

Translations

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

From *Vier ernste Gesänge*, Op. 121

Johannes Brahms
Text: Jesus Sirach, Kap. 41

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth,
that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!

“Voilà ce que J'appelle”

From *L'heure Espagnole*

Maurice Ravel

That's what I call a charming woman!
Now she asked me to come and look after the shop.
That is well understood, it is practical: and so a mistress of the house has the right to assign every visitor a role in relation to one's ways . . . my way is my shoulders.
When I see in this place a bringing together all its subtle machines...these small assortments to confuse with pleasure
I think of the mechanism that is the woman, an otherwise complicated mechanism, recognizing it is difficult.
God is also not pleased that I take the painstaking care of touching its springs
All the talent that fate has given me is limited to carrying clocks.

“Dies, nox et omnia”

From *Carmina Burana*

Carl Orff

Day, night and everything
is against me,
the chattering of maidens
makes me weep,
and often sigh,
and, most of all, scares me.

O friends, you are making fun of me
you do not know what you are saying
spare me, sorrowful as I am,
great is my grief,
advise me at least,
by your honor.

Your beautiful face,
makes me weep a thousand times,

your heart is of ice.
As a cure,
I would be revived
by a kiss.

“Lippen Schweigen”

Franz Lehár

From *The Merry Widow*

Lips are silent,
Violins whisper
Love me!
All the steps say, please love me!

Every squeeze of the hands
Has clearly described it to me
It says clearly, it's true, it's true
You love me!

With every step of the waltz
The soul dances as well
Then the little heart jumps,
It beats and throbs:
Be mine! Be mine!

And the mouth doesn't speak a word
But it resounds on and on forever:
I love you so much
I love you!

Every squeeze of the hands
Has clearly described it to me...
It says clearly, it's true, it's true
You love me!