

Sunday, February 9, 2020, 3pm  
Hertz Hall

**Susan Graham, *mezzo-soprano***  
**Malcolm Martineau, *piano***

PROGRAM

- Reynaldo HAHN (1874–1947) *Quand je fus pris au pavillon*  
[Charles d'Orléans]  
[Victor Hugo] *Si mes vers avaient des ailes*  
[Léopold Dauphin] *Le rossignol des lilas*  
[Théophile Gautier] *Infidélité*  
[Théodore de Banville] *Le printemps*
- Gustav MAHLER (1860–1911) *Rückert Lieder*  
[Friedrich Rückert] *Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder*  
*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft*  
*Um Mitternacht*  
*Liebst du um Schönheit*  
*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*

INTERMISSION

- Hector BERLIOZ (1803–1869) *Les nuits d'été*  
[Théophile Gautier] *Villanelle*  
*Le spectre de la rose*  
*Sur les lagunes*  
*Absence*  
*Au cimetière*  
*L'île inconnue*
- Georg Friedrich HANDEL (1685–1759) "Ombra mai fu" from *Serse*  
[Unknown]
- Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (1756–1791) "Deh, per questo istante solo"  
[Caterino Mazzola] from *La Clemenza di Tito*

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**Susan Graham** (*mezzo-soprano*)—hailed as “an artist to treasure” by the *New York Times*—rose to the highest echelon of international performers within just a few years of her professional debut, mastering an astonishing range of repertoire and genres along the way. Her operatic roles span four centuries, from Monteverdi’s *Poppea* to Sister Helen Prejean in Jake Heggie’s *Dead Man Walking*, which was written especially for her. Among her numerous honors are a Grammy Award for her collection of Ives songs, *Musical America’s* Vocalist of the Year, and an Opera News Award. As one of the foremost exponents of French vocal music, Graham has been recognized with the French government’s Chevalier de la Légion d’Honneur.

This season, Graham makes her role debut as Herodias in *Salome* at Houston Grand Opera and reprises her portrayal of Mrs. De Rocher in Lyric Opera of Chicago’s company premiere of *Dead Man Walking*. In concert, she sings *La mort de Cléopâtre* and excerpts from *Les Troyens* with the orchestra of the Deutsche Oper Berlin at the Berlin Musikfest, revisits her signature interpretation of *Les nuits d’été* with the Vancouver Symphony, and headlines the Jacksonville Symphony 2020 Gala. Graham completes the season with a “Beyond the Aria” concert in Chicago’s Millennium Park and recitals with pianist Malcolm Martineau in Fort Worth and at New York’s Lincoln Center.

Graham’s earliest operatic successes were in such trouser roles as Cherubino in Mozart’s *Le nozze di Figaro*. Her technical expertise soon brought mastery of more virtuosic parts, and she went on to triumph as Octavian in Richard Strauss’ *Der Rosenkavalier* and the Composer in his *Ariadne auf Naxos*. She sang the leading ladies in the Metropolitan Opera’s world premieres of John Harbison’s *The Great Gatsby* and Tobias Picker’s *An American Tragedy*, and made her musical theater debut in Rodgers & Hammerstein’s *The King and I* at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris. In concert, she makes regular appearances with the world’s foremost orchestras, often in French repertoire, while her distinguished discography comprises a wealth of opera, orchestral, and solo recordings. *Gramophone* magazine has dubbed her “America’s favorite mezzo.”

**Malcolm Martineau** (*piano*) was born in Edinburgh, read music at St Catharine’s College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world’s greatest singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Anna Netrebko, Elina Garanča, Dorothea Röschmann, Dame Sarah Connolly, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Dame Ann Murray, Anne Sofie von Otter, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, and Sir Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at London’s Wigmore Hall and at the Edinburgh Festival, and has appeared throughout Europe (including La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin’s Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw; and Vienna’s Konzerthaus and Musikverein); North America (including both New York’s Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall); Australia (including the Sydney Opera House); and at the Aix en Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich, and Salzburg festivals.

Recording projects have included the complete Beethoven folk songs and Schubert, Schumann, and English song recitals with Sir Bryn Terfel; Schubert and Strauss recitals with Sir Simon Keenlyside, plus the Grammy Award-winning *Songs of War*; recital recordings with Magdalena Kozena, Anne Schwanewilms, Dorothea Röschmann and Christiane Karg; and the complete Poulenc songs and Britten song cycles as well as Schubert with Florian Boesch.

Martineau was a given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. He was the artistic director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival. Martineau was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year’s Honors.



REYNALDO HAHN

**Quand je fus pris au pavillon**

[Charles d'Orléans]

Quand je fus pris au pavillon  
De ma dame très gente et belle,  
Je me brûlai à la chandelle  
Ainsi que fait le papillon.

Le rougis comme vermillon,  
À la clarté d'use étincelle,  
Quand je fus pris au pavillon  
De ma dame très gente et belle.

Si j'eusse été émerillon  
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,  
Je me fusse gardé de celle  
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon  
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

[Victor Hugo]

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
Vers votre jardin si beau,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes  
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'amour!

**When I was lured to her love nest**

When I was lured to her love nest  
By my lady so gentle and fair,  
I was singed by a burning heat,  
A butterfly caught in a flame.

I glowed a fiery, crimson red  
At the gleam of a single spark,  
When I was lured to her love nest  
By my lady so gentle and fair.

If I had only been a falcon  
Or had the wings to fly away  
I'd have saved myself from her,  
Who enticed me with her charms,  
When I was lured to her love nest.

**If only my poems had wings**

My poems would flee, sweet, frail,  
To your beautiful garden,  
If only my poems had wings  
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,  
To your smiling hearth,  
If only my poems had wings  
Like the soul.

Close to you, pure and true,  
They would hasten night and day,  
If only my poems had wings  
Like love!

**Le rossignol des lilas**

[Léopold Dauphin]

Ô premier rossignol qui viens  
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,  
Ta voix m'est douce a reconnaître!  
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!

Fidèle aux amoureux liens,  
Trille encor, divin petit être!  
Ô premier rossignol qui viens  
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!

Nocturne ou matinal, combien  
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!  
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître  
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,  
Ô premier rossignol qui viens!

**Infidélité**

[Théophile Gautier]

Voici l'orme qui balance  
Son ombre sur le sentier:  
Voici le jeune églantier,  
Le bois où dort le silence.  
Le banc de pierre où le soir  
Nous aimions à nous asseoir.

Voici la voûte embaumée  
D'ébéniers et de lilas,  
Où, lorsque nous étions las,  
Ensemble, ô ma bien aimée!  
Sous des guirlandes de fleurs,  
Nous laissions fuir les chaleurs.

L'air est pur, le gazon doux...  
Rien n'a donc changé que vous.

**The Nightingale in the Lilac Bush**

Oh you, the first nightingale to come  
To the lilac bush beneath my window,  
How sweet it is to hear your voice again!  
No other voice can compare to yours!

Be true to the bonds that lovers make,  
Trill once more, divine little being!  
Oh you, the first nightingale to come  
To the lilac bush beneath my window!

At night or in the morning, how  
Your hymn of love pierces through me!  
Such ardor rekindles in me  
The memory of so many Aprils gone by.  
Oh you, the first nightingale to come!

**Infidelity**

Here is the elm that casts  
Its shadow along the path;  
Here is the young briar,  
The forest where silence sleeps;  
The stone bench where, at night,  
We loved to sit.

Here is the luscious canopy  
Of ebony and lilac trees,  
Where, when we were weary,  
Together, my darling,  
Under garlands of flowers,  
We would escape the heat.

The air is pure, the grass soft...  
Nothing has changed except you.

**Le printemps**

[Théodore de Banville]

Te voilà, rire du Printemps!  
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.  
Les amantes, qui te chérissent  
Délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.

Sous les rayons d'or éclatant  
Les anciens lierres se flétrissent.  
Te voilà, rire du Printemps!  
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.

Couchons-nous au bord des étangs,  
Que nos maux amers se guérissent!  
Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent  
Nos coeurs émus et palpitants.  
Te voilà, rire du Printemps!

**GUSTAV MAHLER**

*Rückert Lieder*

Text by Friedrich Rückert

**Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!**  
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!  
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,  
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat;  
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,  
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen:  
Deine Neugier ist Verrat.

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,  
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,  
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.  
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben  
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,  
Dann vor allem nasche du!

**Ich atmet' einen linden Duft**

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!  
Im Zimmer stand ein Zweig der Linde,  
Ein Angebinde von lieber Hand.  
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!  
Das Lindenreis brachst du gelinde!  
Ich atme leis im Duft der Linde  
Der Liebe linden Duft.

**Spring**

You have come, laughter of spring!  
The clusters of lilacs are blooming.  
The lovers who cherish you  
Set free their floating hair.

Beneath the shimmering golden rays,  
The ancient ivies wither.  
You have come, laughter of spring!  
The clusters of lilacs are blooming.

Let us lie down at the edge of ponds,  
And may our bitter woes be healed!  
A thousand extravagant hopes nourish  
Our moved and beating hearts.  
You have come, laughter of spring!

*Songs after Rückert*

**Do not look into my songs!**  
Do not look into my songs!  
I shield my gaze,  
As if caught in the act.  
I cannot even trust myself  
To watch them grow.  
Your curiosity is deceitful.

Bees, when they build their cells,  
Let no one watch either,  
And do not watch each other.  
When the sweet honeycombs  
Have been brought to daylight,  
You will be the first to taste them!

**I breathed a gentle scent**

I breathed a gentle scent!  
In the room there was a branch of linden,  
a gift from a dear hand.  
How wonderful was the scent of linden!

How wonderful is the scent of linden!  
That sprig of linden you gathered tenderly!  
I breathe softly amid its scent  
The gentle scent of love.

**Um Mitternacht**

Um Mitternacht  
Hab' ich gewacht  
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;  
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel  
Hat mir gelacht  
Um Mitternacht.

**Um Mitternacht**

Hab' ich gedacht  
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.  
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken  
Mir Trost gebracht  
Um Mitternacht.

**Um Mitternacht**

Nahm ich in acht  
Die Schläge meines Herzens;  
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzes  
War angefacht  
Um Mitternacht.

**Um Mitternacht**

Kämpf' ich die Schlacht,  
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;  
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden  
Mit meiner Macht  
Um Mitternacht.

**Um Mitternacht**

Hab' ich die Macht  
In deine Hand gegeben!  
Herr! über Tod und Leben  
Du hältst die Wacht  
Um Mitternacht!

**Liebst du um Schönheit**

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein goldnes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe der Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe, o ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb' ich immerdar.

**At midnight**

At midnight  
I kept watch  
And looked up at heaven;  
Not a star in the sky  
Smiled on me  
At midnight.

**At midnight**

My thoughts stretched out  
To the dark regions of space;  
No shining thought  
Gave me comfort  
At midnight.

**At midnight**

I made note  
Of the beating of my heart;  
A single pang of pain  
Was set alight  
At midnight.

**At midnight**

I fought the battle,  
O humanity, of your afflictions;  
But I could not win victory  
By my own strength  
At midnight.

**At midnight**

I gave my strength  
Into Your hands!  
Lord! over life and death,  
You keep watch  
At midnight.

**If you love for beauty**

If you love for beauty, do not love me!  
Love the sun, she has golden hair!

If you love for youth, do not love me!  
Love the spring, who is young every year!

If you love for riches, do not love me!  
Love the mermaid, who has many shining  
pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, love me!  
Love me ever, I shall love you evermore!



**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,  
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,  
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,  
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,  
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,  
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,  
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,  
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!  
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,  
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

**I am lost to the world**

I am lost to the world  
With which I wasted so much time;  
It has for so long heard nothing of me,  
It may well believe that I am dead.

It matters not to me  
If it should think I am dead.  
Nor could I deny it,  
For in truth I am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's chaos  
And rest in a quiet realm!  
I live alone in my heaven,  
In my love, in my song!

**HECTOR BERLIOZ**

*Les nuits d'été*

Text by Théophile Gautier

**Villanelle**

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles  
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants béni,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:  
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aisés,  
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des fraises  
Des bois!

*The Nights of Summer*

**Villanelle**

When the new season comes,  
When the cold has ended,  
We will go, my darling,  
To pick lilies-of-the-valley in the forest;  
Our feet scattering the pearls  
Which tremble in the morning,  
We will listen to the blackbirds  
Whistling!

The spring has come, my darling;  
This is the month praised by lovers,  
And the bird primping its wing,  
Sitting on the edge of its nest, tweets in verse.  
Oh come and sit on this mossy bank  
To speak of our beautiful love,  
And say to me in your sweet voice:  
Always!

Far, very far, let us wander,  
Frightening the hidden rabbit and the deer  
Which bends to take in its great antlers  
Reflecting in the pond;  
Then let us go home, happy and content;  
Interlacing our fingers basket-like,  
Let us carry wild strawberries  
From the woods.

**Le spectre de la rose**

Soulève ta paupière close  
 Qu'effleure un songe virginal!  
 Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
 Que tu portais hier au bal.  
 Tu me pris encore emperlée  
 Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,  
 Et, parmi la fête étoilée,  
 Tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,  
 Sans que tu puisses le chasser,  
 Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
 À ton chevet viendra danser.  
 Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
 Ni messe ni De Profundis.  
 Ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
 Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,  
 Et pour avoir un sort si beau  
 Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie;  
 Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,  
 Et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
 Un poète avec un baiser  
 Écrivit: «Ci-gît une rose,  
 Que tous les rois vont jalouser.»

**Sur les lagunes**

Ma belle amie est morte:  
 Je pleurerai toujours;  
 Sous la tombe elle emporte  
 Mon âme et mes amours.  
 Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
 Elle s'en retourna;  
 L'ange qui l'emmena  
 Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
 Que mon sort est amer!  
 Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

**The specter of the rose**

Open your closed eyelids  
 Softly touched by a virginal dream!  
 I am the specter of a rose  
 Which you wore at the ball.  
 You took me still closed  
 With the shining tears of the watering can,  
 And through the moonlit festivities  
 You strolled with me through the night.

Oh, you, the cause of my death,  
 Without power to banish me  
 All night long my rose red ghost  
 Will return to dance by your bedside.  
 Don't be frightened that I will claim  
 A mass or De Profundis.  
 This sweet perfume is my soul,  
 And I have come from Paradise.

My fate is enviable;  
 To have such a beautiful death,  
 Many would have given their lives;  
 For your breast is now my tomb,  
 And on the alabaster where I rest  
 A poet with a kiss  
 Wrote: "Here lies a rose,  
 Which all kings will envy."

**On the lagoons**

My dearest love is dead:  
 I shall weep forever;  
 To the tomb she takes with her  
 My soul and my love.  
 Without waiting for me  
 She has returned to Heaven;  
 The angel who escorted her  
 Did not want to take me.  
 How bitter is my fate!  
 Alas! To sail without love across the sea!

La blanche créature  
Est chouchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

The pure white creature  
Lies in her coffin.  
How everything in nature  
Seems in mourning!  
The forgotten dove  
Weeps, dreaming of its lost mate;  
My soul weeps and feels  
As though it is adrift.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! To sail without love across the sea!

Sur moi la nuit immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! comme elle était belle,  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

The vast night above me  
Is spread like a shroud;  
I sing my song  
Which heaven alone hears.  
Ah! How beautiful she was,  
And how I loved her!  
I will never love a woman  
As I loved her.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! To sail without love across the sea!

**Absence**

Reviens, reviens, me bien-aimée;  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

**Absence**

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed,  
Removed from your dazzling smile!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!  
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!  
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Such a great distance between our hearts!  
So great a gulf between our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O cruel absence!  
O great unassuaged desires!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed,  
Removed from your dazzling smile!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,  
Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

From here to there, so many fields,  
So many towns and hamlets,  
So many valleys and mountains,  
To tire the horses' hooves.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed,  
Removed from your dazzling smile!

**Au cimetière**

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule, au soleil couchant,  
Chante son chant;

Un air maladivement tendre,  
À la fois charmant et fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre,  
Un air, comme en soupire aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement  
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir;  
Une ombre, une forme angélique  
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-closes,  
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux  
Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles poses  
Murmure, en vous tendant les bras:  
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe  
Je n'irai quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Écouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
Son chant plaintif!

**At the cemetery**

Do you know the white tomb,  
Where the shadow of a yew  
Floats plaintively?  
On that yew a pale dove,  
Sad and melancholy at sundown,  
Sings its song;

A song of morbid sweetness,  
Both seductive and deadly,  
Which pains you  
But which you want to hear forever,  
A song like the sigh of a lovesick angel  
In the heavens.

It is as if the awakened soul  
Is crying below the earth  
Accompanying the song,  
And at the sadness of being forgotten  
Whispers its complaint  
Most softly.

On the wings of music  
You detect the slow return  
Of a memory;  
A shadow, an angelic form  
Passes through a shimmering beam of light,  
Veiled in white.

The beautiful flowers, half-closed,  
Cast their scent delicate and sweet  
Around you,  
And the phantom with its languid movements  
Whispers, reaching towards you:  
Will you return?

Ah! Never again will I approach that tomb,  
When evening approaches  
In its black cape,  
To listen to the pale dove  
From the top of a yew  
Sing its plaintive song!

**L'île inconnue**

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

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.

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

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?

Dites, le jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

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

**The unknown island**

Tell me, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail puffs out its wing,  
The breeze is going to blow!

The oar is of ivory,  
The flag of watered silk,  
The rudder of finest gold;  
I have an orange for the ballast,  
An angel's wing for the sail,  
A seraph for the cabin-boy.

Tell me, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail puffs out its wing,  
The breeze is going to blow!

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

Tell me, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?

Take me, said the beauty,  
To the shore of faithfulness  
Where love endures forever.  
– That shore, my dear,  
Is hardly known at all  
In the land of love.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

“Ombra mai fu” from *Serse*

Libretto by an unknown author

Frondi tenere e belle  
Del mio platano amato  
Per voi risplenda il fato.  
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle  
Non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,  
Né giunga a profanarvi austro rapace.

Ombra mai fu  
Di vegetabile,  
Cara ed amabile,  
Soave più.

“Never was there a shadow” from *Xerxes*

Tender and beautiful branches  
Of my cherished plane tree,  
For you fate shines brightly.  
Thunder, lightning, and storms  
Do not disturb your cherished peace,  
Nor do rapacious winds defile you.

Never was there a shadow  
Of any branch  
More dear and charming,  
Or more gentle.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

“Deh, per questo istante solo”

from *La Clemenza di Tito*

Libretto by Caterino Mazzolà

Deh per questo istante solo  
Ti ricorda il primo amor.  
Che morir mi fa di duolo  
Il tuo sdegno il tuo rigor.

Di peitade indegno e vero,  
Sol spirar io deggio orror.  
Pur sareti men severo,  
Se vedessi questo cor.

Disperato vado a morte;  
Ma il morir non mi tormenta  
Che fui teco un traditor!  
(Tanto affanno soffre un core,  
Ne si more di dolor!)

“Ah, for only this moment”

from *The Clemency of Titus*

Ah, for only this moment  
Remember our past love,  
Since your anger, your harshness,  
Are causing me to die of grief.

It is true, I do not deserve pity,  
And should inspire only horror.  
But you would not be so severe,  
If you could read my heart.

Despairingly I go to death,  
But dying does not frighten me.  
The thought that I betrayed you tortures me!  
(A heart can suffer so much anguish  
And still not die of sorrow!)