

Jesu, meine Freude
(Bach, BWV 227)

Jesu, meine Freude,
meines Herzens Weide,
Jesu, meine Zier.

Ach, wie lang! ach lange
ist dem Herzen bange
und verlangt nach dir!

Gottes Lamm, mein Bräutigam,
außer dir soll mir auf Erden
nichts sonst liebers werden.

Es ist nun nichts (Römer 8:1)

Es is nun nichts Verdammliches an denen,
die in Christo Jesu sind;
die nicht nach dem Fleische wandeln,
sondern nach dem Geist.

Unter deinem Schirmen

Unter deinem Schirmen
bin ich vor den Stürmen
aller Feinde frei!

Lass den Satan wittern,
lass den Feind erbittern;
mir steht Jesus bei!

Ob es itzt gleich kracht und blitzt,
ob gleich Sünd und Hölle schrecken;
Jesus will mich decken.

Bist du bei mir
(Bach/Stölzel, BWV 508)

Bist du bei mir, geh' ich mit Freuden
zu Sterben und zu meiner Ruh'.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär' so mein Ende,
es drückten deine schönen Hände
mir die getreuen Augen zu!

Jesus, my joy
(Translation, John Sigerson)

Jesus, my joy,
my heart's pasture,
Jesus, my adornment!

Oh, how long! How long
has this anxious heart
yearned for you!

Lamb of God, my bridegroom
apart from you, nothing other on Earth
shall become more dear to me.

(Romans 8:1)

There is therefore now no condemnation
to them who are in Christ Jesus,
who walk not after the flesh,
but after the spirit.

Under your shelter

Under your shelter,
I am, from the storms
of all enemies, free.

Let Satan threaten,
let the fiend rage:
Jesus stands by me!

Though, now, lightning cracks and flashes,
though, too, sin and hell shriek,
Jesus will protect me.

(If you are near me)

If you are near me, I go with joy
to (my) death, and to my rest.
Ah, how pleasant my end would be
if your beautiful hands closed
my faithful eyes!

Voi che sapete

(Mozart, Le nozze de Figaro)

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo vi ridiro,
E per me nuovo, capir nol so.
Sento un affetto, pien di desir,
Cho'ra e diletto, ch'ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.

Der Wanderer

(Schubert)

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
....immer wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, meine geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt!
Das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land wo meine Rosenblühn,

Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
wo meine Toten auferstehn,
das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
o Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,

You who know...

(Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind)

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see of I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

The Wanderer

I come here from the mountains,
the valley steams, the ocean roars.
I wander silently, am less joyful,
and always (my) sighs ask: where?
.... always, where?

The sun seems here so cold to me,
the blossoms wilted, from old life,
and what they speak, empty sound,
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved land?
Searched for, foreseen, and never known!
The land so green with hope,
The land where my roses bloom,

Where my friends go wandering,
where my dead ones are resurrected,
The land which speaks my language,
o land, where are you?

I wander silently, am less joyful,

und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
.....immer wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!

Piangerò la sorte mia
(Handel, Giulio Cesare)

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze? Ahi fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son, né sanno
darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

Piangerò la sorte mia,
sì crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

Adelaide
(Beethoven)

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen,
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert,
Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis,
Adelaide!

Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten:
Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem Grabe
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen:
Adelaide!

and always (my) sighs ask: where?
..... always, where?
A ghastly whisper responds to me:
There, where you are not, there is happiness!

I will moan my fate

And yet in one day
I have lost magnificence and glory? Oh cruel fate!
Caesar, my beloved idol is probably deceased;
Cornelia and Sextus are helpless, and cannot
give me assistance . O God!
There is no hope left in my life

I will moan my fate
so cruel and brutal,
as long as there is life in my bosom.
But when it comes around that I am dead
and turned into a ghost, by night and by day
I will haunt the tyrant!

Adelaide

Alone your friend wanders in the spring garden,
Mildly enveloped by magic light that quivers
through swaying, blossoming boughs,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream, in the snow of the Alps,
In the sinking day's golden clouds,
In the fields of stars, your image radiates,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,
Silvery lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the grass,
Waves rush and nightingales whistle:
Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! upon my grave will bloom
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
Then clearly on every purple leaf shimmers:
Adelaide!

Selections from Schumann's Op. 24

No. 5

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, -
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
daß ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
nur ein stilles Leben führen
wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
bittere Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
ferne in ein kühles Grab.

No. 6

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,
von Europa und von ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
daß ich mit dem heißen Blute
meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
schauderst du, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend

Selections from Schumann's Op. 24

No. 5

Beautiful cradle of my sorrows,
Beautiful tombstone of my rest,
Beautiful town - we must part, -
farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you holy threshold,
across which my darling would tread;
farewell! you sacred spot
where I first saw her.

Would that I had never seen you,
lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have happened,
that I would now be so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
all I wished was to lead a quiet life
where your breath could stir me.

Yet you yourself pushed me away from you,
with bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
and my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs are heavy and sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning on my staff,
until I can lay my weary head
in a cool and distant grave.

No. 6

Wait, wait, wild boatman,
soon I'll follow you to the harbor;
from two maidens I am taking my leave,
from Europe and from Her.

Stream of blood, run from my eyes,
stream of blood, burst from my body,
so that with this hot blood
I can write down my agonies.

Ah, my dear, why just today
do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale, my heart bleeding,

lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
von der Schlang' im Paradies,
die durch schlimme Apfeligabe
unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
du brachst'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

No. 8

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
und ich hab' es doch getragen -
aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

No. 9

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
möcht' ich zieren dieß Buch wie 'nen
Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der
Ruh',
da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab, -
doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im
Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
doch aufs neu die alte Glut sie belebt,
wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,

standing before you for many years!

Do you know that old song
about the serpent in Paradise
who, by wickedly giving an apple,
threw our ancestors into misery?

Apples have caused every ill!
Eve brought death through them,
Eris caused the flames of Troy;
and you brought both, flame and death.

No. 8

At first I almost despaired,
and I thought I would never be able to bear it;
yet even so, I have borne it -
but do not ask me how.

No. 9

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a
coffin
and bury my songs inside it.

O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love grows the blossom of
peace;
it blooms and then is plucked, -
yet it will bloom for me only when I am myself in
the grave.

Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
burst from the depths of my heart,
and spray glittering sparks everywhere!

Now they lie mute and death-like,
now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
but the old glow will revive them afresh,
when the spirit of love one day floats above them.

And in my heart the thought grows loud:
the spirit of love will someday thaw them;
someday this book will arrive in your hands,
you, my sweet love in a distant land.

Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,

die blaßen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

Ombra mai fu
(Handel, Xerxes)

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile
cara ed amabile
soave piu

Liber scriptus proferetur
(Verdi, Messa de Requiem)

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit:
nil inultum remanebit.

Litanei
(Schubert)

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
die vollendet süßen Traum,
lebensatt, geboren kaum,
aus der Welt hinüber schieden.
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seele,
deren Tränen nicht zu zählen,
die ein falscher Freund verließ,
und die blinde Welt versteiß:
alle, die von hinnen schieden,
alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,

and the white letters shall gaze at you;
they'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
and whisper with sadness and a breath of love.

Never was the shade...

Never was the shade
of any (vegetable) plant
more dear or lovely
or sweet.

A written book will be presented

A written book will be presented,
which contains everything
for which the world will be judged.

Therefore when the Judge takes His seat,
whatever is hidden will be revealed:
nothing shall remain unavenged.

Litany

Rest in peace all souls
who have ended an anxious anguish,
who have finished a sweet dream,
flush with life, barely born,
departed from this world.
Rest in peace all souls!

Maiden's souls full of love,
whose tears, innumerable,
who were abandoned by a false,
and were cast out by the blind world:
all departed from here,
Rest in peace all souls!

And those who never laughed at the sun,
keeping watch over thorns under the moon,

Gott in reinen Himmelslicht,
einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
alle, die von hinnen schieden,
alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Va, pensiero
(Verdi, Nabucco)

Va, pensiero sull'ali dorate
Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,
Ove olezzano tepide e molli
L'aure dolci del suolo natal!

Del Giordano le rive saluta,
Di Sione le torri atterrate...
O, mia patria sì bella e perduta!
O membranza sì cara e fatal!

Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,
Perchè muta dal salice pendi?
Le memorie nel petto raccendi
Ci favella del tempo che fu!

O simile di Solima ai fati
Traggi un suono di crudo lamento,
O t'ispiri il Signore un concerto
Che ne infonda al patire virtù.

to see God, in the Heaven's pure light,
one day, face to face:
all departed from here,
Rest in peace all souls!

Go, thoughts

Go, thought, on golden wings
Go, alight on the cliffs, on the hills,
Where there are wafting the warm and gentle
Sweet breezes of our native land.

Greet the Jordan's banks
The fallen towers of Zion....
Oh, my fatherland—so beautiful and so lost!
Oh, remembrance so dear, and fatal.

Harp of gold of the prophet bards,
Why do you hang silent, from the willow?
Rekindle the memories in our breast
That speak to us of the time that was.

O [harp], like Jerusalem to the fates,
Draw a sound of harsh lamentation
May the Lord inspire in thee an accord
Which might infuse our suffering with virtù.