

7 min

The Morning

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Dr. Thomas Crane

The glittering sun
The lark
The village up
O, that on the enamelled green
No gentle gales

14 min

Sulika

Schubert

Sulika's zweiter gesang

Florio op 124

Delphine

10 min

Ah, rammenta, o bella Irene
Pui che non ama un angelo
~~Ma~~ ornera la bruna chioma

G. Donizetti

(opera aria ?!!)

10 min Chansons de Ronsard

D. Milhaud

À une fontaine
À Cupidon
Tais-toi, babillard
Dixx vous gard

20 min Survival Fragments

R. Selig

The Stars Abroad
Leaves at night Struggle
The Sun Branches

12 min

Vier Breitano Lieder op 68
Säusle - An der Nacht - Amor - Als mir

R. Strauß

II. Delphine -

Ah, what should I start before Love?

Ah how it pierces through my very soul!

See, youth, ~~the~~ my entire self ~~is~~ to you alone is dedicated. O flowers, wilt, take care of yourselves ~~while~~ ~~the~~ the soul learns love. Nothing would I

rather do, know or carry than thoughts of love which hold me so fast. Always I consider what

I could be doing with fervour, but too much Love presses me, ~~nothing~~ releases ~~it~~ ^{me}! Now

that I love, I want to start living, and I die.

Now that I love, I want to burn lights, and they ^{flicker} ~~falter~~ falter. Why should I water the plants, they drop their leaves. See how Love leaves me powerless. The roses cheek fades, mine also.

Its' newness falls away, like clothes wear out.

Ah, youth, your faith brings me such joy; how can you ^{also} sprinkle ^{also} pain ~~also~~ on my joy?

Florio -

Now shadows lengthen and the wind wafts sweetly, drawing sighs out of the soul as a bow across a true string.

Now, the we both taste bitter Death in the goblet we share, full of poison.

First with tones, sweet as flutes, pain flows in my veins; she wanted to see the sick one, and now her inticement becomes his death.

over →

Night, come wind about me the
colorless darkness. Peace I seek from you,
who do me such misery; I'll find it soon.

Suleika -

What does this stirring mean? Does the
East Wind bring me happy news? The fresh
motion of its wings cools the heart's deep wound.
It plays with the dust, wafting it in light clouds;
Forces the insects out of the safty of the vineyards.
The Sun glows soothingly, also cools my hot
cheeks, kisses the grapevines in fleecing, ~~that~~
~~will~~ that are resplendant on the hills,
and brings me its soft whispered message,
from my love a thousand greetings. Yet from
the dusky hills, from my love a thousand kisses!
So rush on your way to serve other lovers and
dejected. There where the high walls gleam
will I soon find my beloved!

Ah the true heart's news, beloved breath
refreshes life. Were I but near him, ~~that~~ who
only can refresh me.

Suleika's zweiter gesang -

Ah how jealous I am, West Wind, of your
moist wings, because you can bring him the news
of how I suffer in this separation. The motion of
your wings wakes quiet longing in the breast.

Flowers, meadows, forest and hill stand from your sigh, in tears. Yet your sweet mild breeze cools the wounded eyelids; ah I would die of ~~pain~~ sorrow if I could not hope to see him again.

Hurry then to my love, speak sweetly to his heart, yet avoid causing him grief and keep from him my pain. Tell him, but say it modestly: his love is my life; joyful feelings from both, ~~will bring me~~ his nearness will give me.

III Ah! rammenta o bella Irene

Ah, remember, beautiful Irene, that you swore to be faithful to me. Ah return to that first love. What comfort is left me, what hope, for what should I live if your heart is no longer mine!

Who knows the secrets of my soul if you do not know them, lovely eyes of my love? You, who, from the first instant when we loved, awoke hidden fire, hidden love in my soul; you must know it!

L'amor funesto

More than anyone could love an angel, I loved you in my delusion, I joined my spirit to yours, breathed of your life. But a heart with no palpitation, a vow without faith, a smile without tears is what you, Lady, gave to me.

Farewell! Distant is the ~~grave~~ ^{grave} that will embrace my bones; there will remain no trace of the pit for you to find, angel and demon of my tortured days. Farewell, Lady, Ah say "I love you" to a wretched one and the unhappy one will die.

Ne ornerà la bruna chioma

recit: ~~was~~ Fulfillment of our greatest hope,
today the enemy was scattered far, and
not one stranger was left in his city. With
~~ample spoils and treasure and the power~~
Many of us carry back the treasure that the
power and wealth of their world produced.
Nevermore ~~Now~~ shall those glittering gems adorn the
dark hair of the warlike heathens from whom they
were taken. ~~And the daughter of the wilderness~~
~~she~~ beautified herself with that which, ~~to gratify~~
~~your eyes~~ please your eyes. And the necklace
with which the daughter of the wilderness adorned
herself is acquired to gratify your eyes.

Dearest love, I don't desire vain ornaments more
than your presence. Beautiful sun of my love, I
would fly to your breast. If you love me, I
conquer each beauty.

IV. Chansons de Ronsard

1. Hear me, lively fountain, ~~by~~ whom I've been revived so often, lying flat by your bank, idle in the fresh breeze when summer reaps the harvest of Cérés bared breast, and the air resounds at the thrashing floors, ^{which} groaning under the weight of the yield. May you ever be thus, a resting place for men and green ~~grass~~ ^{pasture} and water for their cattle. May the moon ever look down to see nymphs near your landmark dancing a thousand steps.

2. The day pushes the night, and the ~~dark~~ ^{somber} night pushes the day to obscure darkness. Autumn follows summer, and after the rage of winds, summer comes again. But the fever of love which torments me is living in me always and never relents. It was not ~~for~~ me, god, that you should have pierced; your arrows at another should have aimed; maybe at some ~~gay~~ ^{gay} ~~one~~ or ~~sport~~ playful one but not one or any who love the Muse.

3. Shut up you babbler or well I'll pluck your wings, or clip the tongue that in the morning ceaselessly chatters and drives me out of my mind!

I ask you, take my chimney and sing all day and night, but in the morning don't wake me when I'm dreaming ^{that} Cassandre is in my arms!

4. God keep you, ^{what} messengers of Spring, doves nightingales and ~~and~~ coucoues and all wild birds who animate the forest with ^{their} ~~your~~ songs.

God keep you pretty daisies, lovely roses, little flowers and you bulbs of Ajax and Narcissus. And you, thyme, anise and mélisse, you are welcome back.

God keep you troupes of butterflies who now suck the sweetness of the herbs, and you swarms of bees who kiss the yellow and ~~scarlet~~ red flowers.

A thousand greetings to you at your lovely, sweet return. O how I love this season with its sweet noises of the brooks, instead of the raging storms that had kept me locked in my house.

VI

Süsse, liebe Myrthe

Dear ~~whispering~~ Myrtle! How quiet it is in the world, the moon, the starshepherd on the clear heavenfield drives his cloud-sheep to the ~~ford~~ fountain of light. Sleep, my friend, until I am by you again.

Whisper, dear Myrtle, and dream in starlight, the ~~the~~ turtle dove coos her brood to sleep, quietly the cloud sheep draw near the light-fountain. Sleep my friend 'til I'm by you again.

Hear how the spring rushes, hear how the cricket chirps? Quietly let us doze off; happy is he who in dreams passes into death. Happy he ~~whom~~ whom the clouds rock, to whom the moon sings a lullaby! O how happy can he fly on the wings of dreams to the blue heavenfields to gather stars like flowers! Dream, sleep, fly, I'll wake you soon and be made glad.

On der Nacht

Holy Night! Starlocked ~~heaven~~ ^{tranquil} heaven! All that the light had divided is united, all wounds bleed in evening-red! Bjelbo's lance sinks into the heart of ~~the~~ the drunk earth, ~~which from the lap of~~ which releases the scent of a rose from the lap of the dark wind.

Holy Night, chaste bride! your sweet beauty veiled,
when the wedding goblet fills and overflows, then it
flows from ardent Night into Day. Holy Night, Chaste
bride, Holy Night!

Amor.

On the fire sat the child Amor and was blind,
with his little wings fanning the flames and he
laughing ~~fanning~~ ~~laughing~~ the cunning child.

Ah, the wings catch fire! Amor ran swiftly,
oh how the heat pains him! Beating wings, he
cries loudly; in the shepherd's laps he cries for
help, cunning child! And the shepherdess helps the
child Amor, afraid and blind. Shepherdess, lookout,
your heart catches fire, you didn't know ^{he was} ~~the~~ rogue.
See the flames ~~was~~ spread quickly; guard
yourself from the cunning child

Als mir dein Lied erklang -

Your song resounds! I've heard it, as was
drawn to earth through the roses, The butterfly
~~which~~ colorfully flying in Spring, you have returned
like the innocent bees. My longing is for roses,
until I hear your song resounding.

The nightingale mourns with my sweet swansong.
To The moon, listening from the sky, ~~see~~; to the stars and
roses I must complain, where ~~has it gone~~ has
she gone, who sang this song?

Your song resounds! No tone was in vain, the
entire Spring which sighs from love has, since you
sang, ~~has~~ plunged itself into ^{the} longing flow of my
life ~~and~~ sun's going down, since your song ~~rang out~~.
at the 7
to me resounds