

Joseph Haydn: 2 Kammerduette Hob XXVa:2, London

I

Nisa:

Saper vorrei se m'ami, s'altro che me tu brami,
se per me sola vivi, se sai che vivo in te.

Tirsi: Questo saper vorresti?

Nisa: Questo saper vorrei?

Tirsi: Oh quanto ingrata sei!

Nisa: Ingrata, oh Dio, perché?

Tirsi:

Sanno le piante, ei monti, l'aure, gli augelli, e i fonti,
e sola tu non sai l'anima mia qual è.

Nisa: Lo so, ma bramo sentirlo, sentirlo replicar.

Nisa + Tirsi: Se insieme lo replichiamo qual armonia de' far.

Nisa: Comincia tu, che a canone ti voglio seguitar.

Nisa + Tirsi:

Più di questi occhi io t'amo, più della vita assai
solo [sola] il mio ben sarai, sempre, sempre ti vo' adorar.

II

Tirsi: Guarda qui che lo vedrai,

Nisa: Senti qui che il sentirai.

Tirsi: In quest'occhi cosa vedi?

Nisa: Cosa senti in questo petto?

Nisa: Veggo un fanciulletto

Tirsi: Sento un fiero fanciulletto

Nisa + Tirsi:

che in me vibra or fiamme or dardi, ch'ora ride or piange or palpita,
or piacere or duolmi dà.

Tirsi: Cosa vedi?

Nisa: Cosa senti?

Nisa: Veggo un fanciulletto

Tirsi: Sento un fiero fanciulletto

Nisa + Tirsi: che in me vibra or fiamme or dardi,
ch'ora ride or piange or palpita, or piacere
or duolmi dà. A chi mai, chi mai sarà?

Nisa + Tirsi: È il furbetto di Cupido che dagli occhi al cor mi viene
e per te, mio caro bene, mille scherzi in sen mi fa.

Joseph Haydn: aus Original Canzonettas Hob XXVIa, London 1792/93

The Wanderer

To wander alone when the moon, faintly beaming
With glimmering lustre, darts through the dark shade,
Where owls seek for covert, and nightbirds complaining
Add sound to the horror that darkens the glade.

'Tis not for the happy; come, daughter of sorrow,
'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in thy tears,
Where, lost in the past, disregarding tomorrow,
There's nothing for hopes and nothing for fears.

Sympathy

In thee I bear so dear a part,
By love so firm, so firm am thine,
That each affection of thy heart
By sympathy is mine.

When thou art grieved, I grieve no less,
My joys by thine are known,
And every good thou would'st possess
Becomes in wish my own.

She never told her love

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek...;
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Piercing eyes

Why asks my fair one if I love?
Those eyes so piercing bright
Can every doubt of that remove,
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its working see,
Ever since they played the conqueror's part,
And I no more was free.

E.T.A. Hoffmann: 6 Kammerduette

I

Ombre amene, amiche piante,
Il mio bene il caro amante,
Chi mi dice ove n'andò?
Zeffiretto lusinghiero
A lui vola messaggiero
Dì che torni, e che mi renda
quella pace, che non ho.

II

Dove sei mio caro bene?
Vieni l'alma a consolar!
Son oppressa dal dolore
e di crudi miei tormenti.
Sol con te posso bear -
Dove sei mio caro bene?

III

Vicino a quel ciglio son lieto e contento.
L'affanno, il periglio, l'istesso tormento m'è dolce con te.

IV

Viver non potrò mai lungi da te mio bene
Se dalle sue catene tu non mi sciogli il piè.
Che se morir degg'io senza trovar mercede
lascia almen ben mio morir vicino a te.
Lungi da te mio bene viver non potrò mai.

V

Vicino a te ben mio mi sento giubilar!
Lungi da te son io costretto a sospirar.
Ah, se potessi almeno gli affetti oh Dio frenar
vedrei forse al mio seno la pace ritornar.

VI

Ah, se mi manca l'anima in sì fatal momento
Ah che in lasciarti io sento la pena di morir
Se presto oh Dio non stancasi la forza di dolore
chi porgerà al mio core la forza di soffrir!
Abbi pietà de oh Cielo! Del mio crudo tormento
vi posso al mio tormento oh Numi impietosir.
Ah, se mi manca l'anima in sì fatal momento
Ah che in lasciarti io sento la pena di morir.

Joseph Haydn: Lines from the battle o' the Nile Hob XXVib:4, London 1798

Rez: Ausania trembling amidst unnumbered woes sat lost in silent grief,
hopeless nor daring to implore relief, oppressed by base insulting foes:
when, lo! from ocean's trophied mansion come the Sons of Neptune
to pronounce their doom.

Led by a warrior whose intrepid soul pure faith and courage sway,
this band of brothers cuts the liquid way, a small determined band, their country's
pride like purest gold by fiery dangers tried.
With hope renewed the gallic navy rode, pleased to behold the Briton's thin array
courting the terrors of the vengeful day: beneath the weight deep groans the subject flood,
and chief where marked as leader of the rest the giant Orient stood aloft confessed.

Britannia's hero gives the dread command: obedient to his summons flames arise:
the fierce explosion threats the skies and high in air the ponderous mass is thrown.
The dire concussion shakes the strand: Earth, Air, and Sea affrighted groan,
the solid Pyramids attest the shock and their firm bases with the tremor rock.

The Nile with wrecks overspread, the curling smoke, the captive banners seal the doom of haughty France
and break their galling yoke.

Eternal praise, great Nelson! to thy name and these immortal partners of thy fame!

Aria: Blest leader! foremost in renown of all whom rescued climes adore
whose brows adorn the rostral crown, whose name resounds from shore to shore.

Oh may that crown long grace thy head, Thy honored head with laurels twined!
Thou by all sapient heaven designed kingdoms to free from servile dread.

'tis thine to guard thy country's laws, and add new palms to Britain's coast.
Thine be the heartfelt just applause and thine of conscious worth the boast.
Eternal praise, great Nelson! to thy name and these immortal partners of thy fame!

Joseph Haydn: aus Original Canzonettas Hob XXVIa London 1792/93

The Sailor's Song

High on the giddy bending mast
The seaman furls the rending sail,
And, fearless of the rushing blast,
He careless whistles to the gale.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas,
Hurly burly, hurly burly,
War nor death can him displease.

The hostile foe his vessel seeks,
High bounding o'er the raging main,
The roaring cannon loudly speaks,
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas,
Hurly burly, hurly burly,
War nor death can him displease.

Despair

The anguish of my bursting heart
Till now my tongue hath never betrayed.
Despair at length reveals the smart;
No time can cure, no hope can aid.

My sorrows verging to the grave,
No more shall pain thy gentle breast.
Think, death gives freedom to the slave,
Nor mourn for me when I'm at rest.

Yet, if at eve you chance to stray
Where silent sleep the peaceful dead,
Give to your kind compassion way,
Nor check the tears by pity shed.

Whenever the precious dew drop falls
I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see;
And if sad thought my fate recalls,
A sigh may rise unheard by me.

Fidelity

While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'r,
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its power.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the checker'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoever may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

Oh tuneful voice!

O tuneful voice I still deplore,
Thy accents, which I hear no more,
Still vibrate on my heart.

In Echo's cave I long to dwell
And still to hear that sad farewell
When we were forced to part.

Bright eyes! O that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine
And round your orbits play,

To watch them with a vestal's care,
To feed with smiles a light so fair
That it may ne'er decay.

aus "George Thomson's Collection of Scots Songs and Ballads, with New Accompaniments by Beethoven, Pleyel, Haydn and Respectable Words by Robert Burns and others" London 1800

The Sutor's Daughter

Wilt thou be my dearie ? When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
oh wilt thou let me cheer thee by the treasure of my soul.
That's the love I bear thee! I swear and vow that only thou
shall ever be my dearie: Only thou, I swear and vow,
shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou loves me, Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Sayna thou'll refuse me. If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me ; Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me : Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep!
It grieves me sore to see thee weep.
Wouldst thou be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my sorrow sad:
Balow my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father brake me great annoy—
Balow, lu lu lu lilli lu

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st thou'll sweetly smile:
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yet I fear thou wilt go near
Thy father's heart and face to bear—
Balow, lu lu lu lilli lu

The Birks of Abergeldie

(Jamie): Bonny Lassie, will ye go,
will ye go, will ye go
to the Banks of Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
a gown o' silk, a gown o' silk,
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
and a coat of callimankie!

(Jenny): Na, kind sir, I dare nae gang,
I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
Na, kind sir. I dare nae gang,
My minny will be angry;
Sair, sair, wad she flyte;
Wad she flyte. wad she flyte;
Sair, sair, wad she flyte;
And sair wad she han me.

Life is a Dream

What's Life? what's life - it is a dream.
When Fortune's sons their gold and treasures
in scenes of luxury do spend.
Death's falchion puts a fatal end
to all their riot and their pleasure.
What's Life? what's life - it is a dream.

What's Life? what's life - it is a dream.
The wretch who, born in humble station,
in labour lives, in want of bread.
When he is summoned to the dead
Forgets the pangs of vast vexation.
What's Life? what's life - it is a dream.

The Cottagers

(William): From this roof young Willie went
when the lark first left its bed
Whispering "be my love content,
I to distant vales must tread -
But when Evening Star appears,
through the dews I'll seek this spot.
Let me kiss thy tears away,
'Tis with grief I leave the cot."

(Mary): This he said then strode away
over the heathy mountain far:
Oh to guide him lest he stray
Rise thou blessed Ev'ning Star!
See - it beams, and hark - his song,
Sweetly to my ear 'tis borne,
Blithe my shepherd trips along
Faithful to his vows at morn!

Jenny's Bawbee

"I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I speer'd at neebour Bauldy Strang,

Wha's they I see?
Quo' he ilk cream-fac'd, pawky chiel,
Thought he was cunning as the de'il,
And here they cam, awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee."

"The first, a captain to his trade,
with skull ill-lin'd, but back weel clad,
march'd round the barn and bye the shed,
And pap'd on his knee:
Quo' he, " My goddes, nymph, and queen,
your beauty's dazzled baith my e'en!"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But - Jenny's bawbee."

"A lawyer niest, wi' blethrin gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
in ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee."

"A Norland laird niest trotted up,
wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,
or tie 't till a tree.
What's gowd to me, I've walth o' lan' ,
Bestow on ane o' worth your han' ;"
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi Jenny's bawbee."

"Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,
A THING came niest, (but life has rubs),
foul were the roads, and foul the dubs,
and jaupit a' was he.
He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,
and grinn'd, "I faith a bonnie lass"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee."

"She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
the soger no to strut sae big,
the lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cried, "Tehee!
I kent that I could never fail!"
But she prin'd the dish-clout to his tail;
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee!"

An Old Story

Young Hal called softly: "Rise my dear
'Tis I your true love, can't you hear?"
He tapped and tapped impatient grown
and called and said
"Why Nancy now won't you come down?"

"Nay, nay!" replied the maid.
"The wind is bleak, the night is dark,
disturbed the village watch-dogs bark;
Full five miles long to thee I've come,
O'er dreary moorlands strayed,
Rise from thy bed and make me room!"
"No, no!" replied the maid.

Then doleful turned he from the door
and cursed his fate, and love forswore!
But as he turned, he heard the key
as though to creak afraid!
"You'll not prove false, sure?" whispered she -
"No, no, my charming maid!"

Thrice kissed the lovers, thrice the clock
beat on the bell, thrice crowed the cock,
yet still right loath was Hal to go,
though Nancy begged and prayed:
Till the laughing neighbours cried
"Oh ho! Is it so my pretty maid!"

Gramachree (said to have been sung in Bedlam by a negro)

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing.
Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly thus sang she,
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me.
Yet I love his parents since they're his, although they've ruined me,
And I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest,
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle to soar in to the sky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy.
But ah, unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see,
Yet I love my love because I know my love loves me.

My Patie is a Lover Gay

My Patie is a lover gay, His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay, His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle sizes He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprises 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawlk, Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake, That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine, And lov'd me best of any,
That gars me like to sing singsyne, " O corn riggs are bonny."