

1 *La Serenata*

*Vola, O 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 veli dell'alcova bruna

La lampada s'accende:

Pura la luna Splende;

Pura 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 reicusa ancora unido

La mia signora bionda...

Sogna su'l lido L'onda. Sogna su'l lido L'onda.

Vola, O serenata: Vola, O serenata: Vola!

Ah! la

Ah! la

2 *Bright Is the Ring of Words*

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs when the singer
sings them.

Still they are carolled and said
On wings they are carried
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

“The Serenade”

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 brightly:

Brightly the moon shines;

Brightly the moon shines.

Fly, O serenade: Fly, O serenade.

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!

Ah! la

Ah! la

3 Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude,
 although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not,
 as friend remembered not.

Chorus: Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
 Unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then heigh-ho! the holly!
 This life, this life is most jolly.

4 *Come Raggio di Sol* (English translation by James P. Dunn) "See the Sun's Clear Rays"

*Come raggio di sol mite e sereno,
Sovra placidi flutti si riposa,
Mentre del mare, nel profondo seno
Sta la tempesta ascosa:
Così riso talor gaio e pacato
Di contento, di gioia un labbro infiora,*

See how the sun's clear rays, radiant and lustrous,
Dance and play on the billows gently surging
While far below them, buried deep and sunless,
A hidden tempest is raging.
Even so, tho' on my face, a smile be creeping,
Sweet contentment, a mask of pure enjoyment,

*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 dich liebend über mich,
mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!
Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato
S'angoscia e si martora.*

You are rest, you are peace,
You are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
Your gaze transfigures me before you;
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!
While in its secret chambers, the heart lies weeping,
In grief and woe and torment.

5 You Raise Me Up

When I am down and, oh, my soul so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burned be,
Then I am still and wait here in the silence,

Until you come and sit a while with me.

There is no life, no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly.
But when you come, and I am filled with
 wonder,
Sometimes I think I glimpse eternity.

Chorus: You raise me up so I can stand on mountains.
 You raise me up to walk on stormy seas.
 I am strong when I am on your shoulders;
 You raise me up to more than I can be.

6 *An die Musik*, Op. 88, No. 4

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!*

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,*

Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

“To Music”

Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,
While into life's untamed cycle hurled,
Hast thou my heart to warm love re-ignited
To transport me into a better world!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,
A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,
A glimpse of better times from heaven
lifted.

Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this!

7 Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promis'd land where all is peace?
Oh deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground.

8 Early in the Morning

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And *café au lait*
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.

They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away.
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier,
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,

Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

9 Rolling Down to Rio

I've never sailed the Amazon,
I've never reached Brazil;
But the “*Don*” and the “*Magdalena*,”
They can go there when they will! Ah!
Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio,
(Roll down, roll down to Rio!)

I've never seem a jaguar nor yet an armadillo
dillowing in his armour,
And I s'pose I never will, Ah.
Unless I go to Rio,
These wonders to behold,
Go rolling down to Rio
Roll really sown to Rio!

And I'd like to roll to Rio some day
before I'm old!
I'd like to roll to Rio someday before
I'm old!

10 *Le Secret*

*Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.*

*Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai cache,
Et sur mon cœur ouvert, penché,
Comme un grain d'encens, il l'enflamme.*

*Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!*

11 *Some Enchanted Evening*

Some enchanted evening
You may see a stranger;
You may see a stranger
Across a crowded room
And somehow you know,
You know even then
That somewhere you'll see her
Again and again.

Some enchanted evening
Someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing
Across a crowded room
And night after night,
As strange as it seems
The sound of her laughter
Will sing in your dreams.

Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio someday before I'm old
I'd love to roll to Rio someday before I'm old.

"The Secret"

I wish the light of dawn would banish
The name that I told to the night,
And on silent breeze give it flight,
That, like a tear, it might vanish.

I wish that the day would proclaim it,
The love that at dawn I'd conceal,
Over my open heart to steal,
Like an incense rare, to inflame it.

I wish the twilight would efface it,
The secret I told the day,
With my love to fold it away,
And in its pale garment embrace it!

Who can explain it?
Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons;
Wise men never try!

Some enchanted evening
When you find your true love,
When you feel her call you
Across a crowded room,
Then fly to her side,
And make her your own!
Or all through your life you
May dream all alone.

Once you have found her,
Never let her go.
Once you have found her,
Never let her go!

*Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"*

There once was a king
who had a large flea
whom he loved not a bit less
than his very own son.
He called his tailor
and the tailor came directly;
"Here - make clothing for this knight,
and cut him trousers too!"

*In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,
Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.*

In silk and satin
was the flea now made up;
he had ribbons on his clothing,
and he had also a cross there,
and had soon become a minister
and had a large star.
Then his siblings became
great lords and ladies of the court as well.

*Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.*

And the lords and ladies of the court
were greatly plagued;
the queen and her ladies-in-waiting
were pricked and bitten,
and they dared not flick
or scratch them away.
But we flick and crush them
as soon as one bites!

13 *If Ever I Would Leave You*

If ever I would leave you
It wouldn't be in summer.
Seeing you in summer I never would go.
Your hair streaked with sun-light,
Your lips red as flame,
Your face with a luster
that puts gold to shame!

And could I leave you
running merrily through the snow?
Or on a wintry evening
when you catch the fire's glow?

But if I'd ever leave you,
It couldn't be in autumn.
How I'd leave in autumn I never will know.
I've seen how you sparkle
When fall nips the air.
I know you in autumn
And I must be there.

If ever I would leave you,
How could it be in spring-time?
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by you so?
Oh, no! not in spring-time!
Summer, winter or fall!
No, never could I leave you at all!

14 Next, Winter Comes Slowly

Next, Winter comes slowly, pale meager and old,
First trembling with age and then quiv'ring with cold,
Benumb'd with hard frosts and with snow cover'd o'er,
Benumb'd with hard frosts and with snow cover'd o'er,
Prays the Sun to restore him, prays the sun to restore him,
And sings as before.

15 *Widmung*, Op. 25, No. 1 (English translation by Emily Ezust) "Dedication"

*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.*

You my soul, you my heart,
You my bliss, O you my pain,
You the world in which I live,
You my heaven, in which I float,
O you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.

16 O Mistress Mine

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

17 The Impossible Dream

To dream the impossible dream,
to fight the unbeatable foe,
to bear with unbearable sorrow,
to run where the brave dare not go.

To fight for the right
without question or pause,
to be willing to march into hell for a
heavenly cause.

To right the unrightable wrong,
to love pure and chaste from afar,
to try when your arms are too weary,
to reach the unreachable star.

And I know if I'll only be true to this
glorious quest
that my heart will be peaceful and calm
when I'm laid to my rest.

This is my quest,
to follow that star —
no matter how hopeless,
no matter how far.

And the world will be better for this,
that one man scorned and covered with scars
still strove with his last ounce of courage.
To reach the unreachable stars!