

FRAUEN-LIEBE: A WOMAN'S LOVE

Sunday, February 14, 2021 | 8:00PM PST
Texts & Translations

JOSEPH HAYDN (1732–1809)

Arianna a Naxos, Hob XXVIb:2

[text by Anonymous; English translation by Kathryn Whitney]

1. Recitative: “Teseo mio ben”

<p>Teseo mio ben, dove sei? 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, sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè Forse le fere ad inseguir ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor. Ah vieni, ah vieni, o caro, ed offrirò più grata preda ai tuoi lacci. Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante, stringi, stringi con nodo più tenace, e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor. Soffrir non posso d'esser da te divisa un sol istante. Ah di vederti, o caro, già mi strugge il desio; ti sospira il mio cor, vieni, vieni idol mio.</p>	<p>Theseus, my love! Where are you? I thought you were beside me, But it was only a sweet, false dream. The rosy dawn rises in the sky And Pheobus tinges grass and flowers As he rises, golden, from the sea. Dear husband! Where are you? Perhaps the chase has called, Tempting your brave spirit! Oh, come, my love And find a sweeter prey for your snares. Ariadne's loving heart, constant and adoring, Binds with ever tighter bonds And our radiant flame burns brightly with our love. I cannot be separated from you for a single moment Ah! I am seized, my love, with the desire to see you My heart sighs for you. Come, my beloved idol!</p>
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2. Aria: “Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?”

<p>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, oh Dei, secondate i voti miei, a me torni il caro ben. Dove sei? Teseo! Dove sei?</p>	<p>Where are you my sweet treasure? Who tore you from my breast? If you do not come, I shall die, I cannot bear such grief. If you are merciful, oh gods, hear my prayer, And send my beloved back to me. Where are you? Theseus! Where are you?</p>
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3. Recitative: “Ma, a chi parlo?”

<p>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 alpestre scoglio; ivi lo scoprirò. Che miro? Oh stelle, misera me, quest' è l'argivo legno! Greci son quelli! Teseo! Ei sulla prora! Ah m'ingannassi almen ... no, no, non m'inganno. Ei fuge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono. Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>But, to whom do I speak? Echo alone repeats my words. Theseus neither hears nor responds Winds and waves silence my voice. He cannot be far away from me. If I climb that cliff that rises above the rest, I shall see him from there. What is this? Alas! Woe is me! That is the Argive ship! Those men are Greeks! Theseus! He is at the prow! Oh, I may be mistaken... No! There is no mistake. He flees, and leaves me behind abandoned. All hope is gone, I am betrayed.</p> <p>Theseus! Hear me! But alas, I shall go mad! He is swallowed by wave and wind Forever before my very eyes. Oh! Gods, you are unjust If you do not punish the traitor! Ungrateful man! Why ever did I bother to save your life? For you to betray me? And your promises? Your vows? Faithless one! Deceiver! Have you the heart to leave me? To whom shall I turn? From whom seek compassion? cannot stand, my knees tremble And the bitterness of this wretched moment Makes my heart quiver in my breast.</p>
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4. Aria: “Ah! che morir vorrei”

<p>A 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 infedel.</p>	<p>Oh! Would that death might come in this dreadful hour But heaven cruelly decrees My continued suffering. Poor abandoned one, with no one to console her, My beloved has fled, cruel and disloyal.</p>
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ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)*Frauen-Liebe und Leben (A Woman's Love and Life), Op. 42*

[text by Adelbert von Chamisso; English translation by Richard Stokes]

1. "Seit ich ihn gesehen"

<p>Seit ich ihn gesehen, Glaub ich blind zu sein; Wo ich hin nur blicke, Seh ich ihn allein; Wie im wachen Traume Schwebt sein Bild mir vor, Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel, Heller nur empor. Sonst ist licht- und farblos Alles um mich her, Nach der Schwestern Spiele Nicht begehrt ich mehr, Möchte lieber weinen, Still im Kämmerlein; Seit ich ihn gesehen, Glaub ich blind zu sein.</p>	<p>Since first seeing him, I think I am blind, Wherever I look, Him only I see; As in a waking dream His image hovers before me, Rising out of deepest darkness Ever more brightly. All else is dark and pale Around me, My sisters' games I no more long to share, I would rather weep Quietly in my room; Since first seeing him, I think I am blind.</p>
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2. "Er, der Herrlichste von allen"

<p>Er, der Herrlichste von allen, Wie so milde, wie so gut! Holde Lippen, klares Auge, Heller Sinn und fester Mut. So wie dort in blauer Tiefe, Hell und herrlich, jener Stern, Also er an meinem Himmel, Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern. Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen; Nur betrachten deinen Schein, Nur in Demut ihn betrachten, Selig nur und traurig sein! Höre nicht mein stilles Beten, Deinem Glücke nur geweiht; Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen, Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit! Nur die Würdigste von allen Darf beglücken deine Wahl, Und ich will die Hohe segnen, Viele tausendmal. Will mich freuen dann und weinen, Selig, selig bin ich dann; Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen, Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?</p>	<p>He, the most wonderful of all, How gentle and loving he is! Sweet lips, bright eyes, A clear mind and firm resolve. Just as there in the deep-blue distance That star gleams bright and brilliant, So does he shine in my sky, Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime. Wander, wander on your way, Just to gaze on your radiance, Just to gaze on in humility, To be but blissful and sad! Do not heed my silent prayer, Uttered for your happiness alone, You shall never know me, lowly as I am, You noble star of splendour! Only the worthiest woman of all May your choice elate, And I shall bless that exalted one Many thousands of times. Then shall I rejoice and weep, Blissful, blissful shall I be, Even if my heart should break, Break, O heart, what does it matter?</p>
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3. "Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben"

<p>Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, Es hat ein Traum mich berückt; Wie hätt er doch unter allen Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?</p> <p>Mir war's, er habe gesprochen: „Ich bin auf ewig dein“— Mir war's—ich träume noch immer, Es kann ja nimmer so sein.</p> <p>O lass im Traume mich sterben, Gewieget an seiner Brust, Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen In Tränen unendlicher Lust.</p>	<p>I cannot grasp it, believe it, A dream has beguiled me; How, from all women, could he Have exalted and favoured poor me?</p> <p>He said, I thought, 'I am yours forever', I was, I thought, still dreaming, After all, it can never be.</p> <p>O let me, dreaming, die, Cradled on his breast; Let me savour blissful death In tears of endless joy.</p>
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4. "Du Ring an meinem Finger"

<p>Du Ring an meinem Finger, Mein goldenes Ringelein, Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, Dich fromm an das Herze mein.</p> <p>Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet, Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum, Ich fand allein mich, verloren Im öden, unendlichen Raum.</p> <p>Du Ring an meinem Finger Da hast du mich erst belehrt, Hast meinem Blick erschlossen Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.</p> <p>Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben, Ihm angehören ganz, Hin selber mich geben und finden Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.</p> <p>Du Ring an meinem Finger, Mein goldenes Ringelein, Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, Dich fromm an das Herze mein.</p>	<p>You ring on my finger, My golden little ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, To my heart.</p> <p>I had finished dreaming Childhood's peaceful dream, I found myself alone, forlorn In boundless desolation.</p> <p>You ring on my finger, You first taught me, Opened my eyes To life's deep eternal worth.</p> <p>I shall serve him, live for him, Belong to him wholly, Yield to him and find Myself transfigured in his light.</p> <p>You ring on my finger, My golden little ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, To my heart.</p>
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5. "Helft mir, ihr Schwestern"

<p>Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, Freundlich mich schmücken, Dient der Glücklichen heute mir, Windet geschäftig Mir um die Stirne Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.</p> <p>Als ich befriedigt, Freudigen Herzens, Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag, Immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen, Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.</p> <p>Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, Helft mir verscheuchen Eine törichte Bangigkeit, Dass ich mit klarem Aug ihn empfangen, Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.</p> <p>Bist, mein Geliebter, Du mir erschienen, Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein? Lass mich in Andacht, Lass mich in Demut, Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.</p> <p>Streuet ihm, Schwestern, Streuet ihm Blumen, Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar, Aber euch, Schwestern, Grüss ich mit Wehmut, Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.</p>	<p>Help me, my sisters, With my bridal attire, Serve me today in my joy, Busily braid About my brow The wreath of blossoming myrtle.</p> <p>When with contentment And joy in my heart I lay in my beloved's arms, He still called, With longing heart, Impatiently for this day.</p> <p>Help me, my sisters, Help me banish A foolish fearfulness; So that I with bright eyes May receive him, The source of all my joy.</p> <p>Have you, my love, Really entered my life, Do you, O sun, give me your glow? Let me in reverence, Let me in humility Bow before my lord.</p> <p>Scatter flowers, O sisters, Scatter flowers before him, Bring him budding roses. But you, sisters, I greet with sadness, As I joyfully take leave of you.</p>
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6. "Süsser Freund, du blickest"

<p>Süsser Freund, du blickest Mich verwundert an, Kannst es nicht begreifen, Wie ich weinen kann; Lass der feuchten Perlen Ungewohnte Zier Freudig hell erzittern In dem Auge mir!</p>	<p>Sweet friend, you look At me in wonder, You cannot understand How I can weep; Let the unfamiliar beauty Of these moist pearls Tremble joyfully bright In my eyes!</p>
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<p>Wie so bang mein Busen, Wie so wonnevoll! Wüsst ich nur mit Worten, Wie ich's sagen soll; Komm und birg dein Antlitz Hier an meiner Brust, Will in's Ohr dir flüstern Alle meine Lust.</p> <p>Weisst du nun die Tränen, Die ich weinen kann, Sollst du nicht sie sehen, Du geliebter Mann? Bleib an meinem Herzen, Fühle dessen Schlag, Dass ich fest und fester Nur dich drücken mag.</p> <p>Hier an meinem Bette Hat die Wiege Raum, Wo sie still verberge Meinen holden Traum; Kommen wird der Morgen, Wo der Traum erwacht, Und daraus dein Bildnis Mir entgegen lacht.</p>	<p>How anxious my heart is, How full of bliss! If only I knew How to say it in words; Come and hide your face Here against my breast, For me to whisper you All my joy.</p> <p>Do you now understand the tears That I can weep, Should you not see them, Beloved husband? Stay by my heart, Feel how it beats, That I may press you Closer and closer.</p> <p>Here by my bed There is room for the cradle, Silently hiding My blissful dream; The morning shall come When the dream awakens, And your likeness Laughs up at me.</p>
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7. "An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust"

<p>An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!</p> <p>Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück, Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.</p> <p>Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt, Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.</p> <p>Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;</p> <p>Nur eine Mutter weiss allein, Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.</p> <p>O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann, Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!</p>	<p>On my heart, at my breast, You my delight, my joy!</p> <p>Happiness is love, love is happiness, I've always said and say so still.</p> <p>I thought myself rapturous, But now am delirious with joy.</p> <p>Only she who suckles, only she who loves The child that she nourishes;</p> <p>Only a mother knows What it means to love and be happy.</p> <p>Ah, how I pity the man Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!</p>
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Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!	You dear, dear angel, you, You look at me and you smile!
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, You my delight, my joy!

8. "Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan"

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan, Der aber traf. Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann, Den Todesschlaf.	Now you have caused me my first pain, But it struck hard, You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man, The sleep of death.
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin, Die Welt ist leer. Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin Nicht lebend mehr.	The deserted one stares ahead, The world is void. I have loved and I have lived, And now my life is done.
Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück, Der Schleier fällt, Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück, Du meine Welt!	Silently I withdraw into myself, The veil falls, There I have you and my lost happiness, You, my world!