

## On Love, Loss, and Remembrance Texts and Translations

### **Élégie (Massenet / Gallet)**

Ô doux printemps d'autrefois, vertes saisons,  
vous avez fui pour toujours!  
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;  
je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux!  
En emportant mon bonheur,  
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!  
Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps! Oui!  
Sans retour, avec toi, le gai soleil, les jours riants  
sont partis! Comme en mon cœur tout est  
sombre et glacé, tout est flétri pour toujours!

### **If Music Be The Food of Love (Purcell / Heveningham)**

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.  
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

### **Sweeter Than Roses (Purcell / Norton)**

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,  
First trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

### **La vie en rose (Louiguy / Piaf)**

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens  
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche  
Voilà le portrait sans retouche  
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens

Quand il me prend dans ses bras  
Il me parle tout bas  
Je vois la vie en rose  
Il me dit des mots d'amour  
Des mots de tous les jours  
Et ça me fait quelque chose

### **Elegy (trans: Richard Stokes)**

*O sweet Spring of yesteryear, green seasons,  
you have fled forever!  
I no longer see the blue sky,  
I no longer hear the joyous songs of the birds!  
You have fled, my love,  
and with you has fled my happiness.  
And it is in vain that the spring returns! Yes!  
For along with you, the cheerful sun, the laughing  
days have gone! As my heart is dark and frozen,  
so all is withered for evermore!*

### **My Luvv is Like a Red, Red Rose (Burns / Sirett)**

O my Luvv is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luvv is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luvv am I;  
And I will luvv thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvv!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luvv,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

### **Life in Rosy Hues (trans: Mireille Asselin)**

*Eyes that make mine lower,  
A smile that is lost on his lips  
That is the unretouched portrait  
Of the man to whom I belong.*

*When he takes me in his arms  
And speaks softly to me,  
I see life in rosy hues.  
He tells me words of love,  
Words of every day,  
And it does something to me.*

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Il est entré dans mon cœur  
Une part de bonheur  
Dont je connais la cause  
C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie  
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie  
Et dès que je l'aperçois  
Alors je sens en moi  
Mon cœur qui bat

*He has entered my heart,  
A piece of happiness  
Whereof I understand the reason.  
It's he for me and I for him, throughout life,  
He told me, has sworn to me, for life.  
And as soon as I glimpse him,  
I then feel within me  
My heart beating.*

Des nuits d'amour à ne plus en finir  
Un grand bonheur qui prend sa place  
Des ennuis, des chagrins, s'effacent  
Heureux, heureux à en mourir

*Endless nights of love,  
A great delight that comes about,  
Pains and worries disappear,  
So happy I could die.*

### **Künft'ger Zeiten eitler Kummer (Handel / Brockes)**

Künft'ger Zeiten eitler Kummer  
Stört nicht unsern sanften Schlummer;  
Ehrgeiz hat uns nie besiegt.  
Mit dem unbesorgten Leben,  
Das der Schöpfer uns gegeben,  
Sind wir ruhig und vergnügt.

***Vain worries of the future  
(trans: Hayden Muhl)***  
*Vain worries of the future  
Do not disturb our gentle sleep;  
Ambition never defeated us.  
With the unworried life,  
That the Creator gave us,  
We are peaceful and cheerful.*

### **Lascia ch'io pianga (Handel / Rossi)**

Lascia ch'io pianga  
Mia cruda sorte,  
E che sospiri  
La libertà.

***Let me weep (trans: source - Wikipedia)***  
*Let me weep  
Over my cruel fate,  
And let me sigh for  
Liberty.*

Il duolo infranga  
Queste ritorte,  
De' miei martiri  
Sol per pietà.

*May sorrow shatter  
These chains,  
Of my torments  
Out of pity alone.*

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### **Tears (Boykin / Angelou)**

Tears  
The crystal rags  
Viscous tatters  
Of a worn-through soul

Moans  
Deep swan song  
Blue farewell  
Of a dying dream.

### **Kalypso (Livingston / McFarlane)**

I don't know why my skin seems thin,  
or why I'm tired all the time.  
I wish the rain could break this heat;  
there's not a cloud left in the sky.  
I don't know why I should repeat  
this sad old fallacy: somehow  
the weather thinks that we should be  
together; night comes around, but  
it's too hot for me to sleep, now  
so much of what we had, you took—  
took with you, when you went away.

I know I sound— I know I look  
like I've got something on my mind;  
there's really nothing left to say  
or raise in vain against the tides.  
It's nothing— nevermind; it's just  
a wish, that if it's not too much,  
if it's alright, some night I'd like  
to walk out in the rain, again,  
come home to sleep, to drift and dream  
off to a world elsewhere, with you,  
where it keeps raining all the time.

### **My Mother's Hands (Marianne Bindig)**

Will you remember little child  
The young hands of your mother?  
When a-lone-some midlife night,  
Will you recall their smooth and delicate beauty,  
Their strength and competence as they garded  
you from falling and your toy from being tossed?

Because I did not pay close enough attention to  
detail, I have forgotten my mother's young hands.  
I remember only the wear, the lines, the clarity of  
the skin.

My mother has the hands that never rest.

Why was I so sure? so unvigilant?  
Naive enough to believe that things never  
change, that mothers do not grow old?

Will you remember little child  
The young hands of your mother?

### **Garden (Cipullo / Mueller)**

I bring my mother back to life  
Her eyes still green, still laughing  
She is still not fashionably thin  
She looks past me for the girl  
She left her old age to  
She does not recognize her in me  
A greying woman older than she will ever be  
How strange that in the garden of memory  
Where we live  
Nothing ever changes  
The heavy fruit cannot pull the branches  
Any closer to the ground.

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### George (Bolcom / Weinstein)

My friend George used to say  
"Oh call me Georgia, hon,  
get yourself a drink,"  
and sang the best soprano  
in our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins,  
he sang if you happened in  
through the door he never locked  
and said, "Get yourself a drink,"  
and sang out loud  
till tears fell in the cognac  
and the choc'late milk and gin  
and on the beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through  
his open door,  
George said, "Stay,  
but you gotta keep quiet  
while I sing  
and then a minute after.  
And call me Georgia."

One fine day a stranger in a suit  
of navy blue  
took George's life with a knife  
George had placed  
beside an apple pie he'd baked  
and stabbed him in the middle  
of *Un bel dí vedremo*  
as he sang for this particular stranger  
who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.  
We knew George would like it like that.  
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins  
in the coffin which was white  
because George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, hon,  
get yourself a drink.  
"You can call me Georgia, hon,  
get yourself a drink!"

### Song for the Mira (MacGillivray)

Out on the Mira, on warm afternoons  
Old men go fishing, with black line and spoons  
And if they catch nothing, they never complain  
I wish I was with them again

There's boys in their boats, call to girls on the  
shore  
Teasing the ones that they dearly adore  
And into the evening, the courting begins  
I wish I was with them again

*Can you imagine a piece of the universe  
More fit for princes and kings?  
I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge  
And the pleasure it brings*

Out on the Mira, on soft summer nights  
Bonfires blaze to the children's delight  
They dance round the flames, singing songs with  
their friends  
I wish I was with them again

Over the ashes the stories are told  
Of witches and werewolves and old pirate gold  
Stars on the river they sparkle and spin  
I wish I was with them again

*Refrain...*

Out on the Mira the people are kind  
They treat you to homebrew and help you unwind  
And if you come broken they'll see that you mend  
I wish I was with them again

Now I'll conclude with a wish you go well  
Sweet be your dreams, and your happiness swell  
I'll leave you here, for my journey begins  
I'm going to be with them again

I'm going to be with them again.