

Letters of Mozart
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
(trans. and commentary by Robert Spaethling)

Mozart's first note from Vienna consists of one sentence written in Latin, French, German, and Italian. Like Mozart's other linguistic treasures, it loses everything in translation, so it is presented here in the original. The note was apparently written in Dr. Mesmer's garden, which was located on Landstraße, near the Prater amusement park.

Mozart to his sister, Maria Anna (Nannerl) in Salzburg (postscript)

Vienna, August 12, 1773 [17 years old]

hodie nous avons begegnet per strada Dominum Edlbach welcher uns di voi compliments ausgerichtet hat, et qui sich tibi et ta mere Empfehlen läst. Adio.¹

W. M. Landstrasse den 12 aug.

¹ "Today we met Herr Edlbach in the street who brought us greetings from you and who wants to be remembered to you and your mama. Adio."

Mozart to Maria Anna Thekla Mozart (Bäsele), in Augsburg (beginning)

Mannheim, November 5, 1777 [21 years old]

Dearest cozz buzz!

I have received reprieved your highly esteemed writing biting, and I have noted doted that my uncle garfuncler, my aunt slant, and you too, are all well mell. We, too, thank god, are in good fettle kettle. Today I got the letter setter from my Papa Haha safely into my paws claws. I hope you too have gotten rotten my note quote that I wrote to you from Mannheim. So much the better, better the much so! But now for something more sensible.

So sorry to hear that Herr Abbate Salate has had another stroke choke. But I hope with the help of God fraud the consequences will not be dire mire. You are writing fighting that you'll keep your criminal promise² which you gave me before my departure from Augspurg, and will do it soon moon. Well, I will mosl certainly find that regrettable. You write further, indeed you let it all out, you expose yourself, you let yourself be heard, you give me notice, you declare yourself, you indicate to me, you bring me the news, you announce onto me, you state in broad daylight, you demand, you desire, you wish, you want, you like, you command that I, too, should could send you my Portrait, Eh bien, I shall mail fail it for sure. Oui, by the love of my skin. I ■■■ on your nose, so it runs down your chin.

apropós. do you also have the spuni cuni fait?³—what?—whether you still love me?—I believe it! so much the better, betlter the much so! Yes, that's the way of the world, I'm told, one has the purse, the other has the gold; whom do you side with?—with me, n'est-ce pas?—I believe it! Now things are even worse, apropos.

Wouldn't you like to visit Herr Gold-smith again?—but what for?—what?—nothing!—just to inquire, I guess, about the Spuni cuni fait, nothing else, nothing else?—well, well, all right. Long live all those who, who— who— who—how does it go on?—I now wish you a good night, ■■■ your bed with all your might, sleep with peace on your mind, and try to kiss your own behind; I now go off to never-never land and sleep as much as I can stand. Tomorrow we'll speak freak sensubly with each other. Things I must you tell a lot of, believe it you hardly can, but hear tomorrow it already will you, be well in the meannme. Oh my ass burns like fire! what on earrh is the meaning of this!—maybe *muck* wants to come out? yes, yes. *muck*, I know you, see you, taste you—and—what's this—is it possible? Ye Gods!—Oh *ear* of mine, are you deceiving me?

² A Mozartian pun; he writes *Verbrechen* (crime) instead of *Versprechen* (promise)

³ The meaning of "spuni cuni fait" is unclear.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
from Die Zauberflöte [The Magic Flute], K. 620

translation: Lionel Salter

“Die Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen” [The vengeance of Hell rages in my heart]	
<p>KÖNIGIN DER NACHT:</p> <p>Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen, Tod und Verweilung flammet um mich her! Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro Todesschmerzen, So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.</p> <p>Verstoßen sei auf ewig, verlassen sei auf ewig, Zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig alle Bande der Natur, Wenn nicht durch dich Sarastro wird erblassen! Hört, Rachegötter! Hört der Mutter Schwur!</p> <p><i>(Sie versinkt.)</i></p>	<p>THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT:</p> <p>The vengeance of Hell rages in my heart, death and depair burn all around me! If through you Sarastro does not suffer death's torments, nevermore be my daughter.</p> <p>Be repudiated, disowned for ever, all nature's bonds be forever severed if through you Sarastro does not meet his end! Hear, ye gods of vengeance! Hear a mother's vow!</p> <p><i>(She disappears.)</i></p>

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
from Die Entführung aus dem Serail [The Abduction from the Seraglio], K. 384
 translations: Lionel Salter

“O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig” [O how eagerly, o how ardently]	
<p>BELMONTE:</p> <p>Constanze, dich wiederzusehen, dich!</p> <p>O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig Klopft mein liebevolles Herz! Und des Wiedersehens Zähre Lohnt der Trennung bangen Schmerz.</p> <p>Schon zitt'r' ich und wanke, Schon zag' ich und schwanke; Es hebt sich die schwellende Brust!</p> <p>Ist das ihr Lispeln? Es wird mir so bange! War das ihr Seufzen? Es glüht mir die Wange! Täuscht mich die Liebe? War es ein Traum?</p>	<p>BELMONTE:</p> <p>Konstanze, to see you once more!</p> <p>O how eagerly, o how ardently my lovesick heart is beating! But the glad tears of our reunion will erase the anxious pain of separation.</p> <p>I already tremble and waiver, quake and falter; my breast swells to bursting!</p> <p>Is that her whisper? I'm all on fire. Was that her sigh? My cheeks are aglow. Does love deceive me? Was it a dream?</p>

“Solche hergelaufne Laffen” [You profligate puppies]	
<p>OSMIN:</p> <p>Solche hergelaufne Laffen Die nur nach den Weibern gaffen, Mag ich vor den Teufel nicht. Denn ihr ganzes Tun und Lassen Ist, uns auf den Dienst zu passen, Doch mich trägt kein solch Gesicht!</p> <p>Eure Tücken, eure Ränke, Eure Finten, eire Schwänke, Sind mir ganz bekannt. Mich zu hintergehen, Mußt ihr früh aufstehen, Ich hab' auch Verstand.</p> <p>Drum, beim Barte des Propheten! Ich studiere Tag und Nacht, Ruh nicht, bis ich dich seh' töten, Nimm dich, wie du willst in acht.</p> <p>PEDRILLO: <i>Was bist du für ein grausamer Kerl... Und ich hab' dir nichts getan...</i></p> <p>OSMIN: <i>Du hast ein Galgengesicht. Das ist genug!</i></p> <p>Erst geköpft, Dann gehangen, Dann gespießt auf heiße Stangen, Dann verbrannt, Dann gebunden und getaucht; Zuletzt geschunden.</p>	<p>OSMIN:</p> <p>You profligate puppies Who do nothing but ogle women, I can't put up with them. All they ever do Is to watch our every step, But I'm not duped by types like that!</p> <p>Your deceit and your plots, Your schemes and your tricks, I know them all. If you'd get the ebttter of me You'd have to be cunning indeed. I've got some sense too.</p> <p>Therefore, by the Prophet's beard, By day and by night I rack my brains, And I won't rest until I see you killed, No matter how much care you take.</p> <p>PEDRILLO: <i>What a bloodthirsty monster you are – And I've not done anything to you –</i></p> <p>OSMIN: <i>You've the face of a gallows-bird. That's enough!</i></p> <p>First you'll be beheaded, Then you'll be hanged, Then impaled on red-hot spikes, Then burned, Then manacled and drowned; Finally flayed alive.</p>

“Ich gehe, doch rate ich dir” [I'm going, but I advise you]

OSMIN:
Ich gehe, doch rate ich dir,
Den schurken Pedrillo zu meiden.

BLONDE:
O pack dich, befehl nicht mit mir.
Du weißt ja, ich kann es nicht leiden.

OSMIN:
Versprich mir . . .

BLONDE:
Was fällt dir da ein!

OSMIN:
Zum Henker!

BLONDE:
Fort, laß mich allein!

OSMIN:
Wahrhaftig, kein'n Schritt von der Stelle,
Bis du zu gehorchen mir schwörst.

BLONDE:
Nicht soviel, du armer Geselle,
Und wenn du der Großmogul wärst.

OSMIN:
O Engländer! Seid ihr nicht Toren,
Ihr laßt euern Weibern den Willen!
Wie ist man geplagt und geschoren,
Wenn solch eine Zucht man erhält man erhält.

BLONDE:
Ein Herz, so in Freiheit geboren,
Läßt niemals sich sklavisch behandeln,
Bleibt, wenn die Freiheit verloren,
Noch stolz auf sie, lachet der Welt!

Nun troll dich!

OSMIN:
So sprichst du mit mir?

BLONDE:
Nicht anders!

OSMIN:
Nun bleib' ich erst hier!

BLONDE:
Ein andermal! Jetzt mußt du gehen.

OSMIN:
Wer hat solche Frechheit gesehen!

BLONDE:
Es ist um die Augen geschehen,
Wofern du noch länger verweilst.

OSMIN:
Nur ruhig, ich will ja gern gehen,
Bevor du gar Schläge erteilst.

OSMIN:
I'm going, but I advise you
To avoid that scoundrel Pedrillo.

BLONDE:
Be off with you, don't order me about;
You know that I won't stand for it.

OSMIN:
Promise me . . .

BLONDE:
The very idea!

OSMIN:
Damnation!

BLONDE:
Go away and leave me alone!

OSMIN:
I assure you I won't move from here
Until you swear to obey me.

BLONDE:
Not likely, you poor numbskull,
Not even if you were the Great Mogul.

OSMIN:
O Englishmen! What fools you are
to let your women have their way!
How plagued and harrassed one is
when one gets a hussy like this!

BLONDE:
A heart born in freedom
will never let itself be treated like a slave.
Even when freedom is lost, it still
takes pride in itself and laughs at the world!

Be off now!

OSMIN:
Is this how you speak to me?

BLONDE:
How else?

OSMIN:
Then I'll stay here.

BLONDE (pushing him away):
Some other time! Now get away with you.

OSMIN:
Who ever saw such insolence?

BLONDE (making as if to scratch out his eyes):
You'll get your eyes scratched out
If you stay here any longer.

OSMIN (backing out nervously):
Gently now; I'll be going
Before you lay about you.

Requiem Aeternum

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.	Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.	And let perpetual light shine upon them
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,	A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Zion
Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem	And a vow shall be paid to thee in Jerusalem
Exaudi orationem meam	Hear my prayer
Ad te omnis caro veniet.	All flesh shall come before you
Requiem aeternam dona defunctis, Domine.	Eternal rest give unto the dead, O Lord
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.	And let perpetual light shine upon them
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine	Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.	And let perpetual light shine upon them.

Kyrie Eleison

Kyrie, eleison!	Lord, have mercy on us.
Christe, eleison!	Christ, have mercy on us.
Kyrie, eleison!	Lord, have mercy on us.

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat saeculum in favilla,
 Teste David cum Sibylla.
 Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando iudex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Dies Irae

Day of anger, day of wrath
 shall consume the world in ashes,
 as foretold by David and the Sibyl.
 What trembling there will be
 When the judge shall come
 to weigh everything strictly!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
 Per sepulcra regionum,
 Coget omnes ante thronum.
 Mors stupebit et natura,
 Cum resurget creatura,
 Judicanti responsura.

The trumpet, scattering its awful sound
 Across the graves of all lands
 Summons all before the throne.
 Death and nature shall be stunned
 When mankind arises
 To render account before the judge.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
 In quo totum continetur,
 Unde mundus judicetur.
 Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet apparebit.
 Nil inultum remanebit.

The written book shall be brought
 In which all is contained
 Whereby the world shall be judged
 When the judge takes his seat
 all that is hidden shall appear
 Nothing will remain unavenged.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
 Quem patronum rogaturus,
 Cum vix justus sit securus?

What shall I, a wretch, say then?
 To which protector shall I appeal
 When even the just man is barely safe?

Rex tremendae majestatus
 qui salvandos salvas gratis
 salve me, fons pietatis

King of awful majesty
 You freely save those worthy of salvation
 Save me, fount of pity.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuae viae:
 Ne me perdas illa die.
 Quaerens me, sedisti, lassus;
 Redemisti crucem passus;
 Tantis labor non sit cassus.
 Juste Iudex ultionis,
 Donum fac remissionis
 Ante diem rationis.

Remember, gentle Jesus
 that I am the reason for your time on earth,
 do not cast me out on that day
 Seeking me, you sank down wearily,
 you saved me by enduring the cross,
 such travail must not be in vain.
 Righteous judge of vengeance,
 award the gift of forgiveness
 before the day of reckoning.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
 Culpa rubet vultus meus;
 Supplicanti parce, Deus.
 Qui Mariam absolvisti,
 Et latronem exaudisti,
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
 Preces meae non sunt dignae,
 Sed tu, bonus, fac benigne,
 Ne perenni cremer igne.
 Inter oves locum praesta,
 Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
 Statuens in parte dextra.

I groan as one guilty,
 my face blushes with guilt;
 spare the suppliant, O God.
 Thou who didst absolve Mary [Magdalen]
 and hear the prayer of the thief
 hast given me hope, too.
 My prayers are not worthy,
 but Thou, O good one, show mercy,
 lest I burn in everlasting fire,
 Give me a place among the sheep,
 and separate me from the goats,
 placing me on Thy right hand.

Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictus.
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

When the damned are confounded
and consigned to keen flames,
call me with the blessed.
I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
a heart as contrite as ashes;
take Thou my ending into Thy care.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Pie Jesu Domine:
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

That day is one of weeping,
on which shall rise again from the ashes
the guilty man, to be judged.
Therefore spare this one, O God,
merciful Lord Jesus:
Give them rest. Amen.

Domine Jesu (Offertorium)

Domine, Jesu Christe , Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu. Libera eas de ore leonis ne absorbeat eas tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; Sed signifer sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam, Quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semini eius.	Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of Hell and the bottomless pit. Deliver them from the jaws of the lion, lest hell engulf them, lest they be plunged into darkness; but let the holy standard-bearer Michael lead them into the holy light, as once you promised to Abraham and to his seed.
Hostias et preces tibi, Domine laudis offerimus tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus. Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semine eius.	Lord, in praise we offer you Sacrifices and prayers, accept them on behalf of those who we remember this day: Lord, make them pass from death to life, as once you promised to Abraham and to his seed.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth! Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis!	Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest!
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Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine. Hosanna in excelsis!	Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!
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Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pecatta mundi dona eis requiem. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.	Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant them rest. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant them eternal rest.
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Lux aeternum

Lux aeterna luceat eis Domine cum sanctis tuis in aeternum: quia pius es. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis. Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum: quia pius es.	Let everlasting light shine on them, O Lord with your saints for ever: for you art merciful. Eternal rest grant them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. With your saints for ever for Thou art merciful.
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Libera Me

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda quando coeli movendi sunt et terra, dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem. Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussion venerit atque venture ira: quando coeli movendi sunt et terra.	Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on that awful day when the heavens and earth shall be shaken and you shall come to judge the world by fire. I am seized with fear and trembling until the trial is at hand and the wrath to come: when the heavens and earth shall be shaken.
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I.

soprano solo

Requiem Aeternum	
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.	Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord And let perpetual light shine upon them
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem	A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Zion And a vow shall be paid to thee in Jerusalem
Exaudi orationem meam Ad te omnis caro veniet.	Hear my prayer All flesh shall come before you
Requiem aeternam dona defunctis, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.	Eternal rest give unto the dead, O Lord And let perpetual light shine upon them
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine Et lux perpetua luceat eis.	Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord And let perpetual light shine upon them.

segue

II.

Kyrie Eleison	
Kyrie, eleison!	Lord, have mercy on us.
Christe, eleison!	Christ, have mercy on us.
Kyrie, eleison!	Lord, have mercy on us.

III.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Dies Irae

Day of anger, day of wrath
shall consume the world in ashes,
as foretold by David and the Sibyl.
What trembling there will be
When the judge shall come
to weigh everything strictly!

IV.

bass solo with tenor trombone
tenor solo
alto solo
soprano solo
sop. solo / repeat w/ all soloists

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit.
Nil inultum remanebit.

The trumpet, scattering its awful sound
Across the graves of all lands
Summons all before the throne.
Death and nature shall be stunned
When mankind arises
To render account before the judge.

The written book shall be brought
In which all is contained
Whereby the world shall be judged
When the judge takes his seat
all that is hidden shall appear
Nothing will remain unavenged.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

What shall I, a wretch, say then?
To which protector shall I appeal
When even the just man is barely safe?

V.

Rex tremendae majestatus
qui salvandos salvas gratis
salve me, fons pietatis

King of awful majesty
You freely save those worthy of salvation
Save me, fount of pity.

VI.

soloists
repeat
repeat

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae:
Ne me perdas illa die.
Quaerens me, sedisti, lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste Iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu, bonus, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.
Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Remember, gentle Jesus
that I am the reason for your time on earth,
do not cast me out on that day
Seeking me, you sank down wearily,
you saved me by enduring the cross,
such travail must not be in vain.
Righteous judge of vengeance,
award the gift of forgiveness
before the day of reckoning.

I groan as one guilty,
my face blushes with guilt;
spare the suppliant, O God.
Thou who didst absolve Mary [Magdalen]
and hear the prayer of the thief
hast given me hope, too.
My prayers are not worthy,
but Thou, O good one, show mercy,
lest I burn in everlasting fire,
Give me a place among the sheep,
and separate me from the goats,
placing me on Thy right hand.

Dies Irae (continued)

3

VII.	repeat	Confutatis maledictis Flammi acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictus. Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis.	When the damned are confounded and consigned to keen flames, call me with the blessed. I pray, suppliant and kneeling, a heart as contrite as ashes; take Thou my ending into Thy care.
segue	repeat	Lacrimosa dies illa, Qua resurget ex favilla Judicandus homo reus. Huic ergo parce, Deus: Pie Jesu Domine:	That day is one of weeping, on which shall rise again from the ashes the guilty man, to be judged. Therefore spare this one, O God, merciful Lord Jesus:
VIII.	plagal	Dona eis requiem. Amen.	Give them rest. Amen.

IX.

Domine Jesu (Offertorium)	
Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu. Libera eas de ore leonis ne absorbeat eas tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; Sed signifer sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam, Quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semini eius.	Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of Hell and the bottomless pit. Deliver them from the jaws of the lion, lest hell engulf them, lest they be plunged into darkness; but let the holy standard-bearer Michael lead them into the holy light, as once you promised to Abraham and to his seed.
soloists	
plagal w/ 4-3 sus.	
repeated	Hostias et preces tibi, Domine laudis offerimus tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus. Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semine eius.
same as in IX. (plagal 4-3, of course)	Lord, in praise we offer you Sacrifices and prayers, accept them on behalf of those who we remember this day: Lord, make them pass from death to life, as once you promised to Abraham and to his seed.

X.

XI.

Sanctus	
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth! Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis!	Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest!
"gloria, gloria, gloria"	
fughetto!	

XII.

Benedictus	
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine. Hosanna in excelsis!	Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!
same as XI, but different key	

XIII.

Agnus Dei	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi dona eis requiem. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.	Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant them rest. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant them eternal rest.
hints at opening	

segue

XIV.

<i>IS</i> "Te decet hymnus" from I.	Lux aeterna luceat eis Domine cum sanctis tuis in aeternum: quia pius es. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis. Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum: quia pius es.	Lux aeternum Let everlasting light shine on them, O Lord with your saints for ever: for you art merciful. Eternal rest grant them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. With your saints for ever for Thou art merciful.
	<i>IS</i> "Kyrie eleison"	Libera Me Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on that awful day when the heavens and earth shall be shaken and you shall come to judge the world by fire- I am seized with fear and trembling until the trial is at hand and the wrath to come: when the heavens and earth shall be shaken-

The Heiligenstadt Testament

Beethoven began to lose his hearing in 1798, and by 1818 he could hardly hear at all. In October 1802, just before leaving his summer lodgings in the village of Heiligenstadt, he wrote about his affliction in a letter, now known as the Heiligenstadt Testament, intended to be read by his brothers after his death.

For 6 years now I have been hopelessly afflicted, made worse by senseless physicians, from year to year deceived with hopes of improvement, finally compelled to face the prospect of a *lasting malady* (whose cure will take years or, perhaps be impossible). Though born with a fiery, active temperament, even susceptible to the diversions of society, I was soon compelled to withdraw myself, to live life alone. If at times I tried to forget all this, oh how harshly was I flung back by the doubly sad experience of my bad hearing. Yet it was impossible for me to say to people, "Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf." Ah, how could I possibly admit an infirmity in the *one sense* which ought to be more perfect in me than in others, a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, a perfection such as few in my profession enjoy or ever have enjoyed.—Oh I cannot do it, therefore forgive me when you see me draw back when I would have gladly mingled with you. My misfortune is doubly painful to me because I am bound to be misunderstood; for there can be no relaxation with my fellow-men, no refined conversations, no mutual exchange of ideas. I must live almost alone like one who has been banished, I can mix with society only as much as true necessity demands. If I approach near to people a hot terror seizes upon me and I fear being exposed to the danger that my condition might be noticed. Thus it has been during the last six months which I have spent in the country. By ordering me to spare my hearing as much as possible, my intelligent doctor almost fell in with my own present frame of mind, though sometimes I ran counter to it by yielding to my desire for companionship. But what a humiliation for me when someone standing next to me heard a flute in the distance and / *heard nothing*, or someone heard a *shepherd singing* and again I heard nothing. Such incidents drove me almost to despair, a little more of that and I would have ended my life—it was only *my art* that held me back. Ah, it seemed to me impossible to leave the world until I had brought forth all that I felt was within me.

Translation: Henry Edward Krehbiel

Baritone Recitative

O Freunde, nicht diese Töne! Sondern laßt uns angenehmere anstimmen, und freudenvollere!	Oh friends, not these tones! Let us raise our voices in more pleasing and more joyful sounds!
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An die Freude (Ode to Joy) Friedrich Schiller

Baritone, Solo Quartet and Choir

Freude, schöner Götterfunken, Tochter aus Elysium, Wir betreten feuer-trunken, Himmlische, dein Heiligtum!	Joy, fair spark of the gods, Daughter of Elysium, Drunk with fiery rapture, Goddess, We approach thy shrine!
Deine Zauber binden wieder, Was die Mode streng geteilt; Alle Menschen werden Brüder, Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.	Thy magic reunites those Whom stern custom has parted; All men will become brothers Under thy gentle wing.
Wem der große Wurf gelungen, Eines Freundes Freund zu sein, Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, Mische seinen Jubel ein!	May he who has had the fortune To gain a true friend And he who has won a noble wife Join in our jubilation!
Ja, wer auch nur eine Seele Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund! Und wer's nie gekonnt, der stehle Weinend sich aus diesem Bund!	Yes, even if he calls but one soul His own in all the world. But he who has failed in this Must steal away alone and in tears.
Freude trinken alle Wesen An den Brüsten der Natur; Alle Guten, alle Bösen Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.	All the world's creatures Draw joy from nature's breast; Both the good and the evil Follow her rose-strewn path.
Küsse gab sie uns und Reben, Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod; Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben, Und der Cherub steht vor Gott.	She gave us kisses and wine And a friend loyal unto death; She gave lust for life to the lowliest, And the Cherub stands before God.

Tenor and Choir

Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen Durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan, Laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn, Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen.	Joyously, as his suns speed Through Heaven's glorious order, Hasten, Brothers, on your way, Exulting as a knight in victory.
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Choir

Freude, schöner Götterfunken, Tochter aus Elysium, Wir betreten feuer-trunken, Himmlische, dein Heiligtum!	Joy, fair spark of the gods, Daughter of Elysium, Drunk with fiery rapture, Goddess, We approach thy shrine!
Deine Zauber binden wieder, Was die Mode streng geteilt; Alle Menschen werden Brüder, Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.	Thy magic reunites those Whom stern custom has parted; All men will become brothers Under thy gentle wing.
Seid umschlungen, Millionen! Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt! Brüder! über'm Sternenzelt Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.	Be embraced, Millions! Take this kiss for all the world! Brothers, surely a loving Father Dwells above the canopy of stars.
Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen? Ahnest du den Schöpfer, Welt? Such ihn über'm Sternenzelt! Über Sternen muß er wohnen.	Do you sink before him, Millions? Do you sense your Creator, World? Seek him then beyond the stars! He must dwell beyond the stars.

Der Erlkönig (The Erl King)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

*Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.*

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He holds the boy safe in his arm
He holds him safe, he keeps him warm.

*"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."*

"My son, why do you hide your face so fearfully?"
"Father, do you not see the Erlking?
The Elf king with crown and tail?"
"My son, it's a wisp of fog."

*"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."*

"You lovely child, come, go with me!
Nothing but beautiful games I'll play with you;
Many colorful flowers are on the shore,
My mother has many golden robes."

*"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."*

"My father, my father, can't you hear,
What the Elf king quietly promises me?"
"Be calm, stay calm, my child;
It is the wind rustling in the dry leaves."

*"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."*

"Do you want to come with me, fine lad?
My daughters should already be waiting for you;
My daughters lead the nightly folkdance
And rock you and dance and sing."

*"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."*

"My father, my father, and can't you see there,
The Elf king daughters in the gloomy place?"
"My son, my son, I see it well:
It is the old grey willows gleaming."

*"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"*

"I love you, your beautiful form entices me;
And if you're not willing, I shall use force."
"My father, my father, now he takes hold of me!
The Elf king has wounded me!"

*Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.*

It horrifies the father; he rides swiftly,
Holding in his arms the moaning child.
He reaches the yard with great difficulty;
In his arms, the child was dead.

FAIRIES

- * Puck, Hobgoblin, faun or Robin Goodfellow
- * Oberon, King of Fairies
- * Titania, Queen of Fairies
- * Peaseblossom, fairy
- * Cobweb, fairy
- * Moth (sometimes rendered as 'Mote'), fairy
- * Mustardseed, fairy

HUMANS

- * Lysander, beloved of Hermia
- * Hermia, in love with Lysander
- * Helena, in love with Demetrius
- * Demetrius, in love with Hermia but then falls in love with Helena
- * Egeus, father of Hermia
- * Theseus, Duke of Athens
- * Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons and betrothed of Theseus

ACTORS

- * Nick Bottom, weaver, Pyramus in the play, "Pyramus and Thisbe", who is very full of himself.
- * Peter Quince, carpenter
- * Francis Flute, bellows-mender
- * Robin Starveling, tailor
- * Tom Snout, tinker
- * Snug, joiner
- * Philostrate, Master of the Revels

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
A Midsummer Night's Dream
#3: Lied mit Chor

(The text follows the musical setting and is not reflective of the format which Shakespeare used)

Recitative:

Titania: Come, now a roundel¹, and a fairy song!
Some to kill cankers² in the musk-rose buds!
Some war with rere-mice³ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats!
And some keep back the clamourous owl,
that nightly hoots and wonders at our quaint spirits.
Sing me now asleep!
Then to your offices, and let me rest!

Lied:

1st Fairy: You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;⁴
come not near our fairy queen.
Hence⁵ away!

Chorus of Fairies:

[CHORUS]
Philomel⁶, with melody,
sing in our sweet lullaby,
never harm, nor spell nor charm,
come our lovely lady nigh⁷.
So, good night with lullaby!

2nd Fairy: Weaving spiders, come not here:
hence you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
beetles black, approach not near.
Worm, nor snail, do no offence,
Hence away!

Chorus of Fairies:

[CHORUS]

1st Fairy: Hence away!
now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.⁸

¹ Dance in a ring.

² Cankerworms.

³ Bats.

⁴ Newts are water lizards. Along with blindworms (small snakes with tiny eyes) and spiders they were considered poisonous at this time.

⁵ "Hence" is used throughout with its alternate meaning, "away" or "out of sight," not with its (now) more conventional use, "therefore."

⁶ Here, Shakespeare refers to the Greek myth of Philomela. Briefly, Tereus, the husband of Philomela's sister, Procne, cut out Philomela's tongue and put her in a dungeon. When Procne finds out she kills her son, Itys, and serves him to Tereus (the boy's father) for dinner. When she told him what she had done, his shock was so great that the two sisters had the opportunity to escape together. He recovered and went after them. As he was about to take his revenge, the gods intervened and turned Procne into a nightingale and Philomela into a swallow. A swallow because it can only twitter but never sing (i.e., Philomela had no tongue), and a nightingale because it has the sweetest and *saddest* song of all birds because she can never forget the son she turned into a stew!

All this said, Roman writers (including Ovid) made the seemingly-impossible mistake of identifying the nightingale as Philomela. Centuries of repetitions do not alleviate the fact that this is still an error. However, it is this error which Shakespeare has called upon. To make a *very* long footnote a *whole lot shorter*, he means, simply, "nightingale"!

⁷ Close *or* near.

⁸ That is, one fairy stand guard.

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)
Isoldes Liebestod ["Mild und leise"]
from Tristan und Isolde
translation: The Lehmann Foundation

ISOLDE:

Mild und leise
wie er lächelt,
wie das Auge
hold eröffnet
– seht ihr's, Freunde?
Säht ihr's nicht?
Immer lichter
wie er leuchtet,
Stern–umstrahlet
hoch sich hebt?
Seht ihr's nicht?
Wie das Herz ihm
mutig schwillt?
voll und hehr
im Busen ihm quillt?
wie den Lippen,
wonnig mild,
süßer Atem
sanft entweht:
Freunde, seht!
Fühlt und seht ihr's nicht?
Höre ich nur
diese Weise,
die so wundervoll und leise,
Wonne klagend,
Alles sagend
mild versöhnend
aus ihm tönend,
in mich dringet,
auf sich schwinget,
hold erhallend
um mich klinget?
Heller schallend,
mich unwallend,
sind es Wellen
sanfter Lüfte?
sind es Wogen
wonniger Düfte?
Wie sie schwellen
mich umrauschen,
soll ich atmen,
soll ich lauschen?
Soll ich schlürfen,
untertauchen?
Süß in Düften
mich verhauchen?
In dem wogenden Schwall,
in den tönenden Schall,
in des Welt-Atems
wehendem All–
ertrinken–
versinken–
unbewusst–
höchste Lust!

ISOLDA:

Softly and gently
how he smiles
how his eyes
fondly open
– do see, friends?
would you not see it?
always brighter
he shines,
how in a blaze of stars
he raises himself aloft?
do you not see it?
how his heart
boldly swells?
full and proud
rises in his breast?
how from his lips,
joyously tender,
sweet breath
gently flows:
Friends, look!
do you not feel and see it?
do I alone hear
this melody,
which so wonderfully and softly
bliss lamenting
saying everything,
gently reconciling
sounding from him,
forces itself into me,
rises by its own power
gently echoing
resounds about me?
Ringing more brightly,
flooding around me,
are they waves
of gentle breezes?
are they billows
of blissful fragrance?
How they swell
murmur about me,
shall I breathe,
shall I listen?
shall I drink them in,
plunge into them?
sweetly in their fragrance
expire?
in the billowing flood,
in the echoing sound,
in the world-breaths
wafting Allness–
drown–
sink–
unconscious–
highest joy!

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Habanera

from Carmen

translation: Lea F. Frey

CARMEN:

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
S'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière,
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère
Il n'a rien dit; mais il me plaît.
L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!

CIGARIÈRES, JEUNES GENS, SOLDATS:
Prends garde à toi!

CARMEN:

Si tu ne m'aime pas,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime!
Mais, si je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aime pas,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime!
Mais, si je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola;
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre;
Tu ne l'attend plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient!
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite;
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient!
L'amour, l'amour, l'amour, l'amour!

CARMEN:

Love is a rebellious bird
That nothing can tame,
And it is simply in vain to call it
If it is convient for it to refuse.
Nothing will work, threat or pleading,
One speaks, the other stays quiet;
And it's the other that I prefer
He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!

CIGARETTE GIRLS, YOUNG MEN, SOLDIERS:
Beware!

CARMEN:

If you don't love me,
If you don't love me, I love you!
But, if I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
If you don't love me,
If you don't love me, I love you!
But, if I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!

The bird you thought to surprise
Bat its wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
If you wait for it no more, it is there!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Seguedille

from Carmen

translation: Diana Reed

CARMEN:

Près des remparts de Séville,
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.
J'irai danser la seguedille
et boire du Manzanilla!

J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia!
Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux;

donc pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux!
Mon amoureux! Il est au diable!
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier!
Mon pauvre cœur très consolable,
mon cœur est libre comme l'air!

J'ai des galants à la douzaine,
mais ils ne sont pas à mon grè;
Voici la fin de la semaine;
qui veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!
Qui veut mon âme? Elle est à prendre!
Vous arrivez au bon moment!
Je n'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
car avec mon nouvel amant
près des remparts de Séville,
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
j'irai danser la séguedille
et boire du Manzanilla,
oui, j'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia!

DON JOSÉ:

Tais-toi, je t'avais dit de ne pas me parler!

CARMEN:

Je ne te parle pas,
je chante pour moi-même,
et je pense!
Il n'est pas défendu de penser!
Je pense à certain officier,
qui m'aime, et qu'à mon tour,
oui, qu'à mon tour je pourrais bien aimer!

DON JOSÉ:

Carmen!

CARMEN (*avec intention*):

Mon officier n'est pas un capitaine,
pas même un lieutenant,
il n'est que brigadier.
mais c'est assez pour une bohémienne
et je daigne m'en contenter!

CARMEN:

Near the walls of Seville,
at the tavern of my friend Lillas Pastia,
I'll dance the seguidilla
and drink manzanilla.

I'll visit my friend Lillas Pastia!
Yes, but it's so boring when you're alone,
and true pleasure comes when 2 people are
together;
so, to keep me me company,
I'll take my lover with me!
My lover! He's gone to the devil!
I showed him the door yesterday!
My poor heart is easily consoled,
my heart is free as air!

Admirers flock round me by the dozen,
but they aren't to my taste.
Another week has gone by;
who will love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It's here for the taking!
You came at the right moment!
I can't wait much longer,
for with my new lover
near the walls of Seville,
at the tavern of my friend Lillas Pastia,
I'll dance the seguidilla
and drink manzanilla,
yes, I'll visit my friend Lillas Pastia!

DON JOSÉ:

Be quiet, I've told you not to speak to me!

CARMEN:

I'm not speaking to you,
I'm singing to myself,
and I'm thinking.
It's not forbidden to think!
I'm thinking of a certain officer,
who loves me, and in my turn,
yes, in my turn I might love him!

DON JOSÉ:

Carmen!

CARMEN (*significantly*):

My officer isn't a captain,
not even a lieutenant,
he's only a corporal,
but that's enough for a gypsy girl
and I'll deign to be content with that!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Seguedille (continued)
from Carmen

translation: Diana Reed

DON JOSÉ:
Carmen, je suis comme un homme ivre,
si je cède, si je me livre,
ta promesse, tu la tiendras,
ah! si je t'aime, Carmen,
Carmen, tu m'aimeras!

CARMEN:
Oui . . .

DON JOSÉ (*délie la corde qui attache les mains de Carmen*):
Chez Lillas Pastia . . .

CARMEN:
. . . nous danserons . . .

DON JOSÉ:
. . . tu le promets . . .

CARMEN:
. . . la séguedille . . .

DON JOSÉ:
. . . Carmen . . .

CARMEN:
. . . en buvant du manzanilla . . .

DON JOSÉ:
. . . tu le promets!

CARMEN:
. . . ah!

Près des remparts de Séville,
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
nous danserons la séguedille
et boirons du Manzanilla!
tra la la . . .

DON JOSÉ:
Carmen, I'm like a drunken man,
if I give in, if I surrender to you,
will you keep your promise,
ah! if I love you, Carmen,
Carmen, will you love me?

CARMEN:
Yes . . .

DON JOSÉ (*untying the rope round her wrists*):
At Lillas Pastia . . .

CARMEN:
. . . we'll dance . . .

DON JOSÉ:
. . . you promise . . .

CARMEN:
. . . the seguidilla . . .

DON JOSÉ:
. . . Carmen . . .

CARMEN:
. . . and drink manzanilla . . .

DON JOSÉ:
. . . you promise!

CARMEN:
. . . ah!

Near the walls of Seville,
at the tavern of my friend Lillas Pastia,
I'll dance the seguidilla
and drink manzanilla.
tra la la . . .

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
“La donna è mobile” [Women are as fickle . . .]
from Rigoletto
translation: Opera Heb

DUC:

La donna é mobile
Qual piuma al vento,
Muto d'accento - e di pensiero.
Sempre un'amabile
Leggiadro viso,
In pianto o in riso - e menzogner.

Esempre misero
Chi a lei s'affida,
Chi le confida - mal cauto il cor!
Pur mai non sentesi
Felice appieno
Chi su quel seno - Non liba amor!

DUKE:

Women are as fickle
As feathers in the wind,
Each moment changes their minds.
In tears, or even smiles,
Yes, women's lovely face,
Forever beguiles us!

The men that is so mad
To trust a women's heart
Forever must be sad.
But still there is no bliss,
Upon this earth compared
To that of a sweet kiss!

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Quartet: "Bella figlia dell'amore" [Fairest daughter of love]
from Rigoletto

translation: Dale McAdoo

DUC:
 Bella figlia dell'amore,
 Schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi;
 Con un detto soi tu puoi
 Le mie pene consolar.
 Vieni, e senti del mio core
 Il frequente palpitar.

MADDALENA:
 Ah! ah! rido ben di core,
 Chè tai baie costan poco . . .

GILDA:
 Ah, così parlar d'amore!

MADDALENA:
 . . . quanto valga il vostro giuoco,
 mel credete, so apprezzar,

GILDA:
 . . . a me pur l'infame ho udito!

[RIGOLETTO (*a Gilda*):
 Taci, il piangere non vale;
 Ch'ei, mentiva or sei sicura
 Taci, e mia sarà la cura
 La vendetta d'affrettar.
 Pronta fia, sarà fatale;
 Io saprolla fulminar.

GILDA:
 Infelice cor tradito,
 Per angoscia non scoppiar.
 Perché, o credulo mio core,
 Un tal uom dovevi amar!

MADDALENA:
 Sono avvezza, bel signore,
 ad un simile scherzar,
 mio bel signor!

DUC:
 Con un detto soi tu puoi
 Le mie pene consolar.

DUKE:
 Fairest daughter of love,
 I am a slave to your charms;
 with but a single word you could
 relieve my every pain.
 Come, touch my breast and feel
 how my heart is racing.

MADDALENA:
 Ah! ah! That really makes me laugh;
 talk like that is cheap enough . . .

GILDA:
 Ah, these loving words . . .

MADDALENA:
 . . . believe me, I know exactly
 what such play-acting is worth!

GILDA:
 . . . the scoundrel spoke once to me!

[RIGOLETTO (*to Gilda*):
 Hush, weeping can do no good;
 You are now convinced he was lying.
 Hush, and leave it up to me
 to hasten our revenge.
 It will be quick, it will be deadly,
 I know how to deal with him.

GILDA:
 O wretched heart betrayed,
 do not break for sorrow.
 O heavens! What a cruel fate!
 I love the man I ought to hate!

MADDALENA:
 I, my fine sir, am quite accustomed
 to foolish jokes like this,
 my fine sir!

DUKE:
 With but a single word you could
 relieve my every pain.

RIGOLETTO (*a Gilda*):
 M'odi! Ritorna a casa.
 Oro prendi, un destriero,
 una veste viril che t'apprestai,
 e per Verona parti.
 Sarovvi io pur doman.

GILDA:
 Or venite . . .

RIGOLETTO:
 Impossibil.

GILDA:
 Tremo.

RIGOLETTO:
 Va!

RIGOLETTO (*a Gilda*):
 Listen to me, go home.
 Take some money and a horse,
 put on the men's clothes I provided,
 then leave at once for Verona.
 I shall meet you there tomorrow.

GILDA:
 Come with me now.

RIGOLETTO:
 It's impossible.

GILDA:
 I'm afraid.

RIGOLETTO:
 Go!

Ringrazio con tutto cuore l'egregio Signor Viabora delle gentili parole pronunziate.

I thank, with all my heart, Mr. Viabora for his kind words.¹

Sono veramente grato al gran pubblico di NY per le accoglienze tante entusiastiche che ha fatto alle mie opere.

I am sincerely grateful to the great people of NY for their very enthusiastic recognition of my operas.

Accetto l'augurio di buon viaggio e finisco gridando: America forever!

I accept your wishes for a good trip back and I end by proclaiming: America Forever!

¹ Literally: "for the kind words that he said."

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
“O Mio Babbino Caro” [O my dear Daddy]
from Gianni Schicchi

translation: Opera Heb

LAURETTA:

O mio babbino caro,
 Mi piace, e bello bello,
 Vo andare in Porta Rossa
 A comperar l'anello!

Si, si ci voglio andare
 e se l'amassi indarno
 andrei sul Ponte Vecchio
 ma per buttaarmi in Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento!
 O Dio, vorrei morir!
 Babbo, pietà, pietà!
 Babbo, pietà, pietà!

LAURETTA:

Oh my dear daddy
 I love him, he is so handsome
 I want to go to Porta Rossa
 to buy the ring!

Yes, yes, I mean it
 And if my love were in vain
 I would go to Ponte Vecchio
 and throw myself in the Arno!

I fret and suffer torments!
 Oh God, I would rather die!
 Daddy, have pity, have pity!
 Daddy, have pity, have pity!

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
“Vissi d'arte” [I lived for Art]
from Tosca

translation: Opera Heb

TOSCA:

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
 non feci mai male ad anima viva!
 Con man furtiva
 quante miserie conobbi, aiutai...

Sempre con fe sincera,
 la mia preghiera
 ai santi tabernacoli sali.

Sempre con fe sincera
 diedi fiori agli altari.
 Nell'ora del dolore perche
 perche, Signore, perche,
 me ne rimunerai così?

Diedi gioielli
 della Madonna al manto,
 e diedi il canto agli astri,
 al ciel, che ne ridean più belli.

Nell'ora del dolore
 Perche, perche, Signore,
 perche me ne rimunerai così?

Vedi,
 le man giunte io stendo a te!
 Ecco, vedi, e mercede d'un tuo detto,
 vinta, aspetto...

TOSCA:

I lived for art, I lived for love;
 Never did I harm a living creature!
 Whatever misfortunes I encountered
 I sought with secret hand to succour...

Ever in pure faith,
 my prayers rose
 in the holy chapels.

Ever in pure faith,
 I brought flowers to the altars.
 in this hour of pain. Why,
 why, oh Lord, why,
 dost Thou repay me thus?

Jewels I brought
 for the Madonna's mantle,
 and songs for the stars in heaven
 that they shone forth with greater radiance.

In this hour of distress.
 Why, why, oh Lord,
 why dost Thou repay me thus?

(kneeling before Scarpia)
 Look at me, oh, behold!
 With clasped hands I beseech you!
 And, vanquished, I implore
 the help of your word!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Duet – Teapot and the Chinese Cup
from L'Enfant et les Sortilèges [The Child and the Sorceries]

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
How's your mug?

LA TASSE CHINOISE [THE CHINESE CUP]:
Rotten!

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
. . . better had . . .

LA TASSE CHINOISE [THE CHINESE CUP]:
comme on!

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
Black, and costaud, Black and chic,
Black, black, black, jolly fellow, black,
I punch, Sir, I punch your nose,
I punch, I knockout you, stupid chose!
Black, black and thick, and vrai beau gosse,
and vrai beau gosse,
I boxe you, I boxe you, I marm'lad'you.

LA TASSE CHINOISE [THE CHINESE CUP]:
Kengçafou, Mahjong,
Çaohrà, Çaohrà, Çaohrà, Caskara, harakiri,
Sessue Hayakawa! Hâ! Hâ! Hâ! Çaohrà, Hâ!
Çaohrà, Çaohrà, Çaohrà, toujours l'air chinoâ.

Hâ! Çaohrà.

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
Hâ! Çaohrà toujours l'air toujours, toujours.
Çaohrà, çaohrà l'air chinoâ.

LA TASSE CHINOISE [THE CHINESE CUP]:
Ping, pong, ping . . .

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
I boxe you.

LA TASSE CHINOISE [THE CHINESE CUP]:
Ping, pong, ping . . . Pong.

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
I boxe you.

LA TASSE CHINOISE [THE CHINESE CUP]:
Ping, ping, pong, ping.

LA THÉIÈRE [THE TEAPOT]:
Ah! kekta fouhtuh d'mon Kaoua?
Ah! kekta fouhtuh d'mon Kaoua?

L'ENFANT [THE CHILD]:
Oh! ma belle tasse chinoise! [Oh! My beautiful Chinese cup!]

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
The Old Man and the Chorus of Numbers
from L'Enfant et les Sortilèges [The Child and the Sorceries]

translation: Eric Chernov

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Deux robinets coulent dans un réservoir!
 Deux trains omnibusse
 quittent une gare à vingt minutes d'intervalle,
 Valle, valle, valle!
 Une paysanne, Zanne, zanne, zanne,
 Porte tous ses œufs au marché!
 Un marchand d'étoffe, Toffe, toffe, toffe,
 A vendu six mètres de drap!

L'ENFANT:
 Mon Dieu! C'est l'Arithmétique!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Tique, tique, tique!

LES CHIFFRES:
 Tique, tique, tique!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Quatre et quat' dix-huit,
 onze et six vingt-cinq,
 quatre et quat' dix-huit.
 Sept fois neuf trent'trois.

L'ENFANT:
 Sept fois neuf trent'trois?

LES CHIFFRES:
 Sept fois neuf trent'trois.

L'ENFANT:
 Quatre et quat'?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Dix-huit?

L'ENFANT:
 Onze et six?

LES CHIFFRES:
 Vingt-cinq!

L'ENFANT:
 Quatre et quat'?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Dix-huit!

L'ENFANT:
 Trois fois neuf quat' cent?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Millimètre, centimètre, décimètre, décamètre,
 hectomètre, kilomètre, myriamètre,
 Faut t'y mettre, quelle fête!
 Des millions, des billions, des trillions et
 des facillions!

THE OLD MAN:
 Two faucets flow in a reservoir!
 Two local trains
 leave a station at twenty-minute intervals,
 'val, 'val, 'val!
 A peasant, 'ant, 'ant, 'ant,
 carries all her eggs to the market!
 A haberdasher, 'asher, 'asher, 'asher,
 sold six meters of sheets!

THE CHILD:
 My God! It's arithmetic!

THE OLD MAN:
 Ticker, ticker, ticker!

THE NUMBERS:
 Ticker, ticker, ticker!

THE OLD MAN:
 Four and four – eighteen!
 Eleven and six – twenty-five!
 Four and four – eighteen!
 Seven times nine – Thirt'three!

THE CHILD:
 Seven times nine – Thirt'three?

THE NUMBERS:
 Seven times nine – Thirt'three.

THE CHILD:
 Four and four?

THE OLD MAN:
 Eighteen?

THE CHILD:
 Eleven and six?

THE NUMBERS:
 Twenty-five!

THE CHILD:
 Four and four?

THE OLD MAN:
 Eighteen!

THE CHILD:
 Three times nine – four-hundred?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
 Millimeter, centimeter, decimeter, decameter,
 hectometer, kilometer, myriameter,
 Not a miss, oh what bliss!
 Millions, billions, trillions and
 frac-cillions!

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Maurice Ravel
The Old Man and the Chorus of Numbers (pg. 2)
from L'Enfant et les Sortilèges [The Child and the Sorceries]
translation: Eric Chernov

LES CHIFFRES:
Deux robinets coulent dans un réservoir!
Deux trains omnibusse quittent une gare
à vingt minutes d'intervalle.

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Une paysanne, zanne, zanne, zanne,
Porte tous ses

LES CHIFFRES:
Un marchand d'étoffe, toffe, toffe,
toffe à vendu six . . .

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Deux robinets coulent, coulent, coulent,
coulent dans un réservoir.

LES CHIFFRES:
Une paysanne, zanne, zanne, zanne,
s'en va t'au marché.

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Trois fois neuf?

LES CHIFFRES:
Trent'trois,

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Deux fois six?

LES CHIFFRES:
Vingt-sept,

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Quatre et quat'?

LES CHIFFRES:
Quatre et quat'? Quatre et quat'? Quatre et quat'?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Trois fois neuf?

LES CHIFFRES:
Trent'trois

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Deux fois six?

LES CHIFFRES:
Vingt-sept,

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:
Quatre et quat'?

LES CHIFFRES:
Quatre et quat'? Quatre et quat'? Quatre et quat'?

THE NUMBERS:
Two faucets flow in a reservoir!
Two local trains leave a station
at twenty-minute intervals.

THE OLD MAN:
A peasant, 'ant, 'ant, 'ant,
carries all her . . .

THE NUMBERS:
A haberdasher, 'asher, 'asher, 'asher,
sold six . . .

THE OLD MAN:
Two faucets flow, flow, flow,
flow in a reservoir!

THE NUMBERS:
A peasant, 'ant, 'ant, 'ant,
takes herself to the market.

THE OLD MAN:
Three times nine?

THE NUMBERS:
Thirt'three,

THE OLD MAN:
Two times six?

THE NUMBERS:
Twenty-seven,

THE OLD MAN:
Four and four?

THE NUMBERS:
Four and four? Four and four? Four and four?

THE OLD MAN:
Three times nine?

THE NUMBERS:
Thirt'three

THE OLD MAN:
Two times six?

THE NUMBERS:
Twenty-seven,

THE OLD MAN:
Four and four?

THE NUMBERS:
Four and four? Four and four? Four and four?

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Maurice Ravel
The Old Man and the Chorus of Numbers (pg. 3)
from L'Enfant et les Sortilèges [The Child and the Sorceries]
translation: Eric Chernov

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:

Deux fois six trente et un!
Quatre et sept cinquante-neuf!
Deux fois six trente et un!
Quatre et sept cinquante-neuf!
Cinq fois cinq quarante-trois!
Sept et quat' cinquante-cinq!
Cinq fois cinq quarante-trois!
Sept et quat' cinquante-cinq!
Trent'-trois! Vingt-cinq! Trent'sept!
Cinq et sept, cinq et sept,
cinq et sept, cinq et sept,

L'ENFANT:

Ah!

LES CHIFFRES:

Deux fois six trente et un!
Quatre et sept cinquante-neuf!
Deux fois six trente et un!
Quatre et sept cinquante-neuf!
Cinq fois cinq quarante-trois!
Sept et quat' cinquante-cinq!
Cinq fois cinq quarante-trois!
Sept et quat' cinquante-cinq!
Quatre et quat', quatre et quat',
quatre et quat', quatre et quat',
Quatre et quat', quatre et quat',
quatre et quat', quatre et qua . . . !

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:

Quatre et quat' dix-huit!

LES CHIFFRES:

Onze et six vingt-cinq!
Trent'trois!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD:

Z'huit!

THE OLD MAN:

Two times six – thirty-one!
Four and seven – fift'nine!
Two times six – thirty-one!
Four and seven – fift'nine!
Five and five – fort'three!
Seven and four – fift'five!
Five and five – fort'three!
Seven and four – fift'five!
Thirt'-three! Twenty-five! Thirt'seven!
Five and seven, five and seven,
five and seven, five and seven,

THE CHILD:

Ah!

THE NUMBERS:

Two times six – thirty-one!
Four and seven – fift'nine!
Two times six – thirty-one!
Four and seven – fift'nine!
Five and five – fort'three!
Seven and four – fift'five!
Five and five – fort'three!
Seven and four – fift'five!
Four and four, four and four,
four and four, four and four,
four and four, four and four,
four and four, four and f . . . !

THE OLD MAN:

Four and four – eighteen!

THE NUMBERS:

Eleven and six – twenty-five!
Trent'trois!

THE OLD MAN:

'ghteen!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Duet of the Two Cats
from L'Enfant et les Sortilèges [The Child and the Sorceries]
translation: Eric Chernov

L'ENFANT:
Oh! ma tête! Oh! ma tête! ma tête!

C'est toi Chat? Que tu es grand et terrible!
Tu parles aussi, sans doute?

THE CHILD:
Oh! My head! Oh! My head! My head!

Is that you, cat? So you are big and terrible!
You speak too, no doubt?

LA CHATTE [THE FEMALE CAT]:
Miinhou Miinhou!

LE CHAT [THE MALE CAT]:
Môrnâou nâou, Moâou

LA CHATTE:
Miihou

LE CHAT:
Môâou, Mornâou,

LA CHATTE:
Méinhou, miihou, Ft!

LE CHAT:
Mornaou, Mornaou, Miinhou,

LA CHATTE:
Mohin mihin, Moâraïn Mon hou Mârâon,

LE CHAT:
Môrnâou nâou, Môinhon, Monhin,

LA CHATTE:
Mérâhon.

LE CHAT:
Monhin, Monhin, honin honhin honhin
honhin hon,
Méinhe inhon hin héin,
Méininhon hin houin hon, houin houin houin hon,
houin houin hon houin hon houin hon hin . . .

LA CHATTE:
Méinhon hinhonhé hinhonhéinhon. Héinhon,
héhin héinhon.
Houin houin hon, houin houin hon,
houin houin hon, houin hon hin . . .

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

"Like a Sick Eagle"

from "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles" (J. Keats)

The¹ spirit is too weak – mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking towards² the sky.

"Slugging a Vampire"

I closed and drew, but not a gun, The refuge of the weak,
I swung on the left and I swung on the right and I landed on his beak;
He started to pull the same old stuff, But I closed in hard and I called his bluff,
Yet his face is still a stickin' in the yellow sheet.
And on the billboard a-down the street.

"Charlie Rutlage"

Another good cowpuncher has gone to meet his fate,
I hope he'll find a resting place within the golden gate.
Another place is vacant on the ranch of the X I T,
'Twill be hard to find another that's liked as well as he.
The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough and brave.

While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent to his grave,
Caused by a cow-horse falling while running after stock;
'Twas on the spring round-up,— a place where death men mock.

He went forward one morning on a circle through the hills,
He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills;
But when it came to finish up the work on which he went,
Nothing came back from him; for his time on earth was spent.
'Twas as he rode the round-up, an X I T turned back to the herd;
Poor Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse he spurred;
Another turned; at that moment his horse the creature spied
And turned and fell with him, and beneath, poor Charlie died.
His relations in Texas his face never more will see,
But I hope he will meet his loved ones beyond in eternity.
I hope he will meet his parents, will meet them face to face,
And that they will grasp him by the right hand
at the shining throne of grace.

¹ "My" in the original Keats.

² "at" in the original Keats.

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

"At the River" (arr. of Robert Lowry's "Shall We Gather at the River?")

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Refrain:
*Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.*

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will talk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

"Simple Gifts" (Shaker Song)

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gain'd,
To bow and to bend we shan't be asham'd,
To turn, turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning we come out right.

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

"The Dodger" (Folk Song)

Oh, the candidate's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the candidate's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger too.
He'll meet you and treat you and ask you for your vote,
But look out, boys, he's a-dodgin' for your vote.

We're all a-dodgin',
Dodgin', dodgin', dodgin',
Oh, we're all a-dodgin' out the way through the world.

Oh, the lawyer, he's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the lawyer, he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll plead your case and claim you for a friend,
But look out, boys, he's easy for to bend.

Oh, the preacher, he's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the preacher, he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll preach the gospel and tell you of your crimes,
But look out, boys, he's dodgin' for your dimes.

Oh, the merchant, he's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the merchant, he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll sell you goods at double the price,
But when you go to pay him you'll have to pay him twice.

Oh, the farmer, he's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the farmer, he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll plow his cotton, he'll plow his corn,
But he won't make a livin' as sure as you're born.

Oh, the sheriff, he's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the sheriff, he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll act like a friend and a mighty fine man,
But look out, boys, he'll put you in the can.

Oh, the general, he's a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh the general, he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll march you up and he'll march you down,
But look out, boys, he'll put you under ground.

Oh, the lover is a dodger, yes, a well-known dodger,
Oh, the lover is a dodger, yes, and I'm a dodger, too.
He'll hug you and kiss you and call you his bride,
But look out, girls, he's telling you a lie.