

A vuchella
Ideale
Tu lo sai

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Giuseppe Torelli (1658-1709)

Chanson triste
Extase
L'invitation au voyage
Phidylé

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

INTERMISSION

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4
Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Dear Theo

1. The Red Vineyard
2. I Found a Woman
3. Little One
4. The Man I Have to Paint
5. When I'm At Work
6. Already Broken
7. Souvenir

Ben Moore (b. 1960)

A vucchella

Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassulatella.

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
è comm'a na rusella
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!

Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,

che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassulatella...

Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.

E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,
In quel girone scordai.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.

Tu lo sai

Tu lo sai, quanto ta mai, tu lo sai, lo sai crudel!
Io non bramo altra mercé, ma ricordati di me,
e poi sprezza un infedel!

A Sweet Mouth

Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.

Please give it to me
it's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannetella!

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

The Ideal One

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
across the paths of the sky:
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of the night.

I felt you in the light, in the air,
in the scent of the flowers;
the lonely room was full
of you and your beauty.

Entranced by you, by the sound of your voice,
I dreamed at length;
and all the trouble and anguish of the world
were forgotten in that dream.

Come back, dear perfection,
come back for a moment and smile on me again,
and from your face will shine on me,
a new dawn.

You know full well

You know how much I love you,
you know it, yes, you know it cruel one! I do not desire other
compensation,
but that you remember me
and then despise an unfaithful one!

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh ! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
peut-être je guérirai.

Extase

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort D'un sommeil doux comme la
mort: Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien aimée:
Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Sad Song

In your heart moonlight sleeps, gentle summer moonlight,
and to escape from the stress of life
I will drown myself in your radiance.

I will forget past sorrows,
my love, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving peacefulness of your arms.

You will take my aching head Oh! sometimes upon your knee
and will relate a ballad
that seems to speak of ourselves.

And in your eyes full of sorrows,
in your eyes then will I drink
so deeply of kisses and of tenderness t
That, perhaps, I shall be healed...

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
a sleep sweet as death... Exquisite death, death perfumed by
the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart sleeps a sleep as sweet as death...

Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
dream of the sweetness
of going yonder to live together!
To love at leisure,
to love and to die
in a country that resembles you!
The humid suns
of these hazy skies
have for my spirit the charm
so mysterious
of your betraying eyes,
shining through their tears.
There, all is order and beauty,
luxuriousness, calm and sensuous delight

See on these canals
these sleeping ships
whose nature is to roam;
it is to fulfill
your least desire
that they come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
invest the fields,
the canals, the whole town,
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light!
There, all is order and beauty,
luxuriousness, calm and sensuous delight.

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? —nichts.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleeping under the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which in the flowery meadows arise in a thousand rills,
to be lost under dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! the midday sun on the leaves
is shining and invites you to sleep!
In the clover and the thyme, alone,
in full sunlight the hovering bees are humming;

a warm fragrance haunts the winding paths,
the red poppy of the cornfield droops,
and the birds, skimming the hill on the wing
seek the shade of the sweet briar.

But when the sun, sinking lower on its resplendent orbit,
finds its fire abated,
let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss
reward me for my waiting!

Nothing

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.

Ask me the color of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her bearing,
Ah! what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone? —nothing.

All Soul's Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red aster,
and let us speak of love again,
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
if people see I do not care;
give me but one of your sweet looks
as once in May.

Each grave today has flowers, is fragrant,
for one day of the year the dead are free,
come close to my heart, and so be mine again,
as once in May.

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Stunde die mir beschieden sind.

Ob auch der Himmel trübe, kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe Goldsonn'ge Pracht.
Und liegt die Welt in Sünden, so tut mir's weh—
Die arge muß erblinden vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Morning

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth...

and to the shore, broad, blue-waved
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll gaze,
and on us will fall joy's speechless silence...

I bear my love, with rapture mute

I bear my love, with rapture mute,
about with me in heart and thought.
Yes, that I have found you, sweet child,
Will cheer me all my allotted days.

And though skies be dim, the night coal-black,
bright shines the gold sun's splendor of my love.
And though the world may sinfully lie, I'm sorry—
the world must be blinded by your purity's snow.

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held
high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

The Red Vineyard

But if only you had been with us on Sunday, when we saw a red vineyard, all red like red wine. In the distance it turned to yellow, and then a green sky with the sun, the earth after the rain violet, sparkling yellow here and there where it caught the reflection of the setting sun.

Oh Theo, brother...I must also have a starry night with cypresses, or surmounting a field of ripe corn; there are such wonderful nights here. I am in a continual fever of work...I hope the weather is as fine in Paris as it is here...write as soon as you can. Ever yours,
Vincent.

I Found a Woman

I found a woman, not young, not beautiful. But oh this woman, she had a charm for me. It's not the first time I was unable to resist that feeling of affection. Yes, affection and love for these women who are so damned and condemned. I do not condemn them. I do not condemn them. Would you think that I have never felt the need for love? Would you think that I have never felt the need for love? We talked about her life, about her cares, about her misery. We talked about everything, brother. Everything.

Little One

Often I think of your little one, The-o, and what he means to you now in your life. Surely it's better to have a child than to expend all one's vigor as I have. Often I think of him there in his cradle. But for myself, I'm too old, too old to desire something else. Yet often I think of your baby, your baby. Oh Theo, I'm hard at work and still I say it's better by far to have a child. But, for myself, that desire was gone long ago. Long ago. Gone.

The Man I Have to Paint

I think of the man I have to paint. Terrible in the furnace of the full ardors of the harvest at the heart of the south. Hence the orange shades like storm flashes vivid as red hot iron and hence the luminous tones of the old gold in the shadows. Oh my dear boy, and the nice people will only see the exaggeration as caricature! The only choice I have is between being a good painter and a bad one. I choose the first. But the needs of painting are like those of a ruinous mistress: you can do nothing without money. And you never have enough of it. If you should happen to send a little extra this month I would be most grateful.

When I'm at Work

But when I'm at work I feel an unlimited faith in art and that I shall succeed. And when doubt overwhelms me I try to defeat it by setting to work once again. Poverty is at my back but I'm still at work. I'm still at work. Gauguin and I, our arguments are electric! Our arguments are electric! And when that delirium of mine shakes all I dearly love, I do not accept it as reality. I do not accept it! I do not accept it! I'm still at work. I'm still at work.

Already Broken

At times I feel already broken. And what will come of it I do not know. My deepest hope remains the same as you well know, brother: that I might be a lighter burden in your life. But I can see a time that's just on the horizon, a time when you might show my pictures with no shame. It's true I'm often sick and troubled. But there is harmony inside of me. For in the poorest little hut I see a picture. And I believe that very soon, yes very soon dear brother you will be proud to show my work. You will be satisfied, I'm sure. You will have something for your sacrifices, brother. Soon.

At times I feel already broken.

Souvenir

I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that I might offer in the shape of some-thing true, the shape of drawings and of pictures. I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see, to those with eyes who care to see that this man felt deeply, that this man felt deeply. I know I'll never do what I intended. Success requires a nature unlike mine. My strength has been depleted far too quickly, far too quickly, but for others, Theo, yes for others, Theo, there is a chance. There is a chance for something more. There is a chance for something more. If only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine. There is a chance, there is a chance, there is a chance for something more. A souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see that here was someone who felt deeply, brother, dear brother, dear Theo.