

Caitriona Cassel, *Soprano*

Translations

From the studio of Heather Dudenbostel

With Anita Shuller, *piano*

PAC Concert Hall

May 5, 2023

Friday at 7:30 PM

“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 [dir]¹: "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.

“Au-delà”

Eau-de-vie, au-delà!
À 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'osais 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
À l'heure du plaisir
Choisir n'est pas trahir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.

“The boy from Liège”

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

The late autumn birds
Kept themselves busy, in spite of the rain,
And, taken by a foolish whim,
I dared to tell him: I am bored.

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

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

And in my nightdress,
Ever since then, when I would like to laugh,
Oh, handsome young man, I am bored,
Oh, in my nightdress, to death.

“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 knows how to make me laugh,
With a finger here and there,
As when one is writing.

As when one is writing,
He travels here and there,
Without my daring to tell him:
I love very much this game.

I love very much this game,
Which a single breath puts to an end,
Until the last breath,
I choose this game.

Water of life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
To choose is not to betray,
I choose this game.

“Aux 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.

“Nach Süden”

Von allen Zweigen schwingen
Sich wandernde Vögel empor,
Weit durch die Lüfte klingen
Hört man den Reisechor,
Nach Süden, nach Süden
In den ewigen Blumenflor.

Ihr Vöglein singt munter hernieder,
Wir singen lustig hinaus,
Wenn der Lenz kommt,
Kehren wir wieder,
Wieder in Nest und Haus,
Von Süden! Jetzt aber hinaus!

“Im Herbst”

Auf des Gartens Mauerzinne,
bebt noch eine einz'ge Ranke,
also bebt in meinem Sinne,
schmerzlich nur noch ein Gedanke.
Kaum vermag ich ihn zu fassen,
aber dennoch von mir lassen,
will er, ach, zu keiner Frist.

“To the Officers of the White Guard”

Officers of the White Guard,
Keep me from certain thoughts, at night,
Keep me from physical touch and the feel
Of a hand on my hip.

Guard me above all from him
Who beseeches and lures me
Toward the chance 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 expectations
Which will press onto the windows and the doors
My profile: that of a lady already dead.

Officers of the White Guard,
I do not want to weep for him
On earth, I want to weep in rain,
On his earth, on his star adorned with boxwood,
When later I may float transparent,
Above one hundred steps of boredom.

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

“To the South”

From every branch
Migratory birds rise up into the air,
Ringing far throughout the skies
The travelling chorus can be heard:
To the South, to the South
Into the eternal blossoming.

Little bird, you sing cheerfully from above,
We sing out joyfully too;
When Spring comes
We shall return,
Return to nest and house
From the South! But now – let's away!

“In Autumn”

On the top of the garden wall
there trembles a single vine,
just as in my mind there trembles
painfully a single thought.
I can hardly catch it,
but it will not leave me alone,
alas, not even for one second.

Und so denk ich ihn und trage
alle Nächte, alle Tage,
mit mir fort die [dumpfe]¹ Klage,
daß du mir verloren bist.

“Bergeslust”

O Lust vom Berg zu schauen
Weit über Wald und Strom,
Hoch über sich den blauen,
Den klaren Himmelsdom.

Vom Berge Vögel fliegen,
Und Wolken so geschwind,
Gedanken überfliegen
Die Vögel und den Wind.

Die Wolken zieh'n hernieder,
Das Vöglein senkt sich gleich,
Gedanken geh'n und Lieder
Bis in das Himmelreich.
Fort bis ins Himmelreich.

“Risolvetevi pensieri”

Risolvetevi pensieri,
Di lascarmi in libertà:
È tropp'aspra crudeltà
Raddoppiarne di sì fieri.
E se stimate ch'altro amor io brami,
Stringetemi al suo sen, cari legami.

Lusinghiere mie speranze
Il tentarmi è vanità;
Il mio cor soffrir non sa
Vostre perfide baldanze.
Già senza replica nuovo dolore
Del primo colpo ho ancor piagato il core

“Cuore che reprime alla lingua di manifestare il nome della sua cara”

Ardo in tacito foco,
Ne pure m'è concesso
Dal geloso cor mio
Far palese a me stesso
Il nome di colei ch'è 'l mio desio,
Ma nel carcer del seno
Racchiuso tien l'ardore,
Carcerier di se stesso il proprio core.
E appena sia contento
Con aliti e sospiri
Far palese alla lingua i suoi martiri.

Se pur per mio ristoro,
Con tributi di pianto,
Mostrar voglio con fede

And so I think it, and endure
all the nights and all the days,
and with me always is the hollow lament,
that you are lost to me.

“Mountain Rapture”

Oh, the joy of gazing from the mountain
Far over forest and stream,
High above oneself the blue sky,
The clear dome of the sky.

From the mountain little birds
And clouds fly swiftly,
Thoughts skim past
The birds and the wind.

The clouds drift down,
The little bird descends,
Thoughts and songs go winging on
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven.
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven.

“Resolve yourself my thoughts”

Resolve yourself, my thoughts,
to leave me in freedom;
it is too harsh a cruelty
to redouble such wildness.
And if you think I long for another love,
then hold me to her breast, dear bonds.

Flattering hopes of mine,
In vain you tempt me;
My heart cannot suffer
Your treacherous boldness.
Even now, without repeating the pain anew,
My heart is still wounded from the first blow.

“Heart which restrains the tongue from expressing the name of the beloved”

I burn in a silent flame,
not even allowed
by my jealous heart
to reveal to myself
the name of her that I desire,
and in the prison of my breast
I keep the passion confined,
my heart its own jailer.
And I'm barely permitted
with breaths and sighs
to reveal its suffering in words.

Even if to comfort myself
with an offering of tears
I want to show

A quella ch'amo tanto
Che son d'amor le lagrime mercede,
Ecco'l cor ch'essalando
Di più sospiri il vento,
Assorbe il pianto e quell'umor n'ha spento,
E con mio duol m'addita
Che gl'occhi lagrimanti
Sono mutole lingue negli amanti.

Qual sia l'aspro mio stato:
Ridir nol ponno i venti,
Nè pur le selve o l'onde
Udiro i miei lamenti,
Ma solo il duol entro al mio cor s'asconde,
E quale in chiuso specchio
Disfassi pietra al foco,
Tal' io m'incenerisco a poco a poco.
E s'ad' altri la lingua
È scorta alla lor sorte,
A me la lingua è sol cagion di morte.

“In uomini, in soldati”

In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedelta?
Non vi fate sentir, per carita!
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti
Han piu degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualita!
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto,
Ne val da barbari chieder pietà!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual moneta
Questa malefica razza indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanità!

“Una donna a quindici anni”

Una donna a quindici anni
De'e saper ogni gran moda
Dove il diavolo ha la coda
Cosa e bene, e mal cos'e.
De'e saper le maliziette
Che innamorano gli amanti
Finger riso, finger pianti
Inventar i bei perche.

De'e in un momento dar retta a cento
Colle pupille parlar con mille
Dar speme a tutti, sien belli o brutti,
Saper nascondersi senza confondersi,
Senz'arrossire saper mentire.
E qual regina dall'alto soglio
Col posso e voglio farsi ubbidir.
(Par ch'abbian gusto di tal dottrina,
Viva Despina che sa servir!)

that I love so much
that my tears are expressions of love,
then my heart
breathes out many sighs,
absorbing my tears and exhausting my feeling,
and through my suffering tells me
that tearful eyes
are the muted tongues of lovers.

This is my harsh condition:
the winds cannot repeat,
nor can the forests or seas
hear my lamenting, but the pain
can only remain hidden in my heart,
and just as in a closed mirror
stone melts in flame,
I'm burning up little by little.
And while for others speaking
leads to helping their condition,
for me speech only causes my death.

“In men, in soldiers”

In men? In soldiers you hope for fidelity?
For pities sake, don't let anyone hear you!
They're all made of the same stuff.
Unstable branches, fickle breezes
Have more stability than men!
Lying tears, false glances,
Deceiving voices, lying charms
Are their primary qualities!
They only love us when it brings them pleasure,
Then they deny us respect and affection,
They have no more pity than barbarians!
Let's pay them back in their own coin,
This evil, indiscreet race.
Let us love for our convenience and vanity!

“A woman of fifteen years”

A woman of fifteen years
Must know all the important fashion,
Where the devil keeps his tail
What is good and what is bad.
She must know the little tricks
That enamor lovers:
To feign laughter, to feign tears,
And invent good reasons.

She must pay attention to a hundred at a time
Speak through her eyes to a thousand
Give hope to all, be they handsome or ugly,
Know how to complicate without getting confused
And know how to lie without blushing.
And like a queen from her high throne
Can make them obey with, "I can," and "I want."
(It seems they like this doctrine,
Long live Despina, who knows how to serve!)

“Solveigs Sang”

Kanske vil der gå både Vinter og Vår,
og neste Sommer med, og det hele År,
men engang vil du komme, det ved jeg vist,
og jeg skal nok vente, for det lovte jeg sidst.

Gud styrke dig, hvor du i Verden går,
Gud glæde dig, hvis du for hans Fodskam mel står.
Her skal jeg vente til du kommer igjen;
og venter du hist oppe, vi træffes der, min Ven!

“Solveigs Vuggesang”

Sov, du dyreste Gutten min!
Jeg skal vugge dig, jeg skal våge.

Gutten har siddet på sin Moders Fang.
De to har leget hele Livsdagen lang.

Gutten har hvilet ved sin Moders Bryst
hele Livsdagen lang. Grud signe dig, min Lyst!

Gutten har ligget til mit Hjerter tæt
hele Livsdagen lang. Nu er han så træt.

Sov, du dyreste Gutten min!
Jeg skal vugge dig, jeg skal våge!

“Solveig’s Song”

Both the winter and the spring may pass,
And then the summer, and then the whole year.
But someday you will return, I know this for certain,
And I shall still wait as I promised.

God strengthen you, wherever you may go,
God give you joy if you stand at his throne.
Here I shall wait until you return
And if you are waiting above, we shall meet there my friend!

“Solveig’s Cradle Song”

Sleep, my dearest boy!
I will cradle and watch over you.

The boy has been sitting on his mother’s lap.
The two have played the whole livelong day.

The boy has rested on his mother’s breast
The whole livelong day. God bless you my desire!

The boy has laid close to my heart
The whole livelong day. Now he is so tired.

Sleep, my dearest boy!
I will cradle and watch over you!