

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Komm, lieber Mai

Text: Christian Adolf Overbeck

Komm, lieber Mai, und mache
Die Bäume wieder grün,
Und laß mir an dem Bache
Die kleinen Veilchen blühn!
Wie möcht ich doch so gerne
Ein Veilchen wieder sehn,
Ach, lieber Mai, wie gerne
Einmal spazieren gehn!

Zwar Wintertage haben
Wohl auch der Freuden viel;
Man kann im Schnee eins traben
Und treibt manch Abendspiel,
Baut Häuserchen von Karten,
Spielt Blindekuh und Pfand;
Auch gibt's wohl Schlittenfahrten
Auf's liebe freie Land.

Doch wenn die Vöglein singen
Und wir dann froh und flink
Auf grünen Rasen springen,
Das ist ein ander Ding!
Jetzt muß mein Steckenpferdchen
Dort in dem Winkel stehn;
Denn draußen in dem Gärtchen
Kann man vor Kot nicht gehn.
Ach, wenn's doch erst gelinder

Und grüner draußen wär!
Komm, lieber Mai, wir Kinder,
Wir bitten dich gar sehr!
O komm und bring vor allen
Uns viele Veilchen mit,
Bring auch viel Nachtigallen
Und schöne Kuckucks mit!

Come, dear May

English Translation © Emily Ezust

Come, dear May, and make
the trees green again,
and by the brook, let
the little violets bloom for me!
How I would love
to see a violet again -
ah, dear May, how gladly
I would take a walk!

It is true that winter days have
much joy as well:
one can trot in the snow
and play many games in the evening;
build little houses of cards,
play blind-man's-buff and forfeits;
also go tobogganing
in the lovely open countryside.

But when the birds sing
and we joyously and quickly
jump and bounce on the green turf -
this is another thing!
Now my stick-horse must
stand in the corner there;
for outside in the garden
one cannot walk because of the dung.

Ah, if only it would grow milder
and greener out there!
Come, dear may! we children,
we beg you!
O come and bring for us, before anyone else,
lots of violets!
Bring also lots of nightingales
and pretty cuckoos!

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Der Zauberer

Text: Christian Felix Weiße, 1785

Ihr Mädchen, flieht Damöten ja!
Als ich zum erstenmal ihn sah,
Da fühlt' ich, so was fühlt' ich nie,
Mir ward, mir ward, ich weiß nicht wie,
Ich seufze, zitterte, und schien mich doch zu freu'n;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein!

Sah ich ihn an, so ward mir heiß,
Bald ward ich rot, bald ward ich weiß,
Zuletzt nahm er mich bei der Hand;
Wer sagt mir, was ich da empfand?
Ich sah, ich hörte nichts, sprach nichts als ja und nein;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein!

Er führte mich in dies Gesträuch,
Ich wollt' ihm flieh'n und folgt' ihm gleich;
Er setzte sich, ich setzte mich;
Er sprach, nur Sylben stammelt' ich;
Die Augen starrten ihm, die meinen wurden klein;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein!

Entbrannt drückt' er mich an sein Herz,
Was fühlt' ich! Welch ein süßer Schmerz!
Ich schluchzt', ich atmete sehr schwer,
Da kam zum Glück die Mutter her;
Was würd', o Götter, sonst nach so viel Zauberei'n,
Aus mir zuletzt geworden sein!

Abendempfindung

Text: Joachim Heinrich Campe

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu -
Schließ' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

The magician

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Girls, keep well clear of Damötás!
The first time I saw him,
I felt - as I'd never felt before;
It was like - was like - I know not what:
I sighed, trembled and yet seemed overjoyed:
Believe me, he must be a magician!

When I looked at him I went hot all over,
Now blushing red, now turning pale,
Finally he took me by the hand:
Words cannot say how I felt then!
I saw nothing, heard nothing,
Could only stammer Yes and No:
Believe me, he must be a magician!

He led me into these bushes,
I wanted to flee, but followed at once:
He sat down, I sat down:
He spoke - but I could only stammer;
His eyes bulged, my own shrank:
Believe me, he must be a magician!

He pressed me passionately to his heart.
What a sensation! Such sweet agony!
I sobbed, I could hardly breathe!
Then, thank goodness, mother came along:
Otherwise, O gods, after so much magic,
What would have become of me!

Evening Thoughts

English Translation © Richard Stokes

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds its silver light;
So life's sweetest hours speed by,
Flit by as in a dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
And the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
Flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
A silent presentiment will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
Bringing a breath of heaven.

May you too shed a tear for me
And pluck a violet for my grave;
And let your compassionate gaze
Look tenderly down on me.

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
Be not ashamed to do so;
In my diadem it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.

Joseph Haydn

(1732-1809)

Arianna a Naxos

Hob. XXVIb:2

Text: Anon.,
English Translations © Misha Donat

Teseo mio ben

Teseo mio ben, dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareva
ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora
e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo
uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.
Sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè?
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, O caro
ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante,
stringi con nodo più tenace e più bella la face splenda
del nostro amor.
Soffrir non posso d'esser da te diviso un sol momento.
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi stringe il desio.
Ti sospira il mio cuor.
Vieni, idol mio.

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?
Chi t'invola a questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
Né resisto al mio dolor.
Se pietade avete, O Dei,
Secondate i voti miei;
A me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!

Theseus my beloved

Theseus my beloved, where are you?
I seem to have you near me,
but a flattering treacherous dream deceives me.
Already rose coloured Dawn is rising in the sky
and Phoebus colours the grass and flowers
rising from the sea with his golden hair.
Adored husband, where have your footsteps led you?
Perhaps your noble ardour calls you to pursue wild beasts.
Ah come, my dearest,
and I shall offer a more pleasing prey to your snares.
Arianna's loving heart, which adores you faithfully,
clasps the splendid light of our love
with a firmer knot.
I cannot bear to be apart from you for a single moment.
Ah beloved, I am consumed with longing to see you.
My heart sighs for you.
Come, my idol.

Where are you, my treasure?

Where are you, my treasure?
Who stole you from this heart?
If you do not come, already I die,
nor resist my grief.
If you have pity, O Gods,
fulfil my desires;
return my dear beloved to me.
Where are you? Theseus!

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Ma, a chi parlo?

Ma, a chi parlo?
Gli accenti eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode,
Teseo non mi risponde,
e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovia.
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro s'alza alpestro scoglio:
ivi lo scoprirò.
Che miro? O stelle!
Misera me!
Quest'è l'argivo legno,
Greci son quelli.
Teseo!
Ei sulla prora!
Ah, m'inganassi almen ...
No no, non m'inganno.
Ei fugge,
ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.
Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta Teseo!
Ma oimè! Vaneggio.
I flutti e il vento lo involano per sempre agli occhi miei.
Ah, siete ingiusti, O Dei
se l'empio non punite!
Ingrato!
Perchè ti trassi dalla morte?
Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?
E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?
Spergiuro! Infido!
Hai cor di lasciarmi!
A chi mi volgo?
Da chi pietà sperar?
Già più non reggo:
Il piè vacilla,
e in così amaro istante
sento mancarmi in sen l'alma tremante.

Ah! che morir vorrei
Ah! che morir vorrei
In sì fatal momento,
Ma al mio crudel tormento
Mi serba ingiusto il ciel.

Misera abbandonata
Non ho chi mi consola.
Chi tanto amai s'invola,
Barbaro ed infidel.

But to whom am I speaking?

But to whom am I speaking?
Only echo repeats my words.
Theseus does not hear me,
Theseus does not answer me,
and my voice is carried by the wind and the waves.
He must not be far from me.
Let me climb the highest of these steep rocks:
I shall discover him thus.
What do I see? O heavens!
Misery me!
That is the wooden argosy,
those men are Greeks.
Theseus!
He is on the prow!
O may I at least be mistaken ...
no, no, I am not mistaken.
He flees,
he leaves me abandoned here.
There is no longer any hope for me, I am betrayed.
Theseus, listen to me Theseus!
But alas! I am raving.
The waves and wind are stealing him from my eyes for ever.
Ah, you are unjust, O Gods
if you do not punish the infidel!
Ungrateful man!
Why did I snatch you away from death?
So you had to betray me?
And your promises and your oaths?
Perjurer! Infidel!
Have you the heart to leave me?
To whom can I turn?
From whom can I hope for pity?
I can already bear no more:
my step falters,
and in so bitter a moment
I feel my trembling soul weaken.

Ah, how I should like to die
Ah, how I should like to die
in so fatal a moment,
but the heavens unjustly keep me
in my cruel torment.

Wretched and abandoned
I have no one to console me.
He whom I loved so much has fled,
barbarous and unfaithful.