

30 JUL

Quinta / Thursday

19:30 Igreja de N. Sra. da Estrela / N. Sra. da Estrela Church

RECITAL DE CANTO / SONG RECITAL

Sumi Hwang, soprano

Tae-Hyung Kim, piano

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

An Sylvia D.891

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt D.877-4

An die Musik D.547

Franz Liszt (1811–86)

Tre Sonetti di Petrarca S.270

1. *Pace non trovo*

2. *Benedetto sia 'l giorno*

3. *I' vidi in terra Angelici costumi*

— INTERVALO / INTERVAL —

Alban Berg (1885–1935)

7 Frühe Lieder

1. *Nacht*

2. *Schilflied*

3. *Die Nachtigall*

4. *Traumgekrönt*

5. *Im Zimmer*

6. *Liebesode*

7. *Sommertage*

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

Songs of the Clown Op. 29

1. *Come Away, Death*

2. *O Mistress Mine*

3. *Adieu, Good Man Devil*

4. *Hey, Robin*

5. *For the Rain, It Raineth Every Day*

Este recital de canto, cuidadosamente estruturado, conduzir-nos-á cronologicamente do auge do Romantismo aos primeiros tempos de Hollywood.

Para nos preparar, Sumi Hwang e Tae-Hyung Kim escolheram três das canções mais amadas do rei do Lied, Franz Schubert (1797-1828). An Sylvia baseia-se numa tradução alemã de Who is Silvia, de The Two Gentlemen of Verona, de Shakespeare. A canção fala de Sylvia, uma bela jovem que desperta o interesse dos homens de Verona. Quando se apaixona por um dos seus pretendentes, o seu olhar suaviza-se e todos compreendem que ela não é apenas bonita, mas também bondosa. O modo como o amor nos faz sofrer, muito romântico, está no centro da segunda canção, Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt. An die Musik é uma ode à música e prepara-nos para o resto do recital.

O deslumbrante pianista virtuoso e compositor Franz Liszt (1811-1886) viajou extensamente por Itália. As impressões que recolheu das paisagens naturais e urbanas, bem como da poesia, passaram para a sua música. As suas memórias musicais de Roma consistem em sete partes, três das quais levam o nome de um soneto de Petrarca. Perto do fim da vida, Liszt reorganizou estas três peças para voz e piano. A música não deve ser entendida como uma tradução literal da poesia de Petrarca em som, mas antes como a reacção pessoal, emocional, por vezes íntima, por vezes exaltada, de Liszt a essa poesia. Estando ele próprio perdidamente apaixonado na época, poder-se-ia dizer que Liszt reconheceu os seus próprios sentimentos nos sonetos de Petrarca. A música é, assim, o resultado da poesia e da auto-reflexão.

Enquanto estudava com Arnold Schönberg, Alban Berg (1885-1935) escreveu várias canções. Obras de juventude, indignas de publicação, era essa a opinião de Berg. No entanto, na década de 1920, Berg voltou a essas canções e criou um ciclo a partir de sete delas. São perceptíveis influências de vários outros compositores. Pela sua harmonia, a influência de Debussy é mais notória na primeira canção, Nacht, ou Noite. A influência de Mahler poderá ser menos audível, mas quem ler a partitura encontrará uma precisão semelhante. De modo geral, o ouvinte poderá sentir a presença de fundo de Wagner e Strauss. No entanto, como a maioria das canções é, em certa medida, atonal, a mão de Schönberg é, compreensivelmente, a mais evidente, com a possível excepção de Nachtigall, ou Rouxinol. Esta canção está escrita num estilo completamente tonal, tardo-romântico. Embora o poema não descreva explicitamente o encontro sexual de uma jovem, a música conduz-nos a alturas extáticas. O ciclo assinala a transição do Romantismo para os tempos modernos.

Tal como acontece com o texto da canção An Sylvia, de Schubert, Songs of the Clown, de Erich Korngold, toma os seus textos de uma peça de Shakespeare, neste caso Twelfth Night. Compositor afirmado de música para cinema em Hollywood,

Korngold (1897-1957) conhecia as oportunidades e os desafios de musicar textos em inglês, mas a escrita de canções eruditas era relativamente nova para ele. As canções faziam parte de um conjunto mais amplo, criado para uma oficina de formação de jovens actores intitulada Shakespeare's Women, Clowns and Songs. A oficina foi organizada por Max Reinhardt, emigrado austríaco como Korngold - ambos escaparam aos nazis - e vinte anos mais velho. Enquanto estrangeiros num país que não era o seu, sabiam demasiado bem como se deve sentir um palhaço, figura marginal, em particular fora do palco. O ciclo, tanto pelo texto como pela música, pretende mostrar que um palhaço em geral, e o bobo Feste de Twelfth Night em particular, é uma personagem frequentemente mal compreendida, cuja inteligência emocional é muito mais profunda do que muitos imaginam. Mas o projecto de Reinhardt ia além dos palhaços. As mulheres, certamente nas décadas de 1930 e 1940, eram muitas vezes reduzidas a estereótipos e, na prática, tal como os palhaços e os emigrantes, tratadas como figuras à margem. Que contraste com *An Sylvia*, onde às mulheres parecia bastar serem bonitas e amáveis.

This thoughtfully structured song recital will lead us chronologically from the heights of Romanticism to the early days of Hollywood.

To warm us up Sumi Hwang and Tae-Hyung Kim have chosen three of the most-beloved songs by the king of *das Lied*, Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828). *An Sylvia* is based on a German translation of 'Who is Silvia' from Shakespeare's *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The song relates of Sylvia, a beautiful young lady, who tickles the fancy of the men of Verona. When she falls in love with one of her suitors, the look in her eyes softens, and people understand she isn't just pretty but also good-hearted. How love makes one suffer, very romantic indeed, lies at the heart of the second song, *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*. *An die Musik* is an ode to music, and will set us up for the rest of the recital.

The ravishing virtuoso pianist and composer Franz Liszt (1811 – 1886) travelled extensively in Italy. His impressions of the land- and cityscapes and poetry found their way into his music. His musical memories of Rome consist of seven parts, three of which carry the name of a sonnet by Petrarch. Towards the end of his life, Liszt rearranged these three for voice and piano. The music shouldn't be seen as a literal translation of Petrarch's poetry into music, but more as Liszt's personal, emotional, sometimes intimate, sometimes exalted, reaction to it. Being madly in love himself at the time, one could say that Liszt recognized his own feelings in Petrarch's sonnets. The music is thus the outcome of poetry and self reflection.

While Alban Berg (1885 – 1935) was studying with Arnold Schönberg, he wrote a number of songs. Early works, not worthy of publication, was Berg's opinion. However, in the 1920s, Berg sat down and created a cycle from seven of them. Influences from several other composers are traceable. Through its harmonies, Debussy's influence is most noticeable in the first song *Nacht* (Night). Mahler's influence may be less audible, but those who read the score, will see a similar precision. In general, the listener may feel the background presence of Wagner and Strauss. However, as most songs are to some extent atonal, Schönberg's hand is, understandably, the most prominent, with the possible exception of *Nachtigall* (Nightingale). This song is written in a completely tonal, late-romantic style. Although the poem doesn't explicitly describe a girl's sexual encounter, the music leads us to ecstatic heights. The cycle marks the transition from Romanticism to modern times.

Just like the lyrics for Schubert's song *An Sylvia*, Erich Korngold's *Songs of the Clown* are taken from a Shakespeare play, in this case *Twelfth Night*. As an established composer of film music in Hollywood, Korngold (1897 – 1957) knew the opportunities and pitfalls of scoring English texts, but writing art songs was relatively new to him. The songs were part of a larger set created for a training workshop for young actors titled *Shakespeare's Women, Clowns and Songs*. The workshop was organized by Max Reinhardt, Korngold's fellow Austrian emigré – both escaped the Nazis – and 20 years his senior. Being outsiders in a foreign country, they knew all too well how a clown, a marginal figure, must feel, in particular off stage. The cycle, both the text and the music, intend to show that a clown in general, and the jester Feste from *Twelfth Night* in particular, is an often misunderstood character, whose (emotional) intelligence runs much deeper than many think. But Reinhardt's project reached further than just clowns. Women, certainly back in the 1930s and 1940, were often cast as stereotypes, and, effectively, just like the clowns and emigrants, as outsiders. How different from the song *An Sylvia*, where women just needed to be pretty and amiable.

[Bart de Vries](#)

SONGS FRANZ SCHUBERT, lyrics

An Sylvia

Poem by William Shakespeare

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Daß ihr Alles unterthan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia tön', o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude
Seh ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Ach, der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Somente quem conhece a saudade

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Somente quem conhece a saudade
Sabe o que eu sofro!

What is Silvia, tell

Translation by ©Sharon Krebs, reprinted with the permission from the LiederNet Archive

What is Silvia, tell,
That the broad lea praises her?
Lovely and delicate I see her approach,
Indicating heaven's benevolence and
trace,
Everything is subservient to her.

Is she beautiful and good as well?
Allurement delights like gentle
childhood;
Amor hastens to her eye,
There he heals his blindness,
And lingers in sweet peace.

Therefore resound to Silvia, oh singing,
To the honour of the lovely Silvia;
Every charm that the world can grant
She has long acquired for herself:
Wreaths to her and the sounds of
strings!

Only those who know longing

Translation by ©Lawrence Snyder, reprinted with the permission from the LiederNet Archive

Only those who know longing
Know what sorrows me!
Alone and separated
From all joy,
I look into the sky
To the yonder side.

Ah! the one who loves and knows me
Is in the distance.
It dizzies me, it burns
my guts.
Only those who know longing
Know how I suffer!

Sozinha e longe
De toda alegria
Eu olho para o firmamento
Em todas as direções.

Ah! Aquele que me ama e conhece,
Está longe.
Isso me tonteia, me queima
As entranhas.
Somente quem conhece a saudade
Sabe o que eu sofro!

An die Musik

Poem by Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen
Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf
entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.

À Música

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Ó sublime arte, quantas vezes,
Quando a roda-viva da vida me estrangulou,
Inflamaste meu coração em um doce amor,
Abriste-me um mundo melhor!

Muitas vezes, saída da tua harpa, um suspiro,
De ti vindo um suave e celestial acorde,
Desvendou-me o céu em tempos melhores;
Ó sublime arte, agradeço-te (por isso)!

To Music

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Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,
While into life's untamed cycle hurled,
Hast thou my heart to warm love
reignited
To transport me into a better world!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,
A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,
A glimpse of better times from heaven
lifted.
Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for
this.

Franz Liszt - TRE SONNETTI DI PETRARCA, lyrics

Poems by Francesco Petrarca, translation by ©A.S. Kline, reprinted with the permission from the LiederNet Archive

Pace non trovo

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un
ghiaccio:
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto il mondo
abbraccio.

Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, nè
serra,
Nè per suo mi ritien, nè scioglie il laccio
E non m'ancide Amor, e non mi sferra;
Nè mi vuol vivo, nè mi trahe d'impaccio.

Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e
grido;
E bramo di perir, e chiegio aita;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui.

Pascomi di dolor, piangendo io rido,
Eguale mi spiace morte e vita,
In questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.

I find no peace

I find no peace, and yet I make no war:
and fear, and hope: and burn, and I am
ice:
and fly above the sky, and fall to earth,
and clutch at nothing, and embrace the
world.

One imprisons me, who neither frees
nor jails me,
nor keeps me to herself nor slips the
noose:
and Love does not destroy me, and does
not loose me,
wishes me not to live, but does not
remove my bar.

I see without eyes, and have no tongue,
but cry:
and long to perish, yet I beg for aid:
and hold myself in hate, and love
another.

I feed on sadness, laughing weep:
death and life displease me equally:
and I am in this state, lady, because of
you.

Benedetto sia 'l giorno

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e
l'anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l
punto
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
Da' duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;

E benedetto il primo dolce affanno
Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
E l'arco e la saette ond' i' fui punto,
E le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.

Benedette le voci tante, ch'io
Chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,
E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.

E benedette sian tutte le carte
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,
Ch'è sol di lei, sì ch'altra non v'ha parte.

Blessed be the day

Blessed be the day, and the month, and
the year,
and the season, and the time, and the
hour, and the moment,
and the beautiful country, and the place
where I was joined
to the two beautiful eyes that have
bound me:

and blessed be the first sweet suffering
that I felt in being conjoined with Love,
and the bow, and the shafts with which I
was pierced,
and the wounds that run to the depths
of my heart.

Blessed be all those verses I scattered
calling out the name of my lady,
and the sighs, and the tears, and the
passion:

and blessed be all the sheets
where I acquire fame, and my thoughts,
that are only of her, that no one else has
part of.

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e
fumi.

E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;
Ed udì' sospirando dir parole
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.

Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce contento
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si
soglia.

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

I saw angelic virtue on earth

I saw angelic virtue on earth
and heavenly beauty on terrestrial soil,
so I am sad and joyful at the memory,
and what I see seems dream, shadows,
smoke:

and I saw two lovely eyes that wept,
that made the sun a thousand times
jealous:
and I heard words emerge among sighs
that made the mountains move, and
halted rivers.

Love, Judgement, Pity, Worth and Grief,
made a sweeter chorus of weeping
than any other heard beneath the moon:

and heaven so intent upon the harmony
no leaf was seen to move on the boughs,
so filled with sweetness were the wind
and air.

Alban Berg, 7 frühe Lieder, lyrics

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Nacht

Poem by Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Thal,
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen
sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal:
O gieb acht! gieb acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgethan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,
Stille Pfade silberlicht thalan
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz -- ein Hauch vom
fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gieb acht! gieb acht!

Noite

Descem nuvens sobre a noite e o vale,
A neblina flutua, a água murmura
suavemente.
Então de repente tudo se descortina:
Oh, tenha cuidado! Tenha cuidado!
Um vasto país de maravilhas se abre;
Montanhas prateadas se elevam,
fantasticamente altas,
Silenciosas trilhas banhadas na luz de
prata levam ao vale,
Nascidas de algum lugar misterioso;

Night

The clouds embrown the night and
valley;
the mists float above, the water rushing
gently.
Now all at once they unveil themselves:
o listen! pay heed!

A broad land of wonder has opened up.
Silver mountains rise up, fantastically
huge,
quiet paths lit with silver [lead] toward
the valley
from [some] hidden place;

and the noble world is so dreamily pure.
A mute beech stands by the path,
black with shadows; a breeze from a
distant, lonely grove
wafts gently by.

And from the deep darkness of the
valley
flash lights in the silent night.
Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude!
O listen! pay heed!

E o mundo majestoso resplandece em
pureza de sonhos.
Uma quieta faia se alça à beira da
estrada,
Negra como uma sombra, um alento de
um vale distante,
Balouça solitária ao vento.
E do âmago da profunda escuridão
Brilham luzes na noite silenciosa.
Beba, alma! Beba, solidão!
Oh, tenha cuidado! Tenha cuidado!

Schilflied

Poem by Nikolaus Lenau

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Reed song

Along a secret forest path
I like to creep in the evening light;
I go to the desolate, reedy banks,
and think, my maiden, of you!

As the bushes grow dark,
the reeds hiss mysteriously,
and lament and whisper,
and thus I have to weep and weep.

And I think that I hear wafting
the gentle sound of your voice,
and down into the pond sinks
your lovely song.

A Canção dos Juncos

Por secretas trilhas na floresta
Eu ando silenciosamente ao anoitecer
À margem deserta dos juncos,
Menina, e penso em ti!

Quando então a floresta escurece
Os juncos murmuram misteriosamente,
E lamentam, e sussurram,
De tal forma que choro, choro.

E é como se eu ouvisse ao vento
Docemente o som da sua voz,

Die Nachtigall

Poem by Nikolaus Lenau

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

The nightingale

It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom,
and now she walks, deep in thought;
she carries her summer hat in her hand,
enduring quietly the heat of the sun,
knowing not what to begin.

It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.

O Rouxinol

Tudo aconteceu porque o rouxinol
Seguiu cantando a noite inteira;
Então, de seu doce som,
Do seu chamado e de seu eco,
As rosas se abriram.

Outrora ela tem sido uma jovem selvagem,
Anda agora mergulhada em pensamentos,
Leva nas mãos o seu chapéu de verão,
Suportando conformada o calor do sol,
E não sabe mais o que fazer.

Tudo aconteceu porque o rouxinol
Seguiu cantando a noite inteira;
Então, de seu doce som,
Do seu chamado e de seu eco,
As rosas se abriram.

Traumgekrönt

Poem by Rainer Maria Rilke

Das war der Tag der weißen
Chrysanthemen, --
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele
nehmen
tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und
leise, --
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich
gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine
Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht...

Crowned by a dream

That was the day of white
chrysanthemums;
I almost trembled before its glory..
And then, then you came to me to take
my soul
Deep in the night.

I felt so anxious, and you came so
lovingly and gently;
I had just been thinking about you in a
dream.
You came, and softly, like a fairy tale,
the night resounded.

Coroado em Sonhos

Este foi o dia dos brancos crisântemos,
Eu quase que temia sua formosura...
E então, então tu vieste tomar a minha alma
Dentro da noite profunda.
Eu tinha tanto medo, e tu vieste doce e em silêncio,
Eu tinha acabado de pensar em ti, em sonhos,
Tu vieste, e como em uma canção de contos de fadas
Ressoava a noite.

Im Zimmer

Poem by Johannes Schlaf

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

In the chamber

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head upon your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how gently do the minutes pass!

No Quarto

Sol de outono
O doce final de tarde olha para dentro do quarto.
Um fogo vermelho
Crepita na lareira e arde.
Assim, minha cabeça sobre tuas pernas,
Assim fico bem;
Quando meus olhos descansam nos teus,
Os minutos se vão tão tranquilos...

Liebesode

Poem by Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der
Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
Trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. --

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches -- so reich an
Sehnsucht!

Love ode

In the arms of love we fell blissfully
asleep;
at the open window the summer wind
listened
and carried the peacefulness of our
breath
out into the bright, moonlit night.

And out of the garden, feeling its way
randomly,
the scent of roses came to our bed of
love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
dreams of intoxication, rich with
yearning.

Ode ao Amor

Nos braços do amor adormecemos tranqüilos;
Pela janela aberta a brisa de verão nos ouvia,
Levando a paz da nossa respiração
Para longe, em direção ao claro luar.

E do jardim se esgueirava tímido
Um perfume de rosas em direção à nossa cama de amor
E nos oferecia sonhos maravilhosos,
Sonhos embevecidos, tão ricos de saudade.

Sommertage

Poem by Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Summer days

Now the days drag through the world,
sent forth from blue eternity;
time dissipates in the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
with blessed hand wreaths of stars
above the wandering wonderland.
In these days, o my heart, what can
your brightest wanderer's song then say
about your deep, deep pleasure?
In meadowsong the heart falls silent;
now there are no words, and image
upon image
visits you and fills you entirely.

Dias de Verão

Agora passam dias sobre a terra,
Dias enviados pela eternidade azul,
Na brisa de verão o tempo se desfaz.
À noite, o Senhor trança
Uma guirlanda de estrelas com mão abençoada
Por sobre a terra de errantes e de maravilhas.
Ó coração, o que poderá falar nestes dias
A tua canção errante mais viva
Deste desejo profundo, profundo:
Na canção das pradarias cala-se o peito,
Silencia a palavra agora, onde visão após visão
Te atingem, e te preenchem por inteiro.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold, SONGS OF THE CLOWN

Poems by William Shakespeare

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

O trip no further, pretty sweetening;
For journeyes end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

And in delay there lies no plenty;
Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Adieu, Good Man Devil

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
in a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain.

Who with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, aha, to the devil, aha, ha, ha!
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, good man devil.

Hey, Robin

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
My lady is unkind, perdy.
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me why is she so?
She loves another, another.

For the rain, it raineth every day

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.