

# Junior Recital of Olivia Wexler

## Texts & Translations

Translations by *Bard Suverkrop* unless otherwise noted

**Composer: Automne by Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**

**Poet: Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)**

### Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux  
horizons navrants.  
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,  
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,  
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets  
mes esprits emportés,  
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!  
Parcourent, en rêvant,  
les coteaux enchantés,  
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.

Je sens, au clair soleil  
du souvenir vainqueur,  
Refleurir en bouquet  
les roses déliées,  
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,  
qu'en mon cœur,  
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

### Autumn

Autumn with skies misty, with  
horizons distressing,  
with rapid sunsets, with dawns pale,  
I watch flow by, like torrential water,  
your days filled with melancholy.

On the wings of regrets  
my spirits borne away,  
as if our life could be reborn!  
wander, while dreaming,  
the hills enchanted,  
where once smiled my youth.

I feel, in the bright sunlight  
of memory triumphant,  
flowering again in bouquets  
the roses untied;  
and rise to my eyes some tears,  
which in my heart,  
my twenty years had forgotten!

**Poet: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)**

**Spleen**

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville.  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre on cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,  
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans mon cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Mon deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

**Poet: Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)**

**La fée aux chansons**

Il était une Fée  
D'herbe folle coiffée  
Qui courait les buissons,  
Sans s'y laisser surprendre,  
En Avril, pour apprendre  
Aux oiseaux leurs chansons.

**Spleen**

It weeps in my heart  
as it rains on the town.  
What is this lethargy  
that pervades my heart?

Oh sound soft of the rain  
on the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart which grows listless  
oh, the song of the rain!

It weeps without reason  
in my heart which sickens.  
What! No betrayal?  
My grief is without reason.

It is truly the worst pain  
to not know why,  
without love and without hatred,  
my heart feels such pain.

**The Song Fairy**

There was a fairy  
with wild grass in her hair,  
who ran about the bushes,  
without being seen,  
in April, to teach  
the birds their songs.

Lorsque geais et linottes  
Faisaient des fausses notes  
En récitant leurs chants  
La Fée, avec constance,  
Gourmandait d'importance  
Ces élèves méchants.

Sa petite main nue,  
D'un brin d'herbe menue  
Cueilli dans les halliers  
Pour stimuler leurs zèles,  
Fouettait sur leurs ailes  
Ces mauvais écoliers.

Par un matin d'automne,  
Elle vient et s'étonne,  
De voir les bois deserts:  
Avec les hirondelles  
Ses amis infidèles  
Avaient fui dans les airs.

Et tout l'hiver la Fée,  
D'herbe morte coiffée,  
Et comptant les instants  
Sous les forêts immenses,  
Compose des romances  
Pour le prochain Printemps!

When jays and linnets  
sang some notes wrong  
while singing their songs,  
the fairy, with steadfastness,  
would scold with severity  
those pupils naughty.

Her little hand bare,  
with a tiny blade of grass  
plucked in the thickets,  
to stimulate their zeal,  
whipped on their wings  
those bad students.

On a morning in autumn  
she came and was astonished,  
to see the woods deserted;  
with the swallows  
the friends unfaithful  
had fled into the air.

And all winter the fairy  
with dead grass in her hair,  
and counting the minutes  
in the forests vast,  
composes some romances  
for the next spring!

**Composer: Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)**

**Poet: Josef Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788-1857)**

**Nachtwanderer**

Ich wander durch die stille Nacht,  
Da schleicht der Mond  
so heimlich sacht  
oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle.  
Und hin und her im Tal,  
erwacht die Nachtigall  
dann wieder alles grau und stille.  
O wunderbarer Nachtgesang,  
Von fern im Land  
Der Ströme Gang,  
leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen,  
irrst die Gedanken mir,  
mein wirres Singen hier,  
ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen,  
mein singen ist ein Rufen,  
ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

**Poet: Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860)**

**Suleika**

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beniede:  
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!  
  
Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;

**Night Wanderer**

I walk through the quiet night;  
there steals the moon  
so secretly gently,  
often out of the dark cloud over.  
And here and there in the valley  
awakens a nightingale  
then again all is gray and still.  
Oh wonderful night song,  
from far off in the country  
the stream's moves,  
gentle trembling in the dark trees  
crazy are the thoughts mine,  
my disordered singing here,  
is like a cry only from dreams,  
my singing is a cry,  
a cry only from dreams.

**Suleika**

Ah, of your moist wings,  
West Wind, how much I envy you:  
for you can bring him tidings  
of how I suffer in separation!  
  
The movement of your wings  
awakens quiet longing in the breast;

Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel  
Steh'n bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

flowers, meadows, forest and hill  
stand with your breath in tears.

Doch dein mildes saftes Wehen  
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;  
Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen,  
Hofft' ich nicht zu seh'n ihn wieder.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing  
cools the sore eyelids;  
ah, for sorrow would I have to die,  
if I could not hope to see him again.

Eile den zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben  
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Hurry then to my beloved,  
speak softly to his heart;  
but avoid him to sadden,  
and conceal from him my pains.

Sag' ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Tell him, but tell-it simply,  
his love is my life,  
joyous feeling of both (love and life)  
will his nearness give to me.

**Composer: Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)**

**Poet: Alberto Donaudy (1879-1925)**

**Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti**

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,  
rimanete sempre in fior;  
che l'estate non vi sementi,  
che l'autunno non vi travolga,  
che la morta stagion non tolga  
tanto magico splendor.

**Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti**

Cool places, meadows fragrant,  
remain always in flower;  
let summer not go to seed,  
let autumn not overwhelm you,  
let the dead season not take from you  
your rich magical splendor.

Voglio un di vagar con lei  
fra sì verde soavità,

I want one day to walk with her  
amid such green softness,

quando alfin gli affanni miei  
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,  
rimanete sempre in fior;  
che nessuna stagion vi tolga  
tanto magico splendor.

E voi pur, ruscelli chiari,  
che di già correte al mar,  
di vostr'acque non siate avari  
nelle tarde stagion dell'anno,  
non unite anche voi l'inganno  
d'un sì breve prosperer.

Vo' specchiarmi  
un dì con lei  
nelle vostre chiarità,  
quando alfin gli affanni miei  
lei d'intender mostrerà.

**Or che le rèdole**

Or che le rèdole verdi ritornano,  
che veston fiori  
i cespi ancor,  
d'intrecciar danze tempo è tornato;  
vieni sul prato  
fiore tra i fior.

Giga o furlana vieni a danzare,  
di tarlatana tutta vestita.

when at last the anguish mine  
she to understand will be shown.

Cool places, meadows fragrant,  
remain always in flower,  
let no season take from you  
your rich magical splendor.

And you then, streams clear,  
which are running quickly to the sea,  
do not let your waters run low  
in the late season of the year,  
do not subscribe to the deception  
of the summer's brief abundance.

I want myself to be reflected  
one day with her  
in your clarity,  
when at last the anguish mine  
she to understand will be shown.

**Or che le rèdole**

Now that the paths green return,  
that are clothed with flowers  
the bushes also,  
the time for dancing has returned;  
come to the meadow,  
flower among the flowers.

Gigue or forlana come to dance,  
in light cotton all dressed.

Stringerti per la vita  
parlandoti d'amore:  
altro dolzore  
non so sperar.

Nel lieve fremito d'un giro  
destasi tale un diletto, un tale ardor,  
ch'ogni altro affanno  
è presto obliato;  
vieni sul prato,  
fiore tra i fior.

Come close for life  
speaks to you of love:  
another sweetness  
not I know to hope for.

In the light thrill of a turn  
awakes such a delight, a such ardor,  
that every other anxiety  
is immediately forgotten;  
come to the meadow,  
flower among the flowers.

**Composer: Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)**

**Poet: Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)**

**Jeg elsker dig**

Min Tankes Tanke ene  
du er vorden,  
Du er mit Hjertes første Kjærlighed,  
Jeg elsker Dig, son Ingen her paa Jorden,  
Jeg elsker dig i Tid og Evighed!

**I Love Thee**

My thought's center has become  
only of you,  
you are my heart's first beloved,  
I love you as none here on earth,  
I love you through time and eternity!

*Translation by Nils Lid Hjort*