



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Katie Kirkpatrick, Soprano

To Learn is to Grow: A Fourth Year Recital

Suzy Smith, Piano

Charlene Chin, Harp

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Katie Kirkpatrick is a student of Monica Whicher.

Friday, April 26, 2024 at 2:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Lagime mie (Op. 7.04)

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Trois poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin (FP. 91)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

I. Le garçon de Liège

II. Au-delà

III. Officiers de la garde blanche

A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table

William Walton (1899-1963)

I. The Lord Mayor's Table

II. Glide Gently

III. Wapping Old Stairs

IV. Holy Thursday

V. The Contrast

VI. Rhyme

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

INTERMISSION

Deux Sonnets

André Caplet (1878-1925)

“Quand reverrai-je, hélas!...”

“Doux fut le trait...”

Báidín Fheidhlimidh

Óró mo Bháidín

Irish Traditional
Arr. Shirley Starke

Italienisches Liederbuch (selections)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

O wär' dein haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas
Mein Liebster singt am Haus in Mondenscheine
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen
Wir haben Beide lange Zeit geschwiegen
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
Nein junger Herr
Sweig' einmal still
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

N.B Canadian Repertoire Requirement Previously Fulfilled

N.B BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement Previously Fulfilled

To Learn is to Grow
Program Notes and Translations

Thank you for attending my graduation recital *To Learn is to Grow*. Each song that will be shared with you today explores the emotions, relationships, and lessons that accompany the human experience. Although uncertainty is a constant in life, the desire for knowledge and constant improvement can remain consistent if one allows it to do so. I hope today's recital inspires you to reflect on what you may need to learn and appreciate the individual growth you have recently fostered.

Lagime mie

Text by Pietro Dolfino (1636-1709)

Music by Barbara Strozzi

To label Barbara Strozzi solely as one of the greatest female composers of the Baroque era would be a significant oversight. Strozzi stands as one of the most influential composers of the Baroque period, regardless of gender. Leveraging her position as heir of her father's estate in Venice, she published eight volumes of music, more volumes than any of her male or female contemporaries. Strozzi's legacy is further enhanced through her mastery of the Italian *Cantata*, a vocal work containing a distinctive mixture of recitative and aria. Each of her vocal works contains a unique order of recitative and aria that fits the text's linguistic and expressive nuances. *Lagime mie* is no exception. Strozzi carefully sets the text in sections of inquisitive recitative accompanied by lyrical arias to express genuine stages of grief, rationalization and denial that accompany loss. Strozzi's ability to draw authentic expression through her manipulation of the Cantata has played a pivotal role in the immortalization and modern popularity of her compositions.

Lagime mie

Lagime mie, a che vi trattenete?
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore che mi toglie'l respiro e
opprime il core?

Lidia, che tant'adoro,
perch'un guardo pietoso, ah!, mi donò,
il paterno rigor l'imprigiono.
Tra due mura rinchiusa
sta la bella innocente
dove giunger non può raggio di sole;
e quel che più mi duole
ed accresce al mio mal tormenti e pene,
è che per mia cagione
provi male il mio bene.

E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?
Lagime mie, a che vi trattenete?

Lidia, ahimè, veggio mancarmi
l'idol mio che tanto adoro;
sta colei tra duri marmi,
per cui spiro e pur non moro.

Se la morte m'è gradita, or che son privo di spene,
deh, toglietemi la vita
(ve ne prego), aspre mie pene.

Ma ben m'accorgo che per
tormentarmi maggiormente la sorte
mi niega anco la morte.

Se dunque è vero, o Dio,
che sol del pianto mio
il rio destino ha sete:
lagime mie, a che vi trattenete?

My Tears

Tears of mine, why do you hold back?
Why don't you express the fierce pain that stops my
breath and oppresses my heart?

Lydia, whom I so adore,
because, alas she gave me a pitying look,
paternal control imprisoned.
Enclosed between two walls
stays the innocent beauty
where no ray of sun can reach;
and that which hurts me more
and adds torments and pains to my ills,
is that because of me
my loved one suffers.

And you, grieving eyes, don't you cry?
Tears of mine, why do you hold back?

Lydia, alas, I see that I miss
the idol whom I so adore;
she remains locked in hard marble,
for whom I sigh and yet do not die.

If death is welcome to me, now that I am without hope, oh
take my life already
(I pray you to), my sharp pains.

But well I realise that destiny
to torment me more
denies me even death.

If therefore it's true, O God,
that only for my plaint
Even destiny thirsts:
Tears of mine, why do you hold back?

Trois Poemes de Louise de Vilmorin, FP. 91
Text by Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)
Music by Francis Poulenc, Published in 1936

A 1965 Vogue article describes Louise de Vilmorin as “A French *femme de lettres* and *saloniste*, legendary clotheshorse and tastemaker, brilliant hostess and home-wrecking man slayer”.¹ This bold introduction encapsulates the confident air of a bold woman. Vilmorin was a French socialite and author who wrote everything from poetry, French cuisine recipes, to Coco Chanel’s biography in 1957. Poulenc praised Vilmorin’s poems as “a kind of sensitive impertinence, libertinage and gluttony”, which complements Poulenc’s direct and witty compositional tendencies.² This cycle delves into the complex whirlwind of emotions that infatuation presents. From a playful encounter in *Le garçon de Liège*, to dreaming of attaining the “water of life” in *Au-delà*, the speaker is conflicted by the end of the cycle and is left wondering if acting on her desires will be worth the societal repercussions. Poulenc’s settings of Vilmorin’s poems demonstrate authentic, yet confident expressions of feminine desire and creative agency.

Le garçon de Liège

Un garçon de conte de fée
M'a fait un grand salut bourgeois
En plein vent, au bord d'une allée,
Debout sous l'arbre de la Loi.

Les oiseaux d'arrière saison
Faisaient des leurs malgré la pluie
Et prise par ma déraison
J'osai lui dire: "Je m'ennuie."

Sans dire un doux mot de menteur
Le soir dans ma chambre à tristesse
Il vint consoler ma pâleur.
Son ombre me fit des promesses.

Mais c'était un garçon de Liège,
Léger, léger comme le vent
Qui ne se prend à aucun piège
Et court les plaines du beau temps.

Et dans ma chemise de nuit,
Depuis lors quand je voudrais rire
Ah! beau jeune homme je m'ennuie,
Ah! dans ma chemise à mourir.

The Boy of Liège

A fairy-tale boy
Bowed low to me,
In the wind, at the edge of an alley,
Standing beneath the tree of Justice.

The late autumn birds
Kept themselves busy, in spite of the rain,
And, seized by a foolish thought,
I dared to say to him: I'm bored.

Without saying a single deceitful word,
In the evening, into my room of sadness,
He came to console my pallor.
His shadowy presence made me promises.

But it was a boy from Liège,
Light, light as the wind
Who won't be caught in any traps
And roams the plains in good weather.

And in my nightgown,
Ever since then, when I'd like to laugh,
Oh, handsome young man, I'm bored,
Oh, in my nightgown, to death.

¹ Ninette Lyon, “Fashions in Living: Louise de Vilmorin,” Vogue Archives, 1965. Accessed March 30th, 2024. <https://archive.vogue.com>

² Henri Hell. *Francis Poulenc*. London: J. Calder, 1959.

Au-delà

Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.

Je choisis celui-là
Qui sait me faire rire,
D'un doigt de-ci, de-là,
Comme on fait pour écrire.

Comme on fait pour écrire,
Il va par-ci, par-là,
Sans que j'ose lui dire:
J'aime bien ce jeu-là.

J'aime bien ce jeu-là,
Qu'un souffle fait finir,
Jusqu'au dernier soupir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.

Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.

Beyond

Water-of-life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
to choose is not to betray,
I choose that one.

I choose that one
who can make me laugh,
with a finger here, there,
as one does when writing.

As one does when writing,
he comes here, he goes there,
without my daring to say to him:
I do like that game.

I do like that game,
which a breath puts to an end,
up until the last sigh
I choose that game.

Water-of-life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
to choose is not to betray,
I choose that one.

Officiers de la garde blanche

Officiers de la garde blanche,
Gardez-moi de certaines pensées la nuit,
Gardez-moi des corps à corps et de l'appui
D'une main sur ma hanche.
Gardez-moi surtout de lui
Qui par la manche m'entraîne
Vers le hasard des mains pleines,
Et les ailleurs d'eau qui luit.

Epargnez-moi les tourments en tourmente
De l'aimer un jour plus qu'aujourd'hui
Et la froide moiteur des attentes
Qui presseront aux vitres et aux portes
Mon profil de dame déjà morte.

Officiers de la garde blanche,
Je ne veux pas pleurer pour lui
Sur terre. Je veux pleurer en pluie
Sur sa terre, sur son astre orné de buis,
Lorsque plus tard je planerai transparente
Au-dessus des cent pas d'ennui.

Officiers des consciences pures,
Vous qui faites les visages beaux,
Confiez dans l'espace, au vol des oiseaux,
Un message pour les chercheurs de mesures
Et forgez pour nous des chaînes sans anneaux

Officers of the White Guard

Officers of the White Guard,
Guard me from certain thoughts, at night,
Guard me from hand-to-hand contact and the feel
Of a hand on my hip.
Guard me above all from he
Who by the sleeve drags me
Toward the hazard of an embrace
And elsewhere of water that shines.

Spare me the torment of pain
From loving him more one day than I do today,
And the cold dampness of expectation
Which will leave an impression on the windows and
the doors of
My profile: that of a lady already dead.

Officers of the White Guard,
I don't want to weep for him
On earth, I want to weep in rain,
On his land, on his carved boxwood star,
When later I may float transparently,
Above one hundred steps of ennui.

Officers of pure consciences,
You who make faces beautiful,
Trust in space, in the flight of birds,
A message for those seeking action,
And forge for us chains without rings.

A Song For the Lord Mayor's Table

Music by William Walton, Published in 1962

Texts curated by Christopher Hassall (1912-1963)

William Walton's *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table* is a cycle of six songs commissioned for the City of London Festival and was premiered at this festival by soprano Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and pianist Gerald Moore on July 18th, 1962. English dramatist Christopher Hassall assisted Walton through his curation of six poems by British authors and two anonymous texts. These texts span from the 17th to 19th centuries, providing a plethora of insight into the historically involute city of London. Walton explores the positive and negative illustrations that each of these poems portrays while revealing that no city or institution is above learning from its past.

The Lord Mayor's Table

Thomas Jordan (1612-1685)

The speaker in Jordan's poem embarks on a tour of the Strand, a wealthy street located in Westminster. Walton's setting celebrates, and perhaps criticizes, the riches and plenitude of the street's inhabitants.

Let all the Nine Muses lay by their abuses,
Their railing and drolling on tricks of the Strand,
To pen us a ditty in praise of the City,
Their treasure, and pleasure, their pow'r and command.

Their feast, and guest, so temptingly Drest,
Their kitchens all kingdoms replenish;
In bountiful bowls they do succour their souls,
With claret, Canary and Rhenish:

Their lives and wives in plenitude thrives,
They want not for meat nor money;
The Promised Land's in a Londoner's hand,
They wallow in milk and honey.

Let all the Nine Muses lay by their abuses,
Their railing and drolling on tricks of the Strand
To pen us a ditty in praise of the City,
Their treasure, and pleasure, their pow'r and command.

Glide Gently

William Woodsworth (1770-1850)

Woodsworth contributes an ethereal expression of the river Thames as it flows through London.

Glide gently, thus for ever, ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.

O glide, fair stream, for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Wapping Old Stairs

Anonymous

In this anonymous text, we are introduced to Molly, who openly criticizes her unfaithful Thomas.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box, marked with your name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you threaten'd, last Sunday, to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom, with a tear.

Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

Holy Thursday

William Blake (1757-1827)

Blake provides a depiction of a charity service for the orphaned children of London held at St. Paul's Cathedral.

'Twas on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green:
Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of St Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among;
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor:
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

The Contrast

Charles Morris (1745-1838)

We are introduced to an individual who is contemplating their preference between the lively city and the serene, albeit potentially dull, countryside.

In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted by that,
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help me!, sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirit when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

Your magpies and stockdoves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please:
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, o! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about,
But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil shall drive an old devil out

Rhyme

Anonymous

Walton brings multiple Cathedrals from London to life through this setting of a popular English Nursery Rhyme. The last stanza of the poem reads "I do not know, says the great bell of Bow". The great Cathedral of Bow's admittance of its own lack of knowledge reveals a profound lesson about one's own development: embracing the expanse of what remains unknown paves the path to a journey of personal growth.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Margaret's.
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Pancakes and fritter's,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.
Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.
Old father baldpate,
Say the slow bells of Aldgate.
You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Texts provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

Deux Sonnets

Music by André Caplet, Published in 1924

Deux Sonnets is French composer André Caplet's only work for solo soprano and harp, which he composed on April 8th, 1924 one year before his death. In this work, Caplet sets to music two sonnets from two sixteenth-century poets. He stays true to the form of the sonnet through his sensitive musical gestures that connect each decasyllable line of text to the sweeping phrase of each four-line stanza. In "Quand reverrai-je, hélas!", Caplet selects one stanza from Joachim du Bellay's 1558 sonnet *Heureux qui comme Ulysse*, where Bellay expresses his distaste for Paris and his longing to be back in his home county of Anjou. In this sonnet, Bellay exemplifies that home is not solely a physical space but also a sense of belonging and identity. For the second selection, Caplet sources text from Pierre de Ronsard, Bellay's contemporary. "Doux fut le trait" is from Ronsard's 1552 publication titled *Les Amours de Cassandre* and is about Cassandra Salviati, a young Italian noblewoman whom Ronsard met at a ball in Paris. Since Ronsard was a monk and could not marry her, he instead wrote 183 sonnets dedicated to her. "Doux fut le trait" presents a wishful Ronsard as he imagines Cassandra playing her lute and sweetly singing the verses he wrote. Ronsard dreams of finding this sense of "home" with the person he desires. Caplet's settings of these two sonnets create an artistic symposium spanning almost 400 years, revealing the timeless truth that home is not merely a place; it is with the people one loves.

"Quand reverrai-je, hélas!"

Joachim du Bellay (1522-1560)

Quand reverrai-je, hélas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée, et en quelle saison
Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage ?

"When will I see, alas!"

When will I see, alas, my little village
Smoke from the chimney, and in which season
Will I see the enclosure of my poor house,
Which to me is a country and so much more.

"Dout fut le trait"

Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)

Doux fut le trait, qu'Amour hors de sa trousse
Pour me tuer, me tira doucement,
Quand je fus pris au doux commencement
D'une douceur si doucètement douce.

Doux est son ris et sa voix qui me pousse
L'âme du corps, qui s'enfuit lentement
Devant son luth touché mignardement
Chantant mes vers animez de son pouce.

Telle douceur de sa voix coule en l'air
Qu'on ne sçaurait sans l'entendre parler,
Sçavoir comment le plaisir nous appelle.
Sans l'ouyr, dis-je, Amour mesme enchanter,

Doucement rire et doucement chanter
Et moi mourir doucement auprès d'elle.

"Sweet was the arrow"

Sweet was the arrow which Cupid drew from his bag
To kill me, pulled me gently,
When I was taken to a sweet beginning
Of a sweetness so sweetly sweet.

Sweet is her laugh and her voice
Which pulls my soul from my body,
Which slowly flees from her delicately touched lute
Singing my verses animated with her thumb.

Such sweetness in her voice flows in the air
That one without hearing her speak,
Would not know how pleasure calls us.
Without hearing, I say, we enchant cupid,

Sweetly smiling and sweetly singing
And me slowly dying beside her.

English translations by Katie Kirkpatrick, with special thanks to Stéphanie McKay-Turgeon for her translation and diction tutelage.

Báidín Fheidhlimidh and *Óró mo Bháidín* are two traditional Irish Folk songs that are commonly sung and taught to schoolchildren in Ireland today. *Báidín Fheidhlimidh* tells the story of Pheilim, whose boat wrecks on the island of Tory. Pheilim decides to remain positive since he has been able to catch some fish. In *Óró mo Bháidín*, we are introduced to a person who is proudly rowing their currach (an Irish canoe) across the country's west coast. At times, one may feel like a little boat in a large sea, but *Báidín Fheidhlimidh* and *Óró mo Bháidín* encourage one to embrace new horizons with courage and enthusiasm.

Báidín Fheidhlimidh

Báidín Fheidhlimidh d'imigh go Gabhla
Báidín Fheidhlimidh's Feidhlimidh ann,
Báidín Fheidhlimidh, d'imigh go Toraigh
Báidín Fheidhlimidh's Feidhlimidh ann.

Báidín bídeach, báidín beosach,
Báidín bóidheach, báidín Fheidhlimidh,
Báidín díreach, báidín deontach,
Báidín Fheidhlimidhs Fheidhlimidh ann.

Báidín Fheidhlimidh briseadh i dToraigh í,
Báidín Fheidhlimidh's Feidhlimidh ann,
Báidín Fheidhlimidh briseadh i dToraigh í
lasc ar bhord agus Fheidhlimidh ann.

Óró mo bháidín

Óró mo bháidín ag snámh ar an chuan
Óró mo bháidín
Faighimis na maidí agus téimis chun siúl,
Óró mo bháidín.

Óró mo churraichín ó
Óró mo bháidín

Crochfaidh mé seolta is gabhfaidh mé siar
Óró mo bháidín
'S go hOíche Fhéile Eoin ni thiochfaidh mé aniar
Óró mo bháidín

Nach lúfar í ag iomramh soir agus siar,
Óró mo bháidín
A sárú ni bhfaighidh tú ó Arainn go Cliar,
Óró mo bháidín

Pheilim's Boat

Pheilim's Boat went to Gala
Pheilim's Boat and Pheilim in it
Pheilim's Boat went to Tory
Pheilim's Boat and Pheilim in it

Small boat, lively boat,
Beautiful boat, Pheilim's boat
Direct boat, dutiful boat,
Pheilim's Boat and Pheilim in it

Pheilim's Boat broke on Tory
Pheilim's Boat and Pheilim in it
Pheilim's Boat broke on Tory
Fish on board and Pheilim in it.

Oh my Little Boat

Oh my little boat swimming on the bay
Oh my little boat
Let us get the oars and let's go for a stroll,
Oh my little boat.

Oh my little currach,
Oh my little boat.

I will hang the sails and I will go west
Oh, my little churrach,
I will not return until Saint John's Eve
Oh, my little boat.

Isn't she swift rowing east and west
Oh, my little boat
A breach will not be found from Arran to Clair,
Oh, my little boat.

English translations by Katie Kirkpatrick, with special thanks to Emer Maguire for her translation and diction tutelage.

Italienisches Liederbuch

Italian Anonymous Poems Translated by Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

Music by Hugo Wolf, Published in 1891/1896

Hugo Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* is a collection of 46 settings of short Italian poems that are translated to German by Paul Heyse. The majority of the poems are in the Italian *rispetto* poetic style, which consists of eight to ten lines of text with ten or eleven syllables each. Wolf transformed these short poems into brief songs, where the musical setting and text work together to reveal practical and arguably universal ideals about romantic relationships. Wolf adds subtext to each poem through his illuminating harmonic progressions and unique attention to the piano-vocal relationship. The intricate attention Wolf offers each poem creates short moments of dense yet engaging stories of love, the lessons they teach, and the growth that results from these experiences.

O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas

O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas,
Mein Holder, wenn ich mich vorüberstehe!
Dann säh' ich drinnen dich ohn' Unterlass,
Wie blickt' ich dann nach dir mit ganzer Seele!
Wie viele Blicke schickte mir dein Herz,
Mehr als da Tropfen hat der Fluss im März!
Wie viele Blicke schickt' ich dir entgegen,
Mehr als da Tropfen niedersprühn im Regen!

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,
Und ich muss lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab' ich geweint,
Weiss nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint' ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht die blut'gen Tränen.

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,
Und hatte doch kein Haus mich zu empfangen,
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen und zum Braten,
Der Hafen auch war längst entzwei gegangen.
An einem Fässchen Wein gebrach es auch,
Und Gläser hat er gar nicht im Gebrauch;
Der Tisch war schmal, das Tafeltuch nicht besser,
Das Brot steinhart und völlig stumpf das Messer.

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen,
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.

If Only Your House Were Transparent Like Glass

If only your house were transparent like glass,
My love, when I steal past!
Then I would always see you within,
How I would gaze at you with all my soul!
How many looks my heart would send you,
More than the river in March has drops!
How many looks I would send you,
More than the drops that shower down in rain!

My Lover's Singing Outside the Moonlit House

My sweetheart's singing outside the moonlit house,
And I must lie in bed and listen.
I turn away from my mother and weep,
My tears are blood, which will not dry.
I have wept that broad stream by the bed,
I do not know for tears if day has dawned.
I've wept that broad stream out of longing;
The tears of blood have blinded me.

My Sweetheart Invited Me to Dinner

My sweetheart invited me to dinner,
Yet had no house to receive me,
No wood nor stove for boiling or roasting,
And the cooking pot had long since broken in two.
There was not even a small cask of wine,
And he simply didn't use glasses;
The table was tiny, the table-cloth no better,
The bread rock hard and the knife quite blunt.

For A Long Time We Had Both Been Silent

For a long time we had both been silent,
Now all at once speech has returned.
The angels of God have descended,
They brought back peace after war.
The angels of God have descended
And with them peace has returned.
The angels of love came in the night
And have brought peace to my breast.

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:
Ach, wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!
Nun liess der Herr mich meinen Wunsch erlangen
Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

Nein, junger Herr

Nein, junger Herr, so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr;
Man sorgt dafür, sich schicklich zu betragen.
Für alltags bin ich gut genug, nicht wahr?
Doch bessre suchst du dir an Feiertagen.
Nein, junger Herr, wirst du so weiter sünd'gen,
Wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen künd'gen

Schweig' einmal still

Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen.
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig' einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög' ich vor.

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

How Long I Have Yearned

How long have I yearned
To have a musician as lover!
Now the Lord has granted me my wish,
And sends me one, all pink and white.
And here he comes with gentle mien,
And bows his head and plays the violin.

No, Young Man

No, young man, that's no way to carry on;
People should try to behave properly.
I'm good enough for weekdays, am I?
But on holidays you look for better.
No, young man, if you keep on misbehaving so,
Your weekday love will hand in her notice.

Shut Up Out There

Shut up out there, you odious ranter!
Your cursed singing makes me sick.
And even if you kept it up till morning,
You'd still not manage a decent song.
Shut up for once and go to bed!
I'd sooner hear a donkey's serenade.

I Have One Lover Living In Penna

I have one lover living in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another lives over in Casentino,
The next with me in my own town,
And I've yet another in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

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