

# Emma Nikolovska & Charles Richard–Hamelin

TUESDAY APRIL 2, 2024 – 7:00PM | MARDI 2 AVRIL 2024 – 19 H 00

## Texts

**FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797 - 1828)**

*Im Frühling D. 882*

**TEXT BY | PAR ERNST SCHULZE (1789 - 1817)**

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang  
Der Himmel ist so klar  
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal  
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl  
Einst, ach so glücklich war

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging  
So traulich und so nah  
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell  
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell  
Und sie im Himmel sah

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schön  
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!  
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich  
Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig  
Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch  
Die Blumen, das Gefild  
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell  
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell  
Das blaue Himmelsbild

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn  
Es wechseln Lust und Streit  
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück  
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück  
Die Lieb und ach, das Leid

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur  
Dort an dem Wiesenhang  
Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier  
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr  
Den ganzen Sommer lang

*In Spring*

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION © RICHARD WIGMORE**

I sit silently on the hillside.  
The sky is so clear,  
the breezes play in the green valley  
where once, in the first rays of spring,  
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,  
so tender, so close,  
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream  
the fair sky, blue and bright,  
and her reflected in that sky.

See how the colourful spring  
already peeps from bud and blossom.  
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:  
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch  
from which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then,  
the flowers, the fields;  
the sun shines no less brightly,  
and no less cheerfully,  
the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,  
and joy alternates with strife;  
the happiness of love flies past,  
and only love remains;  
love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,  
there on the sloping meadow!  
Then I would stay on these branches here,  
and sing a sweet song about her  
all summer long.

*Dass sie hier gewesen D. 775*

**TEXT BY FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788 - 1866)**

Dass der Ostwind Düfte  
Hauchet in die Lüfte,  
Dadurch tut er kund,  
Dass du hier gewesen.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,  
Dadurch wirst du innen,  
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,  
Dass ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,  
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?  
Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,  
Dass sie hier gewesen.

*Herbst D. 945*

**TEXT BY LUDWIG RELSTAB (1799 - 1860)**

Es rauschen die Winde  
So herbstlich und kalt;  
Verödet die Fluren,  
Entblättert der Wald.  
Ihr blumigen Auen!  
Du sonniges Grün!  
So welken die Blüten  
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken  
So finster und grau;  
Verschwunden die Sterne  
Am himmlischen Blau!  
Ach, wie die Gestirne  
Am Himmel entflieh'n,  
So sinket die Hoffnung  
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes  
Mit Rosen geschmückt,  
Wo ich die Geliebte  
An's Herze gedrückt!  
Kalt über den Hügel  
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!  
So sterben die Rosen  
Der Liebe dahin!

*That she has been here*

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION © RICHARD WIGMORE**

The east wind  
breathes fragrance into the air,  
and so doing it makes known  
that you have been here!

Since tears flow here  
you will know,  
though you are otherwise unaware,  
that I have been here!

Beauty or love:  
can they remain concealed?  
Fragrant scents and tears proclaim  
that she has been here!

*Autumn*

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION © RICHARD WIGMORE**

The wind blows  
with an autumnal chill;  
the meadows are bare,  
the woods leafless.  
Flowering meadows;  
sunlit green!  
Thus do life's blossoms  
Wilt.

The clouds drift by,  
so sombre and grey;  
the stars have vanished  
in the blue heavens.  
Ah, as the stars disappear  
in the sky,  
so does life's hope  
fade away.

You days of spring,  
adorned with roses,  
when I pressed  
my beloved to my heart.  
Winds, blow cold  
over the hillside!  
So do the roses  
of love die.

*Der Unglückliche D. 713***TEXT BY CAROLINE PICHLER (1769 - 1843)**

Die Nacht bricht an, mit leisen Lüften sinket  
Sie auf die müden Sterblichen herab;  
Der sanfte Schlaf, des Todes Bruder, winket,  
Und legt sie freundlich in ihr täglich Grab.

Jetzt wachet auf der lichtberaubten Erde  
Vielleicht nur noch die Arglist und der Schmerz,  
Und jetzt, da ich durch nichts gestört werde,  
Lass deine Wunden bluten, armes Herz.

Versenke dich in deines Kummers Tiefen,  
Und wenn vielleicht in der zerrissnen Brust  
Halb verjährte Leiden schliefen,  
So wecke sie mit grausam süsßer Lust.

Berechne die verlornen Seligkeiten,  
Zähl' alle, alle Blumen in dem Paradies,  
Woraus in deiner Jugend goldnen Zeiten  
Die harte Hand des Schicksals dich verstieß.

Du hast geliebt, du hast das Glück empfunden,  
Dem jede Seligkeit der Erde weicht.  
Du hast ein Herz, das dich verstand, gefunden,  
Der kühnsten Hoffnung schönes Ziel erreicht.

Da stürzte dich ein grausam Machtwort nieder,  
Aus deinen Himmeln nieder, und dein stilles Glück,  
Dein allzuschönes Traumbild kehrte wieder  
Zur besser'n Welt, aus der es kam, zurück.

Zerrissen sind nun alle süsßen Bande,  
Mir schlägt kein Herz mehr auf der weiten Welt.

**PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840 - 1893)***I. Lent from Images oubliées, L.87*

No Text

*The Unhappy One***ENGLISH TRANSLATION © RICHARD WIGMORE**

Night falls, descending with light breezes  
upon weary mortals;  
gentle sleep, death's brother, beckons,  
and lays them fondly in their daily graves.

Now only malice and pain  
perchance watch over the earth, robbed of light;  
and now, since nothing may disturb me,  
let your wounds bleed, poor heart.

Plunge to the depths of your grief,  
and if perchance half-forgotten sorrows  
have slept in your anguished heart,  
awaken them with cruelly sweet delight.

Consider your lost happiness,  
count all the flowers in paradise,  
from which, in the golden days of your youth,  
the harsh hand of fate banished you.

You have loved, you have experienced a happiness  
which eclipses all earthly bliss.  
You have found a heart that understands you,  
your wildest hopes have attained their fair goal.

Then the cruel decree of authority dashed you down  
from your heaven, and your tranquil happiness,  
your all-too-lovely dream vision, returned  
to the better world from which it came.

Now all the sweet bonds are torn asunder;  
no heart now beats for me in the whole world.

**MARGARET BONDS (1913 - 1972)**

**ALL TEXT BY LANGSTON HUGHES (1901 - 1967)**

*Poème d'Automne*

The autumn leaves  
Are too heavy with color.  
The slender trees  
On the Vulcan Road  
Are dressed in scarlet and gold  
Like young courtesans  
Waiting for their lovers.  
But soon  
The winter winds  
Will strip their bodies bare  
And then  
The sharp, sleet-stung  
Caresses of the cold  
Will be their only  
Love.

*Winter Moon*

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!  
How thin and sharp and ghostly white  
Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

*Young Love in Spring*

When the March winds roar like a lion  
and the last little snowflakes drift down  
from a half-dreary, half-happy April sky  
and then lovely May rolls around  
and I walk with you down a country lane,  
we know that spring has come again.

When the rising sun laughs at the dawn  
and the scent of the soil's warm and sweet  
and the little green sprouts peep out of the earth  
and grow upward the sunshine to greet  
and we find a violet beside the way,  
we know that spring has come to stay,  
spring has come our way.

When I look at you in the haze  
of the twilight's last lingering glow  
in the half-dusky, half-starry evening sky,  
where sweet scented winds gently blow  
and our dreams, like birds,  
heading homeward soar,  
we know that spring has come once more.

*Summer Storm*

Thunder  
July thunder  
and the wonder  
of lightning in the sky  
and a sudden gale  
that shakes the blossoms down  
in performed splendor  
to the grassy ground.

Thunder  
July thunder  
and the wonder  
in my heart  
that I have found you  
wonderful you  
beneath the blossoms gay  
in the perfumed splendor  
of a July day

with the wonder  
of summer lightning  
in the sky  
and a sudden gale that shakes  
the blossoms down  
like confetti in your hair,  
like confetti on the ground  
perfumed confetti drifting down  
on the sweet and wonderful summer earth  
the sweet summer earth.

There  
pillowed on the grass  
in the orchard's shade  
I kissed you and kissed you  
and kissed you  
till a sudden gale shook  
the blossoms down,  
confetti in your hair,  
confetti on the ground  
and then the rain  
the soft sweet rain  
came down.

We run down the road in the dust of July  
we are happy for the rain,  
clean and cool from on high,  
in the dust, hand in hand,  
in the dust of July,  
hand in hand, you and I,  
in July.

Thunder  
thunder in my heart  
the wonder of love  
thunder  
wonder in our eyes  
the wonder of being in love  
we two  
the wonder of being in love  
with you.

**CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862 - 1918)**

*VI. June from The Seasons, Op. 37b.*

No Text

*Ariettes Oubliées, L. 60*

**ALL TEXT BY PAUL VERLAINE (1844 - 1896)**

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION © RICHARD STOKES**

*I. C'est l'extase langoureuse*

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est, vers les ramures grises,  
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

*II. Il pleure dans mon cœur*

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville;  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie  
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoeure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

*III. L'ombre des arbres*

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée

*It is languorous rapture*

It is languorous rapture,  
It is amorous fatigue,  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
In the breezes' embrace,  
It is, around the grey branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
It is like the soft cry  
The ruffled grass gives out ...  
You might take it for the muffled sound  
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves  
In this subdued lament,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, and yours too,  
Breathing out our humble hymn  
On this warm evening, soft and low?

*Tears fall in my heart*

English translation © Richard Stokes  
Tears fall in my heart  
As rain falls on the town;  
What is this torpor  
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain  
On the ground and roofs!  
For a listless heart,  
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no reason? ...  
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without hate  
My heart feels such pain.

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream

Meurt comme de la fumée  
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,  
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême  
Te mira blême toi-même,  
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées  
Tes espérances noyées!

#### IV. Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,  
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,  
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,  
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,  
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,  
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,  
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,  
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,  
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soule  
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:  
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,  
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
D'user jamais de nuls éperons  
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:  
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,  
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.  
L'église tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

#### V. Green (Aquarelle I)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches  
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,  
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Dies like smoke,  
While up above, in the real branches,  
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,  
Watched you yourself fade,  
And how sadly in the lofty leaves  
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

#### Merry-go-round | English translation © Richard Stokes

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,  
Turn often and turn for evermore  
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,  
The lad in black and the girl in pink,  
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,  
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing  
As you whirl about and whirl around,  
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,  
Riding like this in this foolish fair:  
With an empty stomach and an aching head,  
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need  
The help of any spur  
To make your horses gallop round:  
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:  
Nightfall already calls them to supper  
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,  
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
Is slowly decked with golden stars.  
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—  
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

#### Green | English translation © Richard Stokes

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,  
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.  
Do not tear it with your two white hands  
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew  
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.  
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,  
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête  
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

VI. Spleen (Aquarelle II)

Les roses étaient toutes rouges  
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges  
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était [trop bleu, trop tendre,]1  
La mer trop [verte et l'air trop doux.]2

Je crains toujours, -- ce qu'est d'attendre  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie  
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !

On your young breast let me cradle my head  
Still ringing with your recent kisses;  
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,  
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen | English translation © Richard Stokes

All the roses were red  
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,  
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—  
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,  
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside  
And everything, alas, but you!

**NICOLAS SLONIMSKY (1894 - 1995)***Five Advertising Songs*

Original Texts from Advertisements (Authors Unknown)

*Utica Sheets and Pillowcases*

So soft, so smooth, so snowy white,  
Utica sheets and pillowcases.  
Spread them upon the bed, and see there isn't even a wrinkle.  
Launder them and you will feel  
How soft is their fabric.  
Enjoy this sturdy quality, smoothness, reliability  
And sleep and dream in comfort and in peace.  
So soft, so smooth so snowy white  
These linens from Utica.

*Pillsbury Bran Muffins*

And then her doctor told her...  
For sometime she had not been herself...  
She was run down, languid, tired, each day before her work began...  
One day she called her doctor  
He advised to eat bran muffins  
Made according to Pillsbury's recipe,  
Pillsbury's marvelous natural laxative...  
He knew the underlying cause of her trouble.  
It was a case of faulty elimination  
Eat bran muffins! There is health and delight in every bite....  
And this her doctor told her....

*Make This a Day of Pepsodent*

Make this a day you never will regret it  
Here is your chance. So take it now!  
A perfect toothpaste has been created.  
The name of it is Pepsodent!  
It brings to you new beauty, new emotion.  
It means to you new safety, new delight,  
Do not reflect, ask for a ten days' portion  
Make this a day of Pepsodent!  
Film on your teeth ferments and forms acid,  
That vicious film that clings to teeth.  
Use Pepsodent, the dentists all advise it.  
And watch its wondrous natural effect.  
See how your teeth become so white and shiny.  
See how your mouth enjoys a new delight.  
Make this a day, you never will regret it!  
Make this a day of Pepsodent!

*Vauv Nose Powder*

No more shiny nose!  
Something to keep your nose from getting shiny!  
Something to rid you of this oiliness of skin.  
No more shiny nose!  
VAUV is the name of our new magic powder.  
Spelt V-A-U-V, pronounced VUV.  
VAUV is on sale in ev'ry good drug store.  
VAUV keeps the shine off, and the powder on!

*Children Cry for Castoria*

Children cry for Castoria!  
Yes, they cry for Castoria...  
Mother! Relieve your constipated child!  
Hurry, mother....  
Even a fretful, feverish, bilious child  
Loves the pleasant taste of Castoria....  
O gentle harmless laxative  
Which never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels!

A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.  
It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Ask your druggist for genuine Castoria which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on the bottle.



*Зајди, зајди, јасно сонце*  
**ТЕХТ: ALEKSANDAR SARIEVSKI**

Зајди, зајди, јасно сонце,  
зајди помрачи се.  
И ти јасна, ле месечино,  
зајди, удави се.

Жали горо, жали сестро,  
двајца да жалиме.  
Ти за твоите лисја, ле горо,  
јас за мојта младост.

Твоите лисја, горо сестро,  
Пак ќе ти се вратат.  
Мојта младост, горо ле сестро,  
нема да се врати.

*Go Down, Bright Sun*

Go down; set, bright sun,  
Go down, darken yourself.  
And you, bright moon,  
Go down, drown yourself.

Mourn, forest; mourn, sister forest,  
Both of us shall mourn:  
You for your leaves, dear forest,  
I for my youth.

Your leaves, sister forest,  
Will return to you.  
My youth, dear sister forest,  
Will not return.