

[1] I gondolieri

Voghiam sull'agil vela,
bello risplende il cielo,
la luna è senza velo,
senza tempesta il mar.

Vogar, posar sul prato,
al gondoliere è dato
fra i beni, il ben maggior.
Voghiam, voghiam, voghiam.

Non cal se brilla il sole,
o mesta appar la luna,
ognor sulla laguna
il gondoliere è Re.

[2] La passeggiata

Finché sereno è il cielo,
limpida e cheta l'onda,
voghiam di sponda in sponda,
amor ne guiderà.

Al flutto, all'aura, ai fiori,
noi parlerem d'amor,
e il palpito del core
per lor risponderà.

Ma ciel! già fischia il vento,
s'increspa la laguna,
fischia il vento, presto!
rapidi il piè moviam.

Ah! no, la luna appare,
vano timor fu solo,
in sì ridente suolo
cantiamo, sì cantiam.

[4] Toast pour le nouvel an

En ce jour si doux
tous au rendez-vous,
nouvel an, sois fêté par nous;
des plaisirs, des chansons,
des cadeaux, des bonbons,
accourez filles et garçons.
L'amitié, le tendre amour,
tour à tour,
fêteront de ce beau jour
le retour;
aux repas joyeux,
jeunes cœurs, vins vieux,
n'est-ce pas le bonheur des cieux?

Compagnons, à longs traits buvons,
compagnons, épuisons les flacons,
trinquons.

Ô Vierge mère
sois nous prospère,
garde sur terre
nos fils bénis.

En ce jour si doux, etc.
Oui pour nous tous
c'est l'image des cieux.

Tra la la la la...
Que le champagne écumant,
pétillant mousse,
tra la la la la,
le vrai bonheur il est là.
Ô Vierge...

The Gondoliers

Let's row with all speed,
the sky is brightly lit,
no shadow clouds the moon,
no storm disturbs the sea.

To row, then reach a grassy shore:
the gondolier is given
the best of all possible gifts.
Let's row, let's row, let's row.

The sun may be shining or not,
the moon may have a melancholy glow,
but out here on the lagoon,
the gondolier is always king.

The Excursion

As long as the sky is calm,
the water limpid and tranquil,
let us row from shore to shore,
love will guide our way.

To the waves, the wind and the flowers
we shall speak of love,
and the beating of our hearts
will offer their reply.

But heavens! The wind is whistling,
the waves in the lagoon are building,
the wind is whistling, hurry!
We must move on with all haste.

Ah no, here comes the moon,
our fears were groundless.
In such a delightful place
let us sing, yes, let us sing.

New Year's Toast

On this happy day
as we all come together,
New Year, we celebrate you;
treats and songs,
presents and sweets,
come running, girls and boys.
Friendship and tender love
in turn
will celebrate the return of
this fine day;
young hearts and old wines
at joy-filled feasts,
isn't this heaven's delight?

Dear friends, let's drink deep,
dear friends, let's empty our bottles
and make a toast.

O Virgin Mother,
show us your favour,
offer our blessed children
your protection here below.

On this happy day, etc.
Yes, for all of us
this is the picture of heaven.

Tra la la la la...
Let the champagne foam,
frothy and bubbling,
tra la la la la,
that's where true happiness lies.
O Virgin...

Tra la la la la...
L'heure qui vient fuit déjà,
passons-la douce,
tra la la la la,
oui le bonheur il est là.

En ce jour si doux, etc.
C'est pour nous
le bonheur des cieux.

Compagnons, sans façons,
arrachons les bouchons,
à nos amis buvons, trinquons.
Épuisons les flacons,
festoyons et trinquons:
au nouvel an buvons, trinquons.

[5] La notte di Santo Natale

Vecchio
Tu che al salvarci
scendi dal ciel
e ti ricopri
dell'uman vel,
sempre pietoso,
propizio ognor,
a noi la pace
dona, o Signor.

Pastori
Or che l'aure, l'onde, i fiori,
tutto esulta nel Signor,
anche l'inno del pastor
grato al cielo s'alzerà.

[6] Chœur de chasseurs démocrates

En chasse, amis, en chasse!
Du cerf suivons la trace;
d'un temps heureux qui passe,
chasseur, profite encor.
Piqueur, limiers, alerte!
Fêtons la chasse ouverte;
que la forêt déserte
s'éveille aux sons du cor.
Suivons encor les sons du cor.

Sonnez, sonnez fanfares,
signal d'espoir et de plaisir,
quand la victoire est là qui se prépare,
par le succès bientôt couronnons nos désirs.

Forçons le cerf rapide,
forçons le daim timide;
gloire et bonheur
au bon veneur.

Tayaut! tayaut!
Entrons sous bois!
La meute est là,
guettons la voix!
Déjà le cerf
est aux abois
et l'hallali
sera le prix
de nos exploits.
Au bois!

En chasse, etc.

Du sanglier, du vieux renard,
bons chiens, trompez la feinte,
en quête, en quête et sans retard

Tra la la la la...
The coming hour is fleeting,
let's enjoy it while we can,
tra la la la la,
yes, that's where happiness lies.

On this happy day, etc.
This, for us,
is heaven's delight.

Dear friends, with no further ado,
let's uncork the wine,
drink to our pals and make a toast.
Let's empty our bottles,
enjoy ourselves and make a toast:
let's drink, and toast the New Year.

Christmas Night

Old Man
You who came down
from heaven to save us
and clothed yourself
in human form,
always merciful,
ever benign,
grant us peace,
o Lord.

Shepherds
Now that the wind, waves and flowers,
all are exulting in the Lord,
the shepherd's hymn too
will rise up to heaven and be welcomed.

Chorus of Democratic Huntsmen

To the hunt, my friends, to the hunt!
Let's stalk a fine stag;
make the most, huntsman,
of this fleeting, happy time.
Whipper-in, hounds, get ready!
Let's celebrate the start of the hunt;
let the deserted forest come
to life at the sound of the horn.
Let's all follow the sound of the horn.

Ring out, ring out, fanfares,
signal of hope and pleasure;
when victory's close at hand,
we'll soon crown our desire with success.

Let's drive out the swift stag,
let's drive out the shy doe;
glory and joy
to the good huntsman.

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
Let's get into the woods!
The hounds are there,
listen out for their cries!
The stag's
already at bay
and the kill
will be the reward
for our exploits.
To the woods!

To the hunt, etc.

Good dogs, foil all the tricks
of the wild boar and wily fox,
follow, follow and without delay

sonnons la vue et le départ.

Courons, amis, dans les halliers,
dans les vallons et dans la plaine,
et pour traquer tous les gibiers,
courons, amis, dans les halliers,
le fier galop de nos coursiers,
galop ardent qui nous entraîne,
vaillants coursiers,
courez hors des sentiers.

Déjà la nuit discrète
succède au jour de fête.
On sonne la retraite,
adieu jusqu'au revoir.
Entendez-vous?
C'est la retraite, amis,
adieu jusqu'au revoir.
Bonsoir, chasseur, bonsoir.
Amis, le cerf est pris!

**[8] Quelques mesures de chant funèbre,
à mon pauvre ami Meyerbeer**

Pleure! pleure!
muse sublime, pleure,
Pleure un tel fils mis au tombeau.

La gloire touche au noir abîme,
un grand artiste est la victime.
Pleure! pleure! D'un jour trop beau
s'éteint le flambeau.

Ô sombre mort! des fronts les plus célèbres
ta faux cruelle achève la moisson.
Le lugubre horizon est voilé de ténèbres.
Nos voix n'ont plus que des hymnes funèbres.

Pleure! pleure!
Sainte Harmonie, pleure
pleure un beau luth silencieux.
L'art est encore à l'agonie.

Mais une palme au ciel bénie
rayonne offerte à l'homme de génie.
Prie! prie!
Vierge Marie,
pour lui dans les cieus.
Requiem.

[9] Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus.
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen.

[10] Le Chant des Titans

Guerre! Massacre! Carnage!
Fils de Titan, du courage!
Il faut punir tant d'outrage
de notre bras vengeur!
Hypérion! Encelade!
Tombe l'usurpateur!
Du ciel tentons l'escalade!
À Jupiter malheurs!
La foudre même,
lançant son anathème,
sur le tyran suprême,
frères, retombera.

let's sound the view-halloo and the start.

Let's ride, my friends, deep into the woods,
into the valleys and across open country,
and to hunt down all our prey,
let's ride, my friends, deep into the woods,
our horses proudly galloping,
keenly galloping, bearing us onwards,
brave horses,
leave the paths behind you.

Night's darkness is now
replacing the day's festivities.
The retreat is sounding,
farewell, till we meet again.
Do you hear?
It's the retreat, my friends,
farewell, till we meet again.
Good night, huntsman, good night.
My friends, the stag is ours!

**A few bars of a funeral song
for my poor friend Meyerbeer**

Weep! Weep!
muse sublime, weep,
weep for such a son now laid in his tomb.

Glory touches the black abyss,
a great artist is the victim.
Weep! weep! The light of
too beautiful a day has gone out.

O sombre death! Your cruel scythe
cuts down the noblest of souls.
The sad horizon is veiled in darkness.
Only songs of mourning are left for us to voice.

Weep! Weep!
Holy Harmony, weep,
weep for a fine lute silenced.
Art lies yet in the throes of death.

But a palm blessed by heaven
shines upon this man of genius.
Pray! pray!
Virgin Mary,
pray for him in heaven,
Requiem.

Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst
women
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.
Amen.

The Song of the Titans

War! Slaughter! Carnage!
Sons of Titan, steel yourselves!
Our vengeful arms
must punish so great a crime!
Hyperion! Enceladus!
The usurper must fall!
Let us scale the heights of heaven!
Woe betide Zeus!
The thunderbolt,
firing out its curse,
will strike, dear brothers,
the supreme tyrant.

Haine à ce dieu téméraire!
 Nous défions son tonnerre!
 Roulons les monts de la terre,
 Pélion sur Ossa!
 Braves Titans, à la guerre!
 L'Olympien fuira.
 Ce roi du ciel succombera.
 Gloire à Titan notre père!
 À nous le feu, le fer!
 La mort à Jupiter!

[11] Cantemus

Cantemus Domino:
 gloriose enim magnificatus est:
 equum et ascensorem
 dejecit in mare.

[12] Le départ des promis

L'honneur appelle
 leur bras fidèle:
 quelle douleur
 pour notre cœur!

Dans la souffrance
 sans espérance
 l'amour, hélas,
 gémit tout bas. Ah !

Dans son ivresse
 notre tendresse
 rêvait toujours
 de si beaux jours.

Quand vous quittez
 notre Tyrol,
 la joie aussi
 reprend son vol:

Sans fleurs languit
 notre beau sol,
 l'écho des bois
 sans rossignol. Ah!

Bien des conquêtes
 s'offrent à vous,
 mais pour des nœuds plus doux
 du moins pensez à nous.

D'amour éprises,
 tristes promises,
 des pleurs d'adieux
 mouillent vos yeux.

Pour la patrie,
 mère chérie,
 nos fiers soldats
 s'en vont tous aux combats. Hélas! Ah!

Pendant la guerre,
 douleur amère,
 prions pour eux,
 nos amoureux.

De nos vallons
 le franc chasseur
 marchant armé
 sur l'opresseur

Pour son pays,
 pour l'Empereur,
 meurt sans regret,

Let our hatred fall upon this incautious god!
 We fear not his thunder!
 Let us pile up the mountains of the earth,
 Pelion upon Ossa!
 To war, brave Titans!
 The Olympian will flee.
 That king of heaven will be defeated.
 Glory to Titan, to our father!
 We shall fight with fire and steel!
 Death to Zeus!

Let us sing

Let us sing unto the Lord:
 for he hath triumphed gloriously:
 the horse and his rider
 hath he thrown into the sea.

The Bridegrooms' Departure

Honour summons
 their loyal arms:
 what sorrow
 in our hearts!

Caught in
 hopeless suffering,
 Love, alas,
 does softly sigh. Ah!

In its rapture
 our tender love
 dreamt for ever
 of days so fair.

As you leave
 our Tyrol behind,
 joy too
 must take flight:

Without its flowers
 our fair land languishes,
 the woods echo
 without their nightingales. Ah!

Many conquests
 lie before you,
 but for gentler bonds,
 think of us, at least.

Unhappy brides,
 moved by love,
 tears of farewell
 fill your eyes.

For our country,
 beloved mother,
 our brave soldiers
 are all off to fight. Alas! Ah!

During the war,
 bitter sorrow,
 let's pray for them,
 our lovers.

From our valleys
 the free huntsman,
 armed and marching
 against the oppressor

for his country,
 for the Emperor,
 dies without regret,

combat sans peur. Ah!

Rêvons les fêtes
d'un plus beau jour.
Hâtez votre retour,
Seul vœu de notre amour.

[18] Canon antisavant

Vive l'empereur,
de France la splendeur.
Vive.

(Paroles et Musique du Singe. Passy)

[19] Canone perpetuo

Or che si oscura il ciel
il canto strano udiam de' castrati:
gnau, gnau, ecco il canto di maniera,
cod, de, cod, de, ecco il cantare brillante,
bau, bau, questo è il canto guerriero.

[20] Brindisi

Del fanciullo il primo canto
è la voce del dolore,
cresce al mondo e cresce intanto
all'affanno ed al soffrir.

Si dia bando ai pensieri,
del buon vino si tracanni,
passerem felici gli anni
in questa valle di miserie piena.

Dura poco giovinezza
poco dura il suo fiorire,
tosto viene la vecchiezza
vien la morte a far cucù.

Viva Antonio, il grande, il forte,
gran patricia, del buon vino ei pur tracanni,
passerem felici gli anni
in questa valle di miserie piena.

*Cianciafruscola musicale offerta al Mr. Busca pel suo onomastico del
Giugno 1862. G. Rossini. Passy de Paris.*

[21] Preghiera

Tu che di verde il prato
vesti e i giardin di fiori,
tu che di dolci umori
sempre fecondi il suol,

Signor, la mesta prece
a te non s'alzi invan,
ma porgi a noi la mano,
rattempra il nostro duol.

[22] Motetto: Salve, o Vergine Maria

Salve, o Vergine Maria,
Salve, o Madre in ciel Regina;
sulla terra il guardo inchina,
de' tuoi figli abbi pietà.
Tu di sol tutta vestita,
tu di stelle incoronata,
tu speranza, tu avvocata
del tuo popolo fedel.
Salve!

fights without fear. Ah!

Let's dream of the festivities
of a happier day.
Hasten your return,
our love's only desire.

Anti-learned Canon

Long live the Emperor,
the glory of France.
Long may he live!

(Words and Music by the Monkey. Passy)

Perpetual Canon

Now that the sky's growing dark,
let's listen to the strange sounds of the castrati:
miaow, miaow, that's their "graceful" style,
cock-a-doodle-doo, that's their "virtuoso" style,
bow, wow, that's their "warlike" style.

Drinking Song

A child's first song
gives voice to sorrow,
as he grows, so does his burden
of pain and woe grow too.

Banish all thoughts,
gulp down good wine,
and we'll live out happy lives
in this vale of tears.

Youth is but short-lived,
short-lived is its bloom,
all too soon old age arrives,
and death comes to say "peekaboo".

Long live Antonio, the brave and the strong,
great patron, let him too gulp down good wine,
and we'll live out happy lives
in this vale of tears.

*A musical bagatelle for the Marchese Antonio Busca on his name-day,
June 1862. G. Rossini. Passy de Paris.*

Prayer

You who deck the meadow with
green and the gardens with flowers,
you who with sweet rainfall
make the ground ever fertile,

o Lord, let not this solemn prayer
rise to you in vain,
but stretch forth your hand to us,
and lessen our sorrow.

Motet: Hail, o Virgin Mary

Hail, o Virgin Mary,
hail, o heavenly Queen and Mother;
look down upon the earth,
have mercy on thy children.
Thou that art clothed in the sun,
crowned with stars,
thou hope, thou advocate
of thy faithful people,
hail!