

Respighi Cinque Liriche and songs by Debussy, James Francis Brown, Peter Fribbins, Richard Hageman and Kerry Woodward

Alice Bishop - Soprano

Simon Marlow – Piano

Song Texts and Translations

Cinque Liriche

1 **Tempi assai lontani**

Poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Translation by Roberto Ascoli

Come l'ombra di cara estinta vita
Sono i giorni lontani:
Un'armonia per sempre omai fuggita,
Una speme per sempre omai vanita,
Un dolce amor che non avrà domani
Sono i giorni lontani.
E quanti sogni nella notte fonda
Di quel tempo passato!
Ogni giorno pareva triste o gioconda ombra
Che si proietta e si diffonda,
Illudendo che a lungo avria durato:
Tale il tempo passato!
Che mordente rammarico e che duolo
Pei di lontani tanto!
Son come un esil morto corpicciuolo
Che il padre veglia,
E infin gli resta, solo di sua grazia,
Il ricordo ed il rimpianto dei di lontani tanto.

*Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.
There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last--
That Time long past.
There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
'Tis like a child's beloved corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
From Time long past.*

2 **Canto funebre**

Poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Translation by Roberto Ascoli

Rude vento, che diffondi in suon di pianto
Un dolore troppo triste per un canto;
Fiero vento che se il ciel di nubi è fosco,
Fai suonar di notte a morto le campane;
Uragano, le cui lagrime son vane;
E tu, cupo dalle nude rame o bosco;
O spelonche funerarie, o mar profondo,
Voi piangete, voi piangete il mal del mondo.

*Rough wind that moanest loud,
Grief too sad for song
Wild wind when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail! for the world's wrong.*

3

Par les soirs*Poem by Jacques d'Adelsward-Fersen*

Vaguement et long temps aux mauves crepuscules,
 Nous irons conquérir des mondes fabuleux,
 Lorsqu'un peu d'infini vers l'horizon recule,
 Lorsque le ciel profond est moins bleu que tes yeux.
 Il semble que le soir par teintes incertaines,
 Reflète la splendeur magnifique des mers.
 Les vagues du soleil comme un triomphe clair
 Ont l'air de conquérir les étendues lointaines.
 Les mains unies, le cœur pensif en écoutant
 Mourir la terre au fond des bois et près des villes,
 Nous sentirons en nous une aurore tranquille,
 Etinceler parmi les fêtes du couchant
 Et la mélancolie entr'ouvrira ses voiles,
 Pour cueillir et bercer nos deux amours en fleurs,
 Si bien qu'à la douceur de la première étoile,
 Nous serons deux enfants n'ayant qu'un même cœur!

*Vaguely, slowly, during purple-hued sunsets,
 We'll reach those imaginary lands,
 Just as that instant of infinite beauty slips down to the horizon
 When your eyes turn a darker blue than the deep heavens
 above.
 When the evening, with its pale shades, seems to
 Reflect the magnificent splendour of the seas.
 The sun's last rays, lighting up the landscape in glory, Have the
 air of conquering those distant lands.
 Hand in hand, our hearts ponder as they listen
 To the dying earth down in the woods and around the towns,
 And yet we feel within a dawn of tranquillity
 That shines out thanks to the spectacle of the setting sun
 And the melancholy we feel will lift,
 So that our love is embraced and gathered like flowers,
 And with the welcome appearance of the first star We'll be two
 children with just one heart!*

4

Par l'étreinte*Poem by Jacques d'Adelsward-Fersen*

Tu es venu, la chambre est parfumée de toi,
 Et comme une assonance exquise de ta voix,
 J'écris ces mots d'amour qui chantent dans mon âme.
 Oh, non jamais le ciel d'azure, le ciel de flamme,
 Même le ciel pâli par les soleils mourants,
 Ne m'a semblé plu veau et plu divin vraiment
 Que tes yeux tout à l'heure entr'ouverts sous mes lèvres,
 Ils avaient l'air d'oiseaux qui auraient eu la fièvre,
 Je sentais leur douceur longuement m'enivrer
 Nous étions des enfants lorsqu'on s'est rencontré,
 Aujourd'hui nos désirs ont entr'ouvert leurs ailes,
 Et la gloire de la vie à l'amitié fidèle,
 Jettera dans nos cœurs des germes d'Infini!

*You came and the room filled with your perfume,
 And like the delicate echo of your voice,
 I'm writing these words of love that sing in my soul.
 Oh, never has the deep blue sky, the blazing red sky,
 Even the most delicate sunset sky
 Seemed so beautiful or divine
 As your eyes as they just now looked into mine as I kissed you.
 Like someone raging with fever
 I felt their gentleness intoxicate me for ages.
 We were like children, who've just met again,
 Our desires just starting to open their wings
 And our joie de vivre and great friendship
 Will sow seeds of Infinity in our hearts!*

5

La fine*Poem by Rabindranath Tagore**Translation by Clary Zannoni Chauvet*

È tempo per me d'andare, mamma, me ne vado.
 Quando nell'oscurità pallente dell'alba solitaria
 Tu stenderai le braccia al tuo piccino che è nel letto,
 Io ti dirò "Il bimbo non c'è Mamma, me ne vado."
 Diventerò un delicato soffio d'aria e ti carezzerò
 E incresperò l'acqua mentre ti bagni e ti bacerò.
 Ti bacerò ancora.
 Nella notte tempestosa mentre la pioggia batte sulle foglie
 Tu m'udrai bisbigliare nel tuo letto,

*It is time for me to go, Mother I am going.
 When in the paling darkness of the lonely dawn
 you stretch out your arms for your baby in the bed,
 I shall say, "Baby is not there!" - Mother, I am going.
 I shall become a delicate draught of air and caress
 you and I shall be ripples in the water when you bathe,
 and kiss you and kiss you again.
 In the gusty night when the rain patters on the
 Leaves you will hear my whisper in your bed,*

E il mio riso splenderà
 Con il lampo attraverso la finestra aperta
 Nella tua stanza.
 Se tu veglierai fin tardi nella notte
 Pensando al tuo piccino
 Io ti canterò dalle stelle :
 "Dormi, mamma, dormi."
 Sugli erranti raggi lunari io verrò pian piano
 Sul tuo letto e giacerò sul tuo cuore mentre tu dormi.
 Diverrò un sogno e attraverso le tue palpebre socchiuse
 Scenderò nel profondo del tuo sonno

E quando ti sveglierai e guarderai intorno angosciata,
 Come una lucciola scintillante m'involerò nell'oscurità.

Quando nel giorno della gran festa
 I bimbi del villaggio verranno.
 E giocheranno intorno alla casa,
 Mi fonderò nella musica del flauto
 E palpiterò nel tuo cuore tutto il giorno
 La cara zia verrà coi doni della festa
 E domanderà :
 "Dov'è il nostro piccino, sorella?"
 Mamma, tu le dirai dolcemente:
 "È nelle pupille dei miei occhi,
 In me stesa e nell'anima mia!"

*and my laughter will flash with the lightning
 through the open window into your room.*

*If you lie awake, thinking of your baby till late into the night,
 I shall sing to you from the stars, "Sleep, mother, sleep."*

*On the straying moonbeams I shall steal over your bed,
 and lie upon your bosom while you sleep. I shall become a
 dream,
 and through the little opening of your eyelids I shall slip into the
 depths of your sleep
 and when you wake up and look round startled,
 like a twinkling firefly I shall flit out into the
 darkness.*

*When, on the great festival of puja, the neighbours' children
 come and play about the
 house, I shall melt into the music of the flute and throb in your
 heart all day.*

*Dear Auntie will come with puja-presents and will ask,
 "Where is our baby, Sister?"
 Mother, you will tell her softly,
 "He is in the pupil of my eyes,
 he is in my body and my soul."*

'Ozymandias' and 'I Travelled Among Unknown Men' were written for performance at the Presteigne Festival 2012 as part of the bicentenary celebrations of the 'Year of the Three Poets' – in 1812 Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron all stayed in the area.

6 Ozymandias

Poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land,
 Who said "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. . . near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal, these words appear:
 My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
 Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

7

I Travelled Among Unknown Men

Poem by William Wordsworth

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.
Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

8

En Sourdine

Poem by Paul Verlaine

Translation by A S Kline

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

*Calm in the half-light
Tall branches surround,
Let our love be filled by
This silence profound.*

*Hearts and souls blend there
And senses' ecstasy,
With the vague languor
Of pine and strawberry.*

*With eyelids scarce apart,
Arms crossed in dream,
From your slumbering heart
Chase forever every scheme.*

*Let's be convinced at last
By the sweet lulling breeze
That makes the russet grass
Wave, in ripples, at your feet.*

*And when solemn evening
Falls from black oaks there,
The nightingale will sing,
The voice of our despair.*

9

Fantoches

Poem by Paul Verlaine

Translation by A S Kline

Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sur la lune.

*Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Gathered for mischief together
Gesticulate, black on the moon.*

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

*While the most excellent doctor
He of Bologna, slowly gathers
Herbs from the grass's womb.*

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi nue, en quête

*But his daughter, piquant-eyed,
To the arbour on the sly,
Glides, half-naked, on a quest*

De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un langoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

*For her Spanish buccaneer:
A nightingale tender clear
Proclaiming its distress.*

10

Do not go, my love

Poem by Rabindranath Tagore

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night,
and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

Wild Will Songs

Poems by William Shakespeare

Notes on the 'Wild Will Songs' from Kerry

The Shakespeare songs originated in my setting to music of a friend's poem, 'Wild Will' by Michael Srigley (Will being the Bard). I made my selections guided by Shakespearean events in the plays which Michael's poem seem to suggest. Here's the original poem and how the songs fit.

**With what monsters in what meres
Have you not grappled,**

**What sea-change not undergone
In baptismal deeps,
Glimpsed dimly beneath the surface of your words?**

11 **Full Fathom Five**
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

**Gentle Will they called you
As you walked through Shoreditch
Or the white-washed stews of Southwark;**

12 **Gloves as sweet as damask roses**
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks made of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.

**Bought a house here and there,
Made eyes at a woman or two,
Witnessed absent-mindedly in a law-suit,**

**Your beating mind elsewhere.
There was steel in your gentleness,
And a tempest in the limbic of your brain.**

**Did you not agonize over the death of friends,
At beauty pocked overnight,**

13 **Dirge**
But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

**At bright youths frittering away their prime,
At a slubbering King sloshed at a banquet,
At all the loveliness and the waste,
Your gentleness of person
But a mask concealing
Pained fury.**

14 **And let me the canakin**
And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.