

MM Recital
Catherine Brady, *mezzo-soprano*
with
Joanne Yang, *piano*

TRANSLATIONS



Rencontre

Charles Grandmougin

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment,
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien.

Toujours

Charles Grandmougin

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!
Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!
Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Meeting

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
Today I feel less my persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for woman,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?
O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be the
friend To restore the lonely poet's happiness,
And will you shine on my steadfast soul
Like native sky on an exiled heart?

Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Such boundless space awakes your rapture,
And your fair soul prizes the evenings' charm.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living bond,
And my soul quivers, overcome by love,
And my heart, without knowing you well, adores
you.

Forever

English Translation © Richard Stokes

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!
Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!
But do not expect my soul

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Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Charles Grandmougin

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose décroît,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées, fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu, Adieu!

To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

Farewell

English Translation © Richard Stokes

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!

In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted flowers!

To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are short! And I say,
taking leave of your charms, without tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal, Farewell!

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)



Ich wandle unter Blumen

Heinrich Heine

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit;
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.
O, halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen,
Und der Garten ist voller Leut'.

Bei dir ist es traut

Rainer Maria Rilke

Bei dir ist es traut:
Zage Uhren schlagen
wie aus weiten Tagen.
Komm mir ein Liebes sagen -
aber nur nicht laut.

I wander among flowers

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I wander among flowers
And blossom with them;
I wander as in a dream
And sway with every step.
O, hold me fast, beloved!
Or drunk with love
I'll fall at your feet –
And the garden is full of folk.

I feel warm and close with you

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I feel warm and close with you:
clocks strike hesitantly,
like they did in distant days.
Say something loving to me -
but not aloud.

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Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draußen im Blütentreiben.
Der Abend horcht an den Scheiben.
Lass uns leise bleiben:
Keiner weiß uns so.

Laue Sommernacht
Otto Julius Bierbaum

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.
Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.
War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel dein Licht.

Leise weht ein erstes Blühn
Rainer Maria Rilke

Leise weht ein erstes Blühn
von den Lindenbäumen,
und, in meinen Träumen kühn,
seh' ich dich im Laubengrün
hold im ersten Muttermühn
Kinderhemdchen säumen.

Singst ein kleines Lied dabei,
und dein Lied klingt in den Mai:
blühe, blühe, Blütenbaum,
tief im Traubengarten,
blühe, blühe, Blütenbaum,
meiner Sehnsucht schönsten Traum
will ich hier erwarten.

Blühe, blühe, Blütenbaum,
Sommer wird dir's zählen.
Blühe, blühe, Blütenbaum,
schau, ich säume einen Saum
hier mit Sonnenstrahlen.

A gate opens somewhere
out in the burgeoning.
Evening listens at the window-panes.
Let us stay quiet,
no one knows us thus.

Mild summer night
English Translation © Richard Stokes

Mild summer night: in the sky
Not a star, in the deep forest
We sought each other in the dark
And found one another.
Found one another in the deep wood
In the night, the starless night,
And amazed, we embraced
In the dark night.
Our entire life – was it not
Such a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Softly drifts a first blossom
English Translation © Laura Prichard

Softly drifts a first blossom
from the linden trees,
and, in my audacious dreams,
I see you in the green arbor
absorbed in the first mother's work of
hemming a child's blouse.

You accompany yourself with a little song,
and your song rings in the month of May:
bloom, bloom, blossom-tree,
deep in the grapevines,
bloom, bloom, blossom-tree,
my longing, in the loveliest dream
will I await.

Bloom, bloom, blossom-tree,
Summer will reward you.
Bloom, bloom, blossom-tree,
see, I sew a hem
here with sunbeams.

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Blühe, blühe, Blütenbaum,
balde kommt das Reifen,
blühe, blühe, Blütenbaum,
meiner Sehnsucht schönsten Traum
lehr mich ihn begreifen,
Singst ein kleines Lied dabei,
und dein Lied ist lauter Mai.

Und der Blütenbaum wird blühen,
blühen vor allen Bäumen,
sonnig wird dein Saum erglänzen
und verklärt im Laubengrün
wird dein junges Muttermühen
Kinderhemdchen säumen.

Bloom, bloom, blossom-tree,
soon comes the frost,
bloom, bloom, blossom-tree,
my longing, in the loveliest dream
teach me to comprehend it,
You sing a little song to yourself,
And your song is the voice of May.

And the blossom-tree will bloom,
bloom before all trees,
sun will gleam from your hem
and transfigure the green arbor
where your young mother's work will be
hemming a child's blouse.

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A Wind Has Blown The Rain Away And Blown

E. E. Cummings

a wind has blown the rain away and blown
the sky away and all the leaves away,
and the trees stand. I think i too have known
autumn too long

(and what have you to say,
wind wind wind—did you love somebody
and have you the petal of somewhere in your heart
pinched from dumb summer?

O crazy daddy
of death dance cruelly for us and start

the last leaf whirling in the final brain
of air!)Let us as we have seen see
doom's integration.....a wind has blown the rain

away and the leaves and the sky and the
trees stand:

the trees stand. The trees,
suddenly wait against the moon's face.

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Buffalo Bill's
E. E. Cummings

Buffalo Bill 's
defunct
 who used to
 ride a watersmooth-silver
 stallion
and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat

 Jesus
he was a handsome man
 and what i want to know is
how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death

I Spoke to Thee
E. E. Cummings

 i spoke to thee
with a smile and thou didst not
 answer
 thy mouth is as
a chord of crimson music
 Come hither
O thou, is life not a smile?

 i spoke to thee with
 a song and thou
 didst not listen
thine eyes are as a vase
 of divine silence
 Come hither
O thou, is life not a song?

 i spoke
to thee with a soul and
 thou didst not wonder
thy face is as a dream locked
 in white fragrance
 Come hither
O thou, is life not love?

 i speak to
thee with a sword
and thou art silent

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thy breast is as a tomb
softer than flowers
Come hither
O thou, is love not death?

little man
E. E. Cummings

little man
(in a hurry
full of an
important worry)
halt stop forget relax

wait

(little child
who have tried
who have failed
who have cried)
lie bravely down

sleep

big rain
big snow
big sun
big moon
(enter

us)

Sweet Spring
E. E. Cummings

sweet spring is your
time is my time is our
time for springtime is lovetime
and viva sweet love

(all the merry little birds are
flying in the floating in the
very spirits singing in
are winging in the blossoming)

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lovers go and lovers come
awandering awondering
but any two are perfectly
alone there's nobody else alive

(such a sky and such a sun
i never knew and neither did you
and everybody never breathed
quite so many kinds of yes)

not a tree can count his leaves
each herself by opening
but shining who by thousands mean
only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly
tiny winging darting floating
merry in the blossoming
always joyful selves are singing)

sweet spring is your
time is my time is our
time for springtime is lovetime
and viva sweet love



maja/majo

a working-class person from Madrid of the 18th
and 19th centuries

Amor y odio
Fernando Periquet

Pensé que yo sabría ocultar la pena mía
que por estar en lo profundo
no alcanzará a ver el mundo:
este amor callado que un majo malvado
en mi alma encendió.
Y no fue así porque él vislumbró
el pesar oculto en mí.

Pero fue en vano que vislumbrará
pues el villano mostróse ajeno de que le amara.
Y esta es la pena que sufro ahora:

Love and Hate
English Translation © Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

I thought that I would know how to hide my pain,
that being so intense,
that the world will not reach to see it:
this silent love that an evil majo
aroused in my soul.
And it wasn't this way because he discerned
my hidden grief.

But it was in vain that he will discern since the
villain showed indifference that I might love him.
And this is the pain that I suffer now:

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sentir mi alma llena
de amor por quien me olvida,
sin que una luz alentadora
surja en las sombras de mi vida.

El mirar de la maja
Fernando Periquet

¿Por qué es en mis ojos
tan hondo el mirar
que a fin de cortar
desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar?
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán
que si acaso con calor
los clavo en mi amor
sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el chispero
a quien mi alma dí
al verse ante mí
me tira el sombrero
y dícame así:
"Mi Maja, no me mires más
que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasión
la muerte me dan."

La maja dolorosa, número 2
Fernando Periquet

¡Ay majo de mi vida,
no, no, tú no has muerto!
¿Acaso yo existiese si fuera eso cierto?
¡Quiero loca besar tu boca!
Quiero segura,
gozar más de tu ventura.
¡Ay! de tu ventura!

Mas, ¡ay! deliro, sueño:
mi majo no existe.
En torno mío el mundo
lloroso está y triste.
¡A mi duelo no hallo consuelo!
Mas muerto y frío
siempre el majo será mío.
¡Ay! Siempre mío.

I feel my soul full
of love for the one who forgets me,
no encouraging light
may appear in the shadows of my life.

The look of the maja
English Translation © Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

Why is in my eyes
the look so intense
that in order to halt
disdains and angers,
I am in the habit of half-closing (my eyes)?
What fire do they carry inside
that if, perhaps, with ardor
I fix them on my love
they make me blush?

For that the chispero (*blacksmith or lower-class man*)
to whom I gave my soul
seeing himself before me
he tosses his hat to me
and he says to me:
"My Maja, look at me no more
because your eyes are rays
and burning in passion
they give me death."

The sorrowful maja, number 2
English Translation © Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

Ay, majo of my life,
no, no, you have not died!
How could I exist if that were true?
I want crazily to kiss your mouth!
I want securely
to enjoy more of your happiness.
Oh! of your happiness!

But, ay! I am delirious, I am dreaming:
my majo doesn't exist.
The world surrounding me
is mournful and sad.
I find no consolation for my grief!
But dead and cold
the majo will always be mine.
Ay! Always mine.

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El majo discreto

Fernando Periquet

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
en cambio, es discreto
y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él
sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto
que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés.
¡Eh! ¡Eh!
¡Es un majo, un majo es!

The discreet majo

English Translation © Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

They say that my majo is ugly.
It is possible that it may be so,
love makes one dizzy and blind.
There is a time, I know, when one who is in love
cannot see.

But if my majo isn't a man who for his looks doesn't
excel and cause admiration,
on the other hand, he is discreet
and he keeps a secret
that I posed in him
knowing that he is faithful.

What is the secret
that the majo kept?
It would be indiscreet for me to tell.
It costs more than a little work to know
secrets between a majo and a woman.
He was born in Lavapiés.
Eh! Eh!
He is a majo, a majo he is!

Translations © Suzanne Rhodes Draayer, IPA Source



La gita in gondola

Conte Carlo Pepoli

Voli l'agile barchetta,
voga, voga marinar,
or ch'Elvira mia diletta
a me in braccio sfida il mar.
Brilla in calma la laguna,
una vela non appar,
pallidetta è in ciel la luna,
tutto invita a sospirar.
Voga, voga marinar...

Se ad un bacio amor t'invita,
non temer, mio bel tesoro,

The gondola ride

English Translation © Bard Suverkrop

Fly agile little boat,
row, row boatman,
now that Elvira my delight
is in my arms, confront the sea.
The calm lagoon sparkles,
not a sail appears,
the moon is pale in the sky,
causing everything to sigh.
Row, row, boatman...

If love invites you to a kiss,
do not be afraid, my beautiful treasure,

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tu saprai che sia la vita
sol nel bacio dell'amor.
Ma già un zeffiro sereno
dolce ondeggia il mar...
vieni, Elvira a questo seno,
vieni, e apprendi a palpitar!
Voga, voga marinar...

L'invito
Conte Calo Pepoli

Vieni, o Ruggiero,
la tua Eloisa
da te divisa
non può restar:
alle mie lacrime
già rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi
il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo,
vien, mio diletto,
sopra il mio petto
vieni a posar!

Senti se palpita,
se amor t'invita,
vieni, mia vita,
vien, vieni, fammi spirar.

you will learn what life is
only in the kiss of love.
But already a soft breeze
gently causes the sea to ripple...
come, Elvira, to my breast,
come and feel how it beats!
Row, row boatman...

The invitation
English Translation © Bard Suverkrop

Come, oh Ruggiero,
to your Eloisa
who separated from you
cannot remain:
all my tears
already answer you
come, receive
my request.

Come, oh handsome angel,
come, my delight,
upon my breast
come to rest!

Feel it throb,
love itself invites you,
come, my life,
come, come, make me die.

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