

**Allerseelen Gilm**

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

**Cäcilie Hart**

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt  
Von brennenden Küssen,  
Vom Wandern und Ruhen  
Mit der Geliebten,  
Aug' in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest Dein Herz!

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt  
In einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm,  
Da Niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes  
Die kampfmüde Seele –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt,  
Umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor,  
Lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höh'en,  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du lebtest mit mir.

**All-Souls Day**

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring in the last red asters,  
And let us talk of love again  
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,  
And if people see, I do not care,  
Give me but one of your sweet glances  
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,  
One day each year is devoted to the dead;  
Come to my heart and so be mine again,  
As once in May.

**Cecilia**

If you knew  
What it is to dream  
Of burning kisses,  
Of walking and resting  
With one's love,  
Gazing at each other  
And caressing and talking –  
If you knew,  
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew  
What it is to worry  
On lonely nights  
In the frightening storm,  
With no soft voice  
To comfort  
The struggle-weary soul –  
If you knew,  
You would come to me.

If you knew  
What it is to live  
Enveloped in God's  
World-creating breath,  
To soar upwards,  
Borne on light  
To blessed heights –  
If you knew,  
You would live with me.

**Si puo (Prologo)**

TONIO  
Si può? Si può?  
Signore! Signori! Scusatemi  
Se da sol mi presento. Io sono il Prologo.  
Poiché in iscena ancor  
Le antiche maschere mette l'autore,  
In parte ei vuol riprendere  
Le vecchie usanze, e a voi  
Di nuovo inviami.

Ma non per dirvi come pria  
"Le lacrime che noi versiam son false!  
Degli spasimi e dei nostri martir  
Non allarmatevi!" No. No.  
L'autore ha cercato invece pingervi  
Uno squarcio di vita.  
Egli ha per massima sol che l'artista è un uom,  
e che per gli uomini scrivere ei deve.  
Ed al vero ispiravasi.

Un nido di memorie in fondo all'anima  
Cantava un giorno, ed ei con vere lacrime  
Scrisse, e i singhiozzi il tempo gli battevano!  
Dunque, vedrete amar sì come s'amano  
gli esseri umani, vedrete dell'odio i tristi  
frutti.  
Del dolor gli spasimi,  
urli di rabbia, udrete, e risa ciniche!

E voi, piuttosto che le nostre  
povere gabbane d'istrioni,  
le nostr'anime considerate,  
poiché siam uomini  
Di carne e d'ossa, e che di quest'orfano  
Mondo al pari di voi spiriamo l'aere!

Il concetto vi dissi.  
Or ascoltate com'egli è svolto.  
(gridando verso la scena)  
Andiam. Incominciate!

**From Pagliacci**

TONIO  
Please? Will you allow me?  
Ladies! Gentlemen! Excuse me  
If I may present myself. I am the Prologue.  
Since our author places  
the traditional characters of old comedy on stage  
he wishes to restore for you, in part,  
the old stage customs, and once more  
he sends me to you.

But not, as in the past, to reassure you:  
"The tears we shed are false!  
Over our anguish and suffering  
Don't be alarmed" No. No.  
Our author has sought, instead, to paint for you  
a slice of life.  
Only one maxim: that the artist is a human,  
and he must write for humans.  
Truth is his inspiration.

A nest of memories in the depths of his soul  
sang one day in his heart, and with real tears  
he wrote, and the sobs were the rhythm!  
Now then, you will see humans loving  
one another, you will see the tragic fruits of hate.  
You will hear cries of pain,  
yells of rage, and laughter cynical

And y'all, rather than our  
poor trappings of actors  
give our souls consideration,  
since we are all human beings  
of flesh and bone, and just like you breathe  
the air of this God-forsaken world of ours.

Now I've explained the concept to you.  
Now listen to how it develops.  
(shouting towards the stage)  
Let's go. Begin!

**Va Tosca! (Te Deum)**

SCARPIA

Tre sbirri... Una carrozza...

Presto!... seguila

dovunque vada!... non visto!... provvedi!

Palazzo Farnese!

Va, Tosca!

Nel tuo cuor s'annida Scarpia!...

Va, Tosca!

È Scarpia che scioglie a volo

il falco della tua gelosia.

Quanta promessa nel tuo pronto sospetto!

Nel tuo cuor s'annida Scarpia!...

Va, Tosca!

A doppia mira

tendo il voler, né il capo del ribelle

è la più preziosa.

Ah di quegli occhi vittoriosi veder la fiamma

illanguidir con spasimo d'amor,

fra le mie braccia...

Illanguidir d'amor.

L'uno al capestro,

l'altra fra le mie braccia...

Tosca, mi fai dimenticare Iddio!

Te aeternum Patrem

omnis terra veneratur!

**Choctaw Hymn 112**

Nitak kanima fehna ho

Si ai illi hokma,

Aki vba binili mvt

Is sa halanlashke.

Chisvs pulla tuk mak ona,

Si ai illi hokmvt

**From Act I of Tosca**

SCARPIA

Three men and a carriage ...

Quick, follow

Wherever she goes! And take care!

Farnese Palace!

Go, Tosca!

Now Scarpia nests in your heart!

Go, Tosca.

Scarpia now sets loose

The roaring falcon of your jealousy.

How great a promise in your quick suspicions!

Now Scarpia nests in your heart!...

Go, Tosca!

At a double target

I aim my desire not at the rebel's head.

It's not as precious.

Ah, to see the flame of those victorious eyes

Grow faint and languid with spasms of love,

In my arms...

To languish with love

One to the noose,

The other in my arms...

Tosca you make me forget God!

Thou the eternal Father

All Earth venerates

Someday I will die.

I can only lean on him.

My father who sits above

It is because of Jesus that

I shall reach the heavenly land.

**Heimliche Aufforderung Mackay**

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale

empor zum Mund,

Und trinke beim Freudenmahle

dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke

mir heimlich zu, dann lächle ich,

und dann trinke ich still wie du ...

Und still gleich mir betrachte

um uns das Heer

Der trunknen Schwätzer—

verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,

gefüllt mit Wein,

Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle

sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,

den Durst gestillt,

Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen

festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten

zum Rosenstrauch,—

Dort will ich dich dann erwarten

nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken

eh' du's gehofft,

Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmal oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare

der Rose Pracht—

O komm, du wunderbare,

ersehnte Nacht!

**Zueignung Gilm**

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,

Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,

Liebe macht die Herzen krank,

Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,

Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,

Und du segnetest den Trank,

Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,

Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,

Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,

Habe Dank!

**Secret Invitation**

Come, raise to your lips

the sparkling goblet,

And drink at this joyful feast

your heart to health.

And when you raise it, give

me a secret sign, then I'll smile, and drink

as quietly as you ...

And quietly like me, look

around at the hordes

The drunks—

don't hate them too much

No, raise the glittering goblet, filled with

wine,

And let them be happy

at the noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the meal,

quenched your thirst,

Leave the loud company

of happy revellers,

And come out into the garden

to the rose-bush,—

There I shall wait for you

as I've always done.

And I shall sink on your breast,

before you could hope,

And drink your kisses, as often before,

And twine in your hair

the glorious rose—

Ah! come, O wondrous,

longed-for night!

**Dedication**

Yes, dear soul, you know

That I'm in torment far from you,

Love makes hearts sick –

Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,

I held the amethyst cup aloft

And you blessed that draught –

Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,

Till I, as never before,

Holy, sank holy upon your heart –

Be thanked.