

[2] No. 1 Die Trommel gerühret!

Texts: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Die Trommel gerühret!
Das Pfeifchen gespielt!
Mein Liebster gewaffnet
dem Haufen befiehlt,
die Lanze hoch führet,
die Leute regieret.
Wie klopft mir das Herz!
Wie wallt mir das Blut!
O hätt'ich ein Wämslein,
und Hosen und Hut,
O hätt'ich ein Wämslein,
und Hosen und hut!

Ich folgt'ihm zum Tor aus
mit mutigem Schritt,
ging durch die Provinzen,
ging überall mit.
Die Feinde schon weichen,
wir schießen darein.
Welch Glück sondergleichen,
ein Mannsbild zu sein,
welch Glück sondergleichen,
ein Mannsbild zu sein!

[5] No. 4 Freudvoll und leidvoll

Freudvoll und leidvoll,
gedankenvoll sein;
langen und bangen
in schwebender Pein;
himmelhoch jauchzend
zum Tode betrübt;
glücklich allein
ist die Seele, die liebt.

[9] No. 8 Melodrama

Süßer Schlaf! Du kommst
wie ein reines Glück ungebeten,
unerfleht am willigsten.
Du lösest die Knoten der strengen Gedanken,
vermischest alle Bilder der Freude
und des Schmerzes; ungehindert fließt
der Kreis innerer Harmonien,
und eingehüllt in gefälligen Wahnsinn,
versinken wir und hören auf zu sein.

[13] Ah! perfido, Op. 65

Text: Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Ah! perfido, spergiuo, barbaro traditor, tu parti?
e son questi gl'ultimi tuoi congedi?
ove s'intese tirannia più crudel?
Va, scelerato! va, pur fuggi da me,
l'ira de' Numi non fuggirai!
Se v'è giustizia in Ciel, se v'è pietà,
congiureranno a gara tutti a punirti!
Ombra seguace! presente, ovunque vai,
vedrò le mie vendette;
io già le godo immaginando;
i fulmini ti veggio già balenar d'intorno.
Ah no! ah no! fermate, vindici Dei!
risparmiate quel cor, ferite il mio!
s'ei non è più qual era son'io qual fui,
per lui vivea, voglio morir per lui!

The drum beats!

The drum beats!
The pipe blows!
My beloved, armed,
leads his men
with lance held on high
he rules the people.
How my heart beats!
How my blood stirs!
Oh that I had a doublet
and hose and hat
Oh that I had a doublet,
and hose and hat!

I would follow him out through the gates
with cheerful step
go through the provinces,
go everywhere with him.
The enemy retreats,
we fire at them.
What matchless happiness,
to be a man,
what matchless happiness
to be a man!

Full of joy, full of sorrow

Full of joy, full of sorrow,
thoughtful –
longing and anxious
in uncertainty and pain –
rejoicing to high heaven
and grieving to death,
happy alone
is the soul that loves.

Melodrama

Sweet sleep! You come
as a pure joy
most willingly unsought, not implored.
You loosen the bonds of painful
thoughts, you mingle all images of joy
and of pain; the circle of inner
harmonies flows unhindered
and, swathed in pleasing delusion,
we sink into oblivion and cease to be.

Ah! Faithless one

Ah! Faithless one, perjured, barbarous betrayer, do you leave?
And are these your last farewells?
Who ever suffered such cruel tyranny?
Go, wicked man! Go, run from me,
The wrath of the Gods you shall not escape!
If there is justice in Heaven, if there is mercy,
They will join together to punish you!
Pursuing shade, present wherever you go,
I shall see my vengeance;
I already enjoy it in my mind;
I see already lightning flashing about you.
Ah no, ah no, stop, Gods of vengeance!
Spare that heart, strike mine!
Though he has changed, I am what I was,
Through him I lived, I would die for him!

Per pietà, non dirmi addio,
di te priva che farò?
tu lo sai, bell'Idol mio!
io d'affanno morirò.

Ah crudel! tu vuoi ch'io mora!
tu non hai pietà di me?
perchè rendi a chi t'adora
così barbara mercè?
Dite voi, se in tanto affanno
non son degna di pietà?
Ah crudel, tu vuoi ch'io mora...

For pity, do not bid me farewell,
What shall I do without you?
You know, fair beloved,
I shall die troubled.

Ah, cruel one, you would that I stay!
Have you no pity for me?
Why do you treat one who adores you
With such barbarous reward?
Tell me if in such trouble
Am I not worthy of pity?
Ah, cruel one, you would that I stay...