

## Music by Gabriel Faure:

### **Aurore** (*poetry by Armand Silvestre*)

The stars fly away from the gardens of night  
like golden bees attracted by invisible honey;  
and dawn in the distance, stretching her clear canvas,  
weaves with silver threads the blue cloak of the sky.

My desires fly off at morning's approach  
out of the dream-drunk garden of my heart  
like a wafting swarm summoned to the red-tinged horizon  
by a chant that is plaintive, eternal and far.

They fly to your feet, stars expelled from on high,  
exiled from the golden sky in which your beauty blossoms;  
and, seeking uncharted roads to travel to where you are,  
they mingle their dying light with the awakening day.

### **Le secret** (*poetry by Armand Silvestre*)

Would that the morn were unaware  
Of the name I told to the night,  
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,  
It would vanish like a tear.

Would that the day might proclaim it,  
The love I hid from the morn,  
And poised above my open heart,  
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Would that the sunset might forget,  
The secret I told to the day,  
And would carry it and my love away  
In the folds of its faded robe!

### **En Sourdine** (*poetry by Paul Verlaine*)

Calm in the twilight  
Cast by loft boughs,  
Let us steep our love  
In this deep quiet.  
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our enraptured senses  
With the hazy languor  
Of arbutus and pine.  
Half-close your eyes,  
Fold your arms across your breast,

And from your heart now lulled to rest  
Banish forever all intent.  
Let us both succumb  
To the gentle and lulling breeze  
That comes to ruffle at your feet  
The waves of russet grass.  
And when, solemnly, evening  
Falls from the black oaks,  
That voice of our despair,  
The nightingale shall sing.

**Clair de lune** (*poetry by Paul Verlaine*)

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.  
Singing as they go in a minor key  
Of conquering love and life's favours,  
They do not seem to believe in their fortune  
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,  
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

**Music by Sergei Rachmaninov:**

**Lilacs** (*poetry by Ekaterina Beketova*)

In the morning, at daybreak,  
over the dewy grass,  
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;  
and in the fragrant shade,  
where the lilac crowds,  
I will go to seek my happiness.

In life, only one happiness  
it was fated for me to discover,  
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;  
in the green boughs,  
in the fragrant bunches,  
my poor happiness blossoms.

**How nice it is here (poetry by G. Galina)**

All is well here...  
Look, in the distance  
The river glows like a fire;  
The meadows are like a colourful carpet,  
And there is the whiteness of clouds.  
There is nobody here.

All is quiet...  
Here I am alone with God.  
And the flowers, and the old pine,  
And you, my dream

**I wait for you (poetry by Mariya Davidova)**

I wait for you! The sun is setting  
Night's dark covers are ready to descend and hide us.

I wait for you! With a fragrant mist night suffused the sleeping world  
And the past day has bid farewell to earth.

I wait for you! Tormented and in love, I am counting each moment.  
Full of anguish and impatience, I wait for you!

**Summer Nights (poetry by Daniel Rathaus)**

These lovely summer nights,  
Lit by the bright light of the moon,  
Provoke vague fears  
And awaken desires of love.

The immense sorrows brought about  
By a cheerless life are forgotten;  
And regions of blessed delight  
Are revealed with mysterious power...

And powerless to resist, lovers open up  
Their hearts to each other,  
In these lovely summer nights,  
Lit by the bright light of the moon.

**Music by Richard Strauss:**

**Morning (poetry by John Henry McKay)**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again

And on the path that I shall take,  
It will unite us, happy ones, again,  
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...  
And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We shall quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,  
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

**Wie sollten wir geheim** (*poetry by Adolf Friedrich von Schack*)

How could we keep it secret,  
This bliss with which we're filled?  
No, into its deepest recesses  
Our hearts must be revealed to all!  
When two souls have fallen in love,  
Nature's filled with exultation,  
And daylight lingers on wood and meadow  
In longer hours of rapture.  
Even the oak tree's rotten trunk,  
That has survived a thousand years,  
Sends fresh flaming green to its crown  
And rustles with the thrill of youth.  
The buds, seeing the lovers' bliss,  
Flower more brightly and fragrantly,  
And the brooks babble more sweetly,  
And May gleams and blooms more lavishly.

**Standchen** (*poetry by Adolf Friedrich von Schack*)

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,  
So that no one's roused from slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,  
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!  
With steps as light as the steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over flowers,  
Flit out into the moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are fragrant in sleep  
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.  
Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,  
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

**Die Nacht** (*poetry by Hermann von Gilm*)

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc, now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves from the field.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof the gold.

The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal you too from me.