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COLLEGE OF VISUAL AND PERFORMING ARTS

Department of Music

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Senior Recital

*Adrianna Sgarlata, soprano*

Assisted by:

Dr. Patricia Parker, *piano*

Isaac Thweatt, *baritone*

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Wednesday, May 18, 2005

3:00 p.m.

Fairfax United Methodist Church

# Program

Please hold your applause until the end of each set. Thank you!

## I

Aria from *Joshua* ..... George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)  
Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre

## II

Un moto di gioja, K. 492 ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Das Veilchen, K. 476 ..... W.A. Mozart

An Chloë, K. 524 ..... W.A. Mozart

Duet from Act I Scene III of *Don Giovanni* ..... W.A. Mozart  
La ci darem la mano  
With Isaac Thweatt, *baritone*

## III

Lied from *Schwangesang* ..... Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
Ständchen (Leise flehen meine Lieder), D 957, No. 4

Nacht und Träume, D 827 ..... Franz Schubert

Morgen Ständchen, D 889 ..... Franz Schubert

## IV

Aria from *La Rondine* ..... Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)  
La Canzone di Doretta

### Ständchen- Richard Strauss

Composed in 1886, 'Ständchen' is set to a poem by Adolph Friedrich von Schack. It is a beautiful Serenade with sweeping lyrical phrases. 'Ständchen' is one of Strauss's most well known lieds.

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### Sure on this shining night- Samuel Barber

The American-born composer **Samuel Barber** was a well accomplished composer of almost every genre including songs. 'Sure on this shining night' is one of Barber's most well known songs. It incorporates James Agee's text and a beautiful melodic line that is appealing to singers and audiences alike.

### This Little Rose- William Roy

**William Roy** began his career as a child actor and continued his education at the Hollywood Professional School. Roy became a well known composer of Broadway Musicals including *Maggie, Moving On*.

### When I have sung my songs- Ernest Charles

**Ernest Charles** uses text and swelling vocal lines to produce emotion in this heartfelt piece. "When I have sung my songs to you, I'll sing no more. 'Twould be a sacrilege to sing at another door. We've worked so hard to hold our dreams, just you and I. I could not share them all again. I'd rather die with just the thought that I had loved so well, so true. That I could never sing again, except to you."

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## Artist Biography

**Adrianna Sgarlata**, soprano, is a senior at George Mason University, majoring in vocal performance. Ms. Sgarlata has been studying voice for eight years. She has participated in master classes led by Sylvia Olden Lee, and Matawilda Dobbs (Metropolitan Opera), and Maestro Christoph Sandman (Freiberg Stadt Theatre).

Ms. Sgarlata has appeared as a featured soloist with the George Mason University Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra several times with performances including Faure's *Pie Jesu* from the "**Faure Requiem**", Handel's *Come Unto Him* from "**Messiah**", and solo's from Bernstein's "**Mass.**" Ms. Sgarlata has given a recital of spirituals in St. Moritz, Switzerland, and has been a guest soloist with the **Good Time Singers of St. Moritz, Switzerland**.

Ms. Sgarlata is a member of the George Mason University Chamber Singers, George Mason University Symphonic Singers, and George Mason University Opera Workshop. Through Opera Workshop she has had the opportunity to perform parts of numerous roles, including that of Susannah (*Marriage of Figaro*), Bess (*Porgy and Bess*), Gretel (*Hansel and Gretel*), Lakmè (*Lakmè*), Amahl (*Amahl and the Night Visitors*), and a member of the Chorus for *La Boheme* and *Cosi Fan Tutte*. Most recently, Ms. Sgarlata has appeared as Lauretta in *Gianni Schicchi* and Adele in *Die Fledermaus*.

She is a three time state finalist and two time first place winner in the annual National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS) Voice Competition, as well as the first place winner of the Mid-Atlantic regional NATS competition for the Junior Women category. Most recently she was the first place winner in the Sue Goetz Ross Memorial Competition for the Friday Morning Music Club.

Ms. Sgarlata has been a student of Professor Patricia Miller (Directory of Vocal studies at George Mason University) for the past five years.

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### La Canzone di Doretta- Giacomo Puccini

This aria comes from Puccini’s opera *La Rondine* which debuted in March of 1917. The aria is sung by Magda who is hosting a lavish party in salon of her home. One of the guests is a poet named Prunier who first sings a version of this aria about his newest heroine, Doretta. Prunier finishes the aria but states that he cannot find a finale. Magda responds to Prunier and finishes the aria in her own words by telling how Doretta gives her heart to a young student.

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### À Chloris- Reynaldo Hahn

**Reynaldo Hahn** was born to a German father and Venezulan mother in 1874 and moved to Paris with his family when he was four years old. In 1916, Hahn composed ‘À Chloris’ and turned to the Baroque period for inspiration. ‘À Chloris’ contains Baroque inspired in the piano ornamentation. The text was written by Théophile de Viau.

### Si mes vers avaient des ailes- Reynaldo Hahn

At the young age of thirteen, **Reynaldo Hahn** composed this piece and dedicated it to his sister, Maria Hahn. This is one of his most memorable works, and it reflects the atmospheres of Parisian salons where Hahn spent a lot of time during his childhood.

### Les Papillons- Ernest Chausson

**Ernest Chausson** began his musical career relatively later in life after first obtaining a law degree to fulfill his father’s wishes. At age 25, Chausson began studying with Jules Massenet, his first teacher, at the Paris Conservatory. His first published collection was *Sept Mélodies* Opus 2, which contained, among others, the mélodie ‘Les Papillons.’ ‘Les Papillons’ is a unique mélodie of Chausson’s style because it breaks away from the sad themes of many of his other melodies. The text comes from poet Theophile Gautier.

### C- Francis Poulenc

**Francis Poulenc** was born in 1899 to a wealthy family in Paris. He was a pianist and composer of many genres and was known as one of Les Six, a group of six French composers including: Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, Arthur Honegger, Georges Auric, Louis Durey and Germaine Tailleferre. Poulenc’s style was considered lighter than the rest of Les Six until the death of on of Poulenc’s friends in 1935. The mélodie ‘C’ comes from a set of two poems by poet Louis Aragon (*Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon*). It refers to the *Les Ponts-de-Cé*, a series of bridges in Angers, France, that provide for travel across the Lorie Valley.

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### All mein Gedanken- Richard Strauss

Born in 1864 to an upper-class family, **Richard Strauss** began his musical training at the age of 4 when he began taking piano lessons. Strauss was highly influenced by Richard Wagner and Johannes Brahms which becomes evident when listening to his symphonies. Strauss’ contribution to vocal music is vast and includes such well known operas as *Elektra*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Ariadne auf Naxos*. Strauss also composed over 100 German lieder, most of which were arranged for solo voice and orchestra. His most famous are the ‘Four Last Songs.’ The lied ‘All mein Gedanken’ was composed in 1889 and was dedicated to Strauss’ sister, Johanna. The text was written by Felix Dahn whose inspiration for the text came from an ancient folk song he found in a museum.

### Morgen!- Richard Strauss

He was greatly influenced by his wife, Pauline de Ahna for whom he wrote many of his lieder. ‘Morgen’ is a sentimental song that Strauss wrote and presented to her on their wedding day. The poetry is written by John Henry Mackay and was orchestrated in 1897, three years after its first performance.

## ↻ Intermission ↻

### V

À Chloris ..... Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes, No. 2 ..... Reynaldo Hahn

Les Papillons, Op. 2, No. 3 ..... Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Mélodie from *Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon* ..... Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### C

### VI

All mein Gedanken, Op. 21, No. 1 ..... Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen! Op. 27, No. 4 ..... Richard Strauss

Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2 ..... Richard Strauss

### VII

Sure on this Shining Night, Op. 13, No. 3 ..... Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

This Little Rose ..... William Roy (1928-2003)

When I have sung my songs ..... Ernest Charles (1895-1984)

*Ms. Sgarlata is a student of Professor Patricia Miller.  
There will be a reception immediately following the recital.*

## Lyrics & Translations

### Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre

Oh! Had I Jubal's lyre,  
Or Miriam's tuneful voice  
Oh! Had I Jubal's lyre,  
Or Miriam's tuneful voice  
To sounds like his I would aspire  
In songs like hers, in songs like hers,  
Rejoice  
My humble strains but faintly show  
How much to heaven and thee I owe

### Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre

(Same English words.)

### Un moto di gioja

Un moto di gioja mi sento nel petto,  
Che annunzia diletto in mezzo il timor!  
Speriam che in contento finisca l'affano,  
Non sempre, non sempre è tirano  
Il fato ed amor, il fato ed amor

### An impulse of joy

An impulse of joy I feel in the breast  
That predicts delight in the middle of the fear  
Let's hope that contentment may finish the anguish  
Not always, not always the tyrant be  
The fate of love, the fate of love.

### Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!  
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.  
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach! nur ein kleines Weilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!  
Ach, aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut sich noch:  
Und sterb ich denn, so sterb ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch!  
Das arme Veilchen!  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

### The Violet

A violet in the meadow stood,  
bowed into itself and known to none;  
it was a dear sweet violet!  
Then came a young shepherdess,  
light of step and gay of heart,  
that way, that way,  
across the meadow singing.  
Ah, thinks the violet, could I but be  
the fairest flower of nature,  
for just, oh just a tiny while,  
till I were by my loved one plucked,  
and pressed, limp, to her bosom,  
for just, oh just  
one tiny quarter hour!  
Oh, but oh, the girl drew near,  
heeded the violet not at all,  
crushed the poor violet underfoot,  
which dying fell, yet still rejoiced:  
For though I die, yet still I die  
through her, through her,  
and at her feet!  
(Poor thing!  
It was a dear sweet violet!)

## Program Notes

### Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre- George Frideric Handel

First performed in 1748, the oratorio, *Joshua* was composed by **George Frideric Handel** in 1747. The text of this oratorio comes from the biblical story of Joshua and tells the story of how Joshua led the Jewish conquest of Canaan. 'Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre' is sung by Achsas, Caleb's daughter in Act III. In this aria Achsas is professing her love for Othaniel, her fiancé.

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### Un moto di gioja- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** was born in Salzburg, Austria in 1756 and died at the young age of 34 in Vienna, Austria. He was a predominant composer of his time, and is still one of the most well known composers of all time. His vast variety of works include symphonies, piano sonatas, chamber music, and opera. One of Mozart's most famous operas, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, premiered in Vienna in May 1786. He replaced Suzanna's Act II aria, 'Venite, inginocchiatevi' in a 1789 re-write with the strophic aria 'Un moto di gioja.' The original aria is most commonly used in opera performances today.

### Das Veilchen and An Chloë' - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** wrote relatively few lieder during his life, however, they were an important part of his career. 'Das Veilchen' is a lied that is through-composed and is best known because of its synthesis of the music and poetry. Mozart was especially gifted with his ability to blend music and drama in his art songs, this was a direct result of his experience in writing operas. 'Das Veilchen' is set to the text of the major poet of the time, Goethe. However, Mozart does change the text slightly by adding his own interpretive comments such as 'Das arme Veilchen! Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!' "The poor violet! It was a dear little violet!" 'An Chloë' is a song of dedication and love with text by the German romantic composer, J. G. Jacobi.

### La ci darem la mano- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

*Don Giovanni* is one of **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's** most well known and well loved operas. It was praised by, Beethoven, Rossini, and Gounod for its powerful synthesis of text and music. The story is based on the legendary Spanish lover Don Juan (Don Giovanni) who is in constant pursuit of women. The libretto is by Lorenzo Da Ponte. In Act I, Scene III, Don Giovanni has lured Zerlina away from her fiancé Masetto. Don Giovanni begins the duet asking for Zerlina to follow him to his room. At first she is reluctant to hurt Masetto, but at the end of the duet, agrees to follow Don Giovanni.

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### Ständchen- Franz Schubert

**Franz Schubert** is considered the father of the German lied as he composed over 700 during his short lifetime. 'Ständchen' is one of the fourteen songs from *Schwanengesang* (Swan Song) and is one of eleven that is set to the poetry of Rellstab. After Schubert's death, his brother Ferdinand found the pieces and sold them Tobias Halinger who published the set in two volumes in 1829.

### Nacht und Träume- Franz Schubert

The text for this song was taken from a poem written by **Mathäus von Collin**, a philosophy professor in both Cracow and Vienna. Collin was a cousin to Josef von Spaun, a friend of Franz Schubert who was one of the first people to recognize Schubert's talent. Spaun introduced Schubert to composers such as Mayrhofer, Vogl, Schober, and Wittevezek, all of whom were great influences on Schubert. Written in 1822, "Nacht und Träume" is one of Schubert's most difficult songs because of its technical and interpretive complexities.

### Morgen Ständchen- Franz Schubert

This song is also known as 'Horch, horch! Die Lerch.' The text of this song comes from *Shakespeare-Ausgabe*, based on Act II Scene 3 of William Shakespeare's play *Cymbeline*.

**All mein Gedanken**

All mein Gedanken,  
 Mein Herz und mein Sinn,  
 Da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.  
 Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,  
 Da hält kein Riegel,  
 kein Graben nicht vor,  
 Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,  
 Brauchen kein Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,  
 Finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,  
 Finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus,  
 Und klopfen und rufen;  
 Mach auf, lass uns ein,  
 Wir kommen vom Liebsten  
 Und grüssen dich fein,  
 Mach auf, mach auf, lass uns ein.

**Morgen!**

Und morgen wird die sonne wieder scheinen  
 Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
 Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
 Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde....

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
 Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
 Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
 Und auf uns sinkt des Glukes stummes Schweigen...

**Ständchen**

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise, mein Kind,  
 Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.  
 Kaum murmelt der Back, kaum zittert im Wind  
 Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Kecken.  
 D'rum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,  
 Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.  
 Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
 Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
 Flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
 Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
 Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
 Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.  
 Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
 Unter den Lindenbäumen,  
 Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
 Von uns'ren Küssen träumen,  
 Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht  
 Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der Nacht.

**All my thoughts**

All my thoughts,  
 my heart and my mind,  
 There, where the beloved is, they wander.  
 Go their way in spite of wall and gate,  
 There no bolt holds,  
 nor moat keep them out,  
 Go like the birds high through the air,  
 They need no bridges over water and gulf,  
 They find the little town and find the house,  
 They find her window out from all others,  
 And knock and call;  
 Open up, let us in,  
 We come from the beloved  
 And greet you well,  
 Open up, open up, let us in.

**Tomorrow!**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
 And on the path, where I shall walk,  
 It will again unite us, the happy ones  
 In the midst of this sun-breathing earth....

And to the wide, blue-waved shore,  
 We will quietly and slowly descend,  
 Mute, we will gaze into each other's eyes,  
 And on us sinks the muted silence of happiness...

**Serenade**

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,  
 So as to awaken no one from sleep.  
 The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes  
 A leaf on the bushes and hedges.  
 Therefore softly, my maiden, that nothing stirs,  
 simply lay your hand on the latch quietly.  
 With footsteps, like footsteps of the elves so light,  
 So as to skip over the flowers,  
 Fly lightly out into the moon-lit night  
 To slip out to me in the garden.  
 The flowers slumber around the rippling brook  
 And so sweetly scented in their sleep, only love is awake.  
 Sit down, here dusk gathers so mysteriously  
 Under the linden trees.  
 The nightingale above our heads shall  
 Dream of our kisses,  
 And the rose, when she awakens in the morning  
 Will glow sublimely from the delights of the night.

**An Chloë**

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,  
 Hellen, off'nen Augen sieht,  
 Und vor Lust, hinein zu schauen,  
 Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;  
 Und ich halte dich und küsse  
 Deine Rosenwangen warm,  
 Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe  
 Zitternd dich in meinen Arm,  
 Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke  
 Dich an meinen Busen fest,  
 Der im letzten Augenblicke  
 Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;  
 Den berauschten Blick umschattet  
 Eine Dust're Wolke mir;  
 Und ich sitze dann ermattet,  
 Aber selig neben dir.

**La ci darem la mano**

G: La ci darem la mano,  
 La mi dirai di sì!  
 Vedi, non e lontano  
 Partiam, ben mio, da qui!

Z: Vorrei, e non vorrei;  
 Mi trema un poco il cor:  
 Felice, e ver sarei,  
 Ma puo burlarmi ancor.

G: Vieni nio bel diletto!

Z: Mi fa pieta Masetto.

G: Io changiero tua sorte.

Z: Presto, non son piu forte

G: Vieni! vieni!  
 La ci darem la mano,  
 La mi dirai di sì!

Z: Vorrei e non vorrei;  
 Mi trema un poco il cor.

Duetto:  
 Andiam, andiam mio bene,  
 A ristorar le pene  
 D'un innocente amor.

**To Chloë**

When love looks out  
 of your clear, blue open eyes,  
 and the joy of gazing into them  
 makes my heart dance, and glow;  
 and I hold you, and kiss  
 your warm, rose-red cheek,  
 dear maid, and fold you,  
 trembling, in my arms,  
 maiden, maiden, and press you  
 close to my breast  
 where until my last dying moment  
 I would gladly hold you;  
 then my enraptured gaze is o'ershadowed  
 by a dark cloud;  
 and I sit faint  
 but happy beside you.

**Then with your hand in mine, dear**

G: Then with your hand in mine, dear,  
 You'll whisper gently yes!  
 The castle's lord by yours dear,  
 Come, and lover bless!

Z: I would, and yet I would not  
 My breast with terror heaves:  
 It would be the happiest lot,  
 Unless this lord deceives.

G: Come, then, with me, my beauty!

Z: Masetto claims my duty.

G: I wish to change your state, love.

Z: I yield myself to fate, love.

G: Come, then! Then with your hand  
 in mine, dear,  
 You'll whisper gently yes!

Z: I would, and yet I would not;  
 My breast with terror heaves.

Together:  
 Then come, and share with me  
 the pleasure of  
 innocence and love.

**Ständchen Serenade**

Leise flehen meine Lieder durch die Nacht zu dir;  
 In den stillen Hain hernieder, Liebchen, komm zu mir!  
 Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen in des Mondes Lickt'  
 Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen fürchte, Holde, nicht.  
 Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen? Ach! Sie flehen dich,  
 Mit der Töne süßen Klagen flehen sie für mich.  
 Sie verstehn des Busens Sehen, kennen Liebesschmerz,  
 Rühren mit den Silbertönen jades weiche Herz.  
 Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich!  
 Beben harr ich dir entgegen! Komm, beglücke mich!

Softly through the night my songs implore you,  
 Come down into the still grove with me, beloved;  
 Slender treetops rustle and whisper in the moonlight,  
 Fear not, sweet one, the betrayer's malicious eavesdropping.  
 Do you hear the nightingales calling? Ah! They are imploring you.  
 With the sweet music of their notes they implore you for me.  
 They understand the bosom's yearning, they know the pangs of love,  
 They can touch every tender heart with their silvery tones.  
 Let them move your heart also; beloved, hear me!  
 Trembling, I wait for you; come, give me bliss!

**Nacht und Träume Night and Dreams**

Heilge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
 Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
 Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
 Durch der Menschen stille, stille Brust.  
 Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
 Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
 Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!  
 Holde Träume, kehret wider!

Holy Night, you sink down.  
 Dreams too, are floating downward,  
 Like thy moonlight through the space,  
 Through the quiet hearts of men.  
 They behold it with joy,  
 And call aloud when the day breaks:  
 Return again, Holy Night,  
 Sweet dreams, return again!

**Morgen Ständchen Morning Serenade**

Horch, horch, die Lerch im Ätherblau,  
 Und Phöbus, neu erweckt,  
 Tränkt seine Ross emit dem Tau,  
 Der Blumenkelche deckt;  
 Der Fingelblume Knospe schleußt  
 Die golfrn Äuglein auf;  
 Mit allem, was da reizend ist,  
 Du süße Maid, steh auf!

Hark, hark the lark in the blue sky;  
 And Phoebus, newly awakened,  
 Waters his horses with the dew  
 That bedecks the flowers' chalices;  
 The marigold bud opens  
 Its little golden eyes;  
 With everything here which is charming,  
 You sweet maiden, arise!

**La Canzone di Doretta Doretta's Song**

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta potè indovinar?  
 Il suo mister come mai come mai fini?  
 Ahimè! un giorno uno studente in  
 bocca la bació  
 E fu quel bacio rivelazione:  
 Fu la passione!  
 Folle amore! Folle ebbrezza!  
 Chi la sottil carezza d'un bacio così ardente  
 Mai ridir potrà?  
 Ah! mio sogno! Ah! mia vita!  
 Che importa la ricchezza  
 Se alfin é rifierita la felicità!  
 O sogno d'or poter amar cos!

Who could guess the beautiful dream Doretta had?  
 How did its mystery end?  
 One day a student kissed her  
 on the mouth  
 And that kiss was the revelation:  
 It was the passion!  
 Mad love! Mad intoxication!  
 Who could describe the insidious caress  
 of burning kisses like that  
 Oh! My dream! Alas! My life!  
 What do riches matter,  
 If happiness blossoms again in the end?  
 Oh golden dream - to be able to love in this way!

**À Chloris**

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
 Mais j'entends,  
 Que tu m'aimes bien,  
 Je ne crois point que les rois memes  
 Aient un bonheir pareil au mien  
 Que la mort serait importune  
 De venire changer ma fortune  
 A la félicité des cieux!  
 Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
 Ne touché point ma fantaisie  
 Au prix des graces de tes yeux

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
 Vers votre jardin si beau,  
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
 Des ailes comme l'oiseau.  
 Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
 Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
 Des ailes comme l'esprit.  
 Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
 Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,  
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
 Des ailes comme l'amour!

**Les Papillons**

Les papillons couleur de neige  
 Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
 Beaux papillons blanc, quand pourrai-je  
 Prendre le beau chem. In de l'air?  
 Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
 Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
 S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,  
 Dites, savez-vous,, où j'irais?  
 Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,  
 À travers vallons et forêts.  
 J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes  
 Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

**To Chloris**

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovest me,  
 (And I understand  
 that thou dost love me well),  
 I do not believe that even kings  
 Could know such happiness as mine,  
 How unwelcome death would be,  
 If it came to exchange my fortune  
 With the joy of heaven!  
 All that they say of ambrosia  
 Does not fire my imagination  
 Like the favor of thine eyes.

**If my verses had wings**

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
 To your garden so fair,  
 If my verses had wings,  
 Like a bird.  
 They would fly, like sparks,  
 To your smiling hearth,  
 If my verses had wings,  
 Like the mind.  
 Pure and faithful, to your side  
 They'd hasten night and day,  
 If my verses had wings,  
 Like love!

**The Butterflies**

The snow-white butterflies  
 Float in swarms over the sea;  
 Lovely white butterflies, when may I  
 Take to you the blue road of the sky?  
 Do you know, beauty of beauties,  
 My dancing-girl with eyes of jade,  
 If they would lend me their wings,  
 Tell me, do you know where I would go?  
 Without taking a single kiss to the roses,  
 Across valleys and woods  
 I would go to your half-closed lips,  
 Flower of my soul, and there I would die.

**C**

J'ai traverse les ponts de Cé  
 C'est là que tout a commence  
 Une chanson des temps passes  
 Parle d'un chevalier blessé  
 D'une rose sur la chausée  
 Et d'un corsage délacé  
 Du chateau d'un duc insensé  
 Et des cygnes les fosse  
 De la prairie où vient danser  
 Une éternelle fiancée  
 Et j'ai bu comme un lait glace  
 Le long lai des glories fausées  
 Le loire emporte mes pensées  
 Avec les voitures versées  
 Et les armes désamorquées  
 Et les larmes mal effacé  
 O ma France, ô ma délaissée  
 J'ai traverse les ponts de Cé.

**C**

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
 That's where everything began  
 A song of times gone by  
 Sung by wounded knights  
 Of a rose on the shoe  
 And an unlaced bodice  
 Of a castle of an insane duke  
 And of swans in the moat  
 Of the meadow where dances  
 The eternal bride  
 And have drunk like frozen milk  
 The long lay of the false glories  
 The loire carries my thoughts  
 With the overturn tanks  
 And the unprimed guns  
 And the sad tears obliterate it  
 O my France, oh my abandoned land  
 I have crossed the bridges of Cé.