

Im Frühling

Text by Ernst Schulze

Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,  
Der Himmel ist so klar,  
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,  
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl  
Einst, ach, so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging  
So traulich und so nah,  
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell  
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,  
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon  
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!  
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,  
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem  
Zweig, Von welchem sie gepflückt.

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,  
Die Blumen, das Gefild;  
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,  
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im  
Quell  
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,  
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,  
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,  
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,  
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur  
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!  
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,  
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,  
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

In Spring

I still sit on the hillside slope,  
Beneath a sky so clear and bright;  
A gentle breeze moves through the green  
valley  
Where once, beneath spring's very first  
light,

Ah, I was happy beyond measure.  
Where I walked beside her,  
So close, so tender and near;  
And deep within the dark spring's mirror  
I saw the blue, radiant heaven—  
And her within that heaven appear.

See how the colorful spring already  
Peers out from bud and bloom;  
Not every flower is dear to me—  
I would rather pluck the one  
From the branch she once chose.

For all remains as it once was:  
The fields, the flowers still the same;  
The sun still shines just as brightly,  
And kindly floats in the fountain still  
The image of the blue sky's flame.

Only desire and illusion change,  
Joy and sorrow trade their part;  
Love's happiness slips swiftly away,  
And what remains is love itself—  
Love, and ah, its aching heart.

Oh, if only I were a little bird  
There on the grassy hill!  
I would stay upon these branches here  
And sing a sweet song of her  
All summer long, still.

Ganymed

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wie im Morgenglanze

Du rings mich anglühst,

Frühling, Geliebter!

Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne

Sich an mein Herze drängt

Deiner ewigen Wärme

Heilig Gefühl,

Unendliche Schöne!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht'

In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen

Lieg' ich und schmachte,

Und deine Blumen, dein Gras

Drängen sich an mein Herz.

Du kühlst den brennenden

Durst meines Busens,

Lieblicher Morgenwind!

Ruft drein die Nachtigall

Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!

Ach wohin, wohin?

Hinauf! strebt's hinauf!

Es schweben die Wolken

Abwärts, die Wolken

Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.

Mir! Mir!

In euerm Schosse

Aufwärts!

Umfangend umfängen!

Aufwärts an deinen Busen,

Alliebender Vater!

Ganymed

As in the radiant glow of morning

You warm me on every side,

Spring—my beloved!

With a thousand waves of love's delight

Your eternal warmth

Presses close upon my heart,

Holy sensation,

Infinite beauty!

That I might hold you

Within my arms!

Ah, upon your breast

I lie, yearning in bliss;

Your flowers, your grasses

Crowd tenderly against my heart.

You soothe the burning thirst

Within my soul,

Gentle morning breeze!

The nightingale calls,

Loving, summoning me from the misty  
valley.

I come, I come!

Ah—where, oh where?

Upward! Ever upward!

The clouds are floating,

Floating downward,

Bending toward love's longing.

To me! To me!

Into your embrace—

Upward!

Embracing and embraced!

Upward to your breast,

All-loving Father!

## **An den Mond**

**Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich**

**Hölty**

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine  
Silberflimmer  
Durch dieses Buchengrün,  
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten  
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,  
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,  
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und  
der Linde,  
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs  
mich freue,  
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,  
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,  
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den  
Schleier wieder,  
Und traur um deinen Freund,  
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor  
hernieder,  
Wie dein Verlassner weint!

## To the Moon

Pour, dear moon, your silver glow  
Through this green of beechwood shade,  
Where drifting dreams and wandering  
visions  
Ever pass before my eyes.

Reveal yourself, so I may find  
The place where my beloved sat,  
Where, in the sighing beech and linden,  
She forgot the golden city.

Reveal yourself, that I may rejoice  
In the bush that cooled her there,  
And scatter garlands across each  
meadow  
Where she listened to the stream.

Then, dear moon, draw back your veil  
once more,  
And mourn for your lonely friend;  
And weep through the gauze of drifting  
clouds,  
As your forsaken one weeps.

## Venezia

### Sopra l'acqua indormenzada Text by Pietro Pagello

Coi pensieri malinconici  
No te star a tormentar:  
Vien con mi, montemo in gondola,  
Andaremo fora in mar.  
Passaremo i porti e l'isole  
Che circonda la cità:  
El sol more senza nuvole  
E la luna spuntarà.

Oh! che festa, oh! che spettacolo,  
Che presenta sta laguna,  
Quando tuto xe silenzio,  
Quando sluse in ciel la luna;  
E spandendo i cavei morbidi  
Sopra l'acqua indormenzada,  
La se specie, la se cocola,  
Come dona innamorada!

Tira zo quel velo e scòndite,  
Che la vedo comparir!  
Se l'arriva a discoverzarte,  
La se pol ingelosir!  
Sta baveta, che te zogola  
Fra i caveli imbovolai,  
No xe turbia de la polvere  
De le rode a dei cavai. Vien!

Se in conchigli ai Greci Venere  
Se sognava un altro di,  
Forse visto i aveva in gondola  
Una zogia come ti,  
Ti xe bela, ti xe zovene,  
Ti xe fresca come un fior;  
Vien per tuti la so lagrime;  
Ridiadesso e fa l'amor!

### Above the Sleeping Water

With melancholy thoughts  
Do not remain in torment;  
Come with me, let us board a gondola,  
We will go out upon the sea.  
We will pass the harbors and the islands  
That circle the city;  
The sun will set without clouds,  
And the moon will rise.

Oh! what a celebration, oh! what a  
spectacle  
This lagoon presents,  
When all is silent,  
When the moon slips into the sky;  
And spreading her soft hair  
Above the sleeping water,  
She mirrors herself, she adorns herself,  
Like a woman in love.

Lower that veil and hide yourself,  
For I see her appear!  
If she arrives and discovers you,  
She may grow jealous!  
That ribbon fluttering  
Among your tangled hair  
Is not disturbed by the dust  
Of carriage wheels and horses. Come!

If in a shell the Greeks once imagined  
Venus  
Dreaming on another day,  
Perhaps they had seen, in a gondola,  
A beauty like you.  
You are beautiful, you are young,  
You are fresh like a flower;  
Let her keep all her tears—  
Smile now, and make love!

## La barcheta

Text by Pietro Burrati

La note è bela,  
Fa presto, o Nineta,  
Andemo in barcheta  
I freschi a ciapar!  
A Toni g'ho dito  
Ch'el felze el ne cave  
Per goder sta bava  
Che supia dal mar.  
Ah!

Che gusto contarsela  
Soleti in laguna,  
E al chiaro de luna  
Sentirse a vogar!  
Ti pol de la ventola  
Far senza, o mia cara,  
Chè zefiri a gara  
Te vol sventolar.  
Ah!

Se gh'è tra de lori  
Chi tropo indiscreto  
Volesses dal pèto  
El velo strapar,  
No bada a ste frotte,  
Soleti za semo  
E Toni el so' remo,  
Lè a tento a menar.  
Ah!

## The Little Boat

The night is beautiful—  
Hurry, oh Nineta,  
Let us go in a little boat  
To catch the cool air!  
I've told Toni  
To ready the sail for us,  
So we may enjoy this breeze  
That blows from the sea.  
Ah!

How sweet it is to talk together  
Alone in the lagoon,  
And by the light of the moon  
To feel ourselves rowing!  
You can do without the fan,  
My dear,  
For the zephyrs compete  
To gently fan you.  
Ah!

And if among them  
There should be some too indiscreet,  
Who might wish to tear  
The veil from your breast,  
Pay no heed to such foolish talk—  
We are already alone,  
And Toni, with his oar,  
Is careful how he rows.  
Ah!

## L'avvertimento

Text by Pietro Burrati

No corè, puti, smaniosi tanto  
Drio quel incanto  
Che Nana g'ha  
Xe tuto amabile  
Ve acordo, in ela,  
La xe una stela  
Cascade qua  
Ma ... ma ... la Nana cocola  
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

L'ocio xe vivo  
Color del cielo,  
Oro el cavelo  
Balsamo el fià;  
Ghe sponta in viso  
Do' rose intate.  
Invidia al late  
Quel sen ghe fa  
Ma ...

Ogni ochiadina  
Che la ve daga,  
Da qualche piaga  
Voda no va!  
Col so' granelo  
De furbaria  
La cortesia  
Missiar la sa ...  
Ma ...

## The Warning

Do not run, children, so eagerly  
After that enchantment  
That Nana possesses.  
She is all charm,  
I grant you that—  
She is a star  
That falls to earth;  
But... but... dear little Nana  
Has a tiger's heart.

Her eyes are lively,  
The color of the sky;  
Her hair is gold,  
Her breath a balm;  
Two untouched roses  
Bloom upon her face,  
Her bosom would make  
Milk itself envious—  
But...

Every glance  
She gives you  
Leaves some wound  
That does not heal!  
With her little grain  
Of clever deceit,  
She knows how to mix  
Courtesy with guile...  
But...

**La biondina in gondoleta**  
**Text by Antonio Lamberti**

La biondina in gondoleta  
L'altra sera g'ho menà:  
Dal piacer la povereta,  
La s'ha in bota indormenzà.  
La dormiva su sto braccio,  
Mi ogni tanto la svegiava,  
Ma la barca che ninava  
La tornava a indormenzar.

Gera in cielo mezza sconta  
Fra le nuvole la luna,  
Gera in calma la laguna,  
Gera il vento bonazzà.  
Una sola bavesela  
Sventola va i so' caveli,  
E faceva che dai veli  
Sconto el sento fusse più.

M'ho stufà po', finalmente,  
De sto tanto so' dormir,  
E g'ho fato da insolente,  
No m'ho avuto da pentir;  
Perchè, oh Dio, che bele cosse  
Che g'ho dito, a che g'ho fato!  
No, mai più tanto beato  
Ai mii zorni no son stà.

**The Little Blonde in the Gondola**

The little blonde in the gondola  
I took out the other evening;  
From sheer delight, the poor thing  
Soon fell fast asleep.  
She slept upon this arm of mine;  
Now and then I woke her gently,  
But the rocking of the boat  
Soon lulled her back to sleep.

Half hidden in the sky,  
The moon lay among the clouds;  
The lagoon was calm,  
The breeze had softened.  
Only a single little breath of air  
Played among her hair,  
And made the scent beneath her veil  
All the sweeter still.

At last I grew a little weary  
Of her sleeping so long,  
And I dared a bit of boldness—  
I never had cause to regret it;  
For, oh God, what lovely things  
I said, and what I did!  
No, never have I known such bliss  
In all the days of my life.

## **Che pecà!**

**Text by Francesco dall' Ongaro**

Te recordistu, Nina, quei ani  
Che ti geri el mio solo pensier?  
Che tormento, che rabie, che afani!  
Mai un'ora de vero piacer!  
Per fortuna quel tempo xe andà.  
Che pecà!

Ne vedeva che per i to' oci,  
No g'aveva altro ben che el to' ben ...  
Che schempiezzi! che gusti batoci,  
Oh, ma adesso so tor quel che vien;  
No me scaldo po' tanto el figà.  
Che pecà!

Ti xe bela, me pur fì xe dona,  
Qualche neo lo conosso anca in ti;  
Co ti ridi co un'altra persona,  
Me diverto co un'altra anca mi.  
Benedeta la so' libertà.  
Che pecà!

Care gondole de la laguna  
Voghè pur, che ve lasso vogar!  
Quando in cielo vien fora la luna,  
Vago in leto a me meto a ronfar,  
Senza gnanca pasargh' al passà!  
Che pecà!

## **What a Pity!**

Do you remember, Nina, those years  
When you were my only thought?  
What torment, what rages, what  
anxieties!  
Not an hour of true pleasure!  
Thankfully, that time has passed.  
What a pity!

I saw only through your eyes,  
I had no other good than your good...  
What foolishness! What blind delights!  
Oh—but now I know how to take what  
comes;  
My heart no longer burns so fiercely.  
What a pity!

You are beautiful, you are indeed a  
woman;  
I even know a few of your flaws.  
When you laugh with another person,  
I enjoy myself with another as well.  
Blessed be her freedom.  
What a pity!

Dear gondolas of the lagoon,  
Row on—I leave you to it!  
When the moon appears in the sky,  
I go to bed and start to snore,  
Without even giving a thought to the  
past!  
What a pity!

**La primavera**  
**Text by Alvise Cicogna**

Giacinti e violete  
Fa in tera Baosète  
Che gusto! che giubilo!  
L'inverno è scampà!  
La Neve è svania,  
La brina è finia,  
Xe tepida l'aria,  
El sol chiapa fià.

Amici, fa ciera!  
Xe qua primavera!  
Me'l dise quel nuvolo ...  
Senti! senti el ton!  
Ohimé! che sta idea  
El cuor me ricrea,  
E tuto desmentego  
Quel fredo baron!

Ancora un meseto,  
E el rusignoleto,  
Col canto, ne sgiozzolo,  
Sul' anima el miel.  
Stagion deliziosa!  
Ti vien cola rosa,  
Ti parti col giglio,  
Fior degno del ciel!

**Springtime**

Hyacinths and violets  
Dot the earth in little clusters—  
What delight! What rejoicing!  
Winter has fled!  
The snow has vanished,  
The frost is gone;  
The air grows gentle,  
The sun breathes again.

Friends, make room!  
Spring is here!  
That little cloud tells me so—  
Listen! listen to the thunder!  
Alas—what a thought!  
My heart is renewed,  
And I forget entirely  
That tyrant, the cold!

One more little month,  
And the nightingale,  
With its song, will drip  
Honey upon our souls.  
Delightful season!  
You arrive with the rose,  
You depart with the lily,  
A flower worthy of heaven!

## INTERMISSION

### **Now sleeps the crimson petal** **Text by Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the  
white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace  
walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry  
font:  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with  
me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and  
slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

### **Silent Noon** **Text by Dante Gabriel Rossetti**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh  
grass, -  
The finger-points look through like rosy  
blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture  
gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and  
amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can  
pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver  
edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the  
hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour  
glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the  
dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from  
the sky: -  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from  
above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless  
dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate  
hour  
When twofold silence was the song of  
love.

### 菩萨蛮

小山重叠金明灭，  
鬓云欲度香腮雪。  
懒起画蛾眉，  
弄妆梳洗迟。

照花前后镜，  
花面交相映。  
新贴绣罗襦，  
双双金鹧鸪。

### 越人歌

今夕何夕兮，搴舟中流。  
今日何日兮，得与王子同舟。

蒙羞被好兮，不訾诟耻。  
心几烦而不绝兮，得知王子。

山有木兮木有枝，心悦君兮君不  
知。

### Bodhisattva Barbarian

Little hills overlap, gold light flickers  
and fades;  
Cloudlike hair drifts toward fragrant  
cheeks, pale as snow.  
Too lazy to rise and paint her moth-  
shaped brows,  
She toys with her toilette, lingering over  
comb and wash.

Before and behind, mirrors face the  
flowers;  
Flower and face reflect each other,  
answering in light.  
Newly sewn, an embroidered silk  
jacket—  
Paired golden mandarin ducks.

### The Song of Yue People

What night is this tonight,  
As I lift my oar in the river's heart?  
What day is this today,  
That I may share a boat with the prince?

Ashamed yet favored,  
I do not reckon disgrace or reproach.  
My heart is troubled, endlessly so,  
Since I have come to know the prince.

The mountain has trees, the trees have  
branches;  
My heart delights in you—yet you do  
not know.

## 相思

红豆生南国  
是很遥远的事情  
相思算什么  
早无人在意  
醉卧不夜城  
处处霓虹  
酒杯中好一片滥滥风情  
最肯忘却古人诗  
最不屑一顾是相思  
守着爱怕人笑  
还怕人看清  
春又来看红豆开  
竟不见有情人去采  
烟花拥着风流真情不在

## Longing

Red beans grow in the southern land—  
A thing of a distant past.  
What does longing even mean now?  
No one cares anymore.

Drunk, I lie in the city that never sleeps,  
Neon lights everywhere.  
In a wineglass swirls  
An excess of cheap romance.

We are quickest to forget the poems of  
the ancients,  
Most dismissive of longing itself.  
Guarding love, afraid of being laughed  
at,  
And even more afraid of being seen  
through.

Spring comes again, the red beans  
bloom,  
Yet no lovers come to gather them.  
Fireworks embrace indulgence—  
True feeling is nowhere to be found.

## 贝加尔湖畔

在我的怀里  
在你的眼里  
那里春风沉醉  
那里绿草如茵

月光把爱恋  
洒满了湖面  
两个人的篝火  
照亮整个夜晚  
多少年以后  
如云般游走  
那变换的脚步  
让我们难牵手  
这一生一世  
有多少你我  
被吞没在月光如水的夜里  
多想某一天  
往日又重现  
我们流连忘返  
在贝加尔湖畔  
多少年以后  
往事随云走  
那纷飞的冰雪容不下那温柔  
这一生一世  
这时间太少  
不够证明融化冰雪的深情  
就在某一天  
你忽然出现  
你清澈又神秘  
在贝加尔湖畔  
你清澈又神秘  
像贝加尔湖畔

## By the Shores of Lake Baikal

In my arms,  
In your eyes,  
There spring winds fall gently drunk,  
There green grass stretches endlessly.

Moonlight scatters our love  
Across the surface of the lake;  
A bonfire for just two people  
Illuminates the whole night.

So many years later,  
We drift like clouds;  
Those changing footsteps  
Make it hard for us to hold hands.  
In this lifetime,  
How many "you and I"  
Are swallowed by moonlit, watery nights?

How I wish that one day  
The past might reappear,  
That we would linger, unwilling to leave,  
By the shores of Lake Baikal.

So many years later,  
Memories drift away with the clouds;  
The swirling snow and ice  
Can no longer hold that tenderness.

And then, on some day,  
You suddenly appear—  
Clear and mysterious,  
By the shores of Lake Baikal.

Clear and mysterious,  
Like the shores of Lake Baikal.

## 梨花又开放

忘不了故乡  
年年梨花放  
染白了山岗我的小村庄  
妈妈坐在梨树下  
纺车嗡嗡响  
我爬上梨树枝  
闻那梨花香

摇摇洁白的树枝  
花雨漫天飞扬  
落在妈妈头上  
飘在纺车上  
给我幸福的故乡  
永生难忘  
永生永世我难忘

重返了故乡  
梨花又开放  
找到了我的梦  
我一腔衷肠  
小村一切都依然  
树下空荡荡  
开满梨花的树下  
纺车不再响

摇摇洁白的树枝  
花雨漫天飞扬  
两行滚滚泪水  
流在树下  
给我血肉的故乡  
永生难忘  
我永不忘 永不能忘

## Pear Blossoms Bloom Again

I cannot forget my hometown—  
Year after year the pear blossoms bloom,  
Whitening the hills, my little village.

Mother sat beneath the pear tree,  
The spinning wheel humming softly;  
I climbed the pear branches,  
Breathing in the scent of the blossoms.

Gently swaying, the pure white branches—  
Petals raining through the sky,  
Falling on my mother's hair,  
Drifting onto the spinning wheel.  
My homeland,  
The place that gave me happiness,  
Forever unforgettable,  
For all my life, forever and ever.

I return to my hometown;  
The pear blossoms bloom once more.  
I find my long-lost dream,  
All my heart laid bare.  
Everything in the village seems unchanged—  
Yet beneath the tree, all is empty now.  
Under the pear tree in full bloom,  
The spinning wheel no longer sings.

Gently swaying, the pure white branches—  
Petals raining through the sky.  
Two streams of rolling tears  
Fall beneath the tree.  
My homeland of flesh and blood,  
Forever unforgettable.  
I will never forget,  
Never—ever—forget.

**ALL TRANSLATIONS IN THIS PROGRAM WERE PREPARED BY THE PERFORMER WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF CHATGPT.**

**THANK YOU AGAIN AND ENJOY YOUR REST OF THE EVENING.**