

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Lady of the Harbor

From *Thirteen Songs*

Lee Hoiby

Text by Emma Lazarus

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Hat dich die Liebe berührt (If Love has touched you)

Op. 39, No. 4

Joseph Marx

Text by Paul Heyse

If love has touched you,
Then quietly among the noisy throng
You walk in a golden cloud,
Led safely by God.

As if lost, you let your gaze
Stray about,
You do not begrudge others their joys,
You only yearn for one thing.

Timidly withdrawn into yourself in rapture,
You vainly try to conceal
That now the crown of life
Glowingly adorns your brow.

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Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)

Op. 10, No. 8

Richard Strauss

Text by Hermann Von Gilm Zu Rosenegg

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.
Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.
Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

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Befreit (Released)

Op. 39, No. 4

Richard Strauss

Text by Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel

You will not weep. Gently, gently
you will smile; and as before a journey
I shall return your gaze and kiss.
You have cared for the room we love!
I have widened these four walls for you into a world –
O happiness!
Then ardently you will seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our children.
You gave your whole life to me,
I shall give it back to them –
O happiness!
It will be very soon, we both know it,
we have released each other from suffering,
so I returned you to the world.
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
and you will bless me and weep with me –
O happiness!

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Morgen! (Tomorrow!)

Op. 27, No. 4

Richard Strauss

Text by John Henry Mackay

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...
And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

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Chi il bel sogno di Doretto (Doretta's beautiful dream)

From *La Rondine*

Giacomo Puccini

Libretto by Giuseppe Adami

Who could ever guess Doretta's beautiful dream?
How did its mystery end?
One day a student kissed her on the lips
and that kiss was a revelation.
It was passion,
mad love,
mad intoxication!
Who could ever describe the gentle touch
of such an ardent kiss?

Ah, my dream!
Ah, my life!
What do riches matter if, at last,
such happiness has blossomed?
Oh, golden dream
To be able to love like this.

O mio babbino caro (My Dear Father)

From *Gianni Schicchi*

Giacomo Puccini

Libretto by Giovacchino Forzano

Oh, my dear daddy,
I like him, he's so handsome!
I want to go to Porta Rossa
and buy the ring.
Yes, I want to go there
and if I love him in vain,
I'll go to the Ponte Vecchio
and throw myself into the Arno.
I suffer and am in torment,
Oh God, I want to die!
Daddy, have pity!

Vissi d'arte (I lived for art)

From *Tosca*

Giacomo Puccini

Libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica

I lived for art,
I lived for love,
I never caused harm to anyone
In secret, I relieved
the many miseries that I knew of.

Always, with sincere faith,
My prayers rose to heaven.
Always, with true faith,
I gave flowers at the altar.

In the hour of my grief,
Why, why oh Lord,
Why do You reward me like this?

I gave jewels for the Madonna's mantle,
And I gave my voice to the stars, to heaven,
Which smiled with more beauty.

In the hour of grief,
Why oh Lord, ah!
Why do You reward me like this?

Winter Song

From Op. 32, *Song for Leontyne*

Lee Hoiby

Text by Wilfred Owen

The browns, the olives, and the yellows died,
And were swept up to heaven; where they glowed
Each dawn and set of sun till Christmas tide,
And when the land lay pale for them, pale snowed,
Fell back, and down the snowdrifts flamed and flowed.

From off your face, into the winds of winter,
The sun brown and the summer gold are blowing;
But they shall gleam again with spiritual glinter,
When paler beauty on your brows falls snowing,
And through those snows my looks shall be soft going.

There Came a Wind Like a Bugle

From *The Shining Place*

Lee Hoiby

Text by Emily Dickinson

There came a wind like a bugle.
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass

We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost.
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,
And rivers where the houses ran
Those looked that lived that day.

The bell within the steeple wild,
The flying tidings told.
How much can come and much can go,
And yet abide the world.

Lord I Just Can't Keep from Cryin'

Arranged by Margaret Bonds

Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' some time
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' some time.

Lord, I fold my arms and cry some time
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I fold my arms and cry some time.

Lord, I hum a tune and cry some time
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I hum a tune and cry some time.

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

Arranged by Florence Price

In the Lord, in the Lord,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
Before I'd stay in hell one day,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord;
I'd sing and pray myself away,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
I'm going to pray and never stop,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord;
Until I've reached the mountain top,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Deep River

Arranged by H.T. Burleigh

Deep River.
My home is over Jordan.
Deep River, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, don't you want to go,
To the gospel feast.
That promised land,
Where all, is peace?

Oh, deep River, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Ride on King Jesus

Arranged by Hall Johnson

Ride on King Jesus
No man can a hinder thee.
Ride on King Jesus, ride on
No man can hinder thee.

For He is King of kings,
He is Lord of lords,
Oh, Jesus Christ the First and Last
No man works like Him.

King Jesus rides on a milk white horse
No man works like Him.
The river of Jordan He did cross
No man works like Him.

For He is King of kings,
He is Lord of lords,
Oh, Jesus Christ the First and Last
Ah!

King Jesus rides in the middle of the air
Ah! He calls the saints from everywhere.

Ah!! Ride on King Jesus
No man can hinder thee
Ride on King Jesus, ride on
No man can hinder me.
