

PAC ■ NYC

PERELMAN PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

Nuova Camera

duets and discourse

Texts, translations:

Charlie Reed – "Under the Greenwood Tree"
from William Shakespeare's 'As You Like It'

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Clint Borzoni – "To a Stranger!"
from Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass'

Passing stranger! you do not know how
longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was
seeking, (it comes to me as of a dream,)
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with
you,
All is recalled as we flit by each other, fluid,
affectionate, chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me, or
a girl with me,
I ate with you, and slept with you—your body
has become not yours only, nor left my
body mine only,
You give me the pleasure of your flesh as we
pass—you take of my beard, breast,
hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you—I am to think of you,
when I sit alone, or wake at night alone,
I am to wait—I do not doubt I am to meet you
again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

Gabriel Fauré – "Les Matelots"

*Sur l'eau bleue et profonde,
Nous allons voyageant,
Environnant le monde
D'un sillage d'argent,
Des îles de la Sonde,
De l'Inde au ciel brûlé,
Jusqu'au pôle gelé!*

*Nous pensons à la terre
Que nous fuyons toujours.
A notre vieille mère,
A nos jeunes amours.
Mais la vague légère
Avec son doux refrain,
Endort notre chagrin!*

*Existence sublime,
Bercés par notre nid.
Nous vivons sur l'abîme,
Au sein de l'infini,
Des flots rasant la cîme.
Dans le grand désert bleu
Nous marchons avec Dieu!*

Johannes Brahms – "Wiegenlied"

*Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
mit Rosen bedacht,
mit Näg'lein besteckt,
schlupf' unter die Deck':
morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
wirst du wieder geweckt.*

*Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
von Eng'lein bewacht,
die zeigen im Traum
dir Christkindleins Baum:
schlaf' nun selig und süß,
schau' im Traum 's Paradies.*

George Frideric Handel – "Vieni, o cara"

*Vieni, o cara, a consolarmi
con un sguardo tuo sereno!
Il tuo volto può bearmi,
e scacciar il duol dal sen.*

"The Sailors" – poem by Théophile Gautier

Over the blue and deep water,
we shall voyage,
encircling the world
with a trail of silver,
from the Sunda Islands,
from India with its scorching sun,
to the frozen pole!

We contemplate the earth
from which we were always fleeing.
our aging mother,
our young loves.
But the gentle wave
with its sweet refrain,
lulls our grief to sleep!

Sublime existence,
cradled by our nest.
We live on the abyss,
within the infinite,
of the tides skimming the peak.
in the great blue desert
we march with God!

Lullaby – German folk poem / Georg Scherer

Good evening, good night,
bedecked with roses,
fastened with little nails,
slipped under the blanket:
tomorrow morning, God willing,
you will reawaken.

Good evening, good night,
guarded by little angels,
they show you in a dream
the little Christchild's tree:
sleep now, blessed and sweet,
seek paradise in the dream.

from *Rinaldo*, HWV 7, Argente

Come, oh darling, to console me
with your serene glance!
Your face can delight me,
and dispel the sorrow in my breast.

Handel – "Schöne Flammen"

*Schöne Flammen, fahret wohl!
meinen Händen ist befohlen,
daß ich ferner euren Kohlen
keinen Weihrauch streuen soll.*

Claudio Monteverdi – "Tu se' morta"

*Tu se' morta, mia vita, ed io respiro,
Tu se' da me partita
Per mai più non tornare, ed io rimango,
Nò, che se' i versi alcuna cosa ponno,
N'andrò sicuro a più profondi abissi,
E intenerito il cor del Rè de l'ombre,
Meco trarrotti a riveder le stelle;
O, se ciò negherammi empio destino,
Rimarrò teco in compagnia di morte.
A dio terra, a dio Cielo, e Sole, a Dio.*

Giulio Caccini – "O, che felice giorno"

*O che felice giorno
O che lieto ritorno
Ravviva il cor già spento
Quanta dolcezza sento
O mia luce, ò mia vita,
O mia gioia infinita.*

*Ecco'l mio ben ritorna,
E queste rive adorna
Eccone lieto il giro
Del bel guardo ch'io miro
Occhi belli occhi cari
Occhi del sol più chiari.*

*Hor ben prov'io nel petto
Non dolor' ma diletto
Torna la chiara, e bella
Mia rilucente stella
Torna il Sol torna l'aura
Torna chi mi restaura.*

*Dolce hor' mià vita rende
Quel Dio ch'i cori accende
Amor' che l'havea tolto
Hor mi rende il bel volto
Il mio cor il mio bene
Il mio conforto, e speme.*

from *Almira*, HWV 1, Fernando

Farewell, sweet flames!
My hands are bidden
to no longer scatter incense on your coals.

from *L'Orfeo*, Act II

You are dead, my life, and I breathe,
you have left me
to never again return, and I remain.
No, if verses wield any power
I will safely go to deeper abysses
and move the heart of the king of shadows,
draw her with me to see the stars again.
Oh, if pitiless fate is to deny me this,
I shall remain with you in death's company.
Farewell earth, heaven, and sun, farewell.

from *Nuove Musiche e Nuova Maniera di
Scriverle*, 1614

Oh, what a joyful day
Oh, happy return,
that revives an already spent heart;
I feel so much sweetness,
oh my light, oh my life, oh my infinite joy.

Here my love has returned
and adorns these shores;
here is the happy excursion
of the beautiful glance that I observe.
Beautiful eyes, dear eyes,
eyes brighter than the sun.

Now that my beloved doesn't suffer,
how well I feel;
clarity returns, and beautiful
my glittering star.
The sun returns, dawn returns,
that which restores me returns.

Sweetness is now restored to my life,
that god who ignites hearts,
Cupid, who had been sent away.
Now the beautiful face returns to me.
My heart, my love,
my comfort, and hope.

Caccini – "Udite, amanti"

*Udite, amanti
Udite, ò fere erranti
O Cielo, ò stelle
O Luna, ò Sole
Donn'e donzelle
Le mie parole,
E s' à ragion mi doglio
Piangete al mio cordoglio.*

*La bella donna mia
Già si cortese, e pia
Non so perchè
So ben che mai
Non volge a me
Quei dolci rai,
Et io pur vivo e spiro
Sentite che martiro.*

*Care amorse Stelle
Voi pur cortesi, e belle
Con dolci sguardi
Tenest'in vita
Da mille dardi
L'alma ferita
Et or più non vi miro
Sentire che martiro.*

*Ohime, che tristo, e solo
Sol'io sento'l mio duolo,
L'alma lo sente
Sentelo'l core
E lo consente
Ingiusto amore,
Amor se'l vede, e tace,
Et ha pur arco, e face.*

Caccini – "Amarilli"

*Amarilli mia bella
Non credi ò del mio cor dolce desio
D'esser tu l'amor mio
Credilo pur è se timor t'assale
Prendi questo mio strale
Aprim'il petto, è vedrai scritto il core
Amarilli e'l mio amore.*

from *Le Nuove Musiche*, 1601

Listen, lovers,
listen, errant beasts,
oh heaven, oh stars,
oh moon, oh sun,
ladies and damsels,
to my words.
And if my complaint is reasonable,
weep at my suffering.

My beautiful lady,
so courteous and pious,
I know not why,
I know well that she never
turns her eyes to me,
these sweet rays.
And yet I live and breathe;
she senses my torment.

Dear loving stars,
you, still courteous and beautiful,
with sweet glances
you remain alive,
the soul is wounded
with a thousand darts.
And now I no longer observe
that you sense my torment.

Alas, sad and alone,
only I feel my sorrow.
the soul feels it,
the heart feels it,
and yields to it,
an unjust love.
Cupid sees it and is silent,
and yet still carries his bow and torch.

from *Le Nuove Musiche*, 1601

Amarilli, my beautiful one,
you don't believe my heart's sweet desire
for you to be my love.
However I believe it is fear that assails you.
Take these darts of mine,
open my chest, and you will see inscribed in
my heart:
Amarilli is my love.