

SPA Trio
Texts and Translations

Songs for Soprano, Viola and Piano

Historic recordings of some of the great singers of yesteryear include numerous performances of salon type songs that included an obbligato instrument. Some of these pairings included Enrico Caruso with Mischa Elman, John McCormack with Fritz Kreisler, Marian Anderson with William Primrose, Alma Gluck with her husband Efrem Zimbalist, as well as Bing Crosby and Jascha Heifetz! It is repertoire of great charm, featuring arching melodies, emotional harmonies, and simple textures.

WILLIAMS: It's a Long Way to Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly! Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

GREENE: Sing me to Sleep

Sing me to sleep, the shadows fall
Let me forget the world and all
Tired is my heart, the day is long
Would it were to come evensong
Sing me to sleep, your hand in mine
Our fingers as in prayer entwine
Only your voice love, let me hear
Singing to tell me you are near

Love I am lonely, years are so long
I want you only, you and your song
Dark is life's shore, love, night is so deep

Leave me no more, love, sing me to sleep
Sing me to sleep, love, you alone
Seem to be left me for my own
Haply my heart will know no pain
When I awake from sleep again

Sing me to sleep and let me rest
Of all the world I love you best
Nothing is faithful, nothing true
In Heav'n or earth, but God and you

By Clifton Bingham

WEATHERLY: Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The summer's gone and all the roses dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bye

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so

But if he come and all the roses dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
He'll come here and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall feel, oh soft you tread above me
And then my grave will richer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall rest in peace until you come to me

By Frederick E. Weatherly

WOOD: Roses of Picardy

She is watching by the poplars,
Colinette with the sea-blue eyes;
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies.
And a song stirs in the silence,
As the wind in the boughs above,
She listens and starts and trembles,
'Tis the first little song of love:

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silver dew;
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!

And the years fly on forever,
Till the shadows veil their skies,
But he loves to hold her little hands,
And look in her sea-blue eyes.
And she sees the road by the poplars,
Where they met in the bygone years,
For the first little song of the roses
Is the last little song she hears:
Roses are shining in Picardy . . .

By Frederick E. Weatherly

RACHMANINOFF: Oh, cease thy singing maiden fair!

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.
Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoji zhestokije napevy
I step', i noch', i pri lune
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovej,
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh', i predo mnoj
Jego ja vnov' vooobrazhaju.
Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne one
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

By Aleksander Pushkin

Oh, cease thy singing maiden fair
Those songs of Georgian land, I pray thee;
What e'er recall our life to me on foreign strand
I fain would banish.
And, ah! thy haunting lay brings back
remembrance of days, long, long departed,
I see the moon, the desert night
and her sad face and eyes imploring.
Ah! fond one, gently, ever near
A youth forever doth behold thee.
Yet when your face is always there
It will not waver, will not vanish.
Oh, cease thy singing maiden fair
Those songs of Georgian land, I pray thee;
What e'er recall our life to me on foreign strand
I fain would banish.

ARENSKY: Maiglöckchen (Lily of the Valley)

O landysh, otchego ty radujesh' tak vzory?
Drugije jest' cvety, roskoshnej i pyshnej,
I jarche kraski ikh, i veselej uzory,
No prelesti v nikh net tajinstvennoj tvojej.

V chem tajna `etikh char? Chto ty dushe veshchajesh'?
Chem manish' ty k sebe i serdce veselish'?
Il' radostej bylykh ty prizrak voskreshajesh'?
Ili blazhenstvo mne grjadushcheje sulish'?
Ne znaju, no menja tvojo blagoukhan'je,
Kak vinnaja struja, laskajet i manit;
Kak muzyka, ono stesnjajet mne dykhan'je
I, kak ogon' ljubvi, pitajet zhar lanit.

By Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Oh lily of the valley, why are my eyes so glad to see you?
There are other flowers that are more beautiful and more elegant,
And their colors are brighter and their looks are more joyful,
But I think you are the most beautiful.

Where lies the secret of your beauty? You do something for my soul.
Is there that you seduce me? You make my heart joyful,
You are full of joy. You're smell I want to cherish.
The future promises much pleasure.
Your smell makes me feel like caressing,
You make me feel like music,
I feel out of breath, As music, it constrains me,
Like something that feels like the fire of love.

RACHMANINOFF: How fair this spot!

Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.
Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

By Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

How fair this spot!
I gaze to where the golden brook runs by,
The fields are all inlaid with flowers,
The white clouds sail on high.
No step draws near,
Such silence reigns,
Alone with God, I seem,
With Him, among the pine trees and thee, my only dream!

RACHMANINOFF: Spring Waters

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,
A vody uz h vesnoj shumjat --
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat.

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:
«Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!
My molodoj vesny goncy,
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.
Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,

I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnej
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!

By Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

Tho' still the fields are white with snow,
The rushing of spring floods draws near,
The banks are sunny where they flow
They sparkle as they run more clear;
Their voice the icebound fallow stirs:
"The spring is here! The spring is here!
We are the young spring's messengers,
The heralds, we of her advance.
The spring is here! The spring is here!"
The bright, soft Maydays come again
And moving in a rosy dance
They gladly haste to join Spring's train.

GOUNOD: Où voulez-vous aller?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!
L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.
Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige

Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
A la rive fidèle,
Où l'on aime toujours.
– Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère,
Au pays des amours.

By Théophile Gautier

Tell me beautiful maiden,
Tell me where you go?
Fair sails over us swinging
Lightly the breezes blow
Lightly the breezes blow.
At our prow Hope is Smiling,
Calm and sunshine beguiling over the crystal bay,
Silken sail softly swaying,
Like an angels wing playing.
Come away love, away!
Tell me beautiful maiden,
Tell me where you go?
Fair sails over us swinging
Lightly the breezes blow
Lightly the breezes blow.
To the Bosphorus flying,
Ere the young moon is dying,
Tell me love shall we go?
Or unseen as the wind love.
Till Golconda we find love.
Tell me love will you go?
Tell me beautiful maiden,
Tell me where you go?
Fair sails over us swinging
Lightly the breezes blow
Lightly the breezes blow.
Let us go said the maiden,

To that glorious Aidenn.
Where love true love is Eternal,
Of that land and its glory,
Few ah few tell the story.
Fewer still find the way.
Tell me beautiful maiden,
Tell me where you go?
Fair sails over us swinging
Lightly the breezes blow
Lightly the breezes blow.

GOUNOD: Evening Song

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine; --
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

By Adelaide Anne Procter

GOUNOD: Sing, Smile and Slumber ("Quand tu chantes")

Quand tu chantes, bercée
Le soir entre mes bras,
Entends-tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas?
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours.
Chantez, ma belle,
Chantez toujours!
[L'homme c'est mon homme. La Voix
elle s'approche à chaque couplet.]
Quand tu ris, sur ta bouche
L'amour s'épanouit,
Et soudain le farouche
Soupçon s'évanouit.
Ah! le rire fidèle
prouve un coeur sans détours!
Riez, ma belle,
Riez, toujours!

Quand tu dors, calme et pure,
dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,
ton haleine murmure
des mots harmonieux.
Ton beau corps se révèle

sans voile et sans atours... -
dormez, ma belle,
dormez toujours!
[Quand tu me dis: je t' aime !
ô ma beauté! Je croi !
Je crois que le ciel même
s' ouvre au-dessus de moi!
Ton regard étincelle
du beau feu des amours... -
aimez, ma belle,
aimez toujours!
Vois-tu? Toute la vie
tient dans ces quatre mots,
tous les biens qu' on envie,
tous les biens sans les maux!
Tout ce qui peut séduire
tout ce qui peut charmer... -
chanter et rire,
dormir, aimer!]

By Victor Marie Hugo

When thou singest while nestling at eve close by my side,
Dost thou know what my soul unto thine would fain confide?
Thy sweet voice wakes the mem'ry of days render'd joyful by thee.
Ah! then sing, ah sing, my fair one, then sing, still sing to me.

At thy smile on thy lips budding love breaks into bloom,
Ev'ry doubt is dispell'd, naught but trust in my soul finds room.
Ah! thine innocent smile speaks the heart that from guile is free.
Ah! then smile, ah smile, my fair one, then smile, then smile on me.
In thy slumber, while fondly mine eye guards thy repose
And thy lips, all unconscious, to me thy love disclose,
When I gaze on thy beauty my heart with rapture doth thrill,
Ah! then slumber, slumber, fair one, then slumber, slumber still.

SCHUMANN: Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!

By Friedrich Rückert

You are my spirit, you are my heart
You are my delight, Oh you are my aching,
You are my world in which I live,
You are my heaven in which I sail,
Oh you are my grave, where to the depths
I gave my everlasting sorrow.

You are the rest, you are the tranquility,
You have been granted to me from heaven,
I am worthy of you only in that you love me,
Your glance transforms me,
You elevate my loving beyond myself,
My greater soul, the better part of myself!

TOSTI: Ideale

Io ti seguì come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguì 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 sogno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.

By Carmelo Errico

I followed thee when like a rainbow seeming
Thy light the heavens unclouded;
I followed thee, a friendly torchlight gleaming
When night's veil did all enshroud.
And thee I found in the sunlight, on the breeze,
In the perfume of flowers;
And my home once so lonely in the distance
Seem'd changed to fairy bowers.

By thee entranced, thy voice so sweet ascended
Long I dreamt of it.
And ev'ry torment, ev'ry sorrow in life ended,
As if love's day had beamed.
Come back, my sweet Ideal, come for one moment
To smile like love's morning
And to me love's sun will shine, by thee reflected
My life with love's light adorning
Come back my sweet Ideal, Return, Return!

TOSTI: La Serenata

La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.
Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro I veni dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pure la luna splende.
Pure la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.
Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido, e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

By Giovanni Alfredo Cesareo

Fly, o serenade. Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! there. Ah! there.
Fly, o serenade: My delight is alone,
and, with her beautiful abandoned head,
fly between her sheets:
O serenade, fly. O serenade, fly.
The moon shines brightly,
silence extends its wings,
and behind the shadows of the dark
alcove the lamp burns.
The moon shines brightly.
The moon shines brightly.
Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! there. Ah! there.

Fly, o serenade: My delight is alone,
but, still smiling half muted,
return between her sheets:
O serenade, fly. O serenade, fly.
The wave dreams on the shore,
and the wind on the branch;
and my blonde lady still denies
a place for my kisses.
The wave dreams on the shore.
The wave dreams on the shore.
Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.

MASCHERONI: For all Eternity

All'ombre meste di silente sera
Donde l'arcano in canto celestial,
Che il cor m'innonda, e al mio pensier richiama
Le pie memorie de passati dì.
Dolce amor mio qual plaga, quale spera
Dimmi rinchiude il tuo divino fral?
Parlami ancor! Ove sei tu?
Su questa terra ti vedrò mai piu?

In terra, o in ciel, mia vita, Quegli occhi santi io vedo,
E l'alma mia rapita Sol con te, sol con te viverà,
E di tua voce l'eco Che un dì l'almo mi disse,
Eternamente t'amo sì meco repeterà.

Te cerco invan lo sguardo innamorato,
Mentre dell'aer s'addensa il te nebror,
Ma in questo cor qual faro in mezzo all'onde,
D'eterno raggio splende il sovvenir.
In me ti sento qual mi fosti a lato,
Conte mi struggo d'un superno ardor.
Forse del ciel Ove or tu stai
Lo spiro è questo che non muore mai?

In terra, o in ciel, mia vita, Quegli occhi santi io vedo,
E l'alma mia rapita Sol con te, sol con te viverà,
E di tua voce l'eco Che un dì l'almo mi disse,
Eternamente t'amo sì meco repeterà.

By S. A. Herbert

What is this secret spell around me stealing?
The evening air is faint with magic pow'r,
And shadows fall upon my soul, revealing
The meaning of this mem'ry-laden hour!
A year ago our paths in life were parted,
A year ago we sever'd, broken-hearted!
Where art thou now? On earth, my love,
Or did thy spirit soar to realms above?

Though nevermore on earth those eyes serene and holy,
Thy face that shone in beauty nevermore I may see,
The music of thy voice is echoing still within me,
Thou reignest in my heart, in life and death I love thee!

The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading;
Thy hallow'd presence in my inmost soul

Alone is real, by wondrous pow'r o'ershading
All things beside; I feel its sweet control
Filling my heart with confidence eternal
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,
Where thoughts are felt, as I feel thine
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are mine!

Though nevermore on earth those eyes serene and holy,
Thy face that shone in beauty nevermore I may see,
The music of thy voice is echoing still within me,
Thou reignest in my heart, in life and death I love thee!

BRAGA: Angel's Serenade

O quali mi risvegliano dolcissimi concetti?
Non li odi, o mamma,
giungere coll' alitar de' venti?
Fatti al veron, ten supplico,
e dimmi, donde parte questo suon?
Io nulla vego, calmati, non odo voce alcuna.
Fuorche il fugente zéfiro,
Il raggio della luna, d'una canzon,
O povera ammalata, chi vuoi che t'erga il suon?
No! No! No!
Non è mortal la musica,
Che ascolto, che ascolto, o madre mia!
Ella mi sembra,
Mi sembra d'angeli festosa melodia;
Ov'elli son, mi chamano,
O mamma, buona notte!
Io seguo il suon!"

By Marco Marcelliano Marcello

What sounds are those that awaken me,
Sweet accents, low and tender?
Hear'st thou not, dearest mother, floating by?
What can such sounds engender?
Look out abroad, I pray thee now,
And tell me from whence come those lovely strains.

[The mother:] Nothing is there, my darling child,
Only the night winds sighing,
Only the evening's zephyrs light,
As past the pale moon flying.
No song I hear. Thou'rt dreaming, darling daughter.
No one is here. No one near, no!

[The child:] No! no! 'tis not like strains that mortals know.
O mother, now listen. Thine ear incline.
'Tis like the spell, 'tis like the spell good angels throw
In melody divine. To where they are, they tell me come.
O mother, dearest mother, that sound I hear, I follow on.
Those heavenly strains.
O mother, now listen. Thine ear incline.
'Tis like the spell, 'tis like the spell good angels throw
In melody divine. To where they are, they tell me come.
O mother, dearest mother, that sound I hear, I follow on.
I follow on.

DE CURTIS: Carmela – Canto

Fore mura ce sta na picciotta,
'mmiez"e spine s'ha fatto na casa...
'ncopp"e ffronne s'addorme la notte...
e na rosa cchiù bella nun c'è...
Duorme, Carme':
'o cchiù bello d"a vita è 'o ddurmí...
Sònnate a me:
'mparaviso cu tico vogl'i!...
Nu vasciello venette 'a luntano,
e pusaje a Surriento na Fata...

'ncopp"o scoglio addó' sta Tramuntano...
'mparaviso stu sito nun c'è...
Viene, Carmè'...
T'arricuorde?... 'Sta Fata tu si'...
Torna cu me:
'ncopp"o scoglio vulimmo murí...

Outside the walls there is a beauty;
Among the thorns a house is made.
On the leaves she rests at night...
A rose more beautiful doesn't exist.

Sleep, Carmela!
The most beautiful of your life is to sleep.
Dream of me...
In Heaven with you I want to go.

A ship come from far away
And it left a fairy in Sorrento.
On the reef of Tramontano
In paradise there is not a place as beautiful as this.

Come here Carmela,
Do you remember? This fairy is you!
Come with me
On the reef I want to die.
