

## Lyrics and Translations

*Prophetic Visions* from *Occasional Oratorio*, George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Prophetic visions strike my eyes!  
In vain our foes for help shall cry!  
War shall cease,  
Welcome peace!

The hostile band, by his right hand  
Discomfited forsakes the land!

*Piangerò la sorte mia* from *Giulio Cesare*, George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

E pur così in un giorno  
perdo fasti e grandezze?  
Ahi fato rio!  
Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto;  
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,  
né sanno darmi soccorso. O dio!  
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

Piangerò la sorte mia  
sì crudele e tanto ria  
finché vita in petto avrò.  
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno  
il tiranno e notte e giorno  
fatta spettro agiterò

And yet thus in a single day  
do I lose splendour and greatness?  
Ah wicked fate!  
Cesare, my beloved idol, is probably dead.  
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,  
and they cannot give me help. Oh God!  
There doesn't remain any hope for my life.

I shall lament my fate,  
so cruel and so wicked,  
as long as I have breath left in my body.  
But when I am dead, from all around,  
the tyrant, both night and day,  
having become a ghost, I will haunt.

**L'Eraclito amoroso, Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)**

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio !  
cha lagrimar mi porta.  
Nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,  
che si fido credei, la fede è morta.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,  
mi pasco sol di lagrime.  
Il duolo è mia delizia,  
e son miei gioie i gemiti.

Ogni martire aggradami,  
ogni dolor diletiami.  
I singulti mi sanano,  
i sospir mi consolano.

Ma se la fede negami  
quell' incostante e perfido,  
almen fede serbatemi  
sino alla morte, O lagrime!

Ogni tristezza assalgami,  
ogni cordoglio eternisi.  
Tanto ogni male affligami,  
che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

Listen, lovers, the reason, oh heavens!  
that leads me to weep.  
My cherished and beautiful beloved,  
that I thought so faithful, faith is dead.

My only pleasure is weeping,  
I only revel in my tears.  
Grief is my delight,  
and wailing is my joy.

Every torture enchants me,  
every pain pleases me.  
Sobbing heals me,  
sighing comforts me.

But, denies me his faith  
this inconstant and treacherous lover,  
at least be faithful to me  
until death, oh tears!

May every sadness assail me,  
every mourning last forever.  
So much sorrow afflicts me,  
that it kills me, and buries me

*Volez, Plaisirs* from *Les fêtes de l'Hymen*, Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)

Volez, plaisirs, célébrez ce beau jour  
Voliz, parez l'Hymen!  
Qu'il soit toujours aimable.

Fly, pleasures, celebrate this beautiful day  
Fly, adorn it, Hymen!  
May he always be kind.

Pour rendre notre accord durable,  
Vertus qui le suivez,  
Ne quittez plus ma cour!

To make our agreement lasting,  
Virtues that follow him,  
Never leave my court!

*Hört, ihr Augen, auf zu weinen*, Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Hört, ihr Augen, auf zu weinen!  
Trag ich doch  
Mit Geduld mein schweres Joch.  
Gott, der Vater, lebet noch,  
Von den Seinen  
Läßt er keinen.  
Hört, ihr Augen, auf zu weinen!

Cease weeping, my eyes!  
I will bear  
with patience my heavy yoke.  
God, the Father, still lives,  
of His own  
He loses none.  
Cease weeping, my eyes!

*Four Poems by Tennyson, Ned Rorem (b. 1923)*

**Ask Me No More**

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the  
shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:  
I strove against the stream and all in vain:  
Let the great river take me to the main:  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;  
Ask me no more.

**Now Sleeps The Crimson Petal**

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.  
The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake.  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

**Far-Far-Away**

What sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew  
As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,  
Far—far—away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?  
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells  
Far—far—away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,  
Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy,  
Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath  
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death  
Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of birth,  
The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,  
Far—far—away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give?  
O dying words, can Music make you live  
Far—far—away?

**The Sleeping Palace**

The varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.

Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs:  
In these, in those the life is stay'd.  
The mantles from the golden pegs  
Droop silently: no sound is mad

**Down East**, Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Songs! Visions of my homeland,  
come with strains of childhood,  
Come with tunes we sang in school days  
and with songs from mother's heart;

Way down east in a village by the sea,  
stands an old, red farm house  
that watches o'er the lea;  
All that is best in me,  
lying deep in memory,  
draws my heart where I would be,  
nearer to thee.

Ev'ry Sunday morning,  
when the chores were almost done,  
from that little parlor  
sounds the old melodeon,  
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"  
With those strains a stronger hope  
comes nearer to me.