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| J.S. Bach – Magnificat BWV 243  **N.2 Et Exultavit**    *Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo* | and my spirit has exulted in God my savior |
| G. F. Handel – Rinaldo  Scene V - Armida’s aria – **Furie terribili**    Furie terribili, Circondatemi, Seguitatemi,  Con faci horribili! | **Terrible furies**    Ye Furies most terrible, Surround me, Follow me, With faces most horrible! |
| G. Mahler – Rückert Lieder  **I. Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!**    Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!  Meine Augen schlag’ ich nieder,  Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.  Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,  Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.  Deine Neugier ist Verrat!  Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,  Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,  Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.  Wenn die reichen Honigwaben  Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,  Dann vor allen nasche du! | **I. Do not look into my songs!**    Do not look into my songs!  I lower my gaze,  As if caught in the act.  I dare not even trust myself  To watch them growing.  Your curiosity is treason.  Bees, when they build cells,  Let no one watch either,  And do not even watch themselves.  When the rich honeycombs  Have been brought to daylight,  You shall be the first to taste! |
| **II. Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft**    Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft!  Im Zimmer stand  Ein Zweig der Linde,  Ein Angebinde  Von lieber Hand.  Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!  Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!  Das Lindenreis  Brachst du gelinde;  Ich atme leis  Im Duft der Linde  Der Liebe linden Duft | **II. I breathed a gentle fragrance!**    I breathed a gentle fragrance!  In the room stood  A spray of lime,  A gift  From a dear hand.  How lovely the fragrance of lime was!  How lovely the fragrance of lime is!  The spray of lime  Was gently plucked by you;  Softly I breathe  In the fragrance of lime  The gentle fragrance of love. |
| **III. Liebst du um Schönheit**    Liebst du um Schönheit,  O nicht mich liebe!  Liebe die Sonne,  Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.  Liebst du um Jugend,  O nicht mich liebe!  Liebe den Frühling,  Der jung ist jedes Jahr.  Liebst du um Schätze,  O nicht mich liebe!  Liebe die Meerfrau,  Sie hat viel Perlen klar.  Liebst du um Liebe,  O ja, mich liebe!  Liebe mich immer,  Dich lieb’ ich immerdar. | **III. If you love for beauty**    If you love for beauty,  O love not me!  Love the sun,  She has golden hair.  If you love for youth,  O love not me!  Love the spring  Which is young each year.  If you love for riches,  O love not me!  Love the mermaid  Who has many shining pearls.  If you love for love,  Ah yes, love me!  Love me always,  I shall love you ever more. |
| **IV. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**    Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,  Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,  Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,  Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!  Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,  Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,  Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,  Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.  Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,  Und ruh’ in einem stillen Gebiet!  Ich leb’ allein in meinem Himmel,  In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied! | **IV. I am lost to the world**    I am lost to the world  With which I used to waste much time;  It has for so long known nothing of me,  It may well believe that I am dead.  Nor am I at all concerned  If it should think that I am dead.  Nor can I deny it,  For truly I am dead to the world.  I am dead to the world’s tumult  And rest in a quiet realm!  I live alone in my heaven,  In my love, in my song! |
| **V. Um Mitternacht**    Um Mitternacht  Hab’ ich gewacht  Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;  Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel  Hat mir gelacht  Um Mitternacht.  Um Mitternacht  Hab’ ich gedacht  Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.  Es hat kein Lichtgedanken  Mir Trost gebracht  Um Mitternacht.  Um Mitternacht  Nahm ich in acht  Die Schläge meines Herzens;  Ein einz’ger Puls des Schmerzes  War angefacht  Um Mitternacht.  Um Mitternacht  Kämpft’ ich die Schlacht,  O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;  Nicht konnt’ ich sie entscheiden  Mit meiner Macht  Um Mitternacht.  Um Mitternacht  Hab’ ich die Macht  In deine Hand gegeben!  Herr! über Tod und Leben  Du hältst die Wacht  Um Mitternacht! | **V. At midnight**    At midnight  I kept watch  And looked up to heaven;  Not a star in the galaxy  Smiled on me  At midnight.  At midnight  My thoughts went out  To the dark reaches of space;  No shining thought  Brought me comfort  At midnight.  At midnight  I paid heed  To the beating of my heart;  A single pulse of pain  Was set alight  At midnight.  At midnight  I fought the battle,  O Mankind, of your afflictions;  I could not gain victory  By my own strength  At midnight.  At midnight  I gave my strength  Into Thy hands!  Lord over life and death,  Thou keepest watch  At midnight. |
| J. Massenet – Le Cid  Chimène's aria - **Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!**    De cet affreux combat je sors l'âme brisée!  Mais enfin je suis libre et je pourrai du moins  Soupirer sans contrainte et souffrir sans témoins.    Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux! tombez triste rosée  Qu'un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!  S'il me reste un espoir, c'est de bientôt mourir!  Pleurez mes yeux, pleurez toutes vox larmes! pleurez mes yeux!    Mais qui donc a voulu l'éternité des pleurs?  O chers ensevelis, trouvez-vous tant de charmes à léguer aux vivants d'implacables douleurs?  Hélas! je me souviens, il me disait:  Avec ton doux sourire...  Tu ne saurais jamais conduire  Qu'aux chemins glorieux ou qu'aux sentiers bénis!    Ah! mon père! Hélas!  Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!  Tombez triste rosée  Qu'un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!  Pleurez mes yeux!  Ah! pleurez toutes vos larmes! pleurez mes yeux! | **Cry! cry my eyes!**    From this dreadful fight I come out with a broken soul!  But anyway I'm free and at least I can  Sigh without constraint and suffer without witnesses.    Cry! cry my eyes! fall sad dew  That a ray of sunshine must never dry up!  If I have one hope left, it's to die soon!  Cry my eyes, cry all your tears! cry my eyes!    But who then wanted the eternity of tears?  O dear buried ones, do you find so many charms to bequeath to the living with implacable pain?  Alas! I remember, he said to me:  With your sweet smile ...  You would never know how to drive  Whether on glorious paths or on blessed paths!    Ah! my father! Alas!  Cry! cry my eyes!  Fall sad dew  That a ray of sunshine must never dry up!  Cry my eyes!  Ah! cry all your tears! cry my eyes! |
| C. Debussy – Trois Chansons de Bilitis  **I. La flûte de Pan**    Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m’a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.    Il m’apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si  doucement que je l’entends à peine.    Nous n’avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes  près l’un de l’autre; mais nos chansons veulent se  répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s’unissent sur la flûte.    Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui  commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue. | **The Flute of Pan**    For Hyacinthus day he has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds, bound with white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey.    He teaches me to play, sitting on his knee; but I am a little tremulous. He plays it after me, so softly that I scarcely hear it.    We have nothing to say, so close we are to each other; but our songs wish to respond, and from time to time our mouths join upon the flute.        It is late; here the song of the green frogs that begins at nightfall. My mother will never believe that I have stayed so long to look for my lost girdle. |
| **II. La chevelure**    Il m’a dit: «Cette nuit, j’ai rêvé. J’avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J’avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.  «Je les caressais, et c’étaient les miens; et nous  étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n’ont souvent qu’une racine.  «Et peu à peu, il m’a semblé, tant nos membres  étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe.»    Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d’un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson. | **II. The Tresses of Hair**    He said to me: ‘Tonight I dreamed, I had the tresses of your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black circlet around the nape of my neck and on my breast.  I caressed it and it was my own; and we were united for ever thus, by the same tresses mouth upon mouth, like two laurels that often have but on root.  And little by little, it seemed to me, so intermingled were our limbs, that I became part of you or you entered into me like my dream.’    When he had done, he put his hands gently on my shoulders, and he looked at me with so tender a look, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver. |
| **III. Le tombeau des Naiades**    Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.    Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»—«Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts. «Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n’a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d’un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»    Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers. | **III. The Tomb of the Naiads**    Along the wood covered with frost I walked; my hair, hanging down before my mouth, was bespangled with little icicles,  and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.  He said to me: ‘What do you seek?’ – ‘I follow the track of the satyr. His little cloven hoof marks alternate like holes in a white mantle.’  He said to me: ‘The satyrs are dead. The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so terrible a winter.  The track that you see is that of a buck. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.’    And with the iron of his spade he broke the ice of the spring where formerly the naiads had laughed. He took some big, cold pieces, and raising them towards the pallid sky he looked through them. |
| Waldemar Henrique – **I. Cobra-Grande**    Credo! Cruz!  La vem a Cobra-Grande  La vem a Boi-Una de prata!  A danada vem rente à beira do rio  E o vendo grita alto no meio da mata!  Credo! Cruz!    Cunhantã te esconde  La vem a Cobra-Grande  Faz depressa uma oração  Pra ela não te levar    A floresta tremeu quando ela saiu  Quem estava lá perto de medo fugiu  E a Boi-Uma passou logo tão depressa,  Que somente um clarão foi que se viu    Cunhantã te esconde  La vem a Cobra-Grande  Faz depressa uma oração  Pra ela não te levar    A noiva cunhantã está dormindo medrosa,  Agarrada com forca no punho da rede,  E o luar foz mortalha em cima dela,  Pela fresta quebrada da janela  Êh Cobra-Grande  La vai ela... | **Cobra-Grande (Big Snake)**    Creed! Cross!  There comes the Cobra-Grande  Here comes the silver Boi-Una!  The damn comes close to the river  And the wind screams loudly in the middle of the forest!  Creed! Cross!    Cunhantã, hide  There comes the Cobra-Grande  Say a prayer quickly  So it won't take you    The forest trembled when she left  Whoever was close of fear ran away  And the Boi-Una passed by so quickly,  That only a lighting was seen    Cunhantã, hide  There comes the Cobra-Grande  Say a prayer quickly  So it won't take you    The cunhantã bride is sleeping fearfully,  Gripped tightly on the hammock's fist,  And the moonlight shrouds over her,  Through the broken window  Ah Cobra-Grande  There it goes ... |
| **II. Curupira**    Já andei três dias e três noites pelo mato sem parar  E no meu caminho não encontrei nenhuma caça pra matar  Só escuto pela frente, pelo lado, o Curupira me chamar  Ora aqui, ora ali, se escondendo sem parar num só lugar    Por esse danado muitas vezes me perdi na caminhada  E nem Padre-Nosso me livrou desse malvado da estrada    Curupira feiticeiro! Sai detrás do castanheiro, pula pra frente, defronta com a gente, negrinho, covarde, matreiro.  Deixa o caboclo passar! | **II. Curupira**    I've walked three days and three nights in the forest without stopping  And on my way I found no hunting to kill  I only hear from the front, from the side, Curupira calling me  Now here, now there, hiding nonstop in one place    For that darn many times I got lost on the walk  And not even Our Father saved me from this bad guy on the road      Curupira sorcerer! Get out behind the chestnut tree, jump forward, face us, prat, cowardly, shifty.  Let the caboclo pass! |
| **III. Manhã-Nungára**    Do alto palmar duma jussára  Vem o triste piar da iumára.    Os tajás pelo terreiro estão chorando  E no rio resfolegando,  O boto-branco boiou!    Sentada na rede, cunha está rezando  A reza que Manhã-Nungára ensinou    - Tupã, quem foi que me enfeitiçou?  -Manhã-Nungára!    O grito rolou pela caiçara, Mai-velha se espantou.  Embaixo na treva do rio  Dois corpos em cio,  Lutando enxergou.    E pelo barranco de novo soou  O grito de angústia que a cria soltou:  -Manhã-Nungára! | **III. Manhã-Nungára**    From the high palmar of a jussara (palm tree)  Comes the sad hooting of the iumara (bird).    The tajas (indigenous) are by the yard crying  And in the river snorting,  The white dolphin floated!    Sitting in the hammock, cunha (bride) is praying  The prayer that Manha-Nungara taught    - Tupan, who was it that bewitched me?  -Manha-Nungara!    The scream rolled through the caiçara, Mai-velha (old mother) was startled.  Down in the darkness of the river  Two bodies in heat,  Struggling she saw.  And through the ravine it sounded again  The cry of anguish that created her let out:  -Manha-Nungara! |