

TRANSLATIONS

Madrid

Pauline Viardot | Alfred de Musset

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,
Bien des señoras long voilées
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une par le monde
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse !
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune, comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Puis des bonbons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

Madrid, Princess of Spanish lands,
Many blue eyes, many dark eyes
Can be seen on your thousand fields.
Many dainty feet tread each evening
Along the walks of your white town,
Famed for its serenades.

Madrid, when your bulls rampage,
Many a white hand applauds,
Many scarves are waved.
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many a señora with long veils
Descends your blue stairs.

Madrid, Madrid, I mock
Your slim-waisted ladies
Who wear narrow dancing shoes;
For there's no brunette or blonde
In all the world who's worth the finger-tips
Of a lady I know!

For she is my Andalusian princess,
My lover, my jealous one!
My beautiful, well-connected widow!
She's a real demon, she's an angel!
She's as yellow as an orange,
She's as lively as a bird!

Now, if by chance people wonder
How I achieved such a conquest,
I reply: because of my handsome horse,
The way I praised her mantilla,
The vanilla sweets I gave her
On a beautiful carnival evening.

TRANSLATIONS

Voyage à Paris

Francis Poulenc | Guillaume Apollinaire

Ah! la charmante chose

Quitter un pays morose

Pour Paris

Paris joli

Qu'un jour

Dut créer l'Amour

Oh! how delightful

To leave a dismal

Place for Paris

Charming Paris

That one day

Love must have made

Oh! how delightful

To leave a dismal

Place for Paris

translation by Richard Stokes

TRANSLATIONS

California

arr. Steven Mark Kohn (trad.)

When formed our band, we are all well manned
To journey far to the promised land.
The golden ore is rich in store
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Then, ho! Boys ho!
To California go
There's plenty of gold or so I'm told
On the banks of the Sacramento!

We all expect the coarsest fare,
Sleeping out in the open air.
On the ground we'll all sleep sound,
'Cept when the wolves go howling 'round!

As we explore the distant shore,
Filling our pockets up with oar.
Hear the sound the shout goes 'round,
Filling our pockets with a dozen pounds!

The gold is almost everywhere,
We dig it out with an iron bar!
But where it's thick with spade or pick,
We take out chunks as big as a brick!

As oft we roam the dark sea foam,
We'll not forget our friends at home.
For memory kind will bring to mind
The love of those we left behind.

TRANSLATIONS

Où voulez vous aller?

Charles Gounod | Théophile Gautier

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
A la rive fidèle,
Où l'on aime toujours.
- Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère,
Au pays des amours.

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To fidelity's shore
Where love endures forever.
- That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love

translation by Richard Stokes.

TRANSLATIONS

Youkali

Kurt Weill | Roger Fernay

C'est presque au bout du monde, Ma barque
vagabonde, Errant au gré de l'onde,
M'y conduisit un jour.

It is almost at the end of the world, my vagabond boat,
wandering at the will of the sea,
led me there one day.

L'île est toute petite, Mais la fée qui l'habite
Gentiment nous invite A en faire le tour.

The island is entirely small, but the fairy who dwells
there politely invites us to tour it.

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos desirs,
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,
C'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis,
C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie,
l'étoile qu'on suit, C'est Youkali.

Youkali,
it is the land of our desires,
it is happiness, it is pleasure,
it is the land one leaves all his worries,
it is, in our night, like a sunny spell, the star that one
follows, it's Youkali.

C'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,
C'est le pays des beaux amours partagés,
C'est l'espérance
Que est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

It is the respect of all of the exchanged vows,
it is the land of the beautiful shared loves,
it is the hope
that is in the heart of all humans,
the deliverance
that we all are waiting for until tomorrow,
but it is a dream, a folly,
there is no Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne, Lassante, quotidienne,
Mais la pauvre âme humaine, Cherchant partout
l'oubli, A, pour quitter la terre,
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali.

And life drags us along, weary, daily,
but the poor human soul,
seeking obliviously everywhere, has known how to find
the mystery in order to leave the earth,
where our dreams are buried
in some Youkali.

translation by Mary Ann Stewart

TRANSLATIONS

Let's take a walk

Virgil Thomson | Kenneth Koch

Let's take a walk
In the city
Till our shoes get wet
(It's been raining
All night) and when
We see the traffic
Lights and the moon
Let's take a smile
Off the ashcan, let's walk
Into town (I mean
A lemon peel)
Let's make music
(I hear the cats
Purply beautiful
Like hallways in summer
made of snowing rubber
Valence piccalilli and diamonds)
Oh see the arch ruby
of this late March sky
Are you less intelligent
Than the pirate of lemons

Let's take a walk
I know you tonight
As I have never known
A book of white stones
Or a bookcase of orange groans
Or symbolism
I think I'm in love
With those imaginary racetracks
of red traced grey in
The sky and the gimcracks
Of all you know and love
Who once loathed firecrackers
And license plates and
Diamonds but now you love them all
And just for my sake

Let's take a walk
Into the river
(I can even do that
Tonight) where
If I kiss you please
Remember with your shoes off
You're so beautiful like
A lifted umbrella orange
And white we may never
Discover the blue over-
Coat maybe never never O blind
With this (love) let's walk
Into the first
Rivers of morning as you are seen
To be bathed in a light white light
Come on

TRANSLATIONS

Come fly with me

Frank Sinatra | Sammy Cahn

Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
If you can use some exotic booze
There's a bar in far Bombay
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away

Come fly with me, let's float down to Peru
In llama-land there's a one-man band
And he'll toot his flute for you
Come fly with me, let's take off in the blue

Once I get you up there
Where the air is rarefied
We'll just glide
Starry-eyed
Once I get you up there
I'll be holding you so near
You may hear
Angels cheer, 'cause we're together

Weather-wise, it's such a lovely day
Just say the words and we'll beat the birds
Down to Acapulco Bay
It is perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away

TRANSLATIONS

Kennst du das Land?

Robert Schumann | Wilhelm Meister

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom,
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,
A gentle wind drifts from the blue sky,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my love.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Do you know the house? Columns support its roof,
Its great hall gleams, its apartments shimmer,
And marble statues stand and stare at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my protector.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through the mist,
Caverns house the dragons' ancient brood;
The rock falls sheer, the torrent over it,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

translation by Richard Stokes

TRANSLATIONS

Romance de Mignon

Henri Duparc | Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Le connais-tu ce radieux pays
Où brille dans les branches l'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphyr embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au myrte vert.
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Do you know that radiant land
Where golden fruit shines among the branches?
A gentle breeze scents the air
And the laurel grows by the green myrtle.
Do you know it? Do you know it?
Yonder, yonder, my beloved.
Hasten, thither let us go.

Le connais-tu ce merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encore de notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur
Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton bonheur?
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas, mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Do you know that marvelous dwelling
Where all still speaks to me of our love?
Where each thing asks with sadness
Who has robbed you of your joy and happiness?
Do you know it? Do you know it?
Yonder, yonder, my beloved
Hasten, thither let us go.

translation by Richard Stokes

TRANSLATIONS

La partida

Fermín María Álvarez | Eusebio Blasco

Sierras de Granada, montes de Aragón,
campos de mi patria,
para siempre adios.

De la patria los últimos ecos,
resonando en mi pecho estarán
y mis ojos llorando pesares
sus dolores, ¡ay! sus dolores
al mundo dirán.

Mensajeros, ¡ay! mensajeros
de un pecho traidor. ¡Ah!

Cuando a tus playas vuelva suelo adorado
las aguas del olvido me habrán curado
y si así no sucede
¡triste de mí! ¡triste de mí!

A la patria que dejo
vendré a morir.
Sierras de Granada,
montes de Aragón,
campos de mi patria, para siempre adiós,
adiós, para siempre adios.

Mountain ranges of Granada, mounts of Aragon,
fields of my mother country,
goodbye for ever.

The final echoes resonating i
n my chest, will be of mother country
and my eyes will be crying with grief, ay! A
nd will speak its pains
to the world.

Messengers, ay! Messengers, ay, of a traitorous
heart. Ah!

When to the beaches of your adored ground, I
return, the waters of forgetfulness will have
cured me of my grief. And if it has not,
woe is me! Woe is me!

To the mother country that I leave,
I will return to die.
Mountain ranges of Granada,
mounts of Aragon,
fields of my mother country,
for always, goodbye!

translation by Albert Combrink

TRANSLATIONS

Siempre en Mi Corazón

Ernesto Lecuona

Estás en mi corazón
y aunque estoy lejos de ti
es el tormento mayor
esta fatal separación.

You are in my heart
and, though I am far away from you,
the worst torment is
this dreadful separation.

Estás en mi corazón
y en mi amarga soledad
el recuerdo de tu amor
disminuye mi penar.

you are in my heart
and in my bitter loneliness
the memories of your love
lessen my anguish.

Yo bien sé que nunca más
en mis brazos estarás
prisionera de un cariño
que fue toda mi ilusión.

I know well that never again
you will be in my arms.
(I am) prisoner of a love
which became all my hopes.

Pero nada ha de poder
que te deje de querer
porque como único dueño
estás en mi corazón.

But nothing will ever make
me stop loving you,
because you're in my heart
as its sole master.

Yo bien sé que nunca más
en mis brazos estarás
prisionera de un cariño
que fue toda mi ilusión.

I know well that never again
you will be in my arms.
(I am) prisoner of a love
which became all my hopes.

Pero nada ha de poder
que te deje de querer
porque como único dueño
estás en mi corazón.

I know that never again...
But nothing will ever make
me stop loving you,
because you're in my heart
as its sole master.

translation by Manuel Garcia Jr.

TRANSLATIONS

Chanson de L'adieu

Paolo Tosti | Edmond Haracourt

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime :
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

To part is to die a little
To die is what we love
One leaves a little of one's self
In every hour and in every place

C'est toujours le deuil d'un vœu,
Le dernier vers d'un poème ;
Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

It is always the mourning of a wish
The last verse of a poem
To part is to die a little
To die is what we love

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême
C'est son âme que l'on sème,
Que l'on sème en chaque adieu :
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.

And one leaves, and it's a game
And until the final farewell
With one's soul one makes
One's mark at each goodbye
To part is to die a little

translation by Edmund Hodges

TRANSLATIONS

Veggio co'bei vostri occhi un dolce lume

Benjamin Britten | Michaelangelo

Veggio co' be' vostr'occhi un dolce lume
Che co' mie ciechi già veder non posso;
Porto co' vostri piedi un pondo addosso,
Che de' mie zoppi non è gia costume.
Volo con le vostr'ale senza piume;
Col vostr' ingegno al ciel sempre son mosso;

Dal vostr' arbitrio son pallido e rosso;
Freddo al sol, caldo alle più fredde brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia,
I mie pensier nel vostro cor si fanno,
Nel vostro fiato son le mie parole.
Come luna da sé sol par ch'io sia;
Chè gli occhi nostri in ciel veder non sanno
Se non quel tanto che n'accende il sole.

I see, with your beautiful eyes, sweet light
that with my blind ones I could never see;
I bear, with your feet, a burden upon me
which my lame ones are no longer accustomed.
I fly, though lacking feathers, with your wings;
with your mind I'm constantly impelled toward
heaven;

depending on your whim, I'm pale or red,
cold in the sun, hot in winter's coldest depths.
Within your will alone is my desire,
my thoughts created in your heart,
and within your breath are my own words.
Alone, I am like the moon in the sky
which our eyes cannot see
save that part which the sun illumines.

translation by Elizabeth Mayer & Peter Pears

Glückwunsch

Erich Wolfgang Korngold | Richard Dehmel

Ich wünsche dir Glück.
Ich bring dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;
Es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.
Es fühlt und wünscht: die Sonne scheint,
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsuchtslos,
als trügest du die Welt im Schoß.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehren,
als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft,
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.
Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß!

I wish you good fortune.
Within my gaze, I bring you the sun.
I feel your heart within my breast;
it wishes you even more than pure joy.
It feels and wishes: that the sun might shine,
even when your eyes might think to close.
It wishes you a gaze so free of longing
as if you carried the whole world in your lap.
It wishes you a gaze so full of desire
as if the world were to be born anew.
It wishes you a gaze full of strength,
which can create for itself a spring from winter.
And may the bouquet of love
shine through your house every day.

translation by Brandan Sanchez

TRANSLATIONS

For the shores of your far homeland

Alexander Borodin | Aleksandr Pushkin

Для берегов отчизны дальной
Ты покидала край чужой;
В час незабвенный, в час
 печальный
Я долго плакал пред тобой.
Мои хладеющие руки
Тебя старались удержать;
Томленье страшное разлуки
Мой стон молил не прерывать.

Но ты от горького лобзанья
Свои уста оторвала;
Из края мрачного изгнанья
Ты в край иной меня звала.
Ты говорила: «В день свиданья
Под небом вечно голубым,
В тени олив, любви лобзанья
Мы вновь, мой друг, соединим».

Но там, увы, где неба своды
Сияют в блеске голубом,
Где [тень олив легла] на воды,
Заснула ты последним сном.

Твоя краса, твои страданья
Исчезли в урне гробовой –
А с <ними> поцалуй свиданья...
Но жду его; он за тобой...

For distant shores of homeland
You left this alien land;
In that never-forgotten hour, that time of grief
I wept long before you.
With hands turned to ice
I tried to keep you with me;
My cries begged you to postpone
The dreadful anguish of parting.

But from my bitter kisses
You wrenched away your lips;
And from this gloomy exile
You bade me to another land.
You said: 'That day we meet again
Under skies forever blue,
Shaded by olive trees, our love
With kisses we'll renew.'

But there, alas, where heaven's arch
Shines down its brilliant blue,
Where waters murmur below the cliffs
You sleep eternal rest.

Your beauty and your suffering
Have vanished in the grave,
With them the long-awaited greeting kiss...
Yet still I wait, I hold you to your promise!

translation by Anthony Phillips

TRANSLATIONS

None but the lonely heart

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky | Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Нет, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймет, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

No, only one who has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.

Гляжу я вдаль... нет сил,
Тускнеет око...
Ах, кто меня любил
И знал - далеко!

I gaze into the distant, but my strength fails me,
My sight grows dim...
Ah, the one who loved me
And knew me is far away now!

Вся грудь горит... Кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймет, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

My breast is all aflame - whoever has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.

translation by Philip Ross Bullock

TRANSLATIONS

Places to live

William Bolcom | Arnold Weinstein

Places to live! Give me places to live!
Wonders to wander to places to live!
My feet are dreaming of new dust, new dirt
My hips want to swing in a cellophane skirt
Give me my change in a celluloid note
While I buy wooden hats from the factory
boat

Places to live! Give me places to live!
Wonders to wander to places to live!
My tonsils are longing to hum a new tune
I'm dying to dance by the dark of the moon
With mustachioed Mounties in deep purple
kilts
And me in blue velvet on flaming red stilts

Places to live! Give me places to live!
Wonders to wander to places to live!
My soul is keening for new forms of faith!
I need a new God more than Henry the Eighth
To take off my feathers and give me release
And I'll kneel in the sand and I'll drown my
valise

Places to live! Give me places to live!

TRANSLATIONS

Wir wandelten

Johannes Brahms | Sándor Petőfi

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen;

Ich war so still und du so stille;

Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,

Was du gedacht in jenem Fall.

Was ich gedacht—unausgesprochen

Verbleibe das! Nur Eines sag' ich:

So schön war Alles, was ich dachte,

So himmlisch heiter war es all.

In meinem Haupte die Gedanken

Sie läuteten, wie goldne Glöckchen;

So wunderschön, so wunderlieblich

Ist in der Welt kein andrer Hall.

We were walking, we two together;

I so silent and you so silent;

I would give much to know

What you were thinking then.

What was I thinking—let it remain

Unspoken! One thing only I shall say:

All my thoughts were so beautiful,

So heavenly and serene.

The thoughts in my mind

Chimed like golden bells:

So wondrously sweet and lovely

Is no other sound on earth.

translation by Richard Stokes

TRANSLATIONS

Bonjour mon cœur!

Pauline Viardot | Pierre de Ronsard

Bonjour mon cœur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon œil
Bonjour ma chere amie!

Hail, my heart;
hail, my sweet life;
hail, my eye;
hail, my dear friend.

Hé! bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise,
Bonjour, mes délices,
Mon amour,
Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colombelle,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

Hail, oh hail, my beauty,
my sweetheart;
hail, my sweet one,
my love,
my sweet spring,
my delicate new flower,
my sweet pleasure,
my gentle little dove,
my sparrow, my turtledove!
Hail, my sweet rebel.

translation by Cormier & Wyatt

TRANSLATIONS

When I was a dreamer (and you were my dream)

Egbert Van Alostyne | Roger Lewis & Geo A. Little

I wander tonight where the moon softly beams,
Into the past thro' a garden of dreams;
There I will linger with you dear, once more
As I did in the days of yore.

When I was a dreamer and you were my dream,
We lived in a palace of gold;
Each beautiful dream brought you nearer it seemed,
Close in my arms to enfold.

I dreamed that you always would love me,
I dreamed of a world just for two;
But I was a dreamer and you were my dream;
A dream that has never come true.

I'm dreaming again of a day in the past,
Dreaming of love that you seemed was to last;
Now like a dream that I dream in the night,
All my love dreams have taken flight.

TRANSLATIONS

Travel's End

Florence Price | Mary Folwell Hoisington

Oh, bed in my mother's house,
With sheets as white as May,
With blankets wove of carded-wool,
And scented with new morn hay.
With the poke of a feather down,
From her snow-white plumey geese,
Oh, bed of mine in my mother's house,
With sleep that was dreaming peace.
Oh, far how I walked forlorn!
Oh, bed that my mother made!
I would that your sheet might be my shroud,
And I in earth be laid.

New Moon

Ricky Ian Gordon | Langston Hughes

There's a new young moon
Riding the hills tonight.
There's a sprightly young moon
Exploring the clouds.
There's a half-shy young moon
Veiling her face like a virgin
Waiting for a lover.