

# NEW HORIZONS FESTIVAL

## Midsummer Melodies

Tuesday, July 20 2021 at 7:30pm

*Text & Translation*

### **Gustav Mahler: Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*)**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe | Translation © Richard Stokes

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopft an,  
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?  
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,  
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Who stands outside and knocks at my door,  
Waking me so gently?  
It is your own true dearest love,  
Arise, and let me in.

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?  
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,  
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,  
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,  
bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.

Why leave me longer waiting here?  
I see rosy dawn appear,  
The rosy dawn and two bright stars.  
I long to be beside my love,  
Beside my dearest love.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein;  
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.  
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,  
So lang hast du gestanden!

The girl arose and let him in,  
She bids him welcome too.  
O welcome, dearest love of mine,  
Too long have you been waiting.

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand.  
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall  
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

She gives to him her snow-white hand,  
From far off sang the nightingale,  
The girl began to weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,  
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.  
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,  
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.  
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ah, do not weep, my dearest love,  
Within a year you shall be mine,  
You shall be mine most certainly,  
As no one else on earth.  
O love upon the green earth.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,  
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.  
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,  
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

I'm going to war, to the green heath,  
The green heath so far away.  
There where the splendid trumpets sound,  
There is my home of green turf.

### **Franz Schubert: Erster Verlust**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe | Translation © Richard Wigmore

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,  
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,  
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde  
Jener holden Zeit zurück!

Ah, who will bring back those fair days,  
those days of first love?  
Ah, who will bring back but one hour  
of that sweet time?

Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,  
Und mit stets erneuter Klage  
Traur' ich ums verlorne Glück,  
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,  
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

Alone I nurture my wound  
and, forever renewing my lament,  
mourn my lost happiness.  
Ah, who will bring back those fair days,  
that sweet time?

## **Jésus Guridi: selections from *Seis Canciones Castellanas***

Text by Anonymous | Translation © Laura Prichard

### **Allá Arriba, En Aquella Montaña**

Allá arriba, en aquella montaña,  
yo corté una caña, yo corté un clavel.  
Labrador ha de ser,  
labrador, que mi amante lo es.

No le quiero molinero,  
que me da con el maquilandero.  
Yo le quiero labrador,  
que coja las mulas y se vaya a arar  
y a la medianoche me venga a rondar.

Entra labrador si vienes a verme.  
Si vienes a verme ven por el corral,  
sube por el naranjo, que seguro vas.  
Entra labrador si vienes a verme.

### **No quiero tus avellanas**

No quiero tus avellanas,  
tampoco tus alélies,  
porque me han salido vanas  
las palabras que me diste.

Las palabras que me diste yendo  
por aqua a la fuente,  
como eran palabras de amor  
se las llevó la corriente.

Se las llevó la corriente  
de las cristalinas aguas  
hasta llegar a la fuente  
donde me diste palabra,  
de ser mía hasta la muerte.

### **Up there, on that mountain**

Up there, on that mountain,  
I cut some cane, I picked a carnation.  
A simple farmer must he be,  
a simple farmer, must my lover be.

I do not want a miller,  
who treats me like the grain that powers his mill.  
I want a simple farmer,  
to take the mules and go to plow  
and at midnight come to serenade me.

Enter, farmer, if you have come to see me.  
If you come to me, come through the farmyard,  
climb the orange tree, [just] to be safe.  
Enter, farmer, if you have come to see me.

### **I don't want your hazelnuts**

I don't want your hazelnuts,  
nor your alhelí flowers,  
because I found to be empty  
the words you said to me.

The words you said to me as I went  
for water at the spring,  
since they were just words of love  
carried away by the current.

They were carried away by the current  
of the crystal-clear waters  
down to the fountain  
where you gave me your word,  
to be mine until death.

## Franz Schubert: selections from *Die schöne Müllerin*

Text by Wilhelm Müller | Translation © Richard Wigmore

### Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,  
Das Wandern!  
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,  
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,  
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,  
Vom Wasser!  
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,  
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,  
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,  
Den Rädern!  
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,  
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,  
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,  
Die Steine!  
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn  
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,  
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Lasst mich in Frieden weiter ziehn  
Und wandern.

### Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Tale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,  
Ich musste auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer heller rauschte,  
Und immer heller der Bach.

### Wandering

To wander is the miller's delight;  
to wander!  
A poor miller he must be  
who never thought of wandering,  
of wandering.

We have learnt it from the water,  
from the water!  
It never rests, by day or night,  
but is always intent on wandering,  
the water.

We can see it in the wheels too,  
the wheels!  
They never care to stand still  
but turn tirelessly the whole day long,  
the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy as they are,  
the stones!  
They join in the merry dance and seek to move still  
faster,  
the stones.

O wandering, my delight,  
O wandering!  
Master and mistress,  
let me go my way in peace,  
and wander.

### Where to?

I heard a little brook babbling  
from its rocky source,  
babbling down to the valley,  
so bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me,  
nor who prompted me,  
but I too had to go down  
with my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards,  
always following the brook  
as it babbled ever brighter  
and ever clearer.

Ist das denn meine Strasse?  
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Lass singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.

### **Halt!**

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken  
Aus den Erlen heraus,  
Durch Rauschen und Singen  
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,  
Süsser Mühlengesang!  
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!  
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle  
Vom Himmel sie scheint!  
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
War es also gemeint?

### **Am Feierabend**

Hätt' ich tausend  
Arme zu rühren!  
Könnt' ich brausend  
Die Räder führen!  
Könnt' ich wehen  
Durch alle Haine!  
Könnt' ich drehen  
Alle Steine!  
Dass die schöne Müllerin  
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.

Is this, then, my path?  
O brook, say where it leads.  
With your babbling  
you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?  
That is no babbling.  
It is the water nymphs singing  
as they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble  
and follow it cheerfully.  
For mill-wheels turn  
in every clear brook.

### **Halt!**

I see a mill gleaming  
amid the alders;  
the roar of mill-wheels  
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome,  
sweet song of the mill!  
How inviting the house looks,  
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun  
shines from the sky.  
Now, dear little brook,  
is this what you meant?

### **End of the work day**

If only I had a thousand  
arms to wield!  
If only I could drive  
the rushing wheels!  
If only I could blow like the wind  
through every wood,  
and turn  
every millstone,  
so that the fair maid of the mill  
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!  
What I lift and carry,  
what I cut and hammer –  
any apprentice could do the same.

Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,  
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:  
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.

And there I sit with them, in a circle,  
in the quiet, cool hour after work,  
and the master says to us all:  
'I am pleased with your work.'  
And the sweet maid  
bids us all goodnight.

## **George Butterworth: selections from *Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad***

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

### **Loveliest of Trees**

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

### **The lads in their hundreds**

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,  
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,  
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,  
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,  
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,  
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,  
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell  
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;  
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell  
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;  
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told  
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,  
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

## Is my team ploughing?

“Is my team ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?”

Ay, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.

“Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

## Antonín Dvořák: Když mne stará matka zpívat (*Cigánské Melodie*)

Text by Anonymous | Translation © Richard Stokes

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,  
podivno, že často, často slzívala.  
A ted' také pláčem snědé líce mučím,  
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím

When my old mother taught me songs to sing,  
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.  
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,  
When I teach the children how to sing and play!

## Jake Heggie: selections from *Camille Claudel: Into the Fire*

Text by Gene Scheer

### Rodin

Last night, I went to sleep completely naked  
I pretended you were holding me.  
But I woke alone again everything burned in the cruel morning light.  
Was I dreaming that you loved me though you left me far behind?  
Someone’s there.

Hidden in the shadows, you don't want me to see, you don't want me to find.  
In the clay, I search with my fingers to uncover something true.  
Rodin. Rodin!  
Was there ever a time you wanted me to find you?  
There's a secret I have traced in your eyes, your brow, your hair:  
Others think they see you, but we both know you're not there.

### **La petite châtelaine**

Hello, my little one, la petite châtelaine  
Do you know who I am?  
They say I leave at night by the window of my tower  
hanging from a red umbrella with which I set fire to the forest  
Hello, my little one, la petite châtelaine.  
Do you know who I am?  
Or the land you come from?  
Where the earth is stained  
I did as he said and returned you to clay.  
Oh how could I bleed such a blessing away?  
Now I'm forever alone with my children of stone.  
La petite châtelaine.  
Can you hear my voice?  
The voice of your mother?

### **Richard Strauss: Beim Schlafengehen (*Vier letzte Lieder*)**

Text by Herman Hesse | Translation © David Paley

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
soll mein sehnlisches Verlangen  
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Now that day has made me tired,  
Will my blissful yearning  
Receive the starry night  
In friendship like a tired child.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun,  
Stirn, vergiß du alles Denken,  
alle meine Sinne nun  
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Hands, rest from all your tasks,  
Brow, forget all thinking  
All my senses now  
Want to sink in slumber.

Und die Seele unbewacht  
will in freien Flügen schweben,  
um im Zauberkreis der Nacht  
tief und tausendfach zu leben.

And my soul, unwatched,  
Wants to soar in freest flight  
Within enchanted night time circles,  
To live a thousand-fold profoundly.

### **Hugo Wolf: selections from *Mörike-Lieder***

Text by Eduard Mörike | Translation © Richard Stokes

#### **Er ist's**

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;

#### **Spring is here**

Spring is floating its blue banner  
On the breezes again;

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!

### **Lebe wohl**

„Lebewohl!“ – Du fühlst nicht,  
Was es heisst, dies Wort der Schmerzen;  
Mit getrostem Angesicht  
Sagtest du's und leichtem Herzen.

Lebe wohl! – Ach! tausendmal  
Hab ich mir es vorgesprochen,  
Und in nimmersatter Qual  
Mir das Herz damit gebrochen.

### **Nimmersatte Liebe**

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!  
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:  
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb  
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?  
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr,  
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,  
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund  
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;  
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,  
Da wir uns heute küssten.  
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,  
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;  
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!  
Je weher, desto besser!“

So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,  
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,  
Und anders war Herr Salomo,  
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

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!

### **Farewell**

“Farewell!” – You do not feel  
What it means, this word of pain;  
With hopeful countenance  
You said it, and a light heart.

Farewell! – Ah, a thousand times  
I have uttered it aloud,  
And with never-ending anguish  
Have broken my heart in doing so.

### **Insatiable Love**

Such is love! Such is love!  
Not to be quieted with kisses:  
What fool would wish to fill a sieve  
With nothing else but water?  
And were you to draw water for a thousand years,  
And were you to kiss for ever and ever,  
You'd never satisfy love.

Love, love, has every hour  
New and strange desires;  
We bit until our lips were sore,  
When we kissed today.  
The girl kept nicely quiet and still,  
Like a lamb beneath the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: “Go on, go on!  
The more it hurts the better!”

Such is love! and has been so  
As long as love's existed,  
And wise old Solomon himself  
Was no differently in love.



## Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

## Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,  
It is unknown sorrow;  
Always through a veil of tears  
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,  
And bright joy flashes  
Through the oppressive gloom,  
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!

## Derek Holman: Fair Daffodils (*The Four Seasons*)

Text by Robert Herrick

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

## **Ivor Gurney: Sleep (*Five Elizabethan Songs*)**

Text by John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy.  
We, that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

## **Gerald Finzi: Since we loved (*Oh Fair to See*)**

Text by Seymour Bridges

Since we loved, - (the earth that shook  
As we kissed, fresh beauty took) -  
Love hath been as poets paint,  
Life as heaven is to a saint;

All my joys my hope excel,  
All my work hath prosper'd well,  
All my songs have happy been,  
O my love, my life, my queen.