



EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

RENÉE FLEMING & HARTMUT HÖLL

—
Renée Fleming Soprano

Hartmut Höll Piano

25 Aug 12pm & 2.30pm

OLD COLLEGE QUAD

The performance lasts approx. 1hr with no interval.

Supported by
Dunard Fund

Please ensure all mobile phones and electronic devices are turned off or put on silent.

Georg Frideric Handel (1809–47)

Dank sei dir, Herr

‘Calm thou my soul’ from *Alexander Balus*

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Rêve d’amour Op 5 No 2

Prison Op 83 No 1

Les berceaux Op 23 No 1

Au bord de l’eau Op 8 No 1

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

Lauf der Welt Op 48 No 3

Zur Rosenzeit Op 48 No 5

Ein Traum Op 48 No 6

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Muttertändelei Op 43 No 2

Waldseligkeit Op 49 No 1

Kevin Puts (b 1972)

Evening

Joni Mitchell (b 1972)

Both Sides Now

Georg Frideric Handel (1809–47)

Dank sei dir, Herr*

Dank sei dir, Herr,
Dank sei dir, Herr,
Du hast dein Volk mit dir geführt,
Israel, hindurch das Meer.

Wie eine Herde
zog es hindurch.
Deine Hand schützte es,
in deiner Güte gabst du ihm Heil.

Dank sei dir, Herr,
Dank sei dir, Herr,
Du hast dein Volk mit dir geführt,
Israel, hindurch das Meer.

‘Calm thou my soul’ from *Alexander Balus*

Calm thou my soul
Kind Isis, with a noble scorn of life,
Ideal joys, and momentary pains,
That flatter or disturb this waking dream.

Convey me to some peaceful shore,
Where no tumultuous billows roar,
Where life, though joyless, still is calm,
And sweet content is sorrow’s balm.
There free from pomp and care, to wait,
Forgetting and forgot, the will of fate.

Thomas Morell (1703–84)

Thanks be to Thee, O Lord

Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,
With Thy mighty hand Thou hast led Thy people,
Israel, safely through the sea.

Like a shepherd
Thou has led us.
Thine hand protected us,
In Thy goodness tenderly as in ages past.

Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,
With Thy mighty hand Thou hast led Thy people,
Israel, safely through the sea.

* attributed to Handel, but the words and music are now thought to be by Siegfried Ochs (1858–1929)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Rêve d'amour Op 5 No 2

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naisse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh ! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton coeur se pose!

Victor Hugo (1802–85)

A dream of love

If there be a lovely lawn
Watered by the sky,
Where each new season
Blossoming flowers spring up,
Where lily, woodbine and jasmine
Can be gathered liberally,
I would strew the way with them
For your feet to tread!

If there be a loving breast
Wherein honour dwells,
Whose tender devotion
Never is morose,
If this noble breast always
Beats with worthy intent,
I would make of it a pillow
Where your head can rest!

If there be a dream of love
With the scent of roses,
Where each day may be found
Some sweet new delight,
A dream blessed by the Lord,
Where soul unites with soul,
Oh! I shall make of it the nest
Where your heart will rest!

Prison Op 83 No 1

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme !
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit,
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse ?

Paul Verlaine (1844–96)

Les berceaux Op 23 No 1

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Sully Prudhomme (1839–1907)

Prison

The sky above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Swaying silently on the swell,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep.
And the men with questing spirits
Will seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Au bord de l'eau Op 8 No 1

S'asseoir tous deux au bord d'un flot qui passe,
Le voir passer;
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
Le voir glisser;
À l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de chaume,
Le voir fumer;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur embaume,
S'en embaumer;
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure
L'eau murmurer;
Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve dure,
Le temps durer;
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu'à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,
Les ignorer;
Et seuls, tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser,
Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer!

Sully Prudhomme

At the water's edge

To sit together on the bank of a flowing stream,
To watch it flow;
Together, if a cloud glides by,
To watch it glide;
On the horizon, if smoke rises from thatch,
To watch it rise;
If nearby a flower smells sweet,
To savour its sweetness;
To listen at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,
To the murmuring water;
Not to feel, while this dream passes,
The passing of time;
But feeling no deep passion
Except to adore each other,
With no cares for the quarrels of the world,
To know nothing of them;
And alone together, seeing all that tires,
Not to tire of each other,
To feel that love, in the face of all that passes,
Shall never pass!

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

Lauf der Welt Op 48 No 3

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiss nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küss' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja,
Doch sagt sie: nein, auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862)

The way of the world

Every evening I go out
Up the meadow path.
She looks out from her summer house,
Hard by the roadside.
We never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.

I do not know how it happened,
For a long time I've been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes,
But neither does she ever say no.
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
We don't prevent it, it just seems good.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
It does not ask: do you love me?
The little rose cools off in the dew,
It doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But neither says: I love you!

Zur Rosenzeit Op 48 No 5

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühtet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht.

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd,
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug,
Und vor deinem Angesichte,
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühtet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Ein Traum Op 48 No 6

Mir träumte einst ein schöne Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut —
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum,
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit,
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her;
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang,
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum,
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit!
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

Friedrich von Bodenstedt (1819–92)

Time of roses

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloomed for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul is breaking with grief.

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloomed for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul is breaking with grief.

A dream

I once dreamt a beautiful dream:
A blond maiden loved me;
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
From the distant village came the sound of bells —
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells;
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring,
You shall live in me for ever more!
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Muttertändelei Op 43 No 2

Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind!
Mit den goldnen Zottellöckchen,
Blauen Augen, roten Bäckchen!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins? —
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein süßes Kind!
Fetter als ein fettes Schneckchen,
Süßer als ein Zuckerweckchen!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins? —
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein holdes Kind!
Nicht zu mürrisch, nicht zu wählig,
Immer freundlich, immer fröhlich!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins? —
Leutchen, Leutchen, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein frommes Kind!
Keine bitterböse Sieben
Würd’ ihr Mütterchen so lieben.
Leutchen, möchtet ihr so eins? —
O, ihr kriegt gewiss nicht meins!

Komm’ einmal ein Kaufmann her!
Hunderttausend blanke Taler,
Alles Gold der Erde zahl’ er!
O, er kriegt gewiss nicht meins!
Kauf’ er sich woanders eins!

Gottfried August Bürger (1747–94)

Waldseligkeit Op 49 No 1

Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,
den Bäumen naht die Nacht;
als ob sie selig lauschen,
berühren sie sich sacht.

Und unter ihren Zweigen,
da bin ich ganz allein,
da bin ich ganz mein eigen:
ganz nur Dein.

Richard Dehmel (1863–1920)

Mother-talk

Just look at my pretty child!
With his golden tassels of hair,
Blue eyes, red cheeks!
Well folks, do you have such a child?—
No, folks, you don’t!

Just look at my sweet child!
Fatter than a fat snail,
Sweeter than a sugar roll!
Well folks, do you have such a child?—
No, folks, you don’t!

Just look at my lovely child!
Not too moody, not too choosy,
Always friendly, always happy!
Well folks, do you have such a child? —
No, folks, you don’t!

Just look at my gentle child!
No wicked shrew
Would love her mother so.
Well folks, do you want such a child? —
You’ll certainly not get mine!

Let a merchant come along!
One hundred thousand shining thalers,
Let him pay all the gold on earth!
Oh, he certainly won’t get mine!
Let him buy one somewhere else!

Woodland rapture

The wood begins to stir,
night draws near the trees;
as if blissfully listening,
they gently touch each other.

And beneath their branches,
I am utterly alone,
utterly my own:
utterly and only yours.

Kevin Puts *(b 1972)*

Evening

Moonlight pours down
without mercy, no matter
how many have perished
beneath the trees.
The river rolls on.
There will always be
silence, no matter
how long someone
has wept against
the side of a house,
bare forearms pressed
to the shingles.

Everything ends.
Even pain, even sorrow.
The swans drift on.
Reeds bear the weight
of their feathery heads.
Pebbles grow smaller,
smoother beneath night's
rough currents. We walk

long distances, carting
our bags, our packages.
Burdens or gifts.

We know the land
is disappearing beneath
the sea, islands swallowed
like prehistoric fish.

We know we are doomed,
done for, damned, and still
the light reaches us, falls
on our shoulders even now,

even here where the moon is
hidden from us, even though
the stars are so far away.

Dorianne Laux *(b 1952)*

Joni Mitchell (b 1943)

Both Sides Now

Rows and flows of angel hair
And ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons everywhere
Looked at clouds that way

But now they only block the sun
They rain and they snow on everyone
So many things I would have done
But clouds got in my way

I've looked at clouds from both sides now
From up and down and still somehow
It's cloud illusions I recall
I really don't know clouds at all

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels
The dizzy dancing way that you feel
As every fairy tale comes real
I've looked at love that way

But now it's just another show
And you leave 'em laughing when you go
And if you care, don't let them know
Don't give yourself away

I've looked at love from both sides now
From give and take and still somehow
It's love's illusions that I recall
I really don't know love
Really don't know love at all

Tears and fears and feeling proud
To say, 'I love you' right out loud
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds
I've looked at life that way

Oh, but now old friends they're acting strange
And they shake their heads and they tell me that I've changed
Well something's lost, but something's gained
In living every day

I've looked at life from both sides now
From win and lose and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall
I really don't know life at all

It's life's illusions that I recall
I really don't know life
I really don't know life at all

Joni Mitchell

AUDIENCE SURVEY

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