

NEW HORIZONS FESTIVAL

ReGENERATION:

Schumann Quartet

Saturday, July 24 2021 at 7:30pm

Text & Translation

Franz Schubert: Alinde

Text by Johann Rochlitz | Translation © Richard Wigmore

Alinde

Die Sonne sinkt ins tiefe Meer,
Da wollte sie kommen.
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,
Mir ist's beklommen.

"Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!"
"Zu Weib und Kindern muss ich gehn,
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen sehn;
Sie warten mein unter der Linde."

Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort legt der Fischer das Fahrzeug an,
Mir ist's beklommen.

"Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!"
"Muss suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehen,
Hab nimmer Zeit nach Jungfern zu gehen,
Schau, Welch einen Fang ich finde."

Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf,
Mir ist's beklommen.

"Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!"
"Muss nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehen,
Hab nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu sehn;
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde."

In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
von allen Lebendgen irr ich allein,
Bang und beklommen.

Alinda

The sun sinks into the deep ocean,
she was due to come.
Calmly the reaper walks by.
My heart is heavy.

'Reaper, have you not seen my love?
Alinda! Alinda!'
'I must go to my wife and children,
I cannot look for other girls.
They are waiting for me beneath the linden tree.'

The moon entered its heavenly course,
she still does not come.
There a fisherman lands his boat.
My heart is heavy.

'Fisherman, have you not seen my love?
Alinda! Alinda!'
'I must see how my oyster baskets are,
I never have time to chase after girls;
look what a catch I have!'

The bright stars appear,
she still does not come.
The huntsman rides swiftly along.
My heart is heavy.

'Huntsman, have you not seen my love?
Alinda! Alinda!'
'I must go after the brown roebuck,
I never care to look for girls;
there he goes in the evening breeze!'

The grove lies here in blackest night,
she still does not come.
I wander alone, away from all mankind,
anxious and troubled.

"Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid Gesten:
Alinde, Alinde!"
"Alinde", liess Echo leise herüberwehn;
Da sah ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:
"Du suchtest so treu, nun finde!"

'To you, Echo, I confess my sorrow:
Alinda! Alinda!'
'Alinda', came the soft echo;
Then I saw her at my side.
'You searched so faithfully. Now you find me.'

Samuel Barber: The Desire for Hermitage (*Hermit Songs*)

Text by Anonymous | Translation © Seán Ó Faoláin

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.

Hugo Wolf: Er ist's (*Mörrike-Lieder*)

Text by Eduard Mörike | Translation © Richard Stokes

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Spring is here

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Gabriel Fauré: Au cimetière

Text by Jean Richepin | Translation © Richard Stokes

Au cimetière

Heureux qui meurt ici
Ainsi
Que les oiseaux des champs!
Son corps près des amis
Est mis
Dans l'herbe et dans les chants.

At the cemetery

Happy he who dies here
Even
As the birds of the fields!
His body near his friends
Is laid
Amid the grass, amid the songs.

Il dort d'un bon sommeil
Vermeil
Sous le ciel radieux.
Tous ceux qu'il a connus,
Venus,
Lui font de longs adieux.

À sa croix les parents
Pleurants
Restent agenouillés;
Et ses os, sous les fleurs,
De pleurs
Sont doucement mouillés.

Chacun sur le bois noir
Peut voir
S'il était jeune ou non,
Et peut avec de vrais
Regrets
L'appeler par son nom.

Combien plus malchanceux
Sont ceux
Qui meurent à la mé,
Et sous le flot profond
S'en vont
Loin du pays aimé!

Ah! pauvres, qui pour seuls
Linceuls
Ont les goëmons verts
Où l'on roule inconnu,
Tout nu,
Et les yeux grands ouverts.

He sleeps a good sleep,
Crimson
Beneath the radiant sky.
All those he has known
Are come
To bid him a long farewell.

By the cross his weeping
Parents
Remain kneeling,
And his bones beneath the flowers
With tears
Are gently watered.

On the black wood all
Can see
If he was young or not,
And can with true
Regret
Call him by his name.

How much more unfortunate
Are they
Who die at sea,
And beneath deep waters
Drift
Far from their beloved land!

Ah! poor souls! whose only
Shroud
Is the green seaweed,
Where they roll unknown,
Unclothed,
And with wide-open eyes.

Theodore Chanler: selections from *Eight Epitaphs*

Text by Walter de la Mare

Alice Rodd

Here lyeth our infant, Alice Rodd;
She was so small
Scarce aught at all,
But a mere breath of Sweetness sent from God.

Three Sisters

Three sisters rest beneath
This cypress shade,
Sprightly Rebecca, Anne,
And Adelaide.
Gentle their hearts to all
On earth, save Man;
In Him, they said, all Grief,
All Woe began.
Spinsters they lived, and spinsters
Here are laid;
Sprightly Rebecca, Anne,
And Adelaide.

Be Very Quiet Now

Be very quiet now:
A child's asleep
In this small cradle,
In this shadow deep!