

JAMOnline: Performers, Patronage & Prejudice
Thursday, March 4, 2021
Texts & Translations

FANNY HENSEL (1805–1847)

“Wenn der Frühling kommt mit dem Sonnenschein”

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

<p>Wenn der Frühling kommt mit dem Sonnenschein, So knospen und blühen die Blümlein auf; Wenn der Mond beginnt seinen Strahlenlauf, Dann schwimmen die Sternlein hinterdrein. Wenn der Sänger zwei süße Äuglein sieht Dann quellen ihm Lieder aus tiefem Gemüt. Doch Lieder und Sterne und Blümelein, Und Äuglein und Mondglanz und Sonnenschein Sind alles nur tändelnder Scherz, und meine Welt ist dein liebendes Herz.</p>	<p>When the spring comes with the sunshine, So the little flowers bud and blossom; When the moon begins its radiant course, Then the little stars float behind it. When the singer sees two sweet little eyes, Then songs well up from the depths of his soul. Yet songs and stars and little flowers, And little eyes and moonlight and sunshine Are all a mere joke, And my world is your loving heart.</p>
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GIACOMO MEYERBEER (1791–1864)

“Le ricordanze” (“Memories”)

Text by Gaetano Rossi (1774–1855)

<p>Son questi i cari platani, Quest'è l'amico rio Ma tristi ne son l'aure, N'è mesto il mormorio, E par cangiato inanime Tutto d'intorno a me. Ah! lui che adoro, oh Dio, Lui, qui più non è, No, no, no, no, qui più non è.</p> <p>Qual gioia allor confondere Sospiri ardor desiri, Sentire al suo rispondere Di chi s'adora il cor, Momenti di contenti A me presenti ognor... Torna o speranza a illudermi, Di' che verranno ancor... Di'! di'! che verranno ancor.</p>	<p>These are my beloved sycamores, This is the friendly stream, But the breezes blow sadly now, The brook's murmuring is mournful, And everything around me Seems changed, lifeless. Ah, he whom I adore, oh, God, He is no longer here, No, no, no, no, no longer here.</p> <p>What joy it was to intermingle Sighs, passions, desires, To hear the response Of the man my heart adored, Moments of delight That will always be with me... O hope, return to deceive me, Say that they'll come back again... Say it! Say that they'll return.</p>
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JACQUES OFFENBACH (1819–1880)

“Je t’adore, brigand” from *La Périchole*

Libretto by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy

La Périchole

Tu n’es pas beau, tu n’es pas riche,
Tu manques tout à fait d’esprit;
Tes gestes sont ceux d’un godiche,
D’un saltimbanque dont on rit.
Le talent, c’est une autre affaire :
Tu n’en as guère, de talent...
De ce qu’on doit avoir pour plaire
Tu n’as presque rien, et pourtant...

Piquillo

Et pourtant ?

La Périchole

Et pourtant...
Je t’adore brigand, j’ai honte à l’avouer;
Je t’adore et ne puis vivre sans t’adorer.

Je ne hais pas la bonne chère...
On dînait chez ce vice-roi,
Tandis que toi, toi, pauvre hère,
Je mourrais de faim avec toi !
J’en avais chez lui, de la joie ;
J’en pouvais prendre tant et tant ;
J’avais du velours, de la soie,
De l’or, des bijoux, et pourtant...

Piquillo

Et pourtant ?...

La Périchole

Je t’adore, brigand, j’ai honte à l’avouer ;
Je t’adore et ne puis vivre sans t’adorer.

La Périchole

You’re not handsome, you’re not rich,
You are completely lacking in wit;
Your gestures are those of a clumsy oaf,
A clown people laugh at.
As for talent, that’s another matter:
You don’t have much of that...
You have almost none of the qualities
One needs to please, and yet...

Piquillo

And yet?

La Périchole

And yet... I adore you, you rogue,
I’m ashamed to admit it;
I adore you and I can’t live
without adoring you.

I don’t despise good food and drink...
They was dinner to be had at that Viceroy’s,
While with you, you miserable wretch,
I was dying of hunger!
I had plenty of enjoyment in his house;
I could take as much as I wanted;
I had velvet and silk,
Gold and jewellery, and yet...

Piquillo

And yet?

La Périchole

And yet I adore you, you rogue,
I’m ashamed to admit it;
I adore you and I can’t live
without adoring you.

MATHILDE HANNAH VON ROTHSCHILD (1832–1924)

“C’était en avril un dimanche”

Text by Édouard Jules Henri Pailleron (1834–1899)

<p>C'était en avril un dimanche Oui, un dimanche, J'étais heureux. Vous aviez une jolie robe blanche Et deux gentils brins de pervenche. Oui, de pervenche; Dans vos cheveux brins de pervenche.</p> <p>Nous étions assis sur la mousse. Oui, sur la mousse; Et sans parler nous regardions l'herbe, L'herbe qui pousse, et la feuille verte, Et l'ombre douce, oui, l'ombre douce, Et l'eau couler.</p> <p>Un oiseau chantait sur une branche, Oui, sur la branche. Puis, il s'est tu, j'ai pris dans ma main Ta main blanche, C'était en avril un dimanche, Oui, un dimanche, t'en souviens tu ?</p>	<p>It was a Sunday in April Yes, a Sunday; I was happy. You wore a pretty white dress And two sweet sprigs of periwinkle. Yes, of periwinkle; In your hair were sprigs of periwinkle.</p> <p>We sat upon the moss Yes, on the moss; And without speaking we looked at the grass, The grass that was growing, and the green leaves, And the gentle shade, yes, the gentle shade, And the flowing water.</p> <p>A bird sang upon a branch, Yes, upon a branch. Then it fell silent, and I took in my hand Your white hand; It was a Sunday in April, Yes, a Sunday - do you remember?</p>
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