



YST

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

JIN QIUYAXU

SOPRANO

BEATRICE LIN

PIANO

***INTO THE
SUMMERNIGHT***

PRESENT WORKS BY

D. ARGENTO

W. A. MOZART

H. BERLIOZ

2 P.M. 6 MAY, 2022

YONG SIEW TOH
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
CONCERT HALL



Biographies

Jin Qiuyaxu

Lyric soprano Jin Qiuyaxu is a fourth-year student voice major student in Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music with a full-tuition grant under Prof. Alan Bennett. Jin Qiuyaxu was born into a musical family in 1999 in China. She grew up with a great passion for singing and started to play the piano at the age of 5. In 2018, she graduated from Shanghai Music Middle School Affiliated to Shanghai Conservatory of Music in China under soprano Professor Qilian Chen. During her studies, she received scholarships for her outstanding performance. Over seven years of classical singing study, she has learned songs from China, America, Italy, France, Germany, and Russia, including the earlier styles as well as contemporary. During her bachelor years, she had the chance to prepare roles from operas including Menotti's *Monica*, Purcell's *Dido*, and Mozart's *Queen of the Night*. As a soloist, most recently in 2021, Jin Qiuyaxu participated in the 9th Chun Cheon South-Korea International Vocal Competition (Art-Song Group) and won second prize. In 2016, she participated in the 15th American Classical Singer International Vocal Competition (High-School Group) and won third prize.

Beatrice Lin

A graduate of the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, Singapore, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Haute école de Musique de Genève, her studies were generously supported by the National Arts Council and the Lee Foundation. She was also awarded the Adolphe Neuman Prize from the canton of Geneva upon graduation. Performances include live radio broadcasts on the Radio Suisse Romande Espace 2, and as keyboardist with L'Orchestre de Chambre de Genève and Ensemble Contrechamps, as well as répétiteur for the Concours de Genève.

Programme

Selections from *6 Elizabethan Songs* by Dominick Argento

1. Spring
3. Winter
4. Dirge
5. Diaphenia

Non più! Tutto ascoltai ... Non temer, amato bene (K. 490) by W. A. Mozart

----- 10 Minutes Pause -----

Selections from *Les Nuits D'été* (Op. 7) by Hector Berlioz

1. Villanelle
3. Sur les lagunes: Lamento
4. L'Absence
6. L'île Inconnue

Programme Notes

Selections from **6 Elizabethan Songs** by Dominick Argento

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Spring (Poem by Thomas Nashe) | 3. Dirge (Poem by William Shakespeare) |
| 2. Winter (Poem by William Shakespeare) | 4. Diaphenia (Poem by Henry Constable) |

Dominick Argento (1927-2019) is regarded as one of the leading American composers of our day and is known for his works written for voice. *Six Elizabethan Songs* is one of his most famous pieces. According to Argento himself, the *Six Elizabethan Songs* are thus named because they are set to Elizabethan poetry, “...while the music is in the spirit of (if not the manner) the great English composer-singer-lutenist, John Dowland.” This song cycle is composed of six songs: *Spring*, *Sleep*, *Winter*, *Dirge*, *Diaphenia*, and *Hymn*. It is divided into three themes: nature (*Spring*, *Winter*), death (*Sleep*, *Dirge*), and praise (*Diaphenia*, *Hymn*). Today, I would like to share with you the four of my favourite songs from this song cycle. ***Spring*** and ***Winter*** depict the peasants’ life in the English countryside — pastoral, busy, playful and fun; ***Dirge*** brings you into a land of mystery, simple and deadly peaceful. Finally, ***Diaphenia*** returns to the joyful mood of the beginning, avidly expressing love and ask eagerly for requite. I hope the vitality in the music would bring you the refreshing moods of the changing seasons, the meditation of the mystery of death, and lastly, the excitement of love!

Texts

1. Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! Spring! The sweet Spring!

2. Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Texts

3. Dirge

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save, Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there!

4. Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets incloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king, --
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Programme Notes

Non più! Tutto ascoltai ... Non temer, amato bene (K. 490) by W. A. Mozart

(No more, I heard it clearly ... Do not fear my love may alter)

Texts by Abbé Giambattista Varesco

English Translations by Lorraine Noel Finley

In 1786, W. A. Mozart was asked to give a concert performance of his opera seria *Idomeneo* (K. 366) in Vienna. Given the players were mostly aristocratic amateurs, Mozart made some changes according to their abilities and their demands — this concert aria was composed as a replacement aria at the beginning of Act 2. The opera *Idomeneo* tells the story of **Ilia** - the princess of Troy, and **Idamante** - the prince of Crete. Although their fathers are enemies, they fall in love with each other. In this scene, Ilia has just discovered Idamante is escorting **Elettra**, the princess of Argos who also loves Idamante, back to her country. Ilia is shocked, angry, and despairs, but Idamante cannot explain this misunderstanding. The conflict in the recitative between Ilia and Idamante is strong, then in the aria, Idamante reassures Ilia and tells her his love for her would never change. I love this piece since it is really sweet. In the recitative, the music consists of a series of tempo changes, showing how strong and dramatic this contradiction is. However, the texts show how deeply Ilia and Idamante love each other. In the aria, Mozart wrote this aria in the rondo form so that it returned several times to the line “Do not fear my love may alter, always, loyal I shall be.” On the other hand, I feel the contrast between the jumping obbligato accompaniment in the aria and the long and lyrical soprano solo, shows the contrast between the disturbing yet faithful hearts of these two lovers. — How sweet!

Texts and Translations

Ilia:

Non più. Tutto ascoltai, tutto compresi.

No more, I heard it clearly, All is discovered;

D'Elettra e d'Idamante noti sono gli amori,

Elettra and Idamante, they adore each other Is a truth taught me dearly.

al caro impegno omai mancar non dei,

Do not betray her to whom you swore devotion;

va, scordati di me, donati a lei.

Go, give yourself to her, leave me and forget me!

Idamante:

Ch'io mi scordi di te?

I forget you, indeed?

Che a lei mi doni Puoi consigliarmi?

You ask me that, then you calmly tell me?

E puoi voler ch'io viva?

To live, and love another.

Ilia:

Non congiurar, mia vita,

Do not conspire against me;

Contra la mia costanza!

Constant is my affection;

Il colpo atroce mi distrugge abbastanza!

In vain you quell me With this blow of rejection.

Idamante:

Ah no, sarebbe il viver mio

Ah, no! My life would be a shadow

di morte assai peggior!

And worse than Death itself!

Fosti il mio primo amore, e l'ultimo sarai.

You were my first beloved, and you shall be my last one.

Venga la morte!

Death, let it find me!

Intrepido l'attendo,

I wait for it with courage:

Texts and Translations

ma, ch'io possa struggermi ad altra face,

But, that I should go, seeking consolation,

ad altr'oggetto donar gl'affetti miei,

To give another my love, with dread would fill me!

Come tentarlo?

Cruel suggestion!

Ah! di dolor morrei!

Ah! My despair will kill me.

Non temer, amato bene,

Do not fear my love may alter,

Per te sempre il cor sarà.

Always, loyal I shall be:

Piu non reggo a tante pene,

But affection has made me falter,

l'alma mia mancando va.

Now my spirit from grief will flee.

Tu sospiri? O duol funesto!

Are you signing? O woe outpouring!

Pensa almen, che i stante e questo!

Listen well, to one imploring:

Non, mi posso, oh Dio spiegar.

But, O Heaven, I cannot explain.

Stelle barbare, stelle spietate,

Hateful galaxies, vile constellations,

Perché mai tanto rigor?

Why should heartache be my part?

Alme belle, che vedete

Kindly Heaven, see my anguish,

Le mie pene in tal momento,

See the grief of my affection.

Dite voi, s'egual tormento

has like torment or dejection

Può soffrir un fido cor!

Ever plagued a faithful heart?

Programme Notes

Selections from *Les Nuits D'été (Summer Nights)* (Op. 7)

By Hector Berlioz

Poems by Théophile Gautier

English Translation © Richard Stokes ¹

1. Villanelle

3. Sur les Lagunes: Lamento (On the Lagoons: the Lament)

4. L'Absence (The Absence)

6. L'île Inconnue (The Unknowable Isle)

During one of the countless summers in this city, I was introduced to a song from this song cycle — *L'Absence (The Absence)*. I fell in love with the music as soon as I heard it — the sense of absence of time in the music implies the eternity of love and the absence of love. The music sounds beautiful and peaceful, however, it also sounds like despair and sighs. Other songs from this song cycle also sound beautiful but personal, like a “musical secret diary”. Completed in the summer of 1841, Berlioz’s song cycle *Les Nuits D'été* was based on the poems by his acquaintance, Théophile Gautier. With the themes of “love and loss”, some scholars speculate Berlioz composed this song cycle during the breakup of his marriage, and his “turbulent personal life” may have influenced his composition. *Villanelle* tells a happy story of two lovers enjoying their pastoral adventures. *Sur les Lagunes: Lamento (On the Lagoons: the Lament)* talks about on a voyage to the sea, the poet is singing a lament reminiscing his dead lover. With this funereal barcarolle across a foggy lagoon, he is tormented by his agony. His love is unanswered, shown by the final unresolved dominant chord. In *L'Absence (The Absence)*, the poet sings a heartbreaking and timeless song, pleading for his lover to return. *L'île Inconnue (The Unknowable Isle)* is an imagination of a sea trip, which the poet flirts with his love and invites her to set sail with him. This final song shows the harmony of love and the reunion of the two lovers.

¹ From *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Texts and Translations

1. Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts, Revenons
rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

3. *Sur les Lagunes: Lamento*

Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Le blanche créature Est chouchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
Ah! how beautiful she was,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!

On the Lagoons: the Lament

My dearest love is dead:
I shall weep for evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
Without waiting for me
She has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The pure white being Lies in her coffin.
How everything in nature Seems to mourn!
The forsaken dove
Weeps, dreaming of its absent mate;
My soul weeps and feels
Itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The immense night above me
Is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song
Which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
And how I loved her!
I shall never love a woman
As I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

4. *L'Absence*

Reviens, reviens, me bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!
Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!
D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

The Absence

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!
Such a distance between our hearts!
So great a gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unassuaged desires!

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!
So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains
To weary the horses' hooves.

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

6. *L'île Inconnue*

Dites, le jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,

Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, le jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, le jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
– Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.
Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

The Unknowable Isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

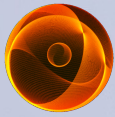
The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,

The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
– That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.
Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!



YST

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

金秋雅旭

女高音

BEATRICE LIN

钢琴艺术指导

夏夜

演绎

多米尼克 · 阿坚托 (美)

沃尔夫冈 · 莫扎特 (奥)

埃克托 · 柏辽兹 (法)

2022/5/6. 2 P.M.

杨秀桃音乐学院

音乐厅



简介

金秋雅旭

金秋雅旭，抒情女高音，现就读于新加坡杨秀桃音乐学院本科四年级，师从Alan Bennett教授。

1999年，金秋雅旭出生于音乐家庭，5岁开始跟随父亲学习钢琴。2015年考入上海音乐学院附中，师从比利时籍女高音陈其莲教授，在读期间，她因学习成绩优异而多次获得奖学金。2016年荣获第十五届美国古典歌手国际声乐比赛高中组第三名。在颁奖典礼上，美国辛辛那提音乐学院和巴德学院等美国高校授予她免试录取通知书。2017年，她受邀参加美国纽约莫尔里国际音乐节并得到美国各大著名音乐学院的声乐教授指导，包括来自美国茱莉亚音乐学院、曼哈顿音乐学院、新英格兰音乐学院和曼尼斯音乐学院的教授Robert White、Maitland Peters、Cynthia Hoffmann和Karen Holvik等等，并广受好评。2021年荣获第九届春川韩国国际声乐比赛艺术歌曲组第二名。

在七年的古典声乐演唱学习中，她学习了中国、美国、意大利、法国、德国和俄罗斯的歌曲，包括早期音乐和现代作品。在本科期间，她曾多次扮演歌剧选段中的角色，包括梅诺蒂 (Gian Carlo Menotti) 歌剧《灵媒》(The Medium) 中的莫妮卡 (Monica)、珀塞尔 (Henry Purcell) 歌剧《狄多与艾尼亚斯》(Dido and Aeneas) 中的迪多、以及莫扎特歌剧《魔笛》(Die Zauberflöte) 中的夜之女王 (Die Königin der Nacht)。今年4月，她与新加坡杨秀桃音乐学院弦乐团合作演唱了舒伯特的《G大调弥撒》，演唱女高音独唱。同月参与了新加坡杨秀桃音乐学院举办的“约翰·塞巴斯蒂安·巴赫宗教作品系列演出十周年音乐会”《约翰受难曲》的合唱演出。

Beatrice Lin

Beatrice Lin女士毕业于新加坡杨秀桃音乐学院、英国皇家音乐学院和日内瓦音乐学院，她的学业得到了新加坡国家艺术委员会(National Arts Council)和李氏基金会(Lee Foundation)的慷慨支持。毕业时她还获得了日内瓦州颁发的阿道夫·纽曼奖(Adolphe Neuman Prize)。演出包括瑞士电台 (Suisse Romande) “Espace 2” 的现场广播，并作为键盘手与日内瓦室内管弦乐团(L'Orchestre de Chambre de Genève)和日内瓦现代乐(Ensemble Contrechamps)合作，并担任日内瓦国际音乐比赛(Concours de Genève)的钢琴伴奏(répétiteur)。

节目单

一.

多米尼克·阿坚托组曲《六首伊丽莎白歌曲》选曲

1. 《春之歌》
3. 《冬之歌》
4. 《挽歌》
5. 《黛尔菲妮亚》

二.

沃尔夫冈·莫扎特音乐会咏叹调

《够了。我全都听到了...不要害怕，我的爱人》（K. 490）

----- 十分钟休息 -----

三.

埃克托·柏辽兹组曲《夏夜》（Op. 7）选曲

1. 《维拉内拉诗》
3. 《泪湖：哀歌》
4. 《冷淡》
6. 《无名岛》

歌曲简介

6 *Elizabethan Songs* 《六首伊丽莎白歌曲》选曲

多米尼克·阿坚托作曲

1. Spring 《春》（托马斯·纳什作词）
3. Winter 《冬》（威廉·莎士比亚作词）
4. Dirge 《挽歌》（威廉·莎士比亚作词）
5. Diaphenia 《黛尔菲妮亚》（亨利·康斯特布尔作词）

多米尼克·阿坚托是当代最重要的美国作曲家之一。他尤其擅长声乐作品的创作，*6 Elizabethan Songs* 《六首伊丽莎白歌曲》是他最著名的作品之一。阿坚托称，这个组曲之所以这样命名是因为歌词取自伊丽莎白时期诗歌，组曲中的音乐以同时期的英国作曲家、歌手兼提琴演奏家约翰·道兰的创作理念为基础。整套组曲由六首歌曲组成：*Spring* 《春》，*Sleep* 《沉睡》，*Winter* 《冬》，*Dirge* 《挽歌》，*Diaphenia* 《黛尔菲妮亚》和 *Hymn* 《圣歌》。主题分为：一，自然（*Spring* 《春》、*Winter* 《冬》）；二，死亡（*Sleep* 《沉睡》，*Dirge* 《挽歌》）；三，赞美（*Diaphenia* 《黛尔菲妮亚》和 *Hymn* 《圣歌》）。今天为大家带来组曲中的其中四首歌曲。《春》和《冬》描绘了英国乡村轻松而繁忙的田园景象；《挽歌》神秘而简洁，一如死亡的平静；最后，《黛尔菲妮亚》让组曲重返喜悦，诗人热切地表达着对她的初恋女孩—黛尔菲妮亚的爱，并急切地请求回应。希望这组音乐以纯粹的生命力能带给你季节变换的喜悦，对死亡神秘的沉思，以及爱的热切！

歌词和翻译

1. Spring 春¹

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;

春天，甜美的春天，是一年喜悦之最。

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

百花绽放， 女孩们围圈跳着舞。

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,

寒冷不再刺骨， 漂亮的鸟儿歌唱着，

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

（各种鸟叫声）

The palm and may make country houses gay,

棕榈和山楂花让乡间小屋鲜艳明亮，

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,

小羊们在嬉戏， 牧羊人整天吹着口哨。

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,

我们听到遥远愉悦的鸟叫声，

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

（各种鸟叫声）

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,

田野散发甜美的气味， 雏菊亲吻我们的脚，

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,

年轻的恋人相遇， 年迈的妇女坐着晒太阳。

In every street these tunes our ears do greet,

在每条街上， 我们可以听到，

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

（各种鸟叫声）

Spring! The sweet Spring!

春天， 甜美的春天！

¹ 中文翻译摘自：陳硯沛，〈多明尼克·阿爾簡多《六首伊莉莎白時期歌曲》之研究〉，2013年3月。

歌词和翻译

3. Winter 冬²

When icicles hang by the wall
当无数的冰柱悬挂在墙，
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
牧羊人迪克对着手指哈气，
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
汤姆抱着柴火走进厅堂，
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
送来的牛奶冻在路上，
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
血液似乎被冻僵，道路极其肮脏，
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
猫头鹰鼓着眼在夜里唱：
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who!
-- A merry note!
多么悦耳的曲调！
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
正在搅拌砂锅，那满身油垢的蒋。

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
当狂风怒吼，
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
咳嗽声淹没了牧师的讲道，
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
鸟雀停驻雪地沉思，
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
玛丽安的鼻子冻得红彤彤，
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
被烤熟的野苹果被放进麦芽酒中发出嘶嘶的声
音，
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
猫头鹰鼓着眼在夜里唱：
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who!
-- A merry note!
多么悦耳的曲调！
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
正在搅拌砂锅，那满身油垢的蒋。

² 中文翻译摘自：武夷山，《英译汉《Winter》》，<https://www.jianshu.com/p/98e4f56c3211>（2022年4月17日摘录）

歌词和翻译

4. Dirge 挽歌³

Come away, come away, death,

快来吧、快来吧，死亡，

And in sad cypress let me be laid;

让我卧于悲伤的柏树棺木里；

Fly away, fly away, breath;

消逝吧、消逝吧，呼吸；

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

我丧命于美丽狠心的少女手里。

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it!

我白色的寿衣铺满了杉树枝，啊，办妥吧！

My part of death, no one so true Did share it.

无人如我这般真诚地 为爱而逝

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

无需一朵，一朵甜美的花，

On my black coffin let there be strown;

抛掷于我黝黑的棺木上；

Not a friend, not a friend greet

无需一位，一位朋友探望，

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

我可悲的遗体，我遭弃的尸骨：

A thousand, thousand sighs to save, Lay me,

别虚掷千百个、千百个叹息，将我掩埋，

O where Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there!

啊，某地，让真心的恋人悲伤永不见我的坟，在坟前哭泣！

³ 中文翻译摘自：音乐灵药，《Come away, death 快来吧，死亡》，<https://blog.xuite.net/helene58/twblog/116707196-Come+away,+death+%E5%BF%AB%E4%BE%86%E5%90%A7%E4%BC%8C%E6%AD%BB%E4%BA%A1>（2022年4月17日摘录）

歌词和翻译

5. Diaphenia 黛尔菲妮亚⁴

Diaphenia, like the
daffadowndilly,
黛芬妮亚，像美丽的水仙花，
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
白如灼日，纯净如百合，
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
嘿哟！我多么爱你！
I do love thee as my lambs
我爱妳如同我的小羊们
Are beloved of their dams:
爱着她们的母亲：
How blest were I if thou
would'st prove me.
你若向我表白将是多么幸福！

Diaphenia, like the spreading
roses,
黛芬妮亚，像盛开的玫瑰花，
That in thy sweets all sweets
incloses,
芬芳四溢散发出最美的香味，
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
多么可爱的美人儿，我多么爱
你！
I do love thee as each flower
我对你的爱就像每一朵花
Loves the sun's life-giving
power;
爱着带给他生命的太阳；
For dead, thy breath to life
might move me.
你使我临死前呼吸到生命的空
气。

Diaphenia, like to all things
blessed,
黛芬妮亚，像世间所有的祝
福，
When all thy praises are
expressed,
像世间一切美好形象的化身，
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
亲爱的，我多么爱你！
As the birds do love the spring,
像是鸟儿喜爱春天，
Or the bees their careful king,
—
或蜜蜂拥护着他们的蜂后般。
Then in requite, sweet virgin,
love me!
我亲爱的少女，爱我吧！

⁴ 中文翻译摘自：陳硯沖，〈多明尼克·阿爾簡多《六首伊莉莎白時期歌曲》之研究〉，2013年3月。

歌曲简介

Non più. Tutto ascoltai ... Non temer, amato bene (K. 490)

《够了。我全都听到了…… 不要害怕，我的爱人》

沃尔夫冈·阿马德乌斯·莫扎特作曲

Abbé Giambattista Varesco 作词

中文翻译：金秋雅旭

1786年，莫扎特音乐会版本的《伊多梅尼奥》(Idomeneo) (K. 366) 在维也纳如期上演。由于大部分的演奏者都是贵族业余音乐爱好者，莫扎特根据他们的能力和需求对歌剧的部分音乐做了修改，而这首音乐会咏叹调就是莫扎特在那时新创作的，并加在了《伊多梅尼奥》第二幕的开始。正歌剧《伊多梅尼奥》讲述了伊利亚 (Ilia) (特洛伊国的公主) 和伊达曼特 (Idamante) (克里特国的王子) 的爱情故事。他们并没有因为父辈的敌对而影响彼此相爱。埃莱特拉 (Eletra) (阿尔戈斯国的公主) 也爱慕着伊达曼特 (Idamante)。在这一幕中，伊利亚 (Ilia) 撞见了和埃莱特拉 (Eletra) 在一起的伊达曼特 (Idamante)。伊利亚震惊、愤怒又绝望，但伊达曼特却因为种种不能解释这其中的误会。伊利亚 (Ilia) 和伊达曼特 (Idamante) 之间戏剧化的冲突在宣叙调 (*Non più. Tutto ascoltai ...*) 中表现地淋漓尽致；咏叹调 (*Non temer, amato bene*) 中，伊达曼特不停地安慰伊利亚，告诉她他对她的爱永远不会改变。咏叹调是回旋曲式，音乐多次回到那句 “Non temer, amato bene, Per te sempre il cor sarà. (亲爱的，不要害怕，我的心将永远属于你)”。咏叹调中，伴奏的obbligato和长线条独唱的对比，正如这对恋人不安的心和他们之间绵绵的爱意。

歌词和翻译

Recitative:

伊利亚 (*Ilia*):

Non più. Tutto ascoltai, tutto compresi.

够了。我全都听见了，也全都明白了。

D'Elettra e d'Idamante noti sono gli amori,

埃莱特拉和伊达曼特，他们相恋，所有人都知道了。

al caro impegno omai mancar non dei,

别背叛你对她许下的誓言；

va, scordati di me, donati a lei.

去吧，你去找她吧，忘了我。

伊达曼特 (*Idamante*):

Ch'io mi scordi di te?

你说，让我忘了你？

Che a lei mi doni Puoi consigliarmi?

这真的是你想告诉我的吗？

E puoi voler ch'io viva?

让我离开你生活，去爱她？

伊利亚 (*Ilia*):

Non congiurar, mia vita,

不要说不，我的爱人，

Contra la mia costanza!

别玷污我的忠贞与长情。

Il colpo atroce mi distrugge abbastanza!

你们相爱这残酷的事实，已伤得我体无完肤！

伊达曼特 (*Idamante*):

Ah no, sarebbe il viver mio

啊，不，与其让我这样活着

di morte assai peggior!

还不如让我去死！

Fosti il mio primo amore, e l'ultimo sarai.

你是我的初爱，也是我永远的爱人。

Venga la morte!

来吧，死神！

Intrepido l'attendo,

我勇敢的迎候你。

ma, ch'io possa struggermi ad altra face,

但是，让我离开你，去爱另一个人，

歌词和翻译

ad altr'oggetto donar gl'affetti miei,

去爱一个我本不爱的人!

Come tentarlo?

多么残忍!

Ah! di dolor morrei!

啊! 我将绝望而死!

Aria:

伊达曼特 (*Idamante*):

Non temer, amato bene,

我的爱人, 别害怕我会对你不忠,

Per te sempre il cor sarà.

我的心永远只属于你。

Piu non reggo a tante pene,

我再也无法忍受如此多的痛苦,

l'alma mia mancando va.

我的灵魂正在消逝。

Tu sospiri? O duol funesto!

你在叹气吗? 啊, 我多么痛苦!

Pensa almen, che i stante e questo!

看啊, 这是怎样的一个时刻啊!

Non, mi posso, oh Dio spiegar.

天啊, 我无法解释这个误会!

Stelle barbare, stelle spietate,

无情的上天,

Perché mai tanto rigor?

你为何对我如此残酷?

Alme belle, che vedete

仁慈的上天, 请你看一看,

Le mie pene in tal momento,

我此刻遭受的痛苦;

Dite voi, s'egual tormento

你说, 我如此忠诚的心,

Può soffrir un fido cor!

怎能忍受如此折磨!

歌曲简介

Les Nuits D'été 《夏夜》 (Op. 7) 选曲

埃克托·柏辽兹作曲

特奥菲尔·戈蒂埃作词

中文翻译：新浪微博@安科男中音

1. Villanelle 《维拉内拉诗》

3. Sur les Lagunes: Lamento 《泪湖: 哀歌》

4. L'Absence 《冷淡》

6. L'île Inconnue 《无名岛》

在这个只有夏季的城市的某个夏夜，我听到了这个组曲中的其中一首，《冷淡》。歌曲中时间的缺失感让我一听到就难以忘怀。时间的缺失感暗示着爱的永恒以及爱而不得，尽管歌曲旋律优美动听，听起来却尽是心碎和叹息。这个组曲中其他的歌曲也与这首相似，带着强烈的个人色彩，像是一本用音乐写成的私密的日记。1841年，柏辽兹完成了这个以“爱与失”为主题的组曲，《夏夜》。这时的柏辽兹正经历感情风波——他与他的妻子（也是《幻想交响曲》的固定乐思）的婚姻走到了尽头。有的学者认为他波折的个人生活很大程度上的影响了这个组曲的创作，也奠定了这个组曲的感情基调。《维拉内拉诗》描绘了一对爱人在田园踏春，幸福而甜蜜。《泪湖：哀歌》，诗人在海上孤独地航行。他的爱人已经死了。他在船上唱着这首船歌，穿过雾气弥漫的湖泊，怀念着他的爱人。他的爱是没有回应的，正如歌曲最后没有被解决的属和弦。《冷淡》，诗人央求着他的爱人回到他的身边。最后一首《无名岛》欢快的旋律象征爱的重逢。曲中，诗人邀请他的爱人与他去海上旅行。看似甜蜜，却尽是自我嘲讽和无厘头的幻想。

歌词与翻译

1. Villanelle (维拉内拉诗*) (*也称十九行诗, 一种源自法国的田园诗)

Quand viendra la saison
nouvelle,
春天来了,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
严寒消失,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma
belle,
咱们俩走吧, 我的爱人,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
去山谷和树林采集百合花。
Sous nos pieds égrenant les
perles
早晨露珠颤抖,
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
滚落在我们脚下,
Nous irons écouter les merles
我们会听见画眉鸟
Siffler!
歌唱!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
春天来了, 我的爱人,
C'est le mois des amants béni,
这是有情人祈福的季节,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
鸟儿理顺它的羽毛,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
在窝边欢快啼唱。
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de
mousse,
哦! 快来这青青岸上,
Pour parler de nos beaux
amours,
倾诉我们的爱情。
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
用甜蜜的声音告诉我:
Toujours!
永远爱我!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos
courses,
我们一路走了很远, 很远,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
惊动了草丛里的兔子,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
看见雄鹿对映河水,
Admirant son grand bois
penché;
欣赏自己美丽的角;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux,
tout aises,
我们幸福自在,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
手牵手回家,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
篮子里装满了
Des bois!
野草莓!

歌词与翻译

3. Sur les Lagunes: Lamento (泪湖: 哀歌)

Ma belle amie est morte,
我爱的人死了,
Je pleurerai toujours;
我的泪水永远不干;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
我的灵魂、我的爱
Mon âme et mes amours.
随她一起葬入坟墓。
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
她没有等我,
Elle s'en retourna;
独自返回天国;
L'ange qui l'emmena
带领她的天使
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
不愿带我同去。
Que mon sort est amer!
我的命运多么惨淡!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
啊, 无爱地走向海洋!

La blanche créature
苍白的美人
Est couchée au cercueil.
躺在坟墓里。
Comme dans la nature
世间的一切
Tout me paraît en deuil!
在我眼里都在哀悼!
La colombe oubliée
孤单的鸽子

Pleure et songe à l'absent;
流泪思念它失去的伴侣;
Mon âme pleure et sent
我的灵魂流泪
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
陷入痛失同伴的悲伤。
Que mon sort est amer!
我的命运多么惨淡!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
啊, 无爱地走向海洋!

Sur moi la nuit immense
无尽的黑夜像裹尸布
S'étend comme un linceul;
在我头上展开;
Je chante ma romance
我吟唱的歌曲,
Que le ciel entend seul.
只有天国才能听到。
Ah! comme elle était belle,
啊, 她曾多么美呀,
Et comme je l'aimais!
我深深爱过她!
Je n'aimerai jamais
我不会像爱她那样
Une femme autant qu'elle.
去爱别的女人了。
Que mon sort est amer!
我的命运多么惨淡!

歌词与翻译

4. L' Absence (冷淡)

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;

回来，回来，我的爱人！

Comme une fleur loin du soleil,

像一朵花远离了太阳，

La fleur de ma vie est fermée

我生命的花远离了你的微笑，

Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

很快就枯萎。

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!

我们的心离得这样远！

Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!

我们的吻离得这样远！

O sort amer! O dure absence!

哦，苦涩的命运！哦，残酷的冷淡！

O grands désirs inapaisés!

哦，一腔心愿不得实现！

Reviens, reviens, me bien-aimée;

回来，回来，我的爱人！

Comme une fleur loin du soleil,

像一朵花远离了太阳，

La fleur de ma vie est fermée

我生命的花远离了你的微笑，

Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

很快就枯萎。

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,

从这里到那里有多少广阔的田野，

Que de villes et de hameaux,

有多少城镇和村庄，

Que de vallons et de montagnes,

有多少峡谷和高山——

À lasser le pied des chevaux.

会把多少马儿累得止步不前！

Reviens, reviens, me bien-aimée;

回来，回来，我的爱人！

Comme une fleur loin du soleil,

像一朵花远离了太阳，

La fleur de ma vie est fermée

我生命的花远离了你的微笑，

Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

很快就枯萎。

歌词与翻译

6. L'île Inconnue (无名岛)

Dites, le jeune belle,
告诉我, 美丽的姑娘,
Où voulez-vous aller?
你要去哪里?
La voile ouvre son aile,
白帆展开了翅膀,
La brise va souffler!
风儿就要吹起。

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
象牙做的桨,
Le pavillon de moire,
丝绸做的旗,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
黄金做的舵;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
我用桔子压舱底,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
天使的羽翼作风帆,
Pour mousse un séraphin.
撒弗拉作侍童。(撒弗拉: 六翼天使)

Dites, le jeune belle,
告诉我, 美丽的姑娘,
Où voulez-vous aller?
你要去哪里?
La voile ouvre son aile,
白帆展开了翅膀,
La brise va souffler!
风儿就要吹起。

Est-ce dans la Baltique
想去波罗的海,

Dans la mer Pacifique,
去太平洋,
Dans l'île de Java?
还是去爪哇岛?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
或者去挪威,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
去采摘雪花,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?
或者安格索卡花? (安格索卡花: 一种生长在
印度尼西亚巴厘地区的花。)

Dites, le jeune belle,
告诉我, 美丽的姑娘,
Où voulez-vous aller?
你要去哪里?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
她说, 请你带我
À la rive fidèle
去忠诚海岸,
Où l'on aime toujours.
在那里爱情地久天长。
- Cette rive, ma chère,
亲爱的, 在爱的世界里,
On ne la connaît guère
没有人知道
Au pays des amours.
那样的海岸。
Où voulez-vous aller?
你要去哪里?
La brise va souffler.
风儿就要吹起!