

Giacomo Meyerbeer:
Choral Music and Songs

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Introduced and edited by

Robert Ignatius Letellier

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P U B L I S H I N G

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Giacomo Meyerbeer: stipple engraving on india paper (c. 1845)

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INTRODUCTION

This second volume of Meyerbeer's non-operatic work is devoted to his secular choral writing in part songs, songs with chorus, and later songs with instrumental obbligato and local colour.

1. Part Songs

Choral writing, so much part of the operatic tradition, also of the genres of religious music, and integral to the public music of celebration, is also fundamental to the next musical category Meyerbeer wrote for, the choral song.

Tuning into a ubiquitous German tradition, Meyerbeer's part songs for male chorus, most of which were written for the *Liedertafel* Friends of the Berlin Singakademie, use the age-old themes so typical of communal merrymaking and affirmation—unity, friendship, patriotism, homeland, hunting: *Bundeslied* (1835), *Freundschaft* (1842), *Dem Vaterlande* (1842), *Die lustigen Jägersleut* (1842). This set of four illustrate the composer's harmonic richness, his imaginative use of all the variants of vocal timbre and tessitura in part-writing, textured unison and homophony.

The nuptial serenade "Adieu aux jeunes mariés" (or *Chorlied* "Brautgeleite aus der Heimat") for the marriage of Princess Louise of Prussia with the Prince-Regent of Baden (1856), is a calm and radiant epithalamium for both male and female voices, adding further variation to the celebration of life's fundamental values and good things, an affirmation of harmony and unity.

2. Songs with Chorus

Rather different were two later numbers, *Der Wanderer und die Geister an Beethovens Grabe* (1845), and *Das Lied vom blinden Hessen* (1862). The first, written for a Viennese music journal, is a personal tribute to the memory of Beethoven, for bass solo and chorus, that uses the Platonic imagery of the music of the spheres as the transcendent ideal of beauty. The Song of the Blind Hessian, written just two years before the composer's death, requiring a tenor soloist and chorus, is an artistic response to topical political events. It is a deeply felt lament in which the protagonist's blindness becomes the metonym for a series of variations on loneliness, exile and loss. Time and space are alienated for this poor benighted and abandoned wanderer, his family and homeland a distant and sorrowful memory ("its only wealth is a thousand sorrows")—and eventually a correlative of disenfranchisement and yearning for freedom, political and spiritual. In both the chorus has a more dramatic role than in the part-songs, reflecting on the situation presented in the soloist's manifesto, sometimes serene and supporting, at other times adding to the sense of anguish and aspiration.

3. Songs with Obbligato and Local Colour

Throughout his life Meyerbeer, famed composer of opera, also wrote songs. These reflected the circumstances of his life, the various cultural milieux he moved in—particularly, of course, the German, Italian and French worlds. They also helped to

keep his name in the public eye in the wake of his great operatic successes, especially after the productions of *Robert le Diable* (1831) and *Les Huguenots* (1836). Many of these songs were composed for performance in the fashionable salons of Paris, and sung by the stars of his stage successes. The result was a series of short pieces, often composed very quickly, but of a standard quite distinct from the quantity of light, sentimental parlour works that flooded the market throughout the nineteenth century. Modern recitals have revealed something of the variety, lyrical charm, and dramatic verve of this hardly explored *oeuvre*.

The majority of Meyerbeer's songs were composed between 1828 and 1860, in tandem with his illustrious operatic career and socially prestigious musical posts in Berlin—which had brought him close to the Royal family, who had a genuine affection for him. The various national types (*Lied*, *canzonetta*, *mélodie*) were determined by the texts set. Some use the words of great poets (like Goethe and Heine), and lesser ones (like Friedrich Rückert, Wilhelm Müller and Michael Beer). Most of them, however, explore new ground and fresh perspectives with untested texts and poetic persona, an important criterion for the composer in the selection of the poems he chose to set—many by librettists (Gaetano Rossi, Eugène Scribe, Michel Carré, François-Joseph Méry), minor poets (Charles-Hubert Millevoye), lawyers (Astolphe de Custine), journalists (Henri Blaze de Bury), singers (Gustave Roger) and school teachers (August Ludwig Lua). Meyerbeer's songs in all genres show the influence of the *Lied*. His piano parts play an important role, providing a substantial commentary to the voice, highlighting and underscoring details in the text, contributing to the inculcation of mood beyond the realm of the words, with purely instrumental features like preludes, codas and harmonically nuanced transitions assuming an important element in the extended structure of these pieces, providing a sense of context and natural flow on poems rigidly cast in stanzas, and helping to achieve an exceptional balance and unity between poetry and music.

Many of the songs outside the published collection *Quarante Mélodies* (1849) are still elusive and unknown. Unique among Meyerbeer's songs are two written with instrumental obligatos: "Hier oben" (*Des Schäfers Lied* or *Hirtenlied*) (Ludwig Rellstab) (1842, for tenor, clarinet and piano), published in Paris in 1857, and "Près de toi" ("Neben Dir") (Gustav Roger, translated by the poet and historian Joseph Duesberg) (1857, for tenor with violoncello and piano), published in Paris in the same year. They both follow the tradition of songs with instrumental soloists in addition to the piano, deriving from operatic practice, and as exemplified in song-writing by both German and French practitioners. The clarinet obbligato in Meyerbeer's *Hirtenlied* harks back to Schubert and his famous "Hirt am Felsen" (D.965, 1828), while the cello in "Près de toi" recalls both Spohr in his *Sechs deutsche Lieder*, op. 154, collected 1856, and Berlioz in his *Nuits d'été*, op. 7, 1834-41. Meyerbeer's use of the clarinet and cello not only extends the range of sonorities in the art song, but develops imagery in texts (like wind, birds, water), a sense of space, and an intensification of emotions (loneliness, emptiness, anticipation, pleasure, joy). Being a great dramatic composer, he was always alert to the innate drama of his song texts, while responding to the challenge of the genre, and containing such feeling within the expressive range of the generic aesthetic—a balance between vocal line and piano writing, a development of feeling within the constraints of set forms. This can be seen in his adaptation of genre to local colour in two songs composed in the 1850s: the *mélodie* written for the incidental music to Aylic-Langlé's play *Murillo* (*Ballade dans la comédie Murillo, ou Le Peintre mendiant un modèle*) (Paris, 1853), where the emotion is realized in terms of a Spanish bolero; and the *canzonetta* "A Venezia"

(Pietro Beltrame) (1856) [Paris: Brandus, 1856; Cologne: Schloss, n.d.] where the requirements of the barcarolle are realized within the Italian vocal tradition, but the expected rudimentary piano part is full of subtle and charming turns and a distinctive imitative writing, full of undulation, wavy fluency and watery variants.

4. Texts

1. Bundeslied (Auf Den Thema “God Save the King”) (Anon.) – 1835

Heil dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands,
Heil, König Dir!
Fühl’ in des Thrones Glanz
Die hohe Wonne ganz
Liebling des Volkes zu sein,
Heil, König Dir!
Fühl’ in Thrones Glanz
Die hohe Wonne ganz,
Liebling des Volkes zu sein,
Heil, König Dir.

Nicht Roß, nicht Reisige
Sichern die Höh’ wo Fürsten stehn,
Nur Lieb’ des Vaterland’s
Und Lieb’ des freien Mann’s
Gründet den Herrscherthron
Wie Fels im Meer.

Heilige Flamme glüh’,
Glüh’ und erlösche nie
Für’s Vaterland,
Wir alle stehen dann
Muthig für einen Mann,
Kämpfen und bluten gern

Für Thron und Reich,
Wir alle stehen dann
Muthig für einen Mann,
Kämpfen und bluten gern
Für Thron und Reich.

1. Song of Unity (On the Theme of “God Save the King”) (Anon.) – 1835

Hail to you in the victor’s crown,
Ruler of the fatherland,
Hail to you, O King!
In the splendor of the throne,
Feel the sublime joy
Of being the people’s darling,

Hail to you, O King!
In the splendor of the throne,
Feel the sublime joy
Of being the people's darling,
Hail to you, O King!

Neither steed nor mounted knight
Can secure the heights where princes stand,
Only love of the fatherland,
And love of the free man
Can anchor the ruler's throne
Like a rock in the sea.

May the holy flame burn,
Burn and never go out
For the fatherland;
So let us all stand,
Courageous to a man,
Gladly to fight and bleed

For throne and realm.
So let us all stand,
Courageous to a man,
Gladly to fight and bleed
For throne and realm.

2. Freundschaft (Den Freunden der Berlinischen Singakademie) (Anon.) – 1842

Heil! Heil! Heil!
Süße Lust sich wieder finden
Im Freundes Herzen still bewegt
Echoklänge verkünden, verkünden
Was sich im eignen Herzen regt.
Drang und gleiche Meinung
Den Doppelbund für's Lebenschließt,
Dem stark in kräftiger Verzweigung
Der Baum Glückes schön entspriest.
Seelig Freundschaft, wer dich fand,
Liebend göttlich, wer dich erkennt,
Seelig Freundschaft, wer dich fand.

Drum Heil ihm, wer nie öd' und einsam
Bei Erdenlust und Erdenharm
Vermag zu wandeln stets gemeinsam
Mit treuem Freunde Arm in Arm.
Ihm wird die Liebe des Werken Lohn,
Ihn führt einet nach der Lebensreise,
Der Engel Kuß zu Gottes Thron.
O seelig Freundschaft, wer dich fand,
Wer liebend göttlich, wer dich erkennt,

Seelig Freundschaft, wer dich fand.

Drum Heil ihm, wer öd' und einsam
 Bei Erdenlust und Erdenharm
 Vermag zu wandeln stets gemeinsam
 Mit treuem Freunde Arm in Arm.
 Ihm wird die Liebe zu Wirkens Lohn
 Ihn führt einet nach der Lebensreise,
 Der Engel Kuß zu Gottes, Gottes Thron.
 O seelig Freundschaft, wer dich fand,
 Wer liebend göttlich, dich erkannt,
 Seelig Freundschaft, wer dich fand.

2. Friendship (For the Friends of the Berlin Singakademie) (Anon.) – 1842

Hail! Hail! Hail!
 Sweet pleasure is found
 In the sympathetic hearts of friends;
 Ringing echoes proclaim, proclaim
 What is stirring in one's heart.
 Companionship and like-mindedness
 Is the double bond for the enjoyment of life,
 With strong and luxuriant branching
 The tree of happiness spreads wide and beautiful.
 Blessed is he who has found you, friendship,
 Divinely amiable is he who has known you,
 Blessed is he who has found you, friendship.

So hail to him who, never depressed and lonely,
 Through mortal pleasure and mortal grief,
 Is always able to amble
 With true friends, arm in arm;
 The love of achieving becomes his reward,
 An angel's kiss some day will lead him
 To God's throne when life's journey is over.
 Blessed is he who has found you, friendship,
 Divinely amiable is he who has known you,
 Blessed is he who has found you, friendship.

So hail to him who, never depressed and lonely,
 Through mortal pleasure and mortal grief,
 Is always able to amble
 With true friends, arm in arm;
 The love of achieving becomes his reward,
 An angel's kiss some day will lead him
 To God's throne when life's journey is over.
 Blessed is he who has found you, friendship,
 Divinely amiable is he who has known you,
 Blessed is he who has found you, friendship.

3. Dem Vaterlande (Anon.) – 1842

Es flamm' empor, Vaterland,
Zu Dir des Liedes Opferbrand,
Laß Funken gleich die Töne sprühn,
Ein Kranz der Glorie um Dich glühn!
Auf, auf, stimmt ein,
Vaterland soll laut besungen sein!
Brüder, stimmt ein,
Das Vaterland soll laut besungen sein!
Auf, auf, stimmt ein.

Des Strebens Ziel hast Du erkannt
Du gehst voran dem deutschen Land
Im heil'gem Kampf für inn're Kraft,
Für edle Kunst und Wissenschaft!
Auf, auf, stimmt ein,
Das Vaterland soll laut besungen sein!
Brüder, stimmt ein,
Auf, auf, stimmt ein.

Dein Adler fliegt, des Lichtes Bahn
Zerreißt wie Wolken, Nacht und Wahn,
Er gibt dem Geist der Freiheit Recht,
Wer selbst sich knechtet nur ist Knecht!
Auf, auf, stimmt ein,
Das Vaterland soll laut besungen sein!
Auf, auf, stimmt ein.

Dem Frieden bist Du angetraut,
Du liebst ihn treu wie eine Braut,
Er schmücket Dich zu seltnem Glanz
Mit seiner Garben goldnen Kranz,
Du bist gebaut auf festem Grund,

Die Kraft, das Recht sind dir im Bund!
Enfalte leuchtend Dein Panier,
Wohin Du rufst, wir folgen Dir,
Brüder, stimmt ein,
Auf, auf, stimmt ein,
Das Vaterland soll laut besungen sein!
Auf, auf, stimmt ein.

3. To the Fatherland (Anon.) – 1842

May the consecrated flame of song
Blaze up to you, O fatherland,
Let the sounds scatter like sparks,
A crown of glory glows around you!
Come, come, join in,

Loudly extol the fatherland in song!
Brothers, join in,
Loudly extol the fatherland in song!
Come, come, join in.

You've recognized the goal of the struggle,
You're leading the German nation
In the sacred battle for domestic strength,
For noble art and for knowledge!
Come, come, join in,
Loudly extol the fatherland in song!
Brothers, join in,
Come, come, join in.

Your eagle soars, the shaft of light
Pierces the clouds, the darkness and illusion,
It validates the spirit of freedom,
Only he who reduces himself to slavery is a slave!
Come, come, join in,
Loudly extol the fatherland in song!
Come, come, join in.

You are wedded to peace,
You love it as you would a bride,
It adorns you in transcendent glory
With its golden crown of light;
You've built on solid ground,

Power and right are united with you!
Your shining banner unfurls,
We shall follow you wherever you lead,
Brothers, join in,
Come, come, join in,
Loudly extol the fatherland in song!
Come, come, join in.

4. Die Lustigen Jägersleut (Anon.) – 1842

Juch hu he! Juch hu hei!
Bin jung und bin frei,
Juch heissa! Juch hu he!
Mein Schatz ade,
Schaust g'rad oder krumm,
Mich bringt d'Lieb nicht um,
Bin frei und bin jung
S'giebt Mädle genug,
Tra la la la la la,
Vor mir hast Du schon Ruh,
Mein Schatz ade

Juch hu he! Juch hu hei!
Wenn im grünen Wald,
Juch heissa! Juch hu he!
Die Büchse knallt,
Wenn dir Rehbock fällt
Da gehört mein die Welt
Und die Mädeln drin
Die sind mein Jagdgewinn,
Tra la la la la la,
Mich läßt die Lieb in Ruh
Mein Schatz ade
S'giebt Mädeln genug

Juch ha he! Juch hu hei!
Bin jung und frei
Juch heissa! Juch hu he!
Mein Schatz ade
Schaust g'rad oder krumm,
Mich bringt d'Lieb nicht um
Bin frei und jung
S'giebt Mädeln genug.

4. The Merry Huntsmen (Anon.) – 1842

Juch hu he! Juch hu hei!
I'm young and I'm free,
Juch heissa! Juch hu he!
Farewell, my darling,
Don't worry about me,
I'm not lacking for love,
I'm young and I'm free,
There are girls a-plenty,
I'll bother you no more,
Farewell, my darling.

Juch hu he! Juch hu hei!
When in the green woods,
Juch heissa! Juch hu he!
The musket goes off,
When I shoot a roebuck
Then the world is mine,
And the girls in it
Are my hunting trophy,
Tra la la la la la la,
I'm not lacking for love,
Farewell, my darling,
There are girls a-plenty,

Juch ha he! Juch hu hei!
I'm young and I'm free,

Juch heissa! Juch hu he!
 Farewell, my darling,
 Don't worry about me,
 I'm not lacking for love,
 I'm free and I'm young,
 There are girls a-plenty.

**5. Adieu aux jeunes mariés. Chant de chœur pour voix mixtes en huit parties
 (Émile Deschamps) – 1857. Traduction de “Brautgeleite Aus Der Heimat”
 Chorlied zur Hochzeit der Prinzessin Luise von Preußen mit dem Prinzregenten
 von Baden (Ludwig Rellstab) – 1856**

HOMMES

L'hymen, dans ces demeures,
 Couronne enfin l'amour.
 O nuit! retiens tes heures;
 Trop tôt viendra le jour,
 Oui, trop tôt viendra le jour.
 Tous deux, avec l'aurore,
 Vont fuir bien loin de nous!
 Chantons, chantons encore
 L'adieu plaintif et doux.

FEMMES

Adieu, la blonde épouse!
 Adieu, l'heureux époux!
 Palais, beau lac, pelouse,
 Là-bas tout s'offre à vous,
 Là-bas tout s'offre à vous!
 Pour vous amour et gloire!
 Mais sur vos lits de fleurs
 Parfois ayez mémoire
 De la guitare en pleurs,
 Ayez mémoire au loin
 De la guitare en pleurs!

HOMMES

Nos cœurs, où sont des larmes...

FEMMES

Vous rêvent de beaux jours...

HOMMES

Des jours pareils aux charmes...

FEMMES

De cette nuit d'amours!

HOMMES et FEMMES

De cette nuit d'amours!

HOMMES

Aimez! aimez, c'est vivre!

FEMMES

Oui, c'est la loi de Dieu...

HOMMES

Ah! L'amour qui va vous suivre...

FEMMES et HOMMES

Console notre adieu.

Aimez! aimer, c'est vivre,

C'est la loi de Dieu.

L'amour qui va vous suivre

Va rendre plus doux l'adieu,

Oui, votre amour console notre adieu.

5. Farewell to the Young Bridal Couple Choral Song for Eight-part Mixed Chorus (Émile Deschamps) – 1857. Translation of “Bridal Escort from Home” Choral Song for the Marriage of Princess Luise of Prussia With the Prince-regent of Baden (Ludwig Rellstab) – 1856

MEN

Hymen crowns at last

The love within this dwelling.

O night! hold back your hours;

Too soon will come the dawn,

Yes, too soon will come the dawn.

With the dawn, the wedded pair

Will be leaving us!

Let's sing, let's sing again

Our sweet and plaintive farewell.

WOMEN

Farewell, O lovely bride!

Farewell, O happy groom!

Palace, shining lake and greensward,

All of them await you there,

All of them await you there!

Love and glory will be yours!

But in your wedded happiness

Think back sometimes

To the guitar weeping tears,

Though far away, remember

The guitar weeping tears!

MEN

Our hearts, filled with sadness...

WOMEN

Wish you a life of bliss...

MEN

Days filled with rapture...

WOMEN

Like this night of love!

MEN and WOMEN
 Like this night of love!
 MEN
 Love each other! for loving is living!
 WOMEN
 Yes, it's the law of God...
 MEN
 Ah! The love that surrounds you...
 WOMEN and MEN
 Lessens the grief of our farewell.
 Love each other, for loving is living,
 It's the law of God.
 The love that surrounds you
 Makes our farewell sweeter,
 Yes, your love lessens the grief of our farewell.

6. Der Wanderer und die Geister an Beethovens Grabe (Ferdinand Braun) – 1845

DER WANDERER
 Was schwebet durch die Räume einher bei Sphärenklang?
 Und was sind das für Stimmen, was ist das für ein
 Sang?

CHOR
 Wir sind der Töne Geister die durch die Räume zieh'n
 Die den Meister feiern mit unsern Harmonien,
 Was Hohes und was Tiefes die Schöpfung in sich trägt
 In diesen hehren Harmonien sich kühn und laut bewegt
 Doch was darin erklinget in unserm Geistersang
 Ist von des Meisters Harfe der heilige Wiederklang.

DER WANDERER
 Was schwebet durch die Räume einher wie Sphärenklang,
 Was sind das für Stimmen und was ist das für ein
 Sang?
 Was schwebet durch die Räume schwebt wie
 Sphärenklang einher.

6. The Wanderer and the Spirits at Beethoven's Grave (Ferdinand Braun) – 1845

THE WANDERER
 What floats in the air like the sound of celestial
 music?
 And what kind of voices are those, what kind of
 singing?

CHORUS

We are the spirits of music who float in the air,
Who celebrate the master with our harmonies,
The grandeur and profundity that the universe contains
Are sonorously reproduced in these sublime harmonies,
And yet what resounds in our ethereal singing
Is merely a divine echo of the master's harp.

THE WANDERER

What floats in the air like the sound of celestial
music,
What kind of voices are those and what kind of
singing?
That which floats in the ether floats here like celestial
music.

**7. Das Lied vom Blinden Hessen (für Tenor mit zwei Tenore und zwei Bässe)
(Carl Altmüller) – 1862**

1. Ich weiß ein theuerwerthes Land
Mein Herz ist zu ihm hingebannt
Ich kann es nimmermehr vergessen
Das liebe Land der blinden Hessen,
Das liebe Land.

2. Nicht ist es sonnenreich und warm
An Gold und Silber ist es arm
Reich ist es nur an tausend Schmerzen
Und an der Treue Gold im Herzen
Das liebe Land das Hessenland,
Das Hessenland.

3. Ich wand're fremd in weiter Fern'
Hätt's aus dem Sinn geschlagen gern
Doch unablässig singt mir leise
Das Heimweh' seine schlimme Weise
Wo meiner Lieben Gräber stehn
Wo meiner Fulda Wellen gehn
Und dunkle stille Wälder säumen
Bin ich in Nacht und Tagesträumen.

4. Herr Gott wenn einst mein Leben stirbt
Und seine erste Ruh' erwirbt
Laß mich in meiner letzten Wiegen
Daheim im Hessenlande liegen,
Daheim, daheim.

5. Es rauschen dann in meiner Ruh'!
Der Fulda Wellen immer zu

Als sange mir die Mutter wieder
 Die alten lieben Schlummerlieder,
 Die alten lieben Schlummerlieder.

7. The Song of the Blind Hessian (For Tenor Solo with Two Tenors and Two Basses) (Carl Altmüller) – 1862

1. I know a dear and cherished land,
 My heart is bewitched by it,
 I can never forget it,
 The beloved land of the blind Hessian,
 That beloved land.

2. It is not sunny and warm,
 It has no gold or silver,
 Its only wealth is a thousand sorrows
 And the real gold found in the heart.
 That beloved land, Hessian land,
 Hessian land.

3. I wander a stranger in faraway places,
 I would gladly put it out of my mind,
 But the wistful longing of its somber melody
 Softly and incessantly sings to me;
 Where the graves of my loved ones are found,
 Where the waves of the Fulda flow,
 And dark, still forests border the meadows,
 That's what I dream of night and day.

4. Lord God, when some day my life is ended
 And it receives at last its first rest,
 Let me sleep in my ultimate cradle,
 There at home in Hessian land,
 There at home, at home.

5. There the waves of the Fulda
 Will perpetually murmur in my slumber,
 As if my mother were singing again
 Those old beloved lullabies,
 Those old beloved lullabies.

8. Hirtengesang (Ludwig Rellstab) – 1842

Dort oben auf diesem einsamen Berg
 Öffnet sich der Himmel durchsichtig,
 Auf einem Bett aus Farnen
 Träume ich manchmal unter Windesgebräuse;

Dort im Schatten schläft meine Herde;
 Unter meinen Fingern singen meine Pfeifen;

In der Sonne glänzt euer Gefieder,
Wenn ihr vorüberfliegt, liebe Vögel!

Ihr hebt ab und euer Flügel
Trägt euch in eine ferne Welt.
Ich mag lieber, immer treu,
Meinen immer reinen und heiteren Himmel!

Getrennt von der ganzen Welt,
Weitab von Sorgen, Schmerz,
Wie ist an diesem einsamen Ort
Der heilige Friede in meinem Herzen!

So ergeben ungetrübte Stunden
Für mich glücklich Tage;
Und die entfesselten Stürme
Verdunkeln niemals deren Lauf.

Meine fröhlichen Lämmer weiden zwanglos
In diesen blühenden Wiesen,
Und niemals steigt von unten eine Klage
Zu diesen gesegneten Bergen auf!

8. Shepherd's Song (Ludwig Rellstab) – 1842

There overhead on this lonely mountain
The sky spreads out unclouded,
I sometimes dream
On a bed of ferns to the blowing of the wind;

There in the shade sleeps my flock;
Beneath my fingers sing my pipes;
Your feathers gleam in the sunlight
As you fly by, darling bird!

You take flight and your wing
Carries you to a faraway world.
But I prefer, always true,
My ever bright and clear sky!

Isolated from the entire world,
Far from cares and sorrows,
What sacred peace is in my heart
In this solitary place!

And thus untroubled hours
Create blissful days for me;
And the raging storms
Never upset their course.

My merry lambs graze freely
In these flowery meadows,
And never does a complaint from below
Rise to this blissful peak.

9. Près de toi (Gustave Roger et Joseph Duesberg) –1857

Près de toi
Le ciel s'ouvre, Anna, pour moi;
De tes yeux la douce flamme
Me ravit et dans mon âme
Vient apaiser la souffrance
Par sa magique puissance.
Le ciel est pour moi
Près de toi!

Devant toi,
Quand tu viens auprès de moi,
Tout sourit dans la nature;
Sous tes pas naît la verdure;
Toujours la beauté domine,
Devant elle tout s'incline,
Tout subit ta loi
Devant toi!

Hormis toi,
Anna, tout n'est rien pour moi!
Dans les cieux et sur la terre
Ce qui peut charmer et plaire,
Je le trouve en toi, ma chère;
J'irais au bout de la terre,
Rien n'est beau pour moi
Hormis toi!

Que sur toi
Veille un ange, et vers moi
Que des vents calmant la rage
Il te guide dans l'orage,
Qu'il t'abrite sous son aile,
Dans sa grâce fidèle
Mon amour a foi,
Comme en toi!

9. Near You (Gustave Roger and Joseph Duesberg) – 1857

Near you,
Anna, heaven opens for me;
The sweet passion of your eyes
Enraptures me and enters my soul

To soothe its suffering
With its magical power.
Heaven for me is being
Near you!

Before you,
When you come near me,
Everything in nature smiles;
Beneath your foot greenery springs up;
Beauty always dominates,
Everything bows before it,
Everything submits to your law
Before you!

Except for you,
Anna, everything is nothing for me!
In the heavens and on earth
All that can charm and please
I find in you, my darling;
I could go to the ends of the earth,
But nothing would be beautiful to me
Except for you!

Over you
May an angel keep watch, and, calming
The fury of the winds, may he guide you
Through the storm to me,
May he shelter you beneath his wing;
My love has confidence
In his abiding benevolence,
As it does in you!

**10. Ballade dans da comédie *Murillo, ou Le Peintre mendiant un modèle*
(Aylic-langlé [M. F. Langois]) – 1853**

O vous, céleste modèle!
La plus belle
Señora du vieux chateau!
Regard un peintre qui passe
Dans l'espace,
Aumône au pauvre pinceau!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Chaque pauvre à qui l'ordonne
Son aumône
Dit je prierai
Dieu pour vous!
Pour vous je ferai, doux ange,
En échange,

Prier l'Espagne à genoux.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Pour suivez votre pensée
Commencée
Qui sur votre front se peint
Je veux y ravir votre âme
Et sa flamme
Pour ma vierge au chérubin.
Restez, Dieu veut son obole
Blanche idole,
Faites-lui la charité!
L'âme est pure et la prière
Plus légère
Priant devant la beauté.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Voyez, mon pinceau rayonne!
La Madonne
Vers lui s'élance et c'est vous!
C'est vous! Je ferai, doux ange,
En échange,
Prier l'Espagne à genoux.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

**10. Ballad in the Play *Murillo, ou Le Peintre mendiant un modèle* (Aylic-langlé
[M. F. Langois]) – 1853**

O you, celestial model!
The most beautiful
Señora of the old castle!
You see a painter passing by
On the path,
Alms for the poor artist!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Every poor man who receives
His alms
Says: I will pray
To God for you!
But I, sweet angel, in exchange,
Will cause all Spain
To pray for you on bended knee.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

That you may share
Your inmost thought
Which is expressed upon your brow,
I'm going to capture your soul
And its passion

For my Virgin with Cherubs.
 Stay, God wants his mite,
 Pale idol,
 Give Him alms!
 One's soul is purified and one's prayer
 Easier
 When praying before beauty.
 Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

See, my brush is glowing!
 The Madonna
 Flows from it... and it's you!
 It's you! I, sweet angel, in exchange,
 Will cause all Spain
 To pray for you on bended knee.
 Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

11. 'A Venezia', Barcarolle (versi postumi di Pietro Beltrame) – 1856

1. Mossa è da lene zeffiro
 L'ondoreggiante prora;
 La luce del crepuscolo
 L'immenso mar colora;
 Voga, voga,
 Un sorriso è l'etere,
 L'aqua d'argento, d'argento appar;
 Voga, voga, voga!
 L'onda fa il ciel sì limpido,
 Fa specchio al cielo il mar;
 Voga, ah! voga, voga!

2. O dell'adriaco pelago
 Inanellata sposa;
 O gemma dell'Italia,
 Dormi in tua culla algosa!
 Dormi, dormi!
 A te d'intorno vengono
 Le ondine, le ondine a follegiar,
 Dormi, dormi, dormi!
 Ti baccia e mormora
 Voce d'amore il mar!
 Dormi! ah! dormi, dormi!

3. Non mi si vanti
 Splendida Aurora in Oriente,
 Tramonto di Liguria
 Come zeffiro ardente;
 La notte di Venezia
 Unica al mondo par,

Unica al mondo par!
 Ah! non invidi a un Bosforo,
 Venezia, il tuo bel mar,
 Venezia, ah! Venezia il tuo bel mar.

4. Ah! ben è ver: miracolo
 Fu il nascer tuo dall'onde;
 Celeste man creavati
 Su portentose sponde,
 Perchè più vaga e amabile
 Dovessi poi brillar...
 Sì, come il cielo agl'angeli,
 A te fu dato il mar,
 Venezia, ah! Venezia,
 A te fu dato il mar!

11. 'To Venice' Barcarole (Posthumous Verses by Pietro Beltrame) – 1856

1. The gentle zephyr blows by
 My little rocking skiff;
 The glow of twilight
 Colors the broad sea;
 Glide on, glide on,
 The sky is a smile,
 The water seems like silver, like silver;
 Glide on, glide on, glide on!
 The sky makes the wave so limpid,
 The sea is a mirror of the sky;
 Glide on, ah, glide on, glide on!

2. O lovely bride
 Of the Adriatic,
 O jewel of Italy,
 Sleep in your seaweed cradle!
 Sleep, sleep!
 The water sprites come
 To frolic around you,
 Sleep, sleep, sleep!
 The sea kisses you
 And murmurs words of love!
 Sleep, ah, sleep, sleep!

3. Do not boast to me
 Of your magnificent eastern dawn,
 Our Ligurian sunset
 And warm zephyr
 Make Venice's night
 Unique in the world,
 Unique in the world!
 Ah, Venice, let not your beautiful sea,

Let not your beautiful sea, Venice,
Be envious of the Bosphorus!

4. Ah, the tale is true: your birth
Was a miracle of the waves;
A celestial hand created you
Upon a wondrous shore
So that you could shine
More lovely and attractive...
Yes, as heaven was given to the angels,
The sea was bestowed on you,
Venice, ah, Venice,
The sea was bestowed on you,
Venice, ah, Venice,
The sea was bestowed on you!

(Compilation and translations, Robert Letellier and Richard Arsenty)

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2nd TENOR. *dim.* *p*
 God save our gracious Queen Long live our no-ble Queen God save the Queen
 Heil dir im Sie-ger kranz, Herrscher des Vaterlands Heil Kö-nig Dir!

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 Heil dir im Sie-ger kranz, Herrscher des Vaterlands Heil Kö-nig Dir!

2nd BASS. *dim.* *p*
 God save our gracious Queen God save the Queen
 Heil dir im Sie-ger kranz, Heil Kö-nig Dir!

PIANO
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 a tendency to lower.

f Send her vic-to-ri-ous Hap-py and glo-ri-ous Long to reign
 Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz die ho-he Wön-ne ganz Lieb-ling des

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vic-to-ri-ous and glo-ri-ous
 In Thrones Glanz Fühl' Wönne ganz

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 In Thrones Glanz Fühl' Wönne ganz

f