

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS
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From *Zigeunerlieder/Gypsy Songs* by Johannes Brahms

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Hey, Gypsy! Lay into the strings!
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Play the song of the Unfaithful Maiden!
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,
Let the strings cry, clash and sadly weep,
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!
Until hot tears flow down our faces!

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut,
High and towering river of Rima,
Wie bist du so trüb;
How murky you are,
An dem Ufer klag ich
On the shore I mourn
Laut nach dir, mein Lieb!
Loudly for my loved one!
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,
Waves are flying, waves are streaming,
Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu mir.
Rushing onto the shore toward me.
An dem Rimaufer laß mich
On the bank of the Rima let me
Ewig weinen nach ihr!
Weep forever over her lost love!

Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen am allerschönsten ist?
Do you know when my loved one is the most beautiful?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und lacht und küßt.
When her sweet, rosy mouth, jokes, laughs and kisses.
Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß ich dich,
Maiden, you are mine, and I tenderly kiss you.
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!
You have created heaven on earth for me!
Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?
Do you know when I like my lover the best?
Wenn in seinen Armen er mich umschlungen hält.
When in his arms lovingly hold me.
Schätzlein, du bist mein, inniglich küß ich dich,
Sweetheart, you are mine, and I tenderly kiss you,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!
You have created heaven on earth for me!

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
The swarthy, young man leads
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind;
His blue-eyed, beautiful girl in dance
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,
He clicks his spurs together
Csardasmelodie beginnt.
As the Czardas melody begins
Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,
Passionately he kisses his sweet dove,
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;
Turning her, leading her, celebrating and leaping into the air:
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
He throws three, shining, silver gulden
Auf das Zimbal, daß es klingt.
Onto the cymbal so it plays itself!

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn, mein süßes Lieb,
Did you know, my love, that you sometimes come into my senses,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?
With the vow you once swore to me
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,
Do not disappoint me, do not leave me,
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,
You do not know how much love I have for you.
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,
Love me, as I love you,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!
For then God's glory will shine down on you!

-English translation by Layna Chianakas

From *Spanisches Liederbuch/Spanish Song Book* by Hugo Wolf

Nun wandre, Maria, nun wandre nur fort.
Keep walking onward, Maria,
Schon krähen die Hähne, und nah ist der Ort.
The roosters are crowing already, and the town is near.
Nun wandre, Geliebte, du Kleinod mein,
Keep walking, my beloved, my precious gem,
Und balde wir werden in Bethlehem sein.
Because soon we will be in Bethlehem
Dann ruhest du fein und schlummerst dort.
You will find peace and quiet there,
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
The roosters are crowing already, and the town is near
Wohl seh ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden;
I see all too well, Mary, how your strength is dwindling,
Kann deine Schmerzen, ach, kaum verwinden.
You can hardly bear your pains.
Getrost! Wohl finden wir Herberg dort.
Have faith! We will find shelter there.
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.

The roosters are crowing, and the town is near.
Wär erst bestanden dein Stündlein, Marie,
Mary, if only the hour of your childbirth was safely here,
Die gute Botschaft, gut lohnt ich sie.
What I wouldn't give to hear that good news.
Das Eselein hie gäb ich drum fort!
I would even give our donkey to hear it!
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
The roosters are crowing, and the town is near.

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen in Nacht und Wind, Ihr heiligen Engel,
You holy angels, who hover under these palms during the windy night,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Calm the treetops!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
My child is sleeping.
Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im Windesbrausen,
In the rustling wind, you palms of Bethlehem
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!
Rustle so angrily today!
O rauscht nicht also! Schweiget, neiget Euch leis und lind;
Do not rustle like this! Quiet and bend yourselves gracefully;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Calm the treetops!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
My child is sleeping.
Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde,
This heavenly child has endured hardships,
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde.
Ah, how tired he was from carrying the weight of the world.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm Leise gesänftigt die Qual zerrinnt,
Ah, now in his sleep, the torment is softened.
Stillet die Wipfel!
Calm the treetops!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
My child is sleeping.
Grimmige Kälte sauselt hernieder, womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder!
Horrible cold whips around him, and I look for something to cover his body!
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt Wandelt im Wind,
Oh all you angels who journey through the wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Calm the treetops!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
My child is sleeping.

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind Mir so schön und klar erschienen,
Ah, my baby boy's eyes look so clear and beautiful to me,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen, das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.
And a certain-something radiates from them, that wins over my heart.
Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen Augen nach den meinen hin!
He looks with these sweet eyes, straight into mine!
Säh' er dann sein Bild darin, Würd' er wohl mich liebend grüßen.
He sees his own face in them, and I can only hope he lovingly accepts me.
Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin, Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,
And so, I give my whole self, and my whole service to his eyes,

Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen, Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.
Because a certain-something radiates from them, that wins over my heart.

-English translation by Layna Chianakas

Shéhérazade by Maurice Ravel

Asie, Asie, Asie.

Asia.

Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice

Old marvelous land from childhood tales

Où dort la fantaisie comme une impératrice

Where fantasy sleeps like an empress

En sa forêt tout emplie de mystère.

In her forest filled with mystery.

Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goëlette

I wish to go away with the boat

Qui se berce ce soir dans le port

Cradled this evening in the port

Mystérieuse et solitaire

Mysterious and solitary

Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes

And that finally deploys her violet sails

Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.

Like an enormous night-bird in the golden sky.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs

I wish to go away, toward the isles of flowers,

En écoutant chanter la mer perverse

Listening to the perverse sea sing

Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.

Over an old, bewitching rhythm.

Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse

I wish to see Damascus and the cities of Persia,

Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.

With their light minarets in the air;

Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie

I wish to see beautiful silk turbans

Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;

On dark faces with bright teeth;

Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour

I wish to see eyes dark with love

Et des prunelles brillantes de joie

And pupils shining with joy

En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;

In skin yellowed like oranges;

Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours

I wish to see velvet robes

Et des habits à longues franges.

And clothes with long fringes.

Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches

I wish to see pipes in mouths

Tout entourées de barbe blanche;

Surrounded by white beards;

Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards louches,

*I wish to see harsh merchants with cross-eyed gazes,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs
And judges, and viziers
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche
Who with a single movement of their crooked finger
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.
Grants life, or death, according to their desire.*

*Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,
I wish to see Persia, and India, and then China,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,
The mandarins under their umbrellas,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,
And the princesses with dainty hands,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent
And the literary men who quarrel
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;
Over poetry and over beauty;
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté
I wish to linger in the enchanted palace,
Et comme un voyageur étranger
And like a foreign traveler
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints
Contemplate at leisure painted countrysides,
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin
On fabrics in fir frames,
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;
With a person standing in the middle of an orchard;
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant
I wish to see smiling assassins,
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent
The executioner who cuts an innocent neck
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.
With his great curved Oriental blade.
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;
I wish to see paupers and queens;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;
I wish to see roses and blood;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine.
I wish to see death caused by love or even by hate.
Et puis m'en revenir plus tard
And then returning, later
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves
Tell my story to the dreaming and curious
En élevant comme Sindbad ma vieille tasse arabe
Raising, like Sinbad, my old Arab cup
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres
From time to time to my lips
Pour interrompre le conte avec art...
To interrupt my tale with art. . . .*

La flûte enchantée/The Enchanted Flute

*L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
The shade is sweet and my master sleeps,*

Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Wearing a conical silk bonnet,
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
With his long yellow nose in his white beard.
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore
But I, I waken again
Et j'écoute au dehors
And hear outside
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
The song of a flute pour fort
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.
By turns sadness and joy.
Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole
A song by turns languorous and frivolous
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Which my dear lover plays,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
And when I approach by the window.
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
It seems to me that each note steals away
De la flûte vers ma joue
From the flute toward my cheek
Comme un mystérieux baiser.
Like a mysterious kiss.

L'Indifférent/Indifference

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
Your eyes are soft, like those of a girl,
Jeune étranger,
Young stranger,
Et la courbe fine
And the fine curve
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Of your handsome face with shadowed down
Est plus séduisante encor de ligne.
Is more seductive still.
Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte
Your lip sings, on the step of my door,
Une langue inconnue et charmante
A tongue unknown and charming
Comme une musique fausse.
Like dissonant music.
Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte...
Enter! And let my wine comfort you. . . .
Mais non, tu passes
But no, you pass by
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
And from my door I watch you depart,
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
Making a last graceful gesture to me,
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Your hip lightly bent
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...
In your feminine and weary gait. . . .

INTERMISSION

From *Love Letters* by Craig Bohmler

The Spring in Lebanon

*You are my flowers, my roses, my grass, my trees, my spring
You are my lakes, my rivers, my skies, my stars, the oceans and seas.
They say that spring is beautiful, for they bring new life.
They say the red flowers of Lebanon, blossom in the spring,
To reveal the love of Adonis for his Ishtar.
I say, "Let them keep your spring!"
I have you, and you are my spring.
You are my flowers and my life.*

Departure

*Your tears are raindrops that water the golden grass
In the desert of my soul.
My face may look radiant and my eyes joyful.
But I have no heart.
I give it to you for twenty-six days.
Please be careful, for it is fragile, and my melt in your tears...*

In Paris

*The city of art, you are my art.
The city of beauty, you are my beauty.
The city of light, you are my light.
The city of romance, you are my love!*

The Proposal

*Whisper the hymn of eternity in my ears.
Indwell in me your essence and erase my fears.
Like a bow missing an arrow that has lost its aim,
Life shall be for a heart with now beats and no tears.*

*Yellow are leaves that shiver in the winter snow.
Old are the clouds that summon for the winds to blow
Up on a hill where the olive tree speaks the truth.*

*Miracles bloom in the cold wherever your eyes glow.
Ask me where did I find the strength to arm my soul?
Repeat the same words of wisdom that make me whole.
Right and love are but sounds, if heard or seen.*

You make them the world, you make the bells of heaven toll!

*Must I say more, or should the words find a closed door?
End of the line...you love me....I love you more.*

I Recognized Your Face by Craig Bohmler

*I saw you in my father's hands when he'd play piano, when he'd fly a kite.
I heard you in my mother's voice, when she'd laugh, or sing to me at night.
I felt you in the gentle beating of my brothers' hearts, it's true.
In everyone I ever loved, there was some part of you.
I searched for you as years went by in the arms of friends, and in a stranger's glance.
But I found only odds and ends, nothing much, a tough, a brief romance.
But then one day, the puzzle pieces fell into place.
I looked up, and I saw you, and I recognized your face.
I recognized your face.
I recognized your laughter.
In you strange, familiar hands, lay yesterday and every after.
People ask, "How did you know?" I tell them, "Oh, I knew!"
Especially when I realized, you recognized me, too.*

La Rosa y el Sauce/The Rose and the Willow by Carlos Guastavino

*La rosa se iba abriendo
The rose was opening
Abrazada al sauce,
The rose was opening
El árbol apasionada,
The passionate tree,
La amaba tanto!
I loved her so much!
Pero una niña coqueta
But a flirty girl
Se la ha robado,
It has been stolen,
Y el sauce desconsolado
And the sad willow
Le está llorando.
She is crying*

Del cabello más sutil/Of the Softest Hair by Fernando Obradors

*Del cabello más sutil
Of the softest hair
Que tienes en tu trenzado
which you have in your braid,*

He de hacer una cadena
I would make a chain
Para traerte a mi lado.
so that I may bring you to my side.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
A jug in your home,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
little one, I would like to be...
Para besarte en la boca,
so that I may kiss you
Cuando fueras a beber.
each time you take a drink.

El Vito/The Vito by Fernando Obradors

Una vieja vale un real
An old woman is worth only a real
y una muchacha dos cuartos,
And a young girl, two cuartos
pero, como soy tan pobre
But since I am poor
me voy a lo más barato.
I'm going with the cheapest.
Con el vito, vito, vito,
con el vito, vito, va.
On with the dancing, olé!
No me jaga 'usté' cosquillas,
Stop your teasing sir
que me pongo 'colorá'.
Or I will blush!

THE END