

Classical Tahoe 2021 – Vocal Translations

JULY 30

Richard Strauss

Vier letzte Lieder (Four Last Songs) (1948)

Herman Hesse

Im Abendrot by Joseph Karl Benedikt, Freiherr von Eichendorff

English translations © James McColley Eilers

1. Fröling

In dämmrigen Grüften
Träumte ich lang
Von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,
Von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen
In Gleiß und Zier,
Von Licht übergossen
Wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennst mich wieder,
Du lockst mich zart,
Es zittert durch all meine Glieder
Deine selige Gegenwart.

2. September

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
Still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
Bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.
Langsam tut er die großen
Müdigwordnen Augen zu.

1. Spring

Wandering in darkness under your high
vaulting branches, I have dreamed so long
of your green leaves and breezy blue sky,
the vibrant fragrances—and the bird song!

Now, as you open your robe of winter night,
your brilliance staggers every sense.
The world sparkles in the light
of a Miracle, your recurring presence.

I feel the healing touch
of softer days, warm and tender.
My limbs tremble—happily, too much—
as I stand inside your splendor.

2. September

The garden mourns.
The flowers fill with cold rain.
Summer shivers
in the chill of its dying domain.

Yet summer smiles, enraptured
by the garden's dreamy aphasia
as gold, drop by drop, falls
from the tall acacia.

With a final glance at the roses—
too weak to care, it longs for peace—
then, with darkness wherever it gazes,
summer slips into sleep.

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3. *Beim Schlafengehen*

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,
Soll mein sehnliches Verlangen
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun,
Stirn vergiß du alles Denken,
Alle meine Sinne nun
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht
Will in freien Flügen schweben,
Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
Tief und tausendfach zu leben.

4. *Im Abendrot*

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
Gegangen Hand in Hand,
Vom Wandern ruhen wir beide
Nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Thäler neigen,
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
Nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her, und laß sie schwirren,
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit,
Daß wir uns nicht verirren
In dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot,
Wie sind wir wandermüde --
Ist dies etwa der Tod?

3. *At Bedtime*

Now that day has exhausted me
I give myself over, a tired child,
to the night and to my old friends, the stars--
my watchful guardians, quiet and mild.

Hands--let everything go.
Head--stop thinking.
I am content to follow
where my senses are sinking.

Into the darkness, I swim out free:
Soul, released from all your defenses,
enter the magic, sidereal circle
where the gathering of souls commences.

4. *At Sunset*

We have passed through sorrow and joy,
walking hand in hand.
Now we need not seek the way:
we have settled in a peaceful land.

The dark comes early to our valley,
and the night mist rises.
Two dreamy larks sally
forth--our souls' disguises.

We let their soaring flight delight
us, then, overcome by sleep
at close of day, we must alight
before we fly too far, or dive too deep.

The great peace here is wide and still
and rich with glowing sunsets:
If this is death, having had our fill
of getting lost, we find beauty, -- No regrets.

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Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

**“Chi’o mi scordi di te”, Scene and Rondo, K.505
(1786)**

Libretto attributed to Lorenzo da Ponte, after
Giambattista Varesco

Ch'io mi scordi di te?
Che a lui mi doni puoi consigliarmi?
E puoi voler che in vita...
Ah no! Sarebbe il viver mio di morte assai peggior.
Venga la morte, intrepida l'attendo.
Ma, ch'io possa struggermi ad altra face,
ad altr'oggetto donar gl'affetti miei, come tentarlo?
Ah, di dolor morrei!

Non temer, amato bene,
per te sempre il cor sarà.
Più non reggo a tante pene,
l'alma mia mancando va.
Tu sospiri? O duol funesto!
Pensa almen, che istante è questo!
Non mi posso, oh Dio! spiegar.
Stelle barbare, stelle spietate,
perchè mai tanto rigor?
Alme belle, che vedete
le mie pene in tal momento,
dite voi, s'egual tormento
può soffrir un fido cor?

You ask that I forget you?
You can advise me to give myself to him?
And this while yet I live?
Ah no! My life would be far worse than death!
Let death come, I await it fearlessly.
But how could I attempt to warm myself at another flame,
to lavish my affections on another?
Ah! I should die of grief!

Fear nothing, my beloved,
my heart will always be yours.
I can no longer suffer such distress,
my spirit begins to fail me.
You sigh? O mournful sorrow!
Just think what a moment this is!
O God! I cannot express myself.
Barbarous stars, pitiless stars,
why ever are you so stern?
Fair souls who see
my sufferings at such a moment,
tell me if a faithful heart
can suffer such torment?