

VIVA ITALIA

Ania Vegry *soprano*
Simon Bode *tenor*
Jan Philip Schulze *piano*

Saturday 26 November
18:00, Kühlhaus Berlin



PROGRAMME

Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

An die Leier, D737

Franz von Bruchmann (1798 - 1867)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

from Italienisches Liederbuch

Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?, no.6
Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen kam ich her, no.22

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Gaetano Donizetti (1797 - 1848)

Me voglio fa' 'na casa

Anon.

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

from Italienisches Liederbuch

Schweig' einmal still,
du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!, no.43
Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind, no.13

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Gianni Ferrio (1924 - 2013)

Parole Parole

Leo Chiossi (1920-2006)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen, no.17
from Italienisches Liederbuch

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Vincenzo Bellini (1801 - 1835)

Malinconia, ninfa gentile

Anon. trans. Ippolito Pindemonte (1753 - 1828)

Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

Mio ben ricordati, D688
from Vier Canzonen

Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

Paolo Tosti (1846 - 1916)

Sogno

Olindo Guerrini (1845 - 1916)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen,
liebstes Leben, no.8
from Italienisches Liederbuch

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Gioachino Rossini (1792 - 1868)

La partenza

Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)

Vergebliches Ständchen, Op. 84 no.4

Anon.

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

Unterm Fenster, Op. 34 no.3
from Vier Duette

Robert Burns (1759 - 1796),
trans. Wilhelm Gerhard (1780 - 1858)

Gioachino Rossini (1792 - 1868)

Anzoleta dopo la regatta
from La Regata Veneziana

Anon. trans. Count Carlo Pepoli (1796 - 1881)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken, no.1
from Italienisches Liederbuch

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Vincenzo Bellini (1801 - 1835)

Ma rendi pur contento

Pietro Metastasio (1698 - 1782)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

from Italienisches Liederbuch

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen
mich zu fangen, no.10

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen, no.46
Lass sie nur gehn, die so die Stolze spielt, no.30

Gaetano Donizetti (1797 - 1848)

Caro elisir sei mio

Felice Romani (1788 - 1865)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

AN DIE LEIER

Schubert / Bruchmann

Ich will von Atreus' Söhnen,
Von Kadmus will ich singen!
Doch meine Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.

Ich tauschte um die Saiten,
Die Leier möcht ich tauschen!
Alcidens Siegeschreiten
Sollt ihrer Macht entauschen!

Doch auch die Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklingen!
So lebt denn wohl, Heroen!
Denn meine Saiten tönen
Statt Heldensang zu drohen,
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.

WER RIEF DICH DENN?

WER HAT DICH HERBESTELT?

Wolf / Heyse

Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?
Wer hiess dich kommen, wenn es dir zur Last?
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt,
Geh dahin, wo du die Gedanken hast.
Geh nur, wohin dein Sinnen steht und Denken!
Dass du zu mir kommst, will ich gern dir schenken.
Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt!
Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?

EIN STÄNDCHEN EUCH ZU BRINGEN KAM ICH HER

Wolf / Heyse

Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen kam ich her,
Wenn es dem Herrn vom Haus nicht ungelegen.
Iht habt ein schönes Töchterlein. Es wär
Wohl gut, sie nicht zu streng im Haus zu hegen.
Und liegt sie schon im Bett, so bitt ich sehr,
Tut es zu wissen ihr von meinetwegen,
Dass ihr Getreuer hier vorbeigekommen,
Der Tag und Nacht sie in den Sinn genommen,
Und dass am Tag, der vierundzwanzig zählt,
Sie fünfundzwanzig Stunden lang mir fehlt

TO MY LYRE

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

I would sing of Atreus' sons,
of Cadmus,
but my strings bring forth
only sounds of love.

I have changed the strings,
I should like to change the lyre!
Alcides' victorious march
should ring out from its might!

But these strings, too,
bring forth only sounds of love!
Farewell, then, heroes!
For my strings,
instead of threatening with heroic songs,
bring forth only sounds of love.

WHO CALLED YOU, THEN? WHO SENT FOR YOU?

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Who called you, then? Who sent for you?
Who asked you to come, if it's a burden?
Go to the sweetheart you like better,
Go there – where your thoughts are.
Just go to her you dream and think of!
I'll gladly spare you from seeing me.
Go to the sweetheart you like better!
Who called you, then? Who sent for you?

I HAVE COME HERE TO SING A SERENADE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I have come here to sing a serenade,
If the master of the house does not mind.
You have a beautiful daughter. It were
Better not to keep her too strictly indoors.
And should she have gone to bed,
Then kindly tell her on my behalf
That her sweetheart passed this way,
Who thinks of her by day and night,
And that in a day of four and twenty hours
I miss her twenty-five.

ME VOGLIO FA' 'NA CASA

Donizetti / Anon.

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' 'o mare
Fravecata de penne de pavune,
Tralla la le la...

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare
E de prete preziose li barcune,
Tralla la le la...

Quando Nennella mia se va a facciare
Ognuno dice "mò spona lu sole",
Tralla la le la...

SCHWEIG' EINMAL STILL, DU GARST'GER SCHWÄTZER DORT!

Wolf / Heyse

Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen.
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig' einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög' ich vor.

HOFFÄRTIG SEID IHR, SCHÖNES KIND

Wolf / Heyse

Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind, und geht
Mit Euren Freiern um auf stolzem Fuss.
Spricht man Euch an, kaum dass Ihr Rede steht,
Als kostet' Euch zuviel ein holder Gruss.
Bist keines Alexanders Töchterlein,
Kein Königreich wird deine Mitgift sein,
Und willst du nicht das Gold, so nimm das Zinn;
Willst du nicht Liebe, nimm Verachtung hin.

Parole Parole

Ferrio / Chiosso

Text still in copyright

I WANT TO BUILD A HOUSE

Translation © Anon.

I want to build a house surrounded by the sea
Made of the feathers of a peacock,
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

Of gold and silver I will make the stairs
And of precious stones, the balconies,
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

When my Nennalla leans out
Everyone will say, here comes the sun,
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

SHUT UP OUT THERE, YOU ODISIOUS RANTER!

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Shut up out there, you odious ranter!
Your cursed singing makes me sick.
And even if you kept it up till morning,
You'd still not manage a decent song.
Shut up for once and go to bed!
I'd sooner hear a donkey's serenade!

YOU ARE HAUGHTY, BEAUTIFUL CHILD

English Translation © Richard Stokes

You are haughty, beautiful child,
And high and mighty with your suitors.
If you're spoke to, you hardly deign reply,
As if a friendly greeting cost too much.
You are no Alexander's daughter,
No kingdom will be your dowry,
So if you don't want gold, take tin,
If you don't want love, take contempt.

UND WILLST DU DEINEN LIEBSTEN STERBEN SEHEN

Wolf / Heyse

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen,
So trage nicht dein Haar gelockt, du Holde.
Lass von den Schultern frei sie niederwehen;
Wie Fäden sehn sie aus von purem Golde.
Wie goldne Fäden, die der Wind bewegt –
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie trägt!
Goldfäden, Seidenfäden ungezählt,
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie strahlt!

MALINCONIA, NINFA GENTILE

Bellini / Pindemonte

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udirò alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

MIO BEN RICORDATI

Schubert / Metastasio

Mio ben ricordati,
Se avvien, ch'io mora:
Quanto quest' anima
Fedel t'amò.

E se pur amano
Le fredde ceneri:
Nell' urna ancora
T'adorerò.

AND IF YOU WOULD SEE YOUR LOVER DIE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

And if you would see your lover die,
Do not wear your hair in tresses, my love.
Let it cascade from your shoulders;
It looks like threads of pure gold.
Like golden threads blown by the wind –
The hair is beautiful, beautiful she that wears it!
Golden threads, silken threads without number –
The hair is beautiful, beautiful she who combs it!

MELANCHOLY GENTLE NYMPH

Translation © Anon.

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
They heard me at last; I live satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I never
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

REMEMBER, BELOVED

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Remember, beloved,
if it should happen that I die,
how this faithful soul
loved you.

And if cold ashes
can love
in the urn,
I shall love you.

SOGNO

Tosti / Guerrini

Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il Signor ...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia...
Ma, sognavo...E il bel sogno svanì.

NUN LASS UNS FRIEDEN SCHLIESSEN, LIEBSTES LEBEN

Wolf / Heyse

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben,
Zu lang ist's schon, dass wir in Fehde liegen.
Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben;
Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?
Es schliessen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,
Und sollten Liebende nicht darnach dürsten?
Es schliessen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,
Und sollt es zwei Verliebten wohl missraten?
Meinst du, dass, was so grossen Herrn gelingt,
Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht vollbringt?

DREAM

Translation © Anon.

I've dreamed of you on your knees
like a saint who prays to the Lord,
you gazed at me and in your eyes,
your glance of love sparkled.

You spoke and your soft voice...
asked me sweetly for mercy...
Only a glance that is promised...
did you implore bended at my foot.

I was silent and with my strong soul
struggled to resist temptation
I have felt martyrdom and death,
yet you conquered me and said no.

But your lips touched my face...
and the force of your heart betrayed me.
You closed your eyes, you stretched out your arms,
but I was dreaming and the beautiful dream
vanished.

LET US NOW MAKE PEACE, LOVE OF MY LIFE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Let us now make peace, love of my life,
We have been feuding far too long.
If you're not willing, I'll give in to you;
How could we wage war to the death?
Peace is made by kings and princes,
Why should not lovers crave the same?
Peace is made by soldiers and princes,
So why should two lovers not succeed?
Do you think what such great lords can manage
Cannot be done by two contented hearts?

LA PARTENZA

Rossini / Metastasio

Ecco quel fiero istante:
Nice, mia Nice, addio.
Come vivrò ben mio,
Così lontan da te?
Io vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò più bene:
E tu, chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

Sempre nel tuo cammino,
m' avrai vicino;
E tu, chi sa se mai
Ti soverrai di me!

THE DEPARTURE

English Translation © Johann Gaitzsch

Now comes the painful instant
Nice, my Nice, goodbye,
How can I live, my love
So far away from you!
My live will be a burden
Without any happiness
And you, who knows if ever
You will remember me.

On your way I shall always
Be close to you
But you, who knows, if ever
You will remember me.

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VERGEBLICHES STÄNDCHEN (NIEDERRHEINISCHES VOLKSLIED)

Brahms / Anon.

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

VAIN SERENADE (LOWER RHEIN FOLK SONG)

English Translation © Richard Stokes

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice—
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

UNTERM FENSTER

Schumann / Burns, translated by Gerhard

Wer ist vor meiner Kammertür?
Ich bin es!
Geh, schier dich fort, was suchst du hier?
Gar Süsses!
Du kommst im Dunkeln wie ein Dieb.
So fang mich!
Du hast mich wohl ein wenig lieb?
Von Herzen!

Und öffnet ich nach deinem Wunsch?
O öffne!
Da wär ja Schlaf und Ruhe hin!
Lass hin sein!
Ein Tauber du im Taubenschlag?
Beim Täubchen!
Du girrtest bis zum hellen Tag?
Wohl möglich!

Nein, nimmer lass ich dich herein!
Tu's dennoch!
Du stelltest wohl dich täglich ein?
Mit Freuden!
Wie keck du bist und was du wagst!
So darf ich?
Dass du's nur keiner Seele sagst!
Gewiss nicht!

ANZOLETA DOPO LA REGATA

Rossini / Pepoli

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ho visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e godito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de tragheto ti xe el megio barcarol.

BENEATH THE WINDOW

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Who is at my bedroom door?
It's me!
Be off with you, what d'you want here?
Something very sweet!
You've come in the dark just like a thief.
Why not catch me, then?
Don't you love me just a little?
With all my heart!

And what if I opened the door as you ask?
Open it!
That would be the end of sleep and rest!
Let them be!
Are you a dove in a dovecote?
With its mate!
Will you coo until dawn?
Most likely!

No, I'll never let you in!
Do it all the same!
I'll bet you'd want to come each day?
I'd love to!
How presumptuous and brazen you are!
Then may I?
As long as you don't tell a soul!
Of course not!

ANGELINA AFTER THE REGATTA

Translation © Anon.

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time to dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than you,
yours is the best name among rowers of ferryboats.

**AUCH KLEINE DINGE
KÖNNEN UNS ENTZÜCKEN**

Wolf / Heyse

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

MA RENDI PUR CONTENTO

Bellini / Metastasio

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

**DU DENKST MIT EINEM FÄDCHEN MICH
ZU FANGEN**

Wolf / Heyse

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?
Ich fing schon andre, die sich höher schwangen;
Du darfst mir ja nicht traun, siehst du mich lachen.
Schon andre fing ich, glaub es sicherlich.
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

**EVEN SMALL THINGS
CAN DELIGHT US**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Even small things can delight us,
Even small things can be precious.
Think how gladly we deck ourselves with pearls;
They fetch a great price but are only small.
Think how small the olive is,
And yet it is prized for its goodness.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

ONLY MAKE HER HAPPY

Translation © Anon.

Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful lady,
And I will pardon you, love
If my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

**YOU THINK YOU CAN CATCH ME
WITH A THREAD**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

You think you can catch me with a thread,
Make me fall in love with a mere glance?
I've caught others who flew higher,
You can't trust me if you see me laugh.
I've caught others, believe you me.
I am in love – but not with you.

**ICH HAB' IN PENNA
EINEN LIEBSTEN WOHNEN**

Wolf / Heyse

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein anderer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

**LASS SIE NUR GEHN,
DIE SO DIE STOLZE SPIELT**

Wolf / Heyse

Lass sie nur gehn, die so die Stolze spielt,
Das Wunderkräutlein aus dem Blumenfeld.
Man sieht, wohin ihr blankes Auge zielt,
Da Tag um Tag ein anderer ihr gefällt.
Sie treibt es grade wie Toscanas Fluss,
Dem jedes Berggewässer folgen muss.
Sie treibt es wie der Arno, will mir scheinen:
Bald hat sie viel Bewerber, bald nicht einen.

CARO ELISIR, SEI MIO

Donizetti / Romani

NEMORINO
Caro elisir! sei mio!
E tutto mio ... – Com'esser dee possente
La tua virtù, se, non bevuto ancora,
Di tanta gioia già mi colmi il petto!
Ma perché mai l'effetto
Non ne poss'io vedere
Prima che un giorno intier non sia trascorso?
Bevasi.
Oh! buono! – Oh! caro! – un altro sorso.
Beve ancora
Oh! qual di vena in vena
Dolce calor mi scorre! ... Ah! forse anch'essa ...
Forse la fiamma istessa
Incomincia a sentir ... Certo la sente ...
Me l'annunzia la gioia e l'appetito
Che in me si risvegliò tutto in un tratto ...
La rà, la rà, la rà.

**I HAVE ONE LOVER
LIVING IN PENNA**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I have one lover living in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another lives over in Casentino,
The next with me in my own town,
And I've yet another in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

**LET HER GO, THEN,
IF SHE ACTS SO PROUD**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Let her go, then, if she acts so proud,
The magic herb in a field of flowers.
You can see what her bright eyes are after,
For day after day she fancies a different man.
She carries on just like Tuscany's river
Which every mountain stream must follow.
She carries on just like the Arno, it seems to me:
Now wooed by many, now by none.

DEAR ELIXIR, YOU ARE MINE

Anon.

NEMORINO
Dear Elixir! you are mine!
And all mine ... - As it is mighty dee
Your virtue, if not drunk again,
You already fill my chest with so much joy!
But why the effect never
I can not see it
Before one day intier has not passed?
Bevasi.
Oh! good! - Oh! expensive! - another sip.
He still drinks
Oh! what a vein in the vein
Sweet warmth flows me! ... Ah! maybe it too ...
Perhaps the flame exists
She starts to feel ... Sure she feels it ...
Joy and appetite announce it to me
Which in me suddenly awoke ...
La rà, la rà, la rà.

ADINA
Chi è mai quel matto?
Traveggo? O è Nemorino?
Così allegro! E perché?

NEMORINO
Diamine! è dessa ...
Ma no ... Non ci appressiam ...
De' miei sospiri
Non si stanchi per or.
Tant'è ... domani
Adorar mi dovrà quel cor spietato.

ADINA
Non mi guarda neppur! com'è cambiato!

NEMORINO
La rà, la rà, la lera
La rà, la rà, la rà ...

ADINA
Non so se è finta o vera
La sua giocondità.

NEMORINO
Finora amor non sente.

ADINA
Vuol far l'indifferente.

NEMORINO
Esulti pur la barbara
Per poco alle mie pene!
Domani avranno termine,
Domani mi amerà.

ADINA
Spezzar vorria lo stolido,
Gettar le sue catene;
Ma gravi più del solito
Pesar le sentirà.

NEMORINO
La rà, la rà ...

ADINA
Bravissimo!
La lezion ti giova.

ADINA
Who is that crazy?
I Traveggo? Or is it Nemorino?
So cheerful! And why?

NEMORINO
Heck, it is ...
He gets up to run to her, but stops
and sits down again
But no ... Do not appeal to us ... Of my sighs
Do not get tired for now. So much ... tomorrow
Adore me that ruthless cor.

ADINA
He does not look at me yet!

NEMORINO
La rà, la rà, lera
La rà, la rà, la ...

ADINA
I do not know if it's fake or true
His playfulness.

NEMORINO
So far, love does not hear.

ADINA
He wants to be indifferent.

NEMORINO
Exults even the barbarian
For a little to my pains!
Tomorrow will have an end,
Tomorrow he will love me.

ADINA
Spezzar wants the stolid,
Throw his chains;
But serious more than usual
Pesar will hear them.

NEMORINO
La rà, la rà ...

ADINA
Very good!
The lezion benefits you.

NEMORINO
È ver; la metto in opera
Così per una prova.

NEMORINO
It is true; I put it in place
So for a trial.

ADINA
Dunque il soffrir primiero?

ADINA
So the suffering first?

NEMORINO
Dimenticarlo io spero.

NEMORINO
Forget it I hope.

ADINA
Dunque l'antico foco?

ADINA
So the ancient fire?

NEMORINO
Si estiguerà fra poco.
Ancora un giorno solo,
E il core guarirà.

NEMORINO
It will quench soon.
One more day,
And the core will heal.

ADINA
Davver me ne consolo ...
Ma pure ... si vedrà.

ADINA
Davver consoles me ...
But ... we'll see.

Translations by **Richard Wigmore** and **Richard Stokes**, provided by Oxford Lieder
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