



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents an Artist Diploma Recital: *Song-Bird*
Janell Cherie, Soprano
Daria Kiseleva, Collaborative Piano

May. 4th, 2023

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

7:00 PM

Program

Happy Birdling of the Forest, Op. 63

William Vincent Wallace
(1812-1865)

Solovey

Aleksandr Alyabyev
(1787-1851)

La Capinera

Sir Julius Benedict
(1804-1885)

Paige Jackson, Flute

Chanson pour les oiseaux

Louis Beydts
(1895-1953)

La Colombe poignardée

Le petit pigeon bleu

L'Oiseau bleu

Le petit serin en cage

Intermission

“Les oiseaux dans la charmille” from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

“Green Finch and Linnet Bird” from *Sweeney Todd*

Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

Tom Lehrer
(b.1928)

“It’s My Wedding” from *The Enchanted Pig*

Jonathan Dove
(b.1959)

Frühlingstimmen, Op. 410

Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Artist Diploma certificate in Voice. Janell is a student of Dr. San-ky Kim. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones

Program Notes

Irish composer, **William Vincent Wallace**, is esteemed for his expertise in piano and violin performance. By the age of eight he composed marches for his father's band; at sixteen he was first violin in the Theatre Royal orchestra of Dublin.¹ His continued performing and composing drew the attention of musical communities in Europe. Wallace's collection of song compositions are not as extensive as his piano works although he did compose for singers in opera. His most successful staged work, *Maritana*, became popular in London, Vienna, and Philadelphia in the 1840's.² Among his song selections is *Happy Birdling of the Forest* written for popular soprano, Miss Catherine Hayes who premiered the work in 1852. The chirping themes of the flute are met with broad responses in the piano line as the melody of the voice calls back to the flute representing the "happy birdling." A trio of arpeggiated lines from each instrument join together to create a swell of springtime warbles.

Aleksandr Alyabyev was a Russian composer, conductor, and pianist. After finishing his studies he served in the military in the Patriotic War of 1812 and continued serving until 1823, when he attained officer status and received two awards for courage.³ In the 1820's he began his staged works and by 1834 he published a book of Ukranian folk melodies.⁴ *The Nightingale (Solovey)* is one of his most notable and performed pieces. There is a simplicity of the melody that allows for improvisation and nuance. The original composition does not include flute but as performance practice allows improvisation, the added flute represents the melody of the Nightingale referenced in the text. This text from the poem of Anton Delvig is representative of Russian folklore in which Delvig had a particular interest. He wrote several imitations of folk songs which were set to text by composers such as Alyabyev.⁵

At a young age **Sir Julius Benedict** showed musical promise. By the age of fifteen was introduced to Beethoven and by the year 1821 he had moved to Dresden to study musical composition under Weber, who mentored him like his own son.⁶ By adulthood, Benedict made his mark in classical music as a conductor and a teacher. In 1870 he composed *La Capinera* also known as *The Wren* for high-voice, flute, and piano. This call and response selection is driven by the pushing chords of the piano and boisterous duet of the voice and flute culminating in an exciting final cadenza. It prompts the feeling of singing along as the text urges. The Italian text, also written by Sir Julius, rejoices singing in spring-time.

¹ Catherine Mackerras, "Wallace, William Vincent (1812-1865)," Biography - William Vincent Wallace, January 1, 1967, <https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/wallace-william-vincent-2769>.

² Nicholas Temperley, 2001.

³ Fiona, "Alyabyev, Alexander Aleksandrovich (4th September 1787-6th March 1851)," Feenotes, accessed March 21, 2023, <https://www.feenotes.com/database/composers/alyabyev-alexander-aleksandrovich-4th-september-1787-6th-march-1851/>.

⁴ " "

⁵ "Anton Delvig," Wikipedia (Wikimedia Foundation, October 5, 2022), https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anton_Delvig.

⁶ "Jewishencyclopedia.com," BENEDICT, SIR JULIUS - JewishEncyclopedia.com (The Koplman Foundation), accessed March 19, 2023, <https://www.jewishencyclopedia.com/articles/2926-benedict-sir-julius>.

Louis Beydts, French composer, was a conductor, music critic and stage director. Beydts grew up in a musical home but his career did not take off until the end of World War One in which he was mobilized. Eventually he became known for his operetta, comic opera and film music. His collection of *mélodie* was not as widely appreciated.⁷ Beydts composed much of his one-hundred *mélodies* between the years of 1926 and 1946. Included in this collection is song-set, *Chansons pour les oiseaux*.⁸ The text for this set of four selections about birds was written by French poet, **Paul Fort**. Fort was a symbolist poet meaning his writings expressed individual experiences through symbolic language. This type of poetry uses metaphor and impressionistic phrases that invoke underlying mystery.⁹ In setting this text to music, Beydts captures this mystery in each of the four selections as well as embodies the unique disposition of each poem. Each selection is titled after a type of bird and invokes imagery of the life or purpose of that bird.

French-German composer, **Jacques Offenbach**, dropped out of conservatory as a teen and built his musical career from playing cello and later, conducting. His ultimate dream was to write operetta to which he succeeded in the late 1850's.¹⁰ *The Tales of Hoffmann, Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, was left unfinished due to Offenbach's death. It was finished by his colleagues and premiered in Paris on February 10, 1881. The French libretto was by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier who was a coauthor of the play of the same name, on which the opera was based. Like the play, the opera is based on three of the psychologically complicated and fantastic stories of the German Romantic author and composer E.T.A. Hoffmann.¹¹ *Les oiseaux dans la charmille*, also known as the "Doll Aria," is sung by the character Olympia, a doll creation made by the inventor Spalanzani. In his parlor room full of guests, Spalanzani winds Olympia up to sing as Hoffman, the title character, falls head over heels for the mechanical doll.

Ninety-four-year-old American songwriter and mathematician, **Tom Lehrer**, is known for his satire and presumably dark sense of humor. Originally trained as a mathematician, Lehrer found his niche when he replaced the lyrics of "Modern Major General" from *The Pirates of Penzance* with a rapid firing of the 102 scientific elements.¹² He went on to write and sing political and satirical pieces such as "So long, Mom I'm off to Drop the Bomb (A song for WWII)" and "**Poisoning Pigeons in the Park.**" In the latter selection, the listener clearly understands Lehrer's quirky personality and sense of humor. There is a special humor in singing about a happy person who casually enjoys murdering pigeons. Tom Lehrer capitalized on these semi-realistic concepts which cross the line just enough to be funny.

⁷ "Louis Beydts," Wikipedia (Wikimedia Foundation, August 22, 2022), https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louis_Beydts.

⁸ "The Art Song of Louis Beydts," Iro.uiowa.edu, accessed April 5, 2023, <https://iro.uiowa.edu/esploro/outputs/doctoral/The-art-song-of-Louis-Beydts/9984210526302771#details>.

⁹ "Symbolism," Encyclopædia Britannica (Encyclopædia Britannica, inc.), accessed April 2, 2023, <https://www.britannica.com/art/Symbolism-literary-and-artistic-movement>.

¹⁰ "Jacques Offenbach," Wikipedia (Wikimedia Foundation, March 16, 2023), https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jacques_Offenbach.

¹¹ "The Tales of Hoffmann," Encyclopædia Britannica (Encyclopædia Britannica, inc.), accessed April 3, 2023, <https://www.britannica.com/topic/The-Tales-of-Hoffmann>.

¹² Andrew Robinson, "Tom Lehrer at 90: A Life of Scientific Satire," Nature News (Nature Publishing Group, April 4, 2018), <https://www.nature.com/articles/d41586-018-03922-x>.

Sweeney Todd is one of many well-known musicals written by compositional legend, **Stephen Sondheim**. Sondheim was revolutionary in his work as a composer/lyricist and in musical-theatre as a whole. He wrote his first musical at the age of 15 under the guidance of Oscar Hammerstein II. In adulthood he focused on writing the lyrics to well-known musicals such as *Company*, *Follies*, and *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*.¹³ *Sweeney Todd* is an exiled man, now barber by trade, with a deep vengeance toward the judge in London who ruined his life. He partners with Mrs. Lovett who owns a failing pie shop. Together, the two produce mutually successful businesses in which the customers are both the supply and the demand. “**Green Finch and Linnet Bird**” is sung by the character of Johanna who is raised as a ward by the judge who wrongfully exiled Sweeney Todd. Judge Turpin keeps a close hold on her, making his home her prison. Johanna wishes to be free and sings of her caged life while watching her pet birds.

English composer, **Jonathan Dove**, is one of the most performed living opera composers. His opera, *Flight*, has been featured in opera houses in several countries including many opera houses in the United States. Dove has written over thirty operatic works including *The Adventures of Pinocchio* (2007), *Mansfield Park* (2011) and *Marx in London* (2018).¹⁴ Before these prime years of composition, Dove composed a family-friendly opera, **The Enchanted Pig**. The libretto, written by Alasdair Middleton, features a Princess-story of Flora who accidentally marries an enchanted pig. In an attempt to quickly break the enchantment, Flora trusts a witch who takes the pig to marry her own daughter, Adelaide. In the aria, “It’s My Wedding,” Adelaide scolds her incompetent help about all of the insufficient preparations that have been made for her big day. This includes, blinding veil, a missing swan, and doves that are just too small.

Frühlingstimmen, also known as *Voices of Spring*, is a popular waltz often performed as an orchestral work with optional soprano voice. Composed by **Johann Strauss Jr.**, it was premiered in 1883 in Vienna featuring Soprano, Bianca Bianchi. The exuberant text was written by Richard Genée, who was working with Strauss at the time as librettist for the operetta *Ein Nacht in Venedig*. The poetry in *Frühlingstimmen* is about the singing of larks and nightingales as the sounds of spring awaken fields and meadows.¹⁵ The melodic themes seems to bubble up like the warmth of springtime as Strauss captures nature’s harmonies into the progression of each theme within the piece.

¹³ “Stephen Sondheim,” Encyclopædia Britannica (Encyclopædia Britannica, inc., March 18, 2023), <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Stephen-Sondheim>.

¹⁴ “Biography,” Jonathan Dove, accessed April 4, 2023, <https://www.jonathandove.com/biography.html>.

¹⁵ “J. Strauss, Jr.: Voices of Spring Waltz, Opus 410,” San Francisco Symphony, accessed April 4, 2023, <https://www.sfsymphony.org/Data/Event-Data/Program-Notes/J/J-Strauss,-Jr-Voices-of-Spring-Waltz,-Opus-410>.

Text/Translations

Happy Birdling if the Forest, Op. 63

Text: C.D. Stewart¹⁶

Happy birdling of the forest
Ever singing as thou soarest
Who hath taught thee little minion
Bird upon thy golden pinion.
Thus to warble wild and high
Half to earth and half to sky ... half to sky

Happy birdling from from sorrow
Never dreaming of the morrow
Hast thou ever notes of sadness
Or dost always sing for gladness
Tell me birdling is thy strain
But a gladsome life refrain
Tell me birdling is thy strain
But a gleesome life refrain

Happy birdling gaily fleeting
Evermore thy song repeating
I would learn thy lesson surely
Could I only learn it purely
Learn to warble wild and high
Half to earth and half to sky half to sky

Solovey

Text: Anton Antonovich Delvig (1798 - 1831)

Solovej moj, solovej,
Golosty'j solovej!
Ty' kuda, kuda letish` ,
Gde vsyu nochku propoesh` ?
Solovej moj, solovej,
Golosty'j solovej!

Kto-to, bednaya, kak ya,
Noch` proslushaet tebya,
Ne smy'kayuchi ochej,
Utopayuchi v slezax?
Solovej moj, solovej,
Golosty'j solovej!

Nightingale

English Translation: Emily Ezust

My nightingale, nightingale
Sweet-voiced nightingale!
To where are you flying?
Where will you sing all night?
My nightingale, nightingale
Sweet-voiced nightingale!

Will some other unfortunate maiden like me
Listen to you tonight,
Unable to close her eyes,
Drowning in tears?
My nightingale, nightingale
Sweet-voiced nightingale!

¹⁶ Benjamin Robert Tubb, "The Music Of William Vincent Wallace (1812-1865)," The Music of William Vincent Wallace (1820-1865), accessed March 10, 2023.

https://dirkncl.github.io/pdmusic_org/wallace.html.

La Capinera

Text: Sir Julius Benedict

Col ritornar del dolce april
tu torni pur, o mia gentil,
E vieni a dir la tua canzon fra vaghi fior del
mio veron.
Tua voce un tal piacer mi fa Che di cantar
desio mi dà.
Cantiam insiem mi guida tu
Cantiam l'amor la gioventù
insiem insiem cantiam
La la la gioventù l'amor cantiam.

Salutan te l'erbe ed i fior in quell' arcan
linguaggio lor.
Del venticel il mormorar Un bacio sol
cercar ti par
E mentre il cor vicin a te D'un gaudio ho piu
ch'uman non è
Io vuò cantar mi guida tu
Cantiam l'amor la gioventù
insiem insiem cantiam
La la la gioventù l'amor cantiam.

Chansons pour les oiseaux

Text: Paul Fort (1872 - 1960)

La colombe poignardée

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait le soleil et les
mondes,
Il n'y aurait pas eu les douleurs, ni ma
blonde.
Pas de coups, de sang rouge et ni ma
bien-aimée . . .
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait la lune et les orages,
Il n'y aurait pas eu de pleurs aux doux
visages,
Ni de couteau farouche et ni ma bien-aimée .
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée. . .

The Wren

Translation: Janell Stallard

With the return of the sweet April
you come back, my kind one,
And come and tell your song among the
lovely flowers of my beauty.
Your voice gives me such pleasure That it
gives me the desire to sing.
Let's sing together you guide me
Let's sing love to youth
together together we sing
La la la of young love we sing.

Greet you the herbs and the flowers in that
ancient language of theirs.
Of the breeze, the whispering of a kiss only
seeks you
And while the heart near you Of a joy I have
more than a man is not
I want to sing, you guide me
Let's sing love to youth
together together we sing
La la la of young love we sing.

Songs for the birds

Translation: Sarah Neal

The wounded dove

If God didn't have the sun and the
worlds,
There wouldn't have been pain, nor my
sweet,
No beatings, no red blood and neither my
beloved.
There would not be a stabbed dove on earth.

If God had not made the moon and the
storms, There would have been no tears in
sweet faces, Neither a fierce knife, nor my
beloved ...
There would not be a stabbed dove on earth.

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait les jours après le
jour,
Il n'y aurait pas eu d'amour, ni mon amour !
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.
Et ni, Seigneur ! ma bien-aimée.

Le petit pigeon bleu

Je voudrais être petit pigeon bleu Sur le toit
de ta chaumière
Pour t'écouter remuer les assiettes et mettre
des pommes de pin au feu.
J'écouterais aussi la belle histoire
Que tes enfants écoutent chaque soir. C'est
toi qui la contes, je serais heureux tout
comme un ange écoutant le bon Dieu
Oui la belle histoire du paradis,
Quand les oiseaux s'aimaient entre eux, Les
arbres aussi, les poissons aussi,
Les chênes, les carpes, les hochequeuees,
Les pins parasols, les écureuils,
Les zéphyr, les roseaux, les roses,
Les arcs-en-ciel sur les eaux,
Les gouttes de rosée et deux personnes
Sur le toit de ta chaumière,
Je voudrais être petit pigeon bleu.
J'écouterais entre les pailles, heureux,
Tout comme un ange écoutant le bon Dieu!

L'oiseau bleu

Aliénor, Éléonor, Genièvre,
Ilse, Nausicaa, Viviane,
Eve, Blancheflor, Urgèle et Gwendoloéna,
Carotte, Céphise, Amalthée, Rosalys,
Rosalinde rose, Eunice, Eione, Galatée,
Sylphes, nymphes, apothéose,
Muse, Musette, Mélusine,
Musidora, Muse adorée,
Germaine Tourangelle,
Ondine, Caliope, Clio dorée,
Vénus, Anadyomède, Irène, Roxane, Io,
reines, impératrices, fées, voix heureuses
d'être fées,

If God hadn't made day after day,
There would have been no love, nor my
love! There would not be a stabbed dove on
earth, And neither, Lord! My beloved

The small blue pigeon

I would like to be a little blue pigeon On the
roof of your cottage
To listen to you move the plates and put
pinecones on the fire.
I would also listen to the beautiful story That
your children listen to every night. You are
the one telling it, I would be happy Just like
an angel listening to the good Lord
Yes the beautiful story of paradise, When the
birds loved each other,
Trees too, fish too,
Oaks, carp, tails,
Umbrella pines, squirrels,
The zephyrs, the reeds, the roses, The
rainbows over the waters, Dew drops and
two people
On the roof of your cottage,
I would like to be a little blue pigeon.
I would listen through the straws, happy,
Just like an angel listening to the good Lord

The bluebird

Aliénor, Éléonor, Genièvre,
Ilse, Nausicaa, Viviane,
Eve, Blancheflor, Urgèle and Gwendoloéna,
Carotte, Céphise, Amalthée, Rosalys,
Rosalinde rose, Eunice, Eione, Galatée,
Sylphs, nymphs, apothéose,
Muse, Musette, Mélusine,
Musidora, adored Muse,
Germaine Tourangelle,
Ondine, Caliope, golden Clio,
Vénus, Anadyomède, Irène, Roxane, Io,
queens, empresses, fairies, voices happy to
be fairies,

Ah, Ah, Ah
Nourdjebane, Badroulboudour, la Sulamite
et la Sultane,
Yseut, Isoline, Peau d'Ane, Amour, Amour,
Amour, Amour.

Le petit serin en cage

Il était un p'tit jaune tout habillé de gris,
canari, Qui demandait l'aumône aux chats et
aux souris,
Canari, toto canaro, canari.
Compère Mistigri, le lairras-tu, le lairras-tu
souffri?
Compère Mistigri, le lairras-tu souffri?
Le chat d'la Mèr' Michel, canari,
Ses moustach's comme un gril, canari,
A fait la courte échelle aux rats et aux
souris, Canari, toto, canaro, canari!
Ah ! père Mistigri, me lairras-tu, me
lairras-tu mourir ?
Ah ! père Mistigri, me lairras-tu mourir?
Tu t'en iras au ciel, canari,
Croqué par les souris, canari,
les rats (c'est rationnel) te croqu'ront bien
aussi,
Canari, toto, canaro, canari.
Et Mistigri chéri croqu'ra le tout, miaou Et
Mistigri chéri croqu'ra le tout, miaou
Le chaton, qui l'eût cru? C'est le père
Lustucru,
Ce vieux monstre malotru,
Qui l'a croqué tout cru.

Les Oiseaux Dans la Charmille

Text: Michel Carré & Jules Barbier

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour!

Ah! Voilà la chanson gentille
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

Ah, Ah, Ah
Nourdjebane, Badroulboudour, the
Shulamite and the Sultana, Yseut, Isoline,
Donkeyskin, Love, Love,
Love, Love

The small canary in a cage

He was a little yellow canary all dressed in
gray, Who begged alms from cats and mice,
Canary, toto canaro, canary.
Friend pussy cat, will you leave him, will
you let him suffer?
Friend pussy cat, will you let him suffer?
The mother's cat Michel, canary,
His mustaches like a grill, canary, Made a
short ladder for rats and mice, Canary, toto,
canaro, canary!
Ah! Father pussy cat, will you leave me, will
you leave me dead?
Ah! Father pussy cat, will you leave me
dead?
You will go to heaven, canary,
Bitten by mice, canary,
rats (that's rational) will bite you too,
Canary, toto, canaro, canary.
And pussy cat darling will eat them all,
meow And pussy cat darling will eat them
all, meow
The kitten, who would have thought? It's the
father Lustucru,
That old evil monster,
Who ate it raw

The birds in the arbor

Translation: Ann Feeny

The birds in the arbor,
The sky's daytime star,
Everything speaks to a young girl of love!

Ah! This is the gentile song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire, tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne d'amour!

Ah! Voilà la chanson mignonne
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

And sighs, in turn,
Moves his heart,
which shudders of love!

Ah! This is the lovely song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Poisoning pigeons in the Park

Text: Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, a-suh-puh-ring is here.
Life is skittles and life is beer.
I think the loveliest time of the year is the
spring.
I do, don't you? 'course you do.
But there's one thing that makes spring
complete for me,
And makes ev'ry sunday a treat for me.

All the world seems in tune
On a spring afternoon,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.
Ev'ry sunday you'll see
My sweetheart and me,
As we poison the pigeons in the park.

When they see us coming, the birdies all try
an' hide,
But they still go for peanuts when coated
with cyanide.
The sun's shining bright,
Ev'rything seems all right,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We've gained notoriety,
And caused much anxiety
In the audubon society
With our games.
They call it impiety,
And lack of propriety,
And quite a variety
Of unpleasant names.
But it's not against any religion
To want to dispose of a pigeon.
Everything that sings and resonates

So if sunday you're free,
Why don't you come with me,
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.
And maybe we'll do
In a squirrel or two,
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We'll murder them all amid laughter and
merriment.
Except for the few we take home to
experiment.
My pulse will be quickenin'
With each drop of strychnine
We feed to a pigeon.
It just takes a smidgin!
To poison a pigeon in the park.

Green Finch and Linnet Bird

Text: Stephen Sondheim

Green finch and linnet bird,
Nightingale, blackbird,
How is it you sing?
How can you jubilate,
Sitting in cages,
Never taking wing?
Outside the sky waits,
Beckoning, beckoning,
Just beyond the bars.
How can you remain,
Staring at the rain,
Maddened by the stars?
How is it you sing anything?
How is it you sing?

Green finch and linnet bird,
Nightingale, blackbird,
How is it you sing?
Whence comes this melody constantly
flowing?
Is it rejoicing or merely halloing?
Are you discussing or fussing
Or simply dreaming?

Are you crowing?
Are you screaming?

Ringdove and robinet,
Is it for wages,
Singing to be sold?
Have you decided it's
Safer in cages,
Singing when you're told?
My cage has many rooms,
Damask and dark.
Nothing there sings,
Not even my lark.
Larks never will, you know,
When they're captive.
Teach me to be more adaptive.

Green finch and linnet bird,
Nightingale, blackbird,
Teach me how to sing.
If I cannot fly,
Let me sing.

It's My Wedding

Text: Alasdair Middleton

Tiara, tiara!
Do you call this a tiara?

I want a proper tiara
Not this thing
I've had more sparkle from beads
On an old bit of string
I want shine, I want bling

And the veil, where's the veil?
The design was so fine that four
Of the nuns who were making it
Found they'd gone blind
Do I look like I mind?
If some nuns have gone blind?
The whole bleeding convent
Can drop down dead

Just as long as that veil is on top
Of my head by tonight, alright?

And the swan, where's it gone?
The six-teen foot swan that I'm
Sitting on as I'm pulled up the aisle
By those dwarves. God, those dwarves!
Send them back.
I said all-along, I want dwarves that are
Strong and those dwarves can't lift
Up my train, send them all back again!
And get out and hustle some midgets
With muscle!

And the doves, the doves
The doves that are being released
As I stand in front of the priest and say
"I do"
They won't do! Shoot them all!
They're too small!
Maybe it's me, but I like a dove you
Can see. Is this really too much to ask?
Have I set some impossible task?
I just want some sparkle, I want things to
shine!

It's like some awful conspiracy
Why don't you get it?
Why don't you see?
It's my wedding so who's it about?
It's my wedding, I don't want to shout
It's my wedding, so it's all about me!

Now get out! And don't come back until
everything's perfect!

Frühlingsstimmen

Text: Richard Genée

Die Lerche in blaue Höh entschwebt,
der Tauwind weht so lau;
sein wonniger milder Hauch belebt
und küßt das Feld, die Au.
Der Frühling in holder Pracht erwacht,

Voices of Spring

Translation: Linda Godry

The lark rises into the blue,
the mellow wind mildly blowing;
his lovely mild breath revives
and kisses the field, the meadow.
Spring in all its splendour rises,

ah alle Pein zu End mag sein,
alles Leid, entflohn ist es weit!
Schmerz wird milder, frohe Bilder,
Glaub an Glück kehrt zurück;
Sonnenschein, ah dringt nun ein,
ah, alles lacht, ach, ach, erwacht!

Da strömt auch der Liederquell,
der zu lang schon schien zu schweigen;
klingen hört dort wieder rein und hell
süße Stimmen aus den Zweigen!
Ah leis' läßt die Nachtigall
schon die ersten Töne hören,
um die Kön'gin nicht zu stören,
schweigt, ihr Sänger all!
Voller schon klingt bald ihr süßer Ton.
Ach ja bald, ah, ah ja bald!

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

O Sang der Nachtigall, holder Klang, ah ja!
Liebe durchglüht, ah, ah, ah,
tönet das Lied, ah und der Laut,
süß und traut, scheint auch Klagen zu
tragen,
ah ah wiegt das Herz in süße Träumerein,
ah, ah, ah, ah, leise ein!

Kaum will entschwinden die Nacht,
Lerchensang frisch erwacht,
ah, Licht kommt sie künden,
Schatten entschwinden! ah!

Ah des Frühlings Stimmen klingen traut,
ah ja, ah ja ah o süßer Laut,
ah ah ah ah ach ja!

ah all hardship is over,
sorrow becomes milder,
good expectations,
the belief in happiness returns;
sunshine, you warm us,
ah, all is laughing, oh, oh awakes!

A fountain of songs is rising,
who has been silent for too long;
from the brush sounds clear and light
the sweet voice again!
Ah, gently the nightingale lets
stream the first notes,
so as not to disturb the queen;
hush, all you other singers!
More powerful soon chimes her sweet voice.
Oh, soon, oh, oh soon!

Ah.....

Oh, song of the nightingale, sweet sound, ah
yes!

Glowing with love, ah, ah, ah,
sounds the song, ah and the sound,
sweet and cosy, seems to carry a plaintive
note,
ah, ah rocks the heart to sweet dreams,
ah, ah, ah, ah, most gently!

As haltingly vanishes the night,
the lark starts to sing,
ah, the light she promises,
shadows recede! Ah!

Ah springs voices sound like home,
Ah yes, ah yes oh sweet sound,

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah yes!