**L’ultimo bacio** **The Last Kiss**

Se tu lo vedi gli dirai che l’amo, If you see him you’ll tell him I love him,

che l’amo ancora come ai primi di, that I still love him as on the first day,

che nei languidi sogni ancor lo chiamo, that in languid dreams I still call him,

lo chiamo ancor come se fosse qui. I still call him like he’s here.

E gli dirai che colla fé tradita And you’re going to tell him she’s betrayed

Tutto il gaudio d'allor non mi rapì; All the joy of allor did not kidnap me;

E gli dirai che basta alla mia vita And you’re going to tell him enough for my life

l’ultimo bacio che l’addio finì! The last kiss that the farewell ended!

Nessun lo toglie dalla bocca mia No one takes it out of my mouth

L’ultimo bacio che l’addio finì. The last kiss that the farewell ended.

Ma se vuoi dargli un altro in compagnia But if you want to give him another one in company

Digli che l’amo, Tell him that I love him,

e che l’aspetto qui. and that I’m waiting for him here

*Text by: Emilio Praga Translation by: Anonymous*

**Intorno all’idol mio Around my Idol**

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate, Around my idol breathe, merely breathe,

Aure, Aure soavi e grate, Winds, Winds sweet and gracious,

E nelle guancie elette And on the favored cheeks

Baciatelo per me, Kiss him for me,

Cortesi, cortesi aurette! Courtly, courtly breezes!

Al mio ben, che riposa In my love, who rests

Su l'ali della quiete, On the wings of peace,

Grati, grati sogni assistete Pleasant, pleasant dreams provoke

E il mio racchiuso ardore And my hidden ardor

Svelate gli per me, Reveal to him for me

O larve, o larve d'amore! O spirits, o spirits of love.

*Text by: Giacinto Andrea Cicognini Translation by: Katherine McGuire*

**Must the winter come so soon?**

Must the winter come so soon?

Night after night I hear the hungry deer

Wander weeping in the woods,

And from his house of brittle bark

Hoots the frozen owl.

Must the winter come so soon?

Here in this forest neither dawn nor sunset

Marks the passing of the days.

It’s a long winter here.

Must the winter come so soon?

*Text by: Gian Carlo Menotti*

**Geheimnis** **Secret**

O Frühlingsabenddämmerung! O spring’s evening twilight!

O laues, lindes Weh'n, O mild, gently breezes,

Ihr Blütenbäume, sprecht, was tut You blossoming trees, speak what are you doing,

ihr so zusammensteh'n? Standing so close together?

Vertraut ihr das Geheimnis euch Do you confide to one another

Von uns'rer Liebe süß? The secret of our sweet love?

Was flüstert ihr ein ander zu What do you whisper to one another

Von uns'rer Liebe süß? About our sweet love?

*Text by: Karl August Candidus Translation by: Emily Ezust*

**Wie Melodien zieht es mir Like a Melody**

Wie Melodien zieht es It moves like a melody,

Mir leise durch den Sinn, Gently through my mind;

Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es, It blossoms like spring flowers

Und schwebt wie Duft dahin. And wafts away like fragrance.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es But when it is captured in words

Und führt es vor das Aug', and placed before my eyes,

Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es It turns pale like a gray mist

Und schwindet wie ein Hauch. And disappears like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime And yet, remaining in my rhymes

Verborgen wohl ein Duft, There hides still a fragrance,

Den mild aus stillem Keime Which mildly from the quiet bud

Ein feuchtes Auge ruft. My moist eyes call forth.

*Text by: Klaus Groth Translation by: Emily Ezust*

**Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen** **When Luise Burned the Letters of her**

**Liebhabers verbrannte** **Unfaithful Lover**

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie, Generated by ardent fantasy,

In einer schwärmerischen Stunde in a rapturous hour

Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde, brought into this world – Perish,

Ihr Kinder der Melancholie! You children of melancholy!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein, You owe the flames your existence,

Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder, so I restore you now to the fire,

Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder, with all your rapturous songs

Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein. For alas! He sang them not to me alone.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben, I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,

Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier. There will be no trace of you here.

Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben, Yet alas! The man himself, who wrote you,

Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir. May still perhaps burn long in me.

*Text by: Gabriele von Baumberg Translation by: Emily Ezust*

**Ici – bas!** **In This World**

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent, In this world all the flow’rs wither,

Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts, The sweet songs of the birds are brief;

Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent I dream of summers that will last

Toujours... Always !

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent In this world, the lips touch but lightly,

Sans rien laisser de leur velours, And no taste of sweetness remains;

Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent I dream of kisses that will last

Toujours... Always !

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent In this world, ev’ry man is mourning

Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours; his lost friendship or his lost love;

Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent I dream of fond lovers abiding

Toujours... Always!

*Text by: René-François Sully-Prudhomme Translation by: Samuel Byrne*

**Sérénade Serenade**

Tes grands yeux doux semblent des îles Your big, sweet eyes resemble the islands

Qui nagent dans un lac d'azur: that swim in a lake of azure.

Aux fraîcheurs de tes yeux tranquilles, To the freshness of your tranquil eyes,

Fais-moi tranquille et fais-moi pur. I am made tranquil and made pure.

Ton corps a l'adorable enfance Your body has the adorable infancy

Des clairs paradis de jadis: of lights of paradise long ago:

Enveloppe-moi de silence, Envelop me in silence

Du silence argenté des lys. The silvery silence of the lilies.

Alangui par les yeux tranquilles Languished by tranquil eyes

Des étoiles caressant l'air, stars caressing the air

J'ai tant rêvé la paix des îles, I have dreamed so much of the peace of the islands,

Sous un soir frissonant et clair! Under a shivering and clear evening!

*Text by: Henri Cazalis Translation by: Paul Hindemith*

**My Name is Barbara**

My mother says that babies come in bottles;

But last week she said

They grew on special baby bushes.

I don’t believe in the storks, either!

They’re all in the zoo,

Busy with their own babies!

And what’s a baby bush anyway!?

My name is Barbara.

*Text by: Leonard Bernstein*

**Jupiter Has Seven Moons**

Jupiter has seven moons or is it nine?

Saturn has a million, billion, trillion sixty-nine;

And ev’ry one is a little sun,

With six little moons of its own!

But we have only one!

Just think of all the fun we’d have if there were nine!

Then we could be just nine times more romantic!

Dogs would bay ‘til they were frantic!

We’d have nine tides in the Atlantic!

The man in the moon would be gigantic!

But we have only one!

Only one!

*Text by: Leonard Bernstein*

**I Hate Music!**

I hate music!

But I like to sing:

La dee da da dee; la dee da dee.

But that’s not music, not what I call music.

No, sir.

Music is a lot of men in a lot of tails,

Making lots of noise like a lot of females;

Music is a lot of folks in a big dark hall,

Where they really don’t want to be at all;

With a lot of chairs, and a lot of airs,

And a lot of furs and diamonds!

Music is silly!

I hate music! But I like to sing:

La dee da da dee: la dee da dee:

La dee da dee.

*Text by: Leonard Bernstein*

**A Big Indian and a Little Indian**

A big Indian and a little Indian

Were walking down the street.

The little Indian was the son of the big Indian;

But the big Indian was not the father of the little Indian:

(spoken)

You see the riddle is, if the little Indian

Was the son of the big Indian, but the big

Indian was not the father of the little Indian,

Who was he? I’ll give you two measures:

(sung)

His mother!

*Text by: Leonard Bernstein*

**I’m a Person Too**

I just found out today

That I’m a person too, like you:

I like balloons; lots of people like balloons:

But everyone says, “Isn’t she cute? She likes balloons!”

I’m a person too, like you!

I like things that ev’ryone likes:

I like soft things and movies and horses

And warm things and red things: don’t you?

I have lots of thoughts; like what’s behind the sky;

And what’s behind what’s behind the sky:

But ev’ryone says, “Isn’t she sweet? She wants to know everything!”

Don’t you?

Of course I’m very young

to be saying all these things

in front of so many people like you;

but I’m a person too!

Though I’m only ten years old;

I’m a person too, like you!

*Text by: Leonard Bernstein*

**Ah, scostati!... Smanie Implacabili Ah, move away!... Implacable Restlessness**

Ah, scòstati! Paventa il triste effetto Ah, move away! Fear the sad effect

d'un disperato affetto! Of a desperate affection!

Chiudi quelle finestre! Odio la luce, Shut those windows! I hate the light,

odio l'aria che spiro, odio me stessa, I hate the air that I breathe, I hate myself,

chi schernisce il mio duol, chi mi consola... who mocks my pain, who will console me?

Deh, fuggi, per pietà: lasciami sola! Oh leave, for pity’s sake: leave me alone!

Smanie implacabili, che m'agitate, Implacable restlessness, that disturbs me

entro quest'anima più non cessate within this soul, doesn’t cease,

finché l'angoscia mi fa morir! until the anguish makes me die!

Esempio misero d'amor funesto A miserable example of fateful love

darò all'Eumenidi, se viva resto, I will give to the Furies, if I live,

col suono orribile de' miei sospir! with the horrible sound of my sighs!

*Text by: Lorenzo Da Ponte Translation by: Robert Glaubitz*