

Cantiamo: We (still) Sing!

Translations for the foreign language selections

Laudamus te from the Mass in b minor, JS Bach

Jesu, Brunnquell aller Gnaden from Cantata 162, J S Bach

Yong En Wong, soprano

Elicia Neo, violin

Ashley Chua, piano

Laudamus te

We praise you, we bless you

We adore you, we glorify you

Jesu, Brunnquell aller Gnaden from Cantata 162, J S Bach

Jesus, fountainhead of grace,
nourish me, a wretched guest,
since you have invited me!
I am weary, weak and burdened,
ah! refresh my soul,
ah! how I hunger for You!
Bread of life, which I choose,
come, unite Yourself with me!

from Tel Jour, Telle Nuit by Francis Poulenc

Une ruine coquille vide

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

Tom der Reimer by Carl Loewe

Daniel Chong, tenor

Hye-Seon Choi, piano

Une ruine coquille vide

A ruin an empty shell
weeps into its apron
the children who play around it
make less noise than flies

groping the ruin leaves
to fetch its cows in a meadow
I saw the day I see it
without being ashamed

it is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of the flitting nocturnal glimmerings
which counter sleep.

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

With the forehead like a lost flag
I drag you when I am alone
in cold streets
dark rooms
screaming misery

I do not want to let them go
your clear and complicated hands
born in the closed mirror of my own

all the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless
than life

dig out the earth beneath your shadow

a water table near the breasts
in which to drown
like a stone.

Tom der Reimer

The Poet Thomas lay by the brook,
the pebbly brook by Huntly Castle.
There he spied a fair-haired lady,
who sat upon a white horse.

She sat upon a white horse
with a finely-braided mane,
and brightly on each plait there hung
a bright silver bell.

And Tom the Rhymer took off his hat
and fell to his knees, greeting her:
"You are the Queen of Heaven!
You are not of this world!"

The fair-haired lady stopped her horse:
"I will tell you who I am:
I am not the Maid of Heaven -
I am the Queen of Elves!

Take your harp and play and sing,
and let your best songs resound!
But if you kiss my lips,
You will be mine for seven years!"

"So be it! Seven years, o Queen,
to serve you - that hardly daunts me!"
He kissed her and she kissed him,
and a bird sang in the ash tree.

"Now you are mine; now come with me -
now you are mine for seven years."
They rode off through the green woods -
how happy the Rhymer was!

They rode off through the green woods
as birds sang and the sun shone;
and whenever she pulled lightly on her reins
the little bells rang brightly.

3 Lieder, Opus 12 by Clara Schumann

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Liebst du um Schönheit

Warum willst du and're fragen

Alison Wong, soprano

Hye-Seon Choi, piano

1. **Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen**

He came in storm and rain,

my anxious heart beat against his.

how could I have known, that his path

should unite itself with mine?

He came in storm and rain,

he boldly stole my heart.

Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?

Both came together.

He came in storm and rain,

Now has come the blessing of spring.

My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,

for he remains mine, on any road.

2. Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty, oh do not love me!

Love the sun, it has golden hair!

If you love for youth, oh do not love me!

Love the spring-time that is young each year!

If you love for wealth, oh do not love me!

Love the mermaid, who has many limpid pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, love me!

Love me forever; for I will love you forevermore!

3. Warum willst du and're fragen

Why will you question others,

Who are not faithful to you?

Believe nothing but what

Both these eyes say!

Believe not strange people,

Believe not peculiar fancies;

Even my actions you shouldn't interpret,

But look in these eyes!

Will lips silence your questions,

Or turn them against me?

Whatever my lips may say,

See my eyes: I love you!

From Myrthen, Robert Schumann

Lied der Braut 1

Lied der Braut 2

Gretchen am Spinnrade by Franz Schubert

Jin Qiuyaxu, soprano

Beatrice Lin, piano

Lied der Braut 1, Mutter, Mutter! glaube nicht,

Mother, mother, do not believe

That because I love him so much

I am now short of love

With which to love you as I have in the past.

Mother, mother, since I love him

I now truly love you.

Let me draw you to my heart

And kiss you as he kisses me!

Mother, mother! Since I love him

I finally love you completely

For giving me the existence

That has become so radiant for me.

Lied der Braut 2, Laß mich ihm am Busen hangen,

Let me cling to his chest,

Mother, Mother! Stop worrying.

Don't ask: how shall it change?

Don't ask: how shall it end?

End? It shall never end,

change, I still don't know how!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.

Where I do not have him, that is the grave,
The whole world is bitter to me.

My poor head is crazy to me,
My poor mind is torn apart.

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.

For him only, I look out the window

Only for him do I go out of the house.

His tall walk, his noble figure,
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,

And his mouth's magic flow,
His handclasp, and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone, y heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.

My bosom urges itself toward him.
Ah, might I grasp nd hold him!

And kiss him, as I would wish,
At his kisses I should die!

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy....

From Quatre Chanson de Don Quichotte by Jacques Ibert

Chanson du depart

Chanson du duc

Danse Macabre by Camille Saint-Saens

Kester Tay, bass

Vivien Chong, piano

Chanson du depart

This new castle, this new building,
enriched with marble and porphyry,
where love built a castle for his empire
and all of heaven added their skills,
a rampart, a fortress against vice,
is whose virtuous mistress hides herself away,
that the eye beholds and the spirit admires,
forcing hearts to her service.

It is a castle, made in such a way

that none may approach its door
unless he has saved his people from the Great Kings,
victorious, valiant and loving.
No knight, no matter how adventurous,
can enter without being such a person.

Chanson du duc

I want to sing now of the lady of my dreams,
Who lifts me above this century of squalor.
Her heart of diamond is untainted by deceit,
The rose fades beside her cheek.
For her I have undertaken high adventures:
My arm to deliver the princess from servitude,
I have vanquished enchanters, confounded perjurers
And compelled the universe to pay her homage.
Lady, for whom I go alone across the earth,
Who is not prisoner of false appearances,
I defend against any temerarious knight
Your unparalleled brilliance and your preeminence.

Danse Macabre

Zig and zig and zig, Death rhythmically
Taps upon a tomb with his heel;
Death at midnight plays a dance air,
Zig and zig and zig on his violin.

The winter wind blows and the night is gloomy,
Groaning comes from the lime trees;

White skeletons move through the shadows,
Running and jumping under their large shrouds.

Zig and zig and zig, everyone is moving,
We hear the bones of the dancers banging,
A lascivious couple sits upon the moss
As if to taste ancient pleasures again.

Zig and zig and zag, Death continues,
Scraping without end his harsh-sounding violin.
A veil has fallen! The dancer is nude!
Her partner squeezes her amorously.

The lady is said to be a marchioness or baroness,
And the crude gallant a poor cartwright --
Horrors! And look, she gives herself to him
As though the churl were a baron!

Zig and zig and zig, what a saraband!
What circles of the dead, all holding hands!
Zig and zig and zag, we see in the crowd
King frolicking with peasant!

But shh! Suddenly the dance is over,
one pushes, one takes flight: the rooster has crowed;
Oh! A beautiful night for the poor world!
And long live Death and Equality!

2 Lieder by Franz Schubert

An Sylvia

Die Junge Nonne

See-Huey Tan, soprano

Beatrice Lin, piano

An Sylvia

Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our Swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she.

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness:

And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let us Garlands bring.

Die Junge Nonne

How loudly the howling wind roars through the tree-tops!

The rafters rattle, the house shudders!

Thunder rolls, lighting flashes,

And the night is as dark as the grave!

All the same, ever all the same,

so it raged in me not long ago as well:

My life roared like the storm now,

My limbs trembled like the house now,

Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,

And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,

In my heart there is peace; in my heart there is calm.

The groom is awaited by the loving bride,

Cleansed by the purifying flames,

To eternal Love betrothed.

I await you, my Saviour, with a yearning gaze!

Come, my heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,

Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.

Listen: the bell rings peacefully from the tower!

That sweet tone invites me

overpoweringly to eternal heights.

Halleluja!

Paper Wings by Jake Heggie (text in English)

1. **Bedtime Story**
2. **Paper Wings**
3. **Mitten Smiten**
4. **A Route to the Sky**

Priscilla Fong, mezzo-soprano

Elizabeth Low, piano

Five Elizabethen Songs by Ivor Gurney (text in English)

1. **Orpheus with his lute** (Shakespeare)
2. **Tears** (Anon.)
3. **Under the greenwood tree** (Shakespeare)
4. **Sleep** (John Fletcher)
5. **Spring** (Thomas Nash)

Gerard Lim, baritone

Pualina Lim, piano

3 Songs of Richard Strauss

Nichts

Die Nacht

Die Georgine

Cindy Honanta, mezzo-soprano

Hao Jia Huang Wang, piano

Nichts

I should name, you say, my queen in the realm of love?

You are fools, for I know her less than you do.

Ask me about the color of her eyes;

ask me about the sound of her voice;

ask me about her gait and posture, and how she dances;

ah, what do I know about it?

Is not the sun the source of all life and all light?

And about this, what do I and you and everyone know?

Nothing!

Die Nacht

Night steps out of the woods, and sneaks softly out of the trees,

And looks about in a wide circle,

Now beware.

All the lights of this earth, all flowers, all colors

It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves

From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,

Takes the silver from the stream,

Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof, the gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,

Draw nearer, soul to soul;

Oh, I fear the night will also steal you from me.

Die Georgine

Why are you so late, dahlia?

The story of roses has already been told,
and sated with honey, the bee
has already chosen a bed in which to slumber.

Are these nights not too cold for you?

How do you survive in these times?

If I now brought you the Spring,
you fiery yellow dreamer,

if I moistened you with May dew
and watered you with June light...
but then you would not be the last,
and you would not be proud of your uniqueness.

How then, dreamer, do I entice you in vain?

Reach me your sisterly hand,
for in this life I have not known May days,
just as you have not known Spring;

and, late like you, fiery yellow one,
love stole into my heart.

But whether it is late or early, it is nonetheless
both a delight and an agony.