

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte

Pierre de Ronsard

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,

Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
Où la vertu maîtresse se retire,
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte,
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul Chevalier tant soit aventureux
Sans être tel, ne peut gagner la place.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Alexandre Arnoux

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Etoile de mes longs chemins.
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

The song of Don Quixote's parting

Translation by Richard Stokes

This new castle, this new edifice,
Enriched with marble and porphyry
That Love built to guard his empire,
To which all Heaven has lent its skill,

Is a rampart, a stronghold against evil,
Where Mistress Virtue can take refuge,
Whom the eye observes and the spirit admires,
Compelling hearts to pay her homage.

This castle is fashioned in such a way
That no one can approach its gate,
If he is not descended from great kings,
Victorious, brave and amorous.
No knight, however bold,
Without such merit, can enter here.

Song to Dulcinea

Translation by Richard Stokes

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

But to sweeten my languishing,
Love has painted her face
In fountains and clouds,
In every dawn and every flower.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever near and ever far,
Star of my weary journeying,
Her breath is brought me on the breeze,
As it passes over jasmine flowers.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Chanson du Duc

Alexandre Arnoux

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes

Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures
Mon bras a délivré la Princesse en servage
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures
Et plié l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Alexandre Arnoux

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure pas, mon bon.
Ton maître n'est pas mort.
Il n'est pas loin de toi.
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Ou tout est pur et sans mensonges.

Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.
Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!

Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.
Si tous les livres m'ont tué
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

Song of the Duke

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

I want to sing here of the Lady of my dreams,

who raises me above this century of mud.
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.

For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.
My arm has delivered the princess in servitude.
I have conquered the Enchanter, confounded the per-
juries and bent the universe to offer her homage.

Lady for whom I, who alone is not a prisoner of the
false appearance, go over this earth,
I proclaim, against any rash Knight, your unequalled
splendour and your excellence.

Song of the death of Don Quixote

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good friend.
Your master is not dead.
He is not far from you.
He lives on a happy isle
Where all is pure and free of lies.

On the isle at last discovered where you will come
one day. On the desired isle, O my friend Sancho!

The books are burned and make a heap of ash.
If all the books have killed me
just one is enough for me to live on,
Phantom in life, and real in death.
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

Sterbelied

Christina Rossetti, trans. Alfred Kerr

Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,
laß du von Klagen ab.
Statt Rosen und Cypressen
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.

Ich schlafe still im Zwielifchtschein
in schwerer Dämmernis -
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein
und wenn du willst, vergiß.

Ich fühle nicht den Regen,
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,
die in den Büschen klagt.

Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,
die Erdenwelt verblich.
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen

Edith Ronsperger

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen,
Daß nun von mir zu dir kein Weg mehr führ',
Daß du vorübergehst an meiner Türe
In ferne, stumme, ungekannte Gassen.

Wär' es mein Wunsch, daß mir dein Bild erleiche,
Wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln aufgetrunken,
Wie einer Landschaft frohes Bild, versunken
Im glatten Spiegel abendlicher Teiche?

Der Regen fällt. Die müden Bäume triefen.
Wie welches Laub verweh'n viel Sonnenstunden.
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich nicht gefunden
Und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen.

Requiem

Translation by Richard Stokes

When I am dead, my dearest,
Do not lament.
Insted of roses and cypress,
Grass shall cover my grave.

I shall sleep quietly in the twilight,
In the heavy dusk.
And if you will, remember,
And if you will, forget.

I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not see the dawn,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Lamenting in the trees.

No one shall ever wake me,
All the world has vanished.
Perhaps I shall remember you,
Perhaps I'll have forgotten you.

This one thing my longing can never grasp

Translation by Richard Stokes

This one thing my longing can never grasp,
That now no path leads me to you,
That you walk past my door
Into distant, silent, unknown streets.

Could it be my wish that you should fade away,
Like the sun's brilliance engulfed in mist,
Like a landscape's happy reflection,
Sunk in the smooth mirror of evening ponds?

The rain falls. The tired trees drip.
Many hours of sun fade like withered leaves.
I have not yet come to term with my fate
And the boundless depths of its darkness.

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf

Ernst Lothar

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf
überm dunklen Tal der ungeweinten Tränen?
Lehr, so lehr mich's doch, mich nicht nach ihr zu sehnen
blaß zu machen Blutes Lauf,
dies Leid nicht zu erleiden
aus zweier Menschen Scheiden.

Sieh, in Nebel hüllst du dich.
Doch verfinstern kannst du nicht den Glanz der Bilder,
die mir weher jede Nacht erweckt und wilder.
Ach! im Tiefsten fühle ich:
das Herz, das sich muß't trennen,
wird ohne Ende brennen.

Gefaßter Abschied

Ernst Lothar

Weine nicht, daß ich jetzt gehe,
Heiter lass dich von mir küssen.
Blüht das Glück nicht aus der Nähe,
Von ferne wird's dich keuscher grüssen.

Nimm diese Blumen, die ich pflückte,
Monatsrosen rot und Nelken,
Laß die Trauer, die dich drückte,
Herzens Blume kann nicht welken.

Lächle nicht mit bitter'm Lächeln,
Stosse mich nicht stumm zur Seite.
Linde Luft wird bald dich wieder fächeln,
Bald ist Liebe dein Geleite!

Gib deine Hand mir ohne Zittern,
Letztem Kuß gib alle Wonne.
Bang' vor Sturm nicht: aus Gewittern
Geht strahlender auf die Sonne...

So schau zuletzt noch die schöne Linde,
Drunter uns kein Auge je erspähte.
Glaub, o glaub, daß ich dich wiederfinde,
Denn ernten wird, wer Liebe lächelnd säte.

Moon, thus you rise once more

Translation by Richard Stokes

Moon, thus you rise once more
Over the dark valley of unwept tears!
Teach, teach me not to yearn for her,
To make my blood run pale,
Not to suffer this sorrow,
Caused when two souls part.

See, you shroud yourself in mist.
Yet you cannot darken the bright images
That the night arouses in me with wilder and fiercer pain.
Ah! I feel in the depths of my being:
The heart that has suffered separation
Will burn eternally.

Resigned farewell

Translation by Richard Stokes

Do not weep that I am now going,
Be cheerful and let me kiss you.
If joy does not bloom when we are near,
It will greet you more chastely from afar.

Take these flowers that I have picked,
Red China roses and carnations,
Shake off the sorrow that oppressed you,
The heart's blossom cannot wither.

Do not smile a bitter smile,
Do not push me aside in silence.
A soft breeze will soon fan you once more,
Love will soon escort you!

Give me your hand without trembling,
Give me all your rapture to this last kiss.
Be not afraid of tempests: after storms
The sun rises more resplendently.

So, take one last look at the lovely lime-tree,
Beneath which no eye ever saw us.
Believe, O believe, I shall find you again,
For they who sowed love with a smile shall reap its harvest.

Nunca olvida...

Ramón de Campoamor

Ya que este mundo abandono,
Antes de dar cuenta a Dios,
Aquí para entre los dos
Mi confesión te diré:
Con toda el alma perdono
Hasta a los que siempre he odiado.
¡A ti, que tanto he amado,
Nunca te perdonaré!

Cantares

Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de ti,
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo a decir,
Pues, embelesado, ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver.

Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,
Ella, lejos de mí:
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? me decía;
¡Tengo miedo de ti!

Y después que la noche hubo pasado,
Dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

Las locas por amor

Te amaré, diosa Venus, si prefieres
Que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura.
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
Prefiero, como todas las mujeres,
Que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.

Never forget...

Now that I leave this world behind,
before I account for myself to God,
here, between the two of us,
I shall make my confession to you.
With all my soul I forgive
even those I have always hated.
But you, whom I have loved so deeply,
I shall never forgive!

Songs

The more I run from you,
the closer I feel to you,
for your image is within me,
a shadow in my mind.

Say it to me again,
for yesterday, spellbound,
I listened to you without hearing
and gazed upon you without seeing.

Doubly afraid

As night began to fall that day,
she, far from me,
“Why do you come so close?”, did say;
“I am afraid of you!”

And after the night had passed,
close to me, she did say:
“Why do you move so far from my side?
I am afraid without you!”

Women mad for love

I shall love you, o goddess Venus, if you'd rather
that I loved you long and wisely.
And the goddess of Cythera replied:
Like all women, I'd rather men
loved me fleetingly, but madly.

Rhapsody

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? I was a stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys: my knowledge was divine. I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory. Heaven and Earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I. All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. All things were spotless and pure and glorious.

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The green trees, when I saw them first, transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things.

O what venerable creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! and the young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally. I knew not that there were sins or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. I saw all in the peace of Eden. Everything was at rest, free and immortal.

The Rapture

O heavenly fire! O sacred Light!
How fair and bright!
How great am I
Whom the whole world doth magnify!

O heavenly Joy!
O great and sacred brightness
Which I possess!
Sao great a joy
Who did into my arms convey?

From God above
Being sent, the gift doth me inflame,
To praise his name.
The stars do move,
The sun doth shine, to show his love.

O how divine Am I!
To all this sacred wealth
This life and health
Who raised? Who mine
Did make the same? What hand divine!

Wonder

How like an angel I came down!
How bright are all things a here!
When first among his works I did appear
O how their glory did me crown!
The world resembled his eternity
In which my soul did walk;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence
The lovely, lively air,
O how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense;
And all the works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great, did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit: within I did flow
With seas of life, like wine:
I nothing but the world did know
But t'was Divine.

The Salutation

These little limbs, these eyes and hands which I here
find,
This panting heart wherewith my life begins;
Where have ye been? Behind what curtain were ye
from me hid so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my new made tongue?

When silent I so many thousand thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie, how could I
smiles, or tears,
Or lips, or hands, or eyes, or ears perceive?
Welcome, ye treasures which I now receive.

From dust from I rise and out of nothing now awake,
These brighter regions which salute my eyes,
A gift from God I take, the earth, the seas, the light,
the lofty skies,
The sun and stars are mine: if these I prize.

A stranger here, strange things doth meet, strange
glory see,
Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
Strange, all, and new to me: But that they mine
should be who nothing was,
That strangest is of all; yet brought to pass.

Lied (Im Volkston)

Paul Heyse

Wie mochte je mir wohler sein?
 In Lieb' ergrünt das Herze mein,
 Mein Mut sich tut erneuen.
 Mein holdes Lieb, des habe Dank
 Und nimmer wank
 Von herzelicher Treuen!

Ach ich, ich will dir allezeit
 In Frühlingslust und Winterleid
 In ganzer Treue leben.
 Mein holdes Lieb, so nimm mich hin!
 Mein Herz und Sinn
 Ist einig dir ergeben.

Lied

Mai, Mai, Mai,
 Die wonnigliche Zeit,
 Giebt Freuden weit und breit.
 Nur ich allein, wer meinte das?
 Für Treu' muß ernten Haß,
 Für Liebe Leid.
 O weh, wie ist mir aller Trost so weit!

Mai, Mai, Mai,
 Die wonnigliche Zeit,
 Hat mir auch Trost bereit,
 Und trag' ich selbst an Sorgen schwer,
 Ich schaue rings umher
 Wie's Blüten schneit,
 Und preise Gott, der andere Wonne beut.

Duett

Gott woll', daß ich daheime wär'
 Und all' der Weite Trost entbeh'r.

Ich mein' daheim im Himmelreich,
 Da ich Gott schauet' ewiglich.

Gott segne dich, Sonne, Gott segne dich, Mond!
 Will hingehn, wo mein Schöpfer thront.

Wohlauf, mein Seel, und fleug empor,
 Wo deiner harrt der himmlische Chor!

Wohlauf, mein Herz und all mein Muth,
 Und such das Gut ob allem Gut!

Song (In folk style)

How could I ever be better off?
 In love my heart grows green,
 My courage is renewed.
 My lovely love, for that have thanks
 And never waver
 From heartfelt faithfulness!

Ah, I, I will for all time
 In spring's delight and winter's sorrow
 Live in complete devotion to you.
 My lovely love, take me in!
 My heart and mind
 Are wholly given to you.

Song

May, May, May,
 The blissful time,
 Brings joy far and wide.
 Only I alone—who would have thought it?
 For faith must reap hatred,
 For love, sorrow.
 Oh woe, how distant all comfort is from me!

May, May, May,
 The blissful time,
 Has also prepared comfort for me,
 And though I myself bear heavy cares,
 I look all around
 As blossoms fall like snow,
 And praise God, who offers joy to others.

Duet

God grant that I were at home
 And deprived of all the comfort of the wide world.

I mean at home in the kingdom of heaven,
 Where I behold God eternally.

God bless you, sun, God bless you, moon!
 I will go where my Creator reigns.

Arise, my soul, and fly upward,
 Where the heavenly choir awaits you!

Arise, my heart and all my courage,
 And seek the good above all good!

Duett

Wer weiß, woher das Brunnlein quillt,
Daraus wir trinken werden?

Wer weiß, wo noch das Schäflein geht,
Das für uns Wolle trägt?

Wer weiß, wer uns den Tisch noch deckt,
Der unsern Körper weidet?

Wer weiß, wer uns den Weg noch zeigt,
Darauf wir wandern müssen?

Wer weiß, wo wohl da Bettlein steht,
Darin mich Gott einleget?

Ach, treuer Vater, das weißt du,
Dir ist ja Nichts verborgen.

Ihr Sorgen weicht, laßt uns in Ruh,
Denn Gott wird für uns sorgen!

Schlussgesang

Wie mochte je mir wohler sein?
In Lieb' ergrünt das Herze mein,
Mein Mut sich tut erneuen.
Mein holdes Lieb, des habe Dank
Und nimmer wank
Von herzelicher Treuen!

Ach ich, ich will dir allezeit
In Frühlingslust und Winterleid
In ganzer Treue leben.
Mein holdes Lieb, so nimm mich hin!
Mein Herz und Sinn
Ist einig dir ergeben.

Duet

Who knows, from where the little spring flows,
From which we shall drink?

Who knows where still the little lamb goes,
That bears wool for us?

Who knows who still sets the table for us,
That nourishes our body?

Who knows who still shows us the way,
On which we must wander?

Who knows where the little bed stands,
In which God will lay me?

Ah, faithful Father, you know,
For nothing is hidden from you.

You worries, depart, leave us in peace,
For God will care for us!

Final Song

How could I ever feel better?
In love my heart grows green,
My courage renews itself.
My dear beloved, for this have thanks
And never waver
From heartfelt faithfulness!

Ah I, I will always
In springtime joy and winter sorrow
Live in complete fidelity to you.
My dear beloved, so take me!
My heart and mind
Are wholly devoted to you.