

## Texts and Translations

### **Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme**

*Poetry by Victor Hugo*

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme  
Donne à quelqu'un  
Sa musique, sa flamme,  
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici toute chose  
Donne toujours  
Son épine ou sa rose  
A ses amours;

Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes  
Un bruit charmant;  
Que la nuit donne aux peines  
L'oubli dormant.

Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive,  
S'y reposer,  
L'onde amère à la rive  
Donne un baiser;

Je te donne, à cette heure,  
Penché sur toi,  
La chose la meilleure  
Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,  
Triste d'ailleurs,  
Qui, comme une rosée,  
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,  
O mes amours!  
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre  
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,  
Pur de soupçons,  
Et toutes les caresses  
De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile  
Vogue au hasard,  
Et qui n'a pour étoile  
Que ton regard!

Because here on Earth every soul  
Gives to someone else  
Their music, their flame,  
Or their perfume;

Because here every thing  
Always gives  
Its thorn or its rose  
To its beloved,

Because April gives to the oak trees  
A charming sound;  
And the night gives to our pains  
Forgetfulness through sleep.

Because, as it arrives  
To find repose there,  
The bitter wave to the river  
Gives a kiss;

I give to you, at this hour,  
Inclined over you,  
The most wonderful thing  
That I have in myself!

Receive, then, my thought--  
Sad though it is,  
Which, like a dew,  
Reaches you as tear drops.

Receive my countless wishes,  
Oh my love!  
Receive the flame or shadow  
Of each of my days!

My raptures, passionate with drunkenness,  
Pure of all suspicions,  
And all the caresses  
Of my songs!

My spirit without a sail  
Wanders directionless,  
And has nothing for a guiding star  
But your gaze!

Reçois, mon bien céleste,  
O ma beauté,  
Mon coeur dont rien ne reste  
L'amour ôté!

Receive, my celestial one,  
Oh my beauty,  
My heart, upon which nothing rests,  
For its love has been stolen away!

### **Im Zimmer**

*Poetry by Johannes Schlaf*

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot  
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks in so silently.  
A little red fire  
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

So!—Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n.  
So ist mir gut;  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.  
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn!

Like this!—With my head on your knees.  
Like this I am content;  
When my eyes rest in yours like this.  
How gently the minutes pass!

### **Crescent Moon**

*Poetry by Amy Lowell*

Slipping softly through the sky  
Little horned, happy moon,  
Can you hear me up so high?  
Will you come down soon?

On my nursery window-sill  
Will you stay your steady flight?  
And then float away with me  
Through the summer night?

Brushing over tops of trees,  
Playing hide and seek with stars,  
Peeping up through shiny clouds  
At Jupiter or Mars.

I shall fill my lap with roses  
Gathered in the Milky Way,  
All to carry home to mother.  
Oh! what will she say!

Little rocking, sailing moon,  
Do you hear me shout — Ahoy!  
Just a little nearer, moon,  
To please a little boy.

## **Var det en dröm**

*Poetry by Josef Julius Wecksell*

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång  
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?  
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,  
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,  
en blick så blyg och öm;  
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.  
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort  
uti en vågrön ängd,  
vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort  
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst  
vid bittra tårars ström:  
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,  
det var din bästa dröm!

## **Sweet Thoughts of Home**

*Lyrics by Stanislaus Stangé*

Sweet as the wind from the golden south,  
Laden with perfumes, rare  
Sweet as the kiss on a maiden's mouth,  
When love is trembling there  
Sweet as the thoughts of a noble mind,  
Writ in an ancient tome,  
Sweet as the soul to temptation blind,  
Are the thoughts of home, sweet home.

Home, home, thoughts of home,  
Are with me night and day,  
They follow me on land on sea,  
At work, at rest, at play.  
Home, home, thoughts of home,  
Wherever I may roam,  
Fond memory wings,  
My heart e'er clings,  
To thoughts of home, sweet home.

Was it a dream, that once upon a blissful time  
I was your heart's friend?  
I remember it like a silent song  
Whose melody still lingers on.

I remember you gave me a rose  
With a look so shy and tender,  
I remember the glistening of a parting tear.  
Was it all just a dream?

A dream like a wildflower's life,  
So brief in the verdant meadow,  
Whose beauty quickly withers away  
Within an ocean of new flowers.

But on many a night I hear a voice  
Through a stream of bitter tears.  
Hide this memory deep in your heart  
For this was your best dream.

Sweet as the song of the nightingale,  
Borne on the evening breeze,  
Sweet as the words of a lover's tale,  
That is told 'neath the list'ning trees.  
Sweet as the notes of a dear old tune,  
Played while the day doth gloom,  
Sweet as the scent of the rose in June,  
Are the thoughts of home, sweet home.

Home, home, thoughts of home,  
Are with me night and day,  
They follow me on land on sea,  
At work, at rest, at play.  
Home, home, thoughts of home,  
Wherever I may roam,  
Fond memory wings,  
My heart e'er clings,  
To thoughts of home, sweet home.

### **Traum durch die Dämmerung**

*Poetry by Otto Julius Bierbaum*

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;  
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn;  
Nun geh' ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,  
Weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,  
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

Broad meadows in gray dusk;  
The sun has set, the stars come out,  
I go now to the loveliest woman,  
Far across meadows in gray dusk,  
Deep into the jasmine grove.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;  
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;  
Mich zieht ein weiches, samtenes Band  
durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,  
in ein blaues, mildes Licht.

Through gray dusk into the land of love;  
I do not go fast, I do not hurry;  
I am drawn by a soft velvet ribbon  
Through gray dusk into the land of love,  
into a gentle blue light.

### **Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour**

From *Les contes d'Hoffmann*, libretto by Jules Barbier

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,  
Souris à nos ivresses!  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
Ô belle nuit d'amour!  
Le temps fuit et sans retour  
Emporte nos tendresses,  
Loin de cet heureux séjour  
Le temps fuit sans retour.

Beautiful night, oh night of love,  
smile upon our joys!  
Night much sweeter than the day,  
oh beautiful night of love!  
Time flies by and carries away  
our tender caresses forever.  
Time flies far from this happy oasis  
and does not return.

Zéphyr embrasés,  
Versez-nous vos caresses,  
Zéphyr embrasés,  
Donnez-nous vos baisers!

Burning zephyrs,  
embrace us with your caresses,  
Burning zephyrs,  
give us your kisses!

### **Bright Rails**

*Poetry by Willa Cather*

How smoothly the train runs beyond the Missouri;  
even in my sleep I know when I have crossed the river. They run like running water,  
like youth running away...  
They spin... along their bright rails singing and humming, singing and humming, humming.  
They run remembering.  
They run rejoicing, as if they too were going home.  
How smoothly the train runs beyond the Missouri.

### **Stay in My Arms**

*Lyrics by Marc Blitzstein*

In this great city, where will I find one peaceful pretty spot where noise is not?  
A bit of quiet, untouched by all the hectic riot, would help things a lot.  
Our tempo's automatic; science reveals.  
Our pace is acrobatic; life moves on wheels.  
Here's my admission: I haven't very much ambition  
For the mad existence of our time.

Let's just be old fashioned,  
Let's just be lazy.  
The world's gone crazy,  
So stay in my arms.  
My most dear, come close, dear,  
Don't be afraid to.  
My hands were made to  
Shield you from alarms.

What's all the shooting for?  
Where are they rushing?  
Whom are they rooting for,  
Whom are they crushing?  
Forget them or let them  
Grow dim and hazy.  
The world's gone crazy,  
So stay in my arms.

Let's lie here, nearby here,  
'mid field and daisy.  
The world's gone crazy,

So stay in my arms.  
While millions of millions  
Go wildly prancing,  
I'll be romancing  
A song of your charms.

They dance a dance that kills,  
Mad and defenseless.  
Such jumping Jacks and Jills,  
It's all so senseless!  
I love you,  
You love me,  
That much is plain, dear.  
The world's insane, dear,  
So stay in my arms.

### **In a Sentimental Mood**

*Lyrics by Manny Kurtz*

In a sentimental mood  
I can see the stars come through my room,  
while your loving attitude  
is like a flame that lights the gloom.

On the wings of every kiss  
drifts a melody so strange and sweet.  
In this sentimental bliss  
you make my paradise complete.

Rose petals seem to fall,  
it's all like a dream to call you mine.  
My heart's a lighter thing  
since you made this night a thing divine.

In a sentimental mood,  
I'm within a world so heavenly,  
for I never dreamt that you'd  
be loving sentimental me.

### **Il neige**

*Poetry by Herman Bemberg*

Il neige, il neige,  
De gros flocons  
Comme du coton,

It's snowing, it's snowing,  
big flakes  
just like cotton

Qui tombent sur les toits tout blancs,  
Et les petits oiseaux peureux  
Se peletonnent entr'eux  
Avec des airs frileux,  
En fermant les yeux.  
Il neige, il neige,  
Tout est couvert d'un blanc manteau de neige!

Il neige, il neige,  
Comme il fait froid  
Par les durs frimas,  
Qui glacent nos âmes d'effroi!  
Et se sentant très malheureux  
Les jeunes coeurs amoureux,  
Deux à deux  
Se réchauffent entr'eux.  
Il neige, il neige,  
Tout passe, tout s'efface sous la neige!

### **Come, Ever-Smiling Liberty**

From *Judas Maccabaeus*, text based on a libretto by Thomas Morell

Come, ever-smiling liberty,  
And with thee bring they jocund train.  
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,  
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

### **Jerusalem of Gold**

*Lyrics by Naomi Shemer*

Avir harim tsalul kayayim  
V'reyach oranim  
Nissa beru'ach ha'arbayim  
Im kol pa'amonim.

Uv'tardemat ilan va'even  
Shvuyah bachalomah  
Ha'ir asher badad yoshevet  
Uvelibah - chomah.

Yerushalayim shel zahav  
Veshel nechoshet veshel or  
Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.

that fall upon the roofs, already white.  
And the little frightened birds  
cuddle up together  
shuddering from the cold,  
closing their eyes.  
It's snowing, it's snowing,  
everything is covered in a white blanket of snow!

It's snowing, it's snowing,  
how cold it is  
from the harsh wintry weather,  
that freezes our souls in fear!  
And feeling very unhappy  
the young loving hearts,  
two by two,  
warm themselves together.  
It's snowing, it's snowing,  
everything passes, all disappears beneath the snow!

The mountain air is clear as water  
The scent of pines  
Is carried on the breeze of twilight,  
And tinkling bells resound.

The trees and stones there softly slumber,  
A dream enfolds them all.  
So solitary lies the city,  
And at its heart--a wall.

Jerusalem of gold,  
and of light and of bronze,  
I am the lute for all your songs.

Chazarnu el borot hamayim  
Lashuk velakikar  
Shofar koreh behar habayit  
ba'ir ha'atikah.

Uvam'arot asher baselah  
Alfei shmashot zorchot  
Nashuv nered el Yam Hamelach  
B'derech Yericho

Yerushalayim shel zahav  
Veshel nechoshet veshel or  
Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.

The wells are filled again with water,  
The square with a joyous crowd,  
On the Temple Mount within the City,  
The shofar rings out loud.

Within the caverns in the mountains  
A thousand suns will glow,  
We'll take the Dead Sea road together,  
That runs through Jericho.

Jerusalem of gold,  
and of light and of bronze,  
I am the lute for all your songs.

### **Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

*Poetry by Robert Frost*

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

### **'S Wonderful**

*Lyrics by Ira Gershwin*

Life has just begun.  
Jack has found his Jill.

Don't know what you've done,  
But I'm all a-thrill.



How can words express  
Your divine appeal?  
You can never guess  
All the love I feel.

You made all other boys seem blah;  
Just you alone filled me with Aah!

'S wonderful! 'S marvelous!  
You should care for me!  
'S awful nice! 'S paradise!  
'S what I love to see!

You've made my life so glamorous  
You can't blame me for feeling amorous.  
Oh! 'S wonderful! 'S marvelous!  
That you should care for me!

'S wonderful! 'S marvelous!  
You should care for me!  
'S awful nice! 'S paradise!  
'S what I love to see!

My dear, it's four-leaf clover time,  
From now on my heart's working overtime.  
Oh! 'S wonderful! 'S marvelous!  
That you should care for me!

### **I Could Write a Book**

*Lyrics by Lorenz Hart*

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,  
I never learned to spell,  
at least not well.  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
I never learned to count a great amount.  
But my busy mind is burning to use what learning I've got.  
I won't waste any time; I'll strike while the iron is hot.

If they asked me, I could write a book  
about the way you walk and whisper and look.  
I could write a preface on how we met  
so the world would never forget.

And the simple secret of the plot  
is just to tell them that I love you a lot.  
Then the world discovers, as my book ends,  
how to make two lovers of friends.

### **Blue Skies**

From *Betsy*, lyrics by Irving Berlin

I was blue just as blue as I could be.  
Every day was a cloudy day for me.  
Then good luck came a-knocking at my door.  
Skies were gray, but they're not gray anymore.

Blue skies smiling at me.  
Nothing but blue skies do I see.  
Bluebirds singing a song;  
nothing but bluebirds all day long.  
Never saw the sun shining so bright.  
Never saw things going so right.  
Noticing the days hurrying by;  
when you're in love, my, how they fly.  
Blue days, all of them gone.  
Nothing but blue skies from now on.