

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,
Und wir wollen unserm Gott
Gleichfalls jetzt ein Opfer bringen,
Dass er uns in Kreuz und Noth
Allezeit hat beigestanden.

Suleika

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiterziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten,
Dort, wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!

Shout for joy to God in all the lands!
What the heaven and the world
For creatures in themselves contain,
Must increase His glory,
And we want to our God
Likewise bring a sacrifice,
Since He, in anguish and distress,
At all times has stood by us.

Suleika

What means this movement?
Does the east wind bring me glad tidings?
The fresh stirring of his wings
Cools the heart's deep wounds.

Caressingly he plays with the dust,
Stirs it up into little clouds;
Drives to the shelter of the vine-leaves
The merry-insect tribe.

Softly he tempers the sun's glow,
And cools my hot cheeks;
And in his onward flight kisses the vines
Resplendent on field and hill.

And to me his light whisper brings
A thousand greetings from my dear one:
Ere yet these hills grow dark
A thousand kisses will greet me.

And so, East Wind, you may pass on your way,
Ministering to friends and to those in trouble.
There, where the high walls are all aglow,
I shall soon find my best beloved.

Ah the heart's true tidings,
Love's inspiration, life's renewal;
For me come from his mouth alone;
Only his breath can give them to me.
Translation by: G. Schirmer Publishing

ARIETTES OUBLIÉES

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le choeur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Don't s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'écouure.
Quoi! Nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

FORGOTTEN SONGS

It is the languorous ecstasy,

It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
Amid the embrace of the breezes,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of little voices

Oh the frail and fresh murmuring!
That twittering and whispering,
That resembles the soft cry
That the ruffled grass exhales...
You might say, under the swirling water,
It was the muffled sound of the rolling pebbles.

This soul which mourns
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
Which breathes out the humble anthem
On this warm evening, very softly?
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town.
What is this lethargy
That pervades my heart?

Oh the soft sound of the rain
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart which grows-listless
Oh, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this heart which sickens.
What! No betrayal?
This grief is without reason.

It is truly the worst pain
To not know why,
Without love and without hatred,
My heart feels such pain.
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées,
Tes espérances noyées.

Tournez, tournez, bon chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bon chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son de piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos gallops ronds
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici qui tombe et chasse la troupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt tristement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, tournez!

The shadow of the trees

The shadow of the trees in the river misty
Dies like some smoke;
While above, among the real branches,
The turtledoves lament.

How, oh traveler, this pale landscape
Watched you yourself turn pale,
And how in the tall foliage,
Your hopes sadly wept and drowned.
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

Turn, turn, good horses of wood,

Turn, turn, good horses of wood,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times
Turn often and turn forever,
Turn, turn, to the sound of the oboes.

The ruddy-faced child and the pale mother,
The boy in black and the girl in pink,
the one is down to earth and the other is showing off,
each buys himself a penny of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
And while you whirl around
The eye of the sly pickpocket twinkles,
Turn to the sound of the victorious cornet!

It is amazing how intoxicated this makes you,
Going around in a silly circle:
With an empty stomach and an aching head.
Lots of discomfort and heaps of fun.

Turn hobbyhorses, there will never be a need
For the use of spurs
To make you gallop around
Turn, turn, without the hope of hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls,
Already the supper bell is ringing
Night falls and drives away the band
Of merry drinkers, made ravenous by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The sky of velvet
Is slowly closed with stars of gold,
the church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the happy sound of drums, turn!
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beau l'humble present soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds repose
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos dernier baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours, ce qu'est d'attendre!
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

Green

Here are some fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches,
And here too is my heart which beats only for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift be pleasing to your two
beautiful eyes.

I arrive still covered with dew
Which the morning wind froze to my brow.
Allow that my weariness, resting at your feet,
Dream of the dear moments that will refresh it.

Let me rest my head on your young breast
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm down after the good tempest,
And let me sleep a little while you rest.
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

Spleen

The roses were all red
And the ivy was all black.
Dearest, at your slightest move,
All my despair returns.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green and the air too mild.
I always fear, to wait and wonder,
Some terrible departure of yours!

I am weary of the holly with its glossy leaves
And of the shiny boxwood,
And of the infinite countryside
And of everything alas, but you!
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

THREE SONGS FROM EDITH SITWELL

Daphne

When green as a river was the barley,
Green as a river the rye.
I waded deep and began to parley
With a youth whom I heard sigh.
'I seek,' said he, 'a lovely lady,
A nymph as bright as a queen.
Like a tree that drips with her shady
Locks of hair were seen;
And all the rivers became her flocks
Though their wool you cannot shear,
Because of the love of her flowing locks.
The kingly sun like a swain
Came strong, unheeding of her scorn.
Wading in deeps where she has lain,
Sleeping upon her river lawn
And chasing her starry satyr train.
She fled, and changed into a tree, –
That lovely fair-haired lady...
And now I seek through the sere summer
Where no trees are shady!'

Through gilded trellises

"Through gilded trellises
Of the heat, Dolores,
Inez, Manucia,
Isabel, Lucia,
Mock Time that flies.
"Lovely bird, will you stay and sing,
Flirting your sheened wing –
Peck with your beak and cling
To our balconies?"
They flirt their fans, flaunting –
"O silence, enchanting
As music!" Then slanting
Their eyes,
Like gilded or emerald grapes,
They take mantillas, capes,
Hiding their simian shapes.
Sighs
Each lady, "Our spadille
Is done...Dance the quadrille
From Hell's towers to Seville;
Surprise
Their siesta," Dolores
Said. Through gilded trellises
Of the heat, spangles
Pelt down through the tangles
Of bell-flowers; each dangles
Her castanets, shutters
Fall while the heat mutters,

Through gilded trellises (cont'd)

With sounds like a mandolin
Or tinkled tambourine...
Ladies, Time dies!'

Old Sir Faulk

Old
Sir
Faulk,
Tall as a stork,
Before the honeyed fruits of dawn were ripe, would walk
And stalk with a gun
The reynard-colored sun,
Among the pheasant-feathered corn the unicorn has torn,
forlorn the
Smock-faced sheep
Sit
And
Sleep;
Periwigged as William and Mary, weep...
'Sally, Mary, Mattie, what's the matter, why cry?'
The huntsman and the reynard-colored sun and I sigh;
'Oh, the nursery-maid Meg
With a leg like a peg
Chased the feathered dreams like hens, and when they
laid
an egg
In the sheepskin
Meadows
Where
The serene King James would steer
Horse and Hounds, then he
From the shade of a tree
Picked it up as spoil to boil for nursery tea,' said the
Mourners. In the
Corn, towers strain,
Feathered tall as a crane,
And whistling down the feathered rain, old Noah goes
again –
An old dull mome
With a head like a pome,
Seeing the world as a bare egg
Laid by the feathered air; Meg
Would beg three of these
For the nursery teas
Of Japhet, Shem and Ham; she gave it
Underneath the trees,
Where the boiling
Water
Hissed,
Like the goose-king's feathered daughter – kissed
Pot and pan and copper kettle
Put upon their proper mettle,
Lest the Flood – the Flood – the Flood begin again
through these!

SEI ROMANZE

Il tramonto

Amo l'ora del giorno che muore
Quando il sole già stanco decline,
E nell'onde di queta marina
Veggio il raggio supremo languir.

In quell'ora mi torna nel core
Un'età più felice di questa;
In quell'ora dolcissima e mesta
Volgo a te, cara donna, il sospir.

L'occhio immoto ed immoto il pensiero,
Io contemplo la striscia lucente
Che mi vien dal seren-, dal sereno occidente
La quiete solcando, solcando del mar.

E desio di quell'aureo sentiero
Ravviarmi sull'orma infinita
Quasi debba la stanca mia vita
Ad un porto di pace guidar.

La zingara

Chi padre mi fosse, qual patria mi sia,
Invano la gente chimando mi va;
Del primo mai seppi ed è patria mia
La terra che un fiore, che un frutto mi dà.

Dovunque il destino m'addita un sentiero,
Io trovo un sorriso, io trovo un amor;
Perché del passato da rommi pensiero,
Se l'ora presente è lieta al mio cor?

Può è vero, il domain un torbido velo
Dell'aure serene l'aspetto turbar;
Ma s'oggi risplende azzurro il mio cielo,
Perché rattristarmi d'un dubbio avvenir?

Io sono una pianta che ghiaccio non spoglia
Che tutto disfida del verno il rigor;
Se fronda qui cade, là un'altra germoglia,
In ogni stagione son carica di fior.

SIX ROMANCES

The sunset

I love the dying hour of the day
When the already tired sun sets,
And in the waves lapping on the quiet seashore
I see its last ray fade.

In that hour I return in my heart
To a time more happy than this;
In that hour, very sweet and sad,
My sighs turn to you, dear lady.

The eyes is motionless and motionless is the thought,
I contemplate the shining streak
That shines on me from the calm west
The quiet plowing, plowing of the sea.

And I desire of that golden path
That will place me again upon the infinite trail
That must guide my tired life
To a peaceful port.

Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

The gypsy woman

Who was my father, what is my country?
In vain the people keep on asking me;
To the first, I will never know, and my native land is
The land that gives me a flower and a fruit.

Anywhere that fate leads my steps,
I find a smile, I find a love;
Why should the past bother my mind
If the present hour is joyful to my heart?

Tomorrow can, it's true, be a troubled veil
To my image of serene breezes;
But if today my sky shines blue
Why should I grieve over an uncertain future?

I am a plant that frost never strips,
That winter challenges with all its severity;
If a leaf falls here, another one sprouts there,
In every season I am laden with flowers.

Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

Ad una stella

Bell'astro della terra, luce amorosa e bella,
Come desia quest'anima oppressa e prigioniera
Le sue catene infrangere, libera a te volar!

Gl'ignoti abitatori che mi nascondi, o stella,
Cogl'angeli s'abbracciano puri fraterni amori,
Fan d'armonie cogl'angeli la spera tua sonar.

Le colpe e i nostri affanni vi sono a lor segreti,
Inavvertiti e placidi scorrono i giorni e gli anni,
Né mai pensier li novera, né li richiama in duol.

Bell'astro della sera, gemma che il cielo allieti,
Come alzerà quest'anima oppressa e prigioniera
Dal suo terreno carcere al tuo bel raggio il vol!

Lo spazzacamino

Lo spazzacamin!
Son d'aspetto brutto e nero,
Tingo ognun che mi vien presso;
Sono d'abiti mal messo,
Sempre scalzo intorno io vo.

*Ah! Di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin
Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin.

Io mi levo innanzi al solo
E di tutta la cittade
Col mio grido empio le strade
E nemico alcun non ho.

*Ah! Di me chi sia più lieto...

Talor m'alzo sopra i tetti,
Talor vado per le sale;
Col mio nome i fanciulletti
Timorosi e quieti io fo.

*Ah! Di me chi sia più lieto

To a star

Beautiful star of the earth, loving and beautiful light,
How my soul, oppressed and imprisoned, desires
To break its chains, and fly freely to you!

The unknown inhabitants you hide from me, oh star,
Embrace the angels in pure brotherly love,
In harmony with the angels, make your sphere resound.

Our faults and worries are secrets to them;
Without want and calm, pass the days and the years,
With no thought of counting them, nor to recall them in
sorrow.

Beautiful star of night, gem in which heaven delights,
How will this soul rise, oppressed and imprisoned,
From your earthly prison to your beautiful radiance in
flight!

Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

The Chimney-sweep!

The chimney-sweep!
I am ugly and black in appearance,
I stain everyone who comes near me;
I am in messy clothes
I always go barefooted around.

*Ah! Who is happier that I
on this earth, I say, I do not know.
Chimney-sweep! Gentlemen, ladies, the chimney-sweep
Saves you from the fire for a few pennies.
Ah! Gentlemen, ladies, the chimney-sweep.

I set off before the sun
And through all the city
With my pitiless shout to the streets
And I have no enemies.

*Ah! Who is happier that I...

Sometimes I am up on the roofs,
Sometimes I go through the rooms;
At my name, the little boys
Become timid and quiet.

*Ah! Who is happier that I...

Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

Il mistero

Se tranquillo a te d'accanto,
Donna mia, talun mi vede,
O felice appien mi crede
O guarito dall'amor;
Ma non tu, che sai pur quanto
Combattuto e oppresso ho il cor.

Come lago, che stagnante
Par che dorma e appena muova,
Ma tempeste in fondo cova
Sconosciute al viator,
Ma tal calma ho nel sembiante,
Ho scompiglio, ho in fondo al cor.

Se un sospiro, se un lamento
Il timore a me contende,
Dell'amore che m'accende
Non scemò l'intenso ardor.
Come lampa in monument
Non veduto avvampa in cor.

E vivrà benché represso,
Benché privo di conforto
E vivrebbe ancor che morto
Lo volesse il tuo rigor,
Chè alimento da sè stesso
Prende amore in nobile cor.

Brindisi

Mescetemi il vino! Tu solo, o bichiero,
Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero,
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.
Amai; m'infiammaro due sguardi fatali;
Credei l'amicizia fanciulla senz'ali,
Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma illusor.
Mescetemi il vino, Letizia del cor

L'amico, l'amante col tempo ne fugge,
Ma tu non paventi chi tutto distrugge:
L'età non t'offende, t'accresce virtù.
Sfiorito l'aprile, cadute le rose,
Tu sei che n'allegri le cure noiose:
Sei tu che ne torni la gioia che fu.
Mescetemi il vino, Letizia del cor.

Chi meglio risana del cor le ferrite?
Se te non ci desse la provvida vite,
Sarebbe immortale, l'umano dolor.
Mescetemi il vino! Tu solo, o bicchiere,
Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

The mystery

Calmly standing near you,
My lady, if someone sees me,
He will believe me either
Filled with or cured of love;
But not you, who knows still how much
Struggle and oppression I have in my heart
Like a still lake,
Seemingly asleep and unmoving,
May have a tempest brooding in its depths
Unseen by the passer by,
Although I have such calm in my appearance
I have confusion in the depths of my heart,

If a sigh, if a groan
Fear prevents from me,
As a sign of the love that burns me,
I would not lessen its intense flame.
Like a lamp in a monument,
It burns unseen in my heart.

It will live on although repressed,
Although deprived of comfort,
And it will live on after death
As it wants your severity
Because love in a noble heart,
Takes sustenance from itself.
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

A toast

Pour out the wine! Only you, oh Glass,
Of all earthly joys, do not know how to lie,
You, life of the senses and joy of the heart.
I have loved; consumed by two fatal glances;
I believed the friendship of a girl who was no angel,
Foolishness of youth, illusory fantasy.
Pour out the wine, joy of my heart.

The friend, the lover, all will leave in time,
But you do not fear that which destroys all:
Old age does not offend you but increases your value.
April has faded and the roses have fallen,
It is you who lightens life's worries:
It is you who brings back lost joy.
Pour out the wine, joy of the heart.

Who better than you can heal a wounded heart?
If you had not given us the benefits of the vineyard,
Human sorrow might have been immortal
Pour out the wine! Only you, oh glass
Of all earthly joys, do not know how to lie,
You, life of the senses and joy of the heart.
Translation by: Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source