



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

**David Mejía Jr., Tenor**  
**Elijah Ong, Collaborative Piano**

May 3, 2026

3:00 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

### PROGRAM

#### **Dichterliebe, Op. 48**

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprieße
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht
- VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume
- XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
- XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder

**Robert Schumann**  
**(1810-1856)**

### INTERMISSION

#### **Heart on The Wall**

- I. Heart
- II. Remembrance
- III. Havana Dreams
- IV. Girl
- V. For Dead Mimes

**Robert Owens**  
**(1925-2011)**

#### **Selections by Edith Piaf:**

- I. La Vie En Rose
- II. Hymne à l'amour

**Marguerite Monnot**  
**(1903-1961)**

#### **Selections by Franz Lehar:**

“Freunde, Das Leben Ist Lebenswert” from *Giuditta*

**Franz Lehar**  
**(1870-1948)**

“I am a dutiful wife” from *The Merry Widow*

*Courtney Parnitke, Soprano*

*This Recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Artist Diploma in Voice. Mr. Mejía is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.*

Robert Schumann's *Dichterleibe* (1840) is regarded by music historians as "the most beautiful" Romantic song cycles of all time and sets 16 poems from librettist, Heinrich Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*<sup>1</sup>. This cycle is a stream of continuous German artsongs also known as "lieder," which loosely form a psychological narrative, rather than a straightforward story with strict plot and characters. The cycle follows a poet's emotional turmoil after his beloved rejects him and marries another man, which leaves him with prolonged feelings of irony, insanity, and introspection<sup>1</sup>. Heine's melancholic poetry and Schumann's expressive piano accompaniment create miniatures of one's recollection of memories, naturalism, and nostalgia. The final song culminates in a symbolic act of the protagonist ending his life, suffering in a coffin, alluding to the poet dying alongside his unresolved loved<sup>2</sup>. I want to dedicate this song cycle to one of my most valuable mentors during my graduate course studies here at Texas Christian University, Dr. James Rodriguez.

**Dichterliebe****I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

**II. Aus meinen Tränen sprieße**

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

**A Poet's Love****I. In the Wondrous Month of May**

In the wondrous month of May,  
When all the buds burst into bloom,  
Then it was that in my heart  
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,  
When all the birds were singing,  
Then it was I confessed to her  
My longing and desire.

**II. From My Tears Spring Forth**

From my tears there will spring  
Many blossoming flowers,  
And my sighs shall become  
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,

And at your window shall sound  
The nightingale's song.

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<sup>1</sup> Andrew H. Weaver, "Memories Spoken and Unspoken: Hearing the Narrative Voice in *Dichterliebe*," *Journal of the Royal Musical Association* (Cambridge University Press, 2017/2020).

<sup>2</sup> Rufus Hallmark, "Why *Dichterliebe* Twice? The Case of Schumann's Opus 24 and Opus 48," in *Of Poetry and Song* (Cambridge University Press, 2023).

### III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

### IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;

Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!  
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

### V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,  
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

### VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n  
Mit seinem grossen Dome,  
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

### III. The Rose, the Lily, the Dove, the Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,  
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.  
I love them no more, I only love  
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;  
She, most blissful of all loves,  
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

### IV. When I Look into Your Eyes

When I look into your eyes,  
All my pain and sorrow vanish;  
But when I kiss your lips,  
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,  
Heavenly bliss steals over me;

But when you say: I love you!  
I must weep bitter tears.

### V. I Will Bathe My Soul

Let me bathe my soul  
In the lily's chalice;  
The lily shall resound  
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver  
Like the kiss that her lips  
Once gave me  
In a wondrously sweet hour.

### VI. In the Rhine, the Holy River

In the Rhine, in the holy river,  
Mirrored in its waves,  
With its great cathedral,  
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,  
Painted on gilded leather;  
Into my life's wilderness  
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover  
Around Our beloved Lady;  
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
Are the image of my love's.

## VII. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im  
Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.

## VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,  
Wie ich so traurig und krank,  
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen  
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,  
Die goldenen Sternelein,  
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,  
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,  
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:  
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

## IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,  
Trompeten schmettern darein;  
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen  
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,  
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;  
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen  
Die lieblichen Engelein.

## X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

## VII. I Bear No Grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is  
breaking,  
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.  
However you gleam in diamond splendour,  
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,  
And saw the night within your heart,  
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;  
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.  
I bear no grudge.

## VIII. If the Little Flowers Knew

If the little flowers knew  
How deeply my heart is hurt,  
They would weep with me  
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew  
How sad I am and sick,  
They would joyfully make the air  
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,  
Those little golden stars,  
They would come down from the sky  
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;  
My pain is known to one alone;  
For she it was who broke,  
Broke my heart in two.

## IX. There Is the Sound of Flutes and Violins

What a fluting, what a scraping,  
With trumpets blaring in;  
That must be my dearest love  
Dancing at her wedding feast.

What a clashing, what a clanging,  
What a drumming, what a piping;  
And the lovely little angels  
Sobbing and groaning in between.

## X. When I Hear the Little Song Resounding

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,  
Das einst die Liebste sang,  
So will mir die Brust zerspringen  
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

When I hear the little song  
That my love once sang,  
My heart almost bursts  
With the wild rush of pain.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen  
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',  
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen  
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

A dark longing drives me  
Out to the wooded heights,  
Where my overwhelming grief  
Dissolves in tears.

### **XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen**

### **XI. A Young Man Loves a Maiden**

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,  
Die hat einen andern erwählt;  
Der andre liebt eine andre,  
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

A boy loves a girl  
Who chooses another;  
He in turn loves another  
And marries her.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger  
Den ersten besten Mann,  
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

The girl, out of pique,  
Takes the very first man  
To come her way;  
The boy is badly hurt.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
Und wem sie just passieret,  
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

It is an old story,  
Yet remains ever new;  
And he to whom it happens,  
It breaks his heart in two.

### **XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**

### **XII. One Bright Summer Morning**

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
Geh' ich im Garten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Ich aber wandle stumm.

One bright summer morning  
I walk around the garden.  
The flowers whisper and talk,  
But I walk silently.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:  
„Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,  
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.“

The flowers whisper and talk,  
And look at me in pity:  
'Be not angry with our sister,  
You sad, pale man.'

### **XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet**

### **XIII. I Wept in My Dream**

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

I wept in my dream;  
I dreamt you lay in your grave.  
I woke, and tears  
Still flowed down my cheeks.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

I wept in my dream;  
I dreamt that you were leaving me.  
I woke, and wept on  
Long and bitterly.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer  
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

#### **XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume**

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich  
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,  
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich  
Zu deinen süssen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich  
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;  
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort  
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.  
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,  
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

#### **XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es**

Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
Hervor mit weisser Hand,  
Da singt es und da klingt es  
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen  
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,  
Und lieblich duftend glühen,  
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen  
Uralte Melodei'n,  
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,  
Und Vögel schmetterten drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen  
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,  
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen  
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen  
An jedem Blatt und Reis,  
Und rote Lichter rennen  
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen  
Aus wildem Marmorstein.

I wept in my dream;  
I dreamt you loved me still.  
I woke, and still  
My tears stream.

#### **XIV. Nightly in My Dreams**

Nightly in my dreams I see you,  
And see your friendly greeting,  
And weeping loud, I hurl myself  
Down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,  
Shaking your fair little head;  
Stealing from your eyes  
Flow little tears of pearl.

You whisper me a soft word  
And hand me a wreath of cypress.  
I wake, the wreath is gone,  
And I cannot remember the word.

#### **XV. From Old Fairy Tales It Beckons**

A white hand beckons  
From fairy tales of old,  
Where there are sounds and songs  
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers  
Bloom in the golden twilight,  
And glow sweet and fragrant  
With a bride-like face;

And green trees  
Sing primeval melodies,  
Mysterious breezes murmur,  
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up  
From the very ground,  
And dance airy dances  
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze  
On every leaf and twig,  
And red fires race  
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush  
From wild marble cliffs.

Und seltsam in den Bächen  
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,  
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,  
Und aller Qual entnommen,  
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,  
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,  
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,  
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

### **XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder**

Die alten, bösen Lieder,  
Die Träume bös' und arg,  
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,  
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,  
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;  
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,  
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre  
Und Bretter fest und dick;  
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,  
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,  
Die müssen noch stärker sein  
Als wie der starke Christoph  
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,  
Und senken ins Meer hinab;  
Denn solchem grossen Sarge  
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl  
So gross und schwer mag sein?  
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe  
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

And strangely in the streams  
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,  
And there make glad my heart,  
And be relieved of all pain,  
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,  
I see it often in my dreams,  
But with the morning sun  
It melts away like mere foam.

### **XVI. The Old, Angry Songs**

The bad old songs,  
The bad and bitter dreams,  
Let us now bury them.  
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,  
Though what, I won't yet say;  
The coffin must be even larger  
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier  
Made of firm thick timber:  
And it must be even longer  
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;  
They must be even stronger  
Than Saint Christopher the Strong  
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,  
And sink it deep into the sea;  
For such a large coffin  
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin  
Must be so large and heavy?  
I'd like to bury there my love  
And my sorrow too.

Text by Heinrich Heine

Translations by Richard Stokes, The Book of Lieder

**INTERMISSION**

“Heart on The Wall,” is a five-piece song cycle with lyrics by African American poet Langston Hughes (1901-1967,) composed by twentieth century African American composer Robert Owens. These songs follow the German art song tradition, or *lieder*, told through the perspective of a black artist in mid-century America. “Heart on The Wall” was composed for coloratura soprano, Mattiwilda Donna in 1968, and then later orchestrated for soprano Louise Toppin in 2011 for her album “Heart on The Wall: African American Art Songs for Orchestra.”<sup>3</sup> Owens’ composition focuses on three key elements: emotional vulnerability, isolation, and societal rejection, as the character of “Pierrot the clown,” is the protagonist and the main heart of story<sup>4</sup>. Owens compares the black experience to that of a clown because both share the inability to be loved by a judgmental society that rejects them. “Pierrot’s heart” is both plastered on a wall to be ignored by the masses in the first piece, and later symbolic for how Owens compares the feelings of withdrawal, negligence, and exposure prevalent in the African American community. Each piece is theatrical, cabaret-sequel, and melodically expressive with various coloratura phrases, tone painting, and catchy, rhythmic piano motifs.

## **Heart**

Pierrot

Took his heart  
And hung it  
On a wayside wall.

He said,  
"Look, Passers-by,  
Here is my heart!"

But no one was curious.  
No one cared at all  
That there hung  
Pierrot's heart  
On the public wall.

So Pierrot  
Took his heart  
And hid it

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<sup>3</sup> Garrett, Daniel. “Crossing that Line to Freedom: Heart on the Wall, African American Art Songs, by Louise Toppin and the Dvořák Symphony Orchestra; and the anthology Sence You Went Away.” *AfriClassical*, March 24, 2013. <https://africlassical.blogspot.com/2013/03/crossing-that-line-to-freedom-heart-on.html>

<sup>4</sup> Jamie M. Reimer, “Revealing Robert Owens: A Study of Compositional Style and Performance Practice in the Song Cycle Heart on the Wall” (*Journal of Singing*, 2010).

Far away.

Now people wonder  
Where his heart is  
Today.

### **Remembrance**

To wander through this living world  
And leave uncut the roses  
Is to remember fragrances where  
The flower no scent encloses.

### **Girl**

She lived in sinful happiness  
And died in pain.  
She danced in sunshine  
And laughed in rain.

She went one summer morning  
When flowers spread the plain,  
But she told everybody  
She was coming back again.

Folks made a coffin  
And hid her deep in earth.  
Seems like she said:  
*My body*  
*Brings new birth.*

For sure there grew flowers  
And tall young trees  
And sturdy weeds and grasses  
To sway in the breeze.

And sure she lived  
In growing things  
With no pain  
To laugh in sunshine  
And dance in rain.

### **Havana Dreams**

The dream is a cocktail at Sloppy Joe's --  
(Maybe -- nobody knows.)

The dream is the road to Batabano.  
(But nobody knows if that is so.)

Perhaps the dream is only her face --  
Perhaps it's a fan of silver lace --  
Or maybe the dream's a Vedado rose --  
(*Quien sabe?* Who really knows?)

### **For dead mimes**

O white-faced mimes,  
May rose leaves  
Cover you  
Like crimson  
Snow.

And may Pierrette,  
The faithful,  
Rest forever  
With Pierrot.

Text by Langston Hughes

### **Selections by Edith Piaf**

### **Marguerite Monnot**

Edith Piaf was a famous French female vocalist, internationally acclaimed as “France’s greatest singer” who popularized the French ballad genre, also recognized as *chanson*<sup>5</sup>. Marguerite Monnot was a leading female composer for film and collaborative of Piaf’s to the French *chanson* genre in the twentieth century. Piaf’s lyricism and Monnot’s composition created timeless, beautiful French melodies that still have relevancy in modern pop culture and music. “La vie en rose,” was a featured song in the 2018 adaption of “A Star is Born,” sung by Stefani Joanne Angelina Germanotta, AKA “Lady Gaga,” and this piece has been adapted in various styles and languages by icons such as Grace Jones (1977,) Louis Armstrong (1950.) “Hymne L’amour” was a song written as a tribute to Piaf’s lover, Marcel Cerdan, a French boxer who died in

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<sup>5</sup> “Édith Piaf.” Encyclopaedia Britannica, <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Edith-Piaf>. Accessed 11 Apr. 2026.

a fatal plane crash<sup>6</sup>. This piece resurfaced after Celine Dion's 2024 Paris Olympics performance on the Eiffel Tower, after she made a triumphant return to stage singing after her diagnosis with stiff-person syndrome<sup>7</sup>.

### **La vie en rose**

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens  
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche  
Voilà le portrait sans retouche  
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens

Quand il me prend dans ses bras  
Qu'il me parle tout bas  
Je vois la vie en rose  
Il me dit des mots d'amour  
Des mots de tous les jours  
Et ça m'fait quelque chose  
Il est entré dans mon cœur  
Une part de bonheur  
Dont je connais la cause  
C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie  
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie  
Et dès que je l'aperçois  
Alors, je sens dans moi  
La vie en rose

Text by Edith Piaf

### **Hymne à l'amour**

Le ciel bleu sur nous peut s'effondrer  
Et la Terre peut bien s'écrouler  
Peu m'importe si tu m'aimes  
Mon amour, puisque tu m'aimes

J'irais jusqu'au bout du monde  
Je me ferais teindre en blonde  
Si tu me le demandais  
J'irais décrocher la Lune

### **Life in Pink**

Eyes that make mine look down  
A laugh that is lost on his mouth  
Here is the portrait without retouching  
Of the man I belong

When he takes me in his arms  
He speaks to me so quietly  
I see life in pink  
Everyday words  
And that does something to me  
He entered my heart  
A part of happiness  
Of which I know the cause  
It's him for me, me for him for life  
He told me, swore it for life  
And as soon as I see it  
So I feel inside  
My beating heart  
Life in pink

Text by Genius.com

### **Hymn to love**

The blue sky above us can collapse  
And earth may crumble  
I don't care, as long as you love me  
I couldn't care less about the rest of the world

I'll go to the end of the world  
I'll dye my hair blonde  
If you'd ask me

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<sup>6</sup> Ray, Elizabeth. *The Edith Piaf Companion*. Greenwood Press, 1998.

<sup>7</sup> Iglesias Botrán, Ana María. "La apasionada historia de 'L'Hymne à l'amour', la canción que revivió con los Juegos Olímpicos." *Montreal Gazette* (via Infobae), 10 Apr. 2026, <https://montrealgazette.com/entertainment-life/music/article560470.html>

J'irais voler la fortune  
Si tu me le demandais  
Je renierais ma patrie  
Je renierais mes amis  
Si tu me le demandais  
On peut bien rire de moi  
Je ferais n'importe quoi  
Si tu me le demandais

Nous aurons pour nous l'éternité  
Dans le bleu de toute l'immensité  
Dans le ciel, plus de problème  
Mon amour, crois-tu qu'on s'aime?  
Dieu réunit ceux qui s'aiment

Text by Edith Piaf

I'd get the moon for you  
I'd steal a fortune  
If you'd ask me  
I would renounce my country  
I would renounce my friends  
If you'd ask  
They can laugh at me  
I'd do anything If you'd ask me

We will have eternity  
In the endless blue of infinity  
In the heavens, no more problems  
My love do you believe, that we love each other?  
God reunites those who love each other.

Translated by Genius.com

### **“Freunde, Das Lebens Ist Lebenswert” from *Giuditta***

**Franz Lehár**

Franz Lehár's *Giuditta* (1934) was his final stage work and his most ambitious attempt to move beyond traditional operetta toward a more operatic, dramatic style. It premiered on 20 January 1934 at the Vienna State Opera<sup>8</sup> This is Lehar's first successful departure from earlier comedic operettas such as “The Merry Widow,” and instead uses larger orchestration, continuous musical structure, and heightened psychological drama. However, to some music historians this is an as operetta, or light opera, to which he himself acknowledged was a hybrid between comedic operetta and grand opera<sup>9</sup>. The story follows *Giuditta*, a young, wealthy, and independent woman, who leaves her comfortable marriage to marry a handsome army man name Octavio. *Giuditta* convinces Octavio to resign from the army and sings this aria after hitting rock bottom. He is convinced “life is great,” which is ironic considering the woman he sacrificed everything for has left him, and she refuses to reunite with him.

#### **Freunde, das Leben ist lebenswert!**

Freunde, das Leben ist lebenswert!  
Jeder Tag kann Schönes uns geben,  
Jeder Tag ein neues Erleben,  
Jede Stunde verjüngt sich die Welt!  
Die herrliche Welt!

#### **Friends, life is well worth living!**

Friends, life is well worth living!  
Every day might bring us beauty,  
Every day a new adventure,  
Every hour the world rejuvenates!  
The wonderfull world!

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<sup>8</sup> “*Giuditta* (Operetta Catalogue Entry).” Josef Weinberger Ltd., <https://www.josef-weinberger.com/operas-operetta/opera/giuditta-.html>. Accessed 11 Apr. 2026.

<sup>9</sup> *Giuditta* Files.” Bayerische Staatsoper, <https://www.staatsoper.de/en/giuditta-files>. Accessed 11 Apr. 2026.

Sinkt die Sonne abends nieder,  
Strahlend steht sie morgen wieder  
Auf dem blauen Himmelszelt!

Freunde, das Leben ist lebenswert!  
Aus dem Dunkel stiller Gassen  
Leuchten Augen, heiß wie Feuer,  
Locken tausend Abenteuer  
Heimlich süß!

O Signora - o Signorina!  
Hört man flüstern und liebkosen,  
Dort vom Fenster des Palazzo  
Fallen dunkelrote Rosen!

O Signora, Signorina,  
Zärtlich klingt die Cavatina,  
Und die Schönste aller Frauen  
Wird vielleicht noch heute dein!  
Das Leben ist schön, so schön!

Text by Paul Knepler and Fritz Löhner

May the evening see the sun set,  
Morning gives her back its glory  
Cast against the clear blue sky!

Friends, life is well worth living!  
From the dark of quiet byways  
Eyes do glow as hot as fire,  
Luring you along to follow  
Your sweet hopes.

Oh Signora ... oh Signorina!  
You hear sweetly whispered endearments,  
And a dark red rose is thrown down  
from the ancient palace- window!

Oh Signora ... Signorina,  
luring sounds the cavatina,  
And the loveliest of women  
Will perhaps be (mine) yours tonight!  
Yes, life is great, so great!

Translations by Linda Godry, The Lieder Archive

### **“I am a dutiful wife” from *The Merry Widow***

**Franz Lehár**

“The Merry Widow,” also known as *Die lustige Witwe* was a German operetta that premiered on December 30, 1905, at Theater an der Wien in Vienna, Austria, which was later adapted in English for British audiences. It would later be performed in English at the London’s Daly’s Theatre in 1907<sup>10</sup>. This duet is sung in ACT 1 by the two aspiring lovers. Natalie a “happily” married wife who lives in upper aristocracy,” and Camille an average courtesan and servant, are infatuated by each other, but I cannot act upon their feelings. At the start of the operetta, this duet establishes themes of wanting things we should not desire and choosing between fortune and one’s happiness. This duet is buoyant and is waltz-like Lehár orchestration, and it serves as a flirtatious and elegant conversational duet writing.

### **I am a dutiful wife**

#### **NATALIE**

We are alone, there’s no one here...

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<sup>10</sup> “Die lustige Witwe (The Merry Widow).” Encyclopaedia Britannica, <https://www.britannica.com/topic/The-Merry-Widow-operetta-by-Lehar>. Accessed 11 Apr. 2026

**CAMILE**

At last, some time alone, my dear.

**NATALIE**

I've something I must say to you...

**CAMILE**

There's something that I must tell you, too.

**NATALIE**

No, please! I cannot listen to words like these.

**CAMILE**

You may imagine, 'tho I am still. The words I'd tell you, so I will, I will!

**NATALIE**

No, no, my love! It's this I have dreaded. It's time this was ended.

**CAM**

Was ended?

**NATALIE**

It's time you were wedded.

**CAM**

Some wife for me? That cannot be. For you are my love... the love for me.

**NATALIE**

I beg of you, dear... you will not tell me what I must not hear!

For I am a dutiful wife, An otherwise dutiful wife. It brings but trouble and danger

To listen to love from a stranger. My vows I can never recall, So what is the end of it all

But sorrow and peril and strife

Since I am a dutiful wife?

I lose if I love you, And what are you winning?

Ah! Break off this folly

While yet it's beginning!

Take care, take care,

My love, beware,

And do not play with fire today!  
Stamp out the brand  
Ere it is fanned,  
Or from its sleep the flame may leap.  
'Tho it may be but a childish game,  
To play would set your house aflame!  
The blaze you start  
May sear your heart. Play not with fire, then... love,  
beware!

### **CAMILE**

Yes, you are a dutiful wife. It goes to my heart like a  
knife. But 'spite of the bars that may sever, I love  
you, and love you forever!  
And 'tho we are always apart, The love will live on in  
my heart  
Until I grow old in the strife, While you are a dutiful  
wife.  
I know there is peril, But yet I would dare it. To lose  
you forever... Ah! How could I bear it?

### **NATALIE**

Take care, take care,  
My love, beware,  
And do not play with fire today!  
Stamp out the brand  
Ere it is fanned,  
Or from its sleep the flame may leap. 'Tho it may be  
a childish game, To play would your house aflame!  
The blaze you start  
May sear your heart. Play not with fire, then... love,  
beware!

### **CAMILE**

I mean to dare, I mean to dare, 'Tho duty bars the  
way. But duty's call  
That is not all, Love has a word to say. I will have  
you yet, Be-cause I dare!  
Then in your heart  
The flame will start, And passion we will share.

### **BOTH**

For then you will not care!

English Adaption by Adrian Ross and Ronald Orenstein