

# NEW HORIZONS FESTIVAL

ReGENERATION:

**Bartók and the Folk Influence**

Saturday, July 24 2021 at 4:00pm

*Text & Translation*

## **Francesco Santoliquido: Tristezza crepuscolare (*I canti della sera*)**

Text by Francesco Santoliquido | Translation © Abra K. Bush

### **Tristezza crepuscolare**

È la sera.  
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore delle foglie morte.  
È l'ora delle campane,  
è l'ora in cui respiro  
il vano profumo d' un amore passato.  
E sogno e piango  
È la sera.  
È la sera, una sera piena di campane,  
una sera piena di profumi,  
una sera piena di ricordi e di tristezze morte.  
Piangete, piangete campane della sera,  
Empite tutto il cielo di malinconia.  
Ah! Piangete ancor...  
Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,  
è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma s'accende  
nel cuore disperatamente e lo brucia  
Campane.  
Odore di foglie morte.  
Tristezze dissepolte!

### **Sadness at twilight**

It is evening.  
From the wet earth rises the scent of dead leaves.  
It is time for the ringing bells,  
it is for me the time to relive  
the emptiness of a bygone perfume of love.  
And I dream and I cry.  
It is evening.  
It is evening, an evening full of bells  
an evening full of perfumes,  
an evening full of memories and bygone sadness,  
Keep up your ringing cries, oh evening bells,  
do fill-up all the melancholic sky.  
Ah! You are still crying...  
This is the time for remembering,  
it is the hour in which the old flame lights up  
in my heart in desperation and burns it!  
Bells.  
Scent of dead leaves.  
Unearthed sadness!

## **Sergei Rachmaninoff: Zdes' khoroso**

Text by Glafira Adol'fovna Galina | Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

### **Zdes' khorosho**

Zdes' khorosho...  
Vzgjani, vdali  
Ognjom gorit reka;  
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,  
Belejut oblaka.  
Zdes' net ljudej...  
Zdes' tishina...  
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.  
Cvety, da staraja sosna,  
Da ty, mechta moja!

### **How fair is the spot**

All is well here...  
Look, in the distance  
The river glows like a fire;  
The meadows are like a colourful carpet,  
And there is the whiteness of clouds.  
There is nobody here.  
All is quiet...  
Here I am alone with God.  
And the flowers, and the old pine,  
And you, my dream...

## Sergei Rachmaninoff: Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg

Text by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev | Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

### Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,  
A vody uzh vesnoj shumjat --  
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,  
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:  
"Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!  
My molodoj vesny goncy,  
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.

Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,  
I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnejj  
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod  
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!..."

### Spring Waters

The fields are still white with snow,  
But already there is the sound of spring in the waters  
–  
They run along and wake the sleepy banks,  
They run, and glitter, and proclaim...

They proclaim in every direction:  
‘Spring is coming, spring is coming!  
We are the heralds of youthful spring,  
Who sends us on ahead.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
And the quiet, warm days of May,  
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance,  
Hurry along in its wake.

## Francis Poulenc: selections from *Le Travail du peintre*

Text by Paul Éluard | Translated © Peter Low

### Marc Chagall

Âne ou vache coq ou cheval  
Jusqu'à la peau d'un violon  
Homme chanteur un seul oiseau  
Danseur agile avec sa femme

Couple trempé dans son printemps

L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel  
Séparés par les flammes bleues  
De la santé de la rosée  
Le sang s'irise le coeur tinte

Un couple le premier reflet

Et dans un souterrain de neige  
La vigne opulente dessine  
Un visage aux lèvres de lune  
Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.

### Marc Chagall

An ass or a cow, a rooster or a horse,  
even the skin of a violin,  
a man singing, a single bird,  
an agile dancer with his wife,

A couple soaked in their springtime.

Golden grass and leaden sky  
separated by the blue flames  
of health and of dew.  
Blood grows iridescent, hearts are ringing.

A couple, the first reflection.

And in a tunnel of snow  
the abundant vine sketches  
a moon-lipped face  
that has never slept all night.

## Paul Klee

Sur la pente fatale, le voyageur profite  
De la faveur du jour, verglas et sans cailloux,  
Et les yeux bleus d'amour, découvre sa saison  
Qui porte à tous les doigts de grands astres en bague.

Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles  
Et le sable creusé la place d'un beau crime.  
Le supplice est plus dur aux bourreaux qu'aux victimes  
Les couteaux sont des signes et les balles des larmes.

## Paul Klee

On the fatal slope, the traveller takes advantage  
Of the favourable day, icy-smooth and no pebbles  
And with eyes blue with love, discovers his season  
Which wears large stars as rings on every finger.

On the beach the sea has left its ears  
And the sand hollowed out space for a fine crime.  
Torture is harder on the torturers than on the victims;  
Knives are signs and bullets are teardrops.

## Franz Liszt: Lorelei

Text by Heinrich Heine | Translation © Richard Stokes

### Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

### Loreley

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

## Hugo Wolf: Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen (*Italienisches Liederbuch*)

Text by Paul Heyse | Translation © Richard Stokes

### 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.

### 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.