew,
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la rosée humide,
And tell you of my love beneath the flowering pear
e t te parler d’amour sous les poiriers en fleurs.

**Pastorale**

Un jour de printemps,
One day in the Springtime
Tout le long d’un verger
As they walked in the valley,
Colin va chantant,
Colin sang a song
Pour ses maux soulagier:
To express his desire:
Ma bergère, ma bergère,
Shepherdess, oh shepherdess,
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la
Ma bergère, laisse-moi
Please allow, grant me this,
Prendre un tendre baiser!
May I now steal a kiss?

La belle, à l’instant
She then in reply
Répond à son berger:
Answered him in this way:
Tu veux, en chantant
You wish, says your song,
Un baiser dérober?
To take something of mine?
Non Colin, non Colin,
No, Colin. No, Colin,
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tu voudrais, en chantant
Would you dare steal a kiss?
Prendre un tendre baiser
Could I be so remiss?
Non, Colin, ne le prends pas,
No, Colin. You will not steal it,
Je vais te le donner.
For I'll give it away to you!

**La Coccinelle**

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose
She told me: "Something
"Me tourmente." Et j’aperçus
Is bothering me." And I noticed
Son cou de neige, et, dessus,
Un petit insecte rose.

J'aurais dû, oui mais, sage ou fou,
A seize ans, on est farouche, —
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche
Plus que l'insecte à son cou.

On eût dit un coquillage;
Dos rose et taché de noir.
Les fauvettes pour nous voir
Se penchaient dans le feuillage.

Sa bouche fraîche était là;
Je me penchai sur la belle,
Et je pris la coccinelle;
Mais le baiser s'envola.

"Fils, apprends comme on me nomme," 
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu,
"Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu;
"Mais la bêtise est à l'homme."

"Son, learn what they call me," 
The insect said from the blue sky.
"Animals belong to the Good Lord,
But Idiocy belongs to Man."

Geoffrey Bush (1920-1998)

Bush was a British composer from the Contemporary (Modern) period. Not a lot is known about him, however he was an affluent composer whose works were rarely performed. He wrote many sets of piano and vocal music and pulled texts from many different eras. This set features texts by British poets and playwrights from the Elizabethan period, including Shakespeare. All three of these texts deal with love in different ways. The first deals with a fiery unrequited love, the second with the end of a relationship, and the third with how one should not waste their tears and sighs on unfaithful men.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Lo, I burn in such desire,
That all the tears that I can strain
Out of mine idle empty brain
Cannot allay my scorching pain.

Come Trent and Humber and fair Thames,
Dread Ocean haste with all thy streams,
And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drown both me and my desire!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
There’s no hell to my desire.
See all the rivers backward fly,
And th’Ocean doth his waves deny,
For fear my heat should drink them dry.

Come heav’nly show’rs then pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown,
Some then you spared, but now save all
That else must burn and with me fall!

Sweet, stay awhile; why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes.
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
O stay or else my joys must die
And perish in their infancy.

Dear, let me die in this fair breast,
Far sweeter than the Phoenix’ nest,
Love raise desire by his sweet charms
Within the circle of thine arms;
And let the blissful kisses cherish
Mine infant joys, that else must perish.

Sigh no more, ladies, Sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go and be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into “Hey, Nonny, Nonny!”

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heay;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go and be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into “Hey, Nonny, Nonny!”
Sources for Translations (in order of appearance)


“A Woman’s Life and Love.” A Woman’s Life and Love (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, Mélodies, Canzoni, and Other Classical Vocal Music), https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=


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