

From Volume I – Album italiano

**No. 3, Tirana alla spagnola
(rossinizzata)**

[1] Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara:
ma ch'io non t'ami, o cara,
non lo sperar da me.

Crudell! In che t'offesi
Farmi penar così?

(Pietro Metastasio, 1698–1782)

No. 5, La fioraja fiorentina

[2] I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulli, amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor.

Ahimè! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta
e da me sola aspetta
del pan e non dell'or.

(Testo di anonimo)

**Tirana in the Spanish Manner
(given the Rossini treatment)**

I shall mourn in silence
my unhappy fate,
but, my love, do not hope
that I shall stop loving you.

Cruel one, how did I offend you
that you can hurt me so?

(Pietro Metastasio)

The Florentine Flower Girl

Buy my beautiful flowers,
children, lovers and brides:
my roses are fresh,
their only perfume is love.

Alas! My poor mother
is begging for help,
and all she expects from me
is bread, not gold.

(Anonymous text)

From Volume XI – Miscellanée de musique vocale

**No. 7, Arietta all'antica,
dedotta dal 'O Salutaris Ostia'**

[3] Mi lagnerò tacendo (vedi track [1])

**Arietta in the antique manner,
derived from 'O salutaris hostia'**

I shall mourn in silence (see track [1])

From Volume II – Album français

No. 3, La grande coquette (Ariette Pompadour)

[4] La perle des coquettes
ne fait que des conquêtes
dans ses riches toilettes
aux Menuets de Cour.

Pour moi tournent les têtes,
les coeurs sont pris d'amour,
et je crois même qu'un beau jour
j'ait fait trembler Pompadour!

Dans une belle ivresse
plus d'un marquis s'empresse
à m'offrir sa tendresse...
Je les dédaigne tous.

En vain chacun m'implore,
me jure qu'il m'adore à genoux...
Je veux que l'on m'admire,
pour moi que l'on soupire;
de l'amour que j'inspire,
de ce brûlant délire
moi je ne sais que rire.
Ma foi! tant pis pour eux!
Malheur aux amoureux!

La perle des coquettes...
...J'ait fait trembler Pompadour!

A plus d'une rivale
je fus souvent fatale;
ma grâce triomphale
a séduit maint galant,
coquette sans égale,

The Great Coquette (Pompadour Arietta)

The queen of coquettes
makes endless conquests,
dressed up in her finery,
dancing menuets at court.

I make all heads turn,
all hearts fall in love,
and one fine day I think
I even gave Pompadour reason to fear!

In a haze of desire,
more than one marquis
has rushed to offer me his love...
I reject all their advances.

In vain they fall to their knees,
beg me, swear they adore me...
I want to be admired,
I want to be desired;
but I just laugh
at the love and passion
that I inspire.
Heavens! that's their bad luck!
A curse on all lovers!

The queen of coquettes...
...I even gave Pompadour reason to fear!

I've brought down
more than one rival;
my winning charms
have seduced many a fine sir,
as a coquette I've no equal,

qu'on n'aime qu'en tremblant.

On pleure, on se désole
aux pieds de son idole vainement,
avec indifférence
j'aime à voir la souffrance
d'un cœur sans espérance,
en proie à la démence
implorant ma clémence,
mais sans me désarmer...

Non, je ne veux jamais aimer.
Brillants Seigneurs, muguets de Cour,
pour vous jamais d'amour.
Et si vous me faites la cour,
n'espérez nul retour.
Pour vous jamais d'amour!

(Émilien Pacini, 1811–1898)

but be afraid if you fall for me.

In vain they weep and lament
at the feet of their idol,
I love to watch
with utter indifference
as a tormented heart,
driven close to madness,
begs me for mercy,
but fails to move me...

No, I'll never fall in love.
Handsome lords, court dandies,
you'll never have my love.
And if you decide to woo me,
don't expect anything in return.
You'll never have my love!

(Émilien Pacini)

From Volume III – Morceaux réservés

No. 8, Au chevet d'un mourant (Élégie)

[5] De la douleur naît l'espérance:
père adoré, pour ta souffrance
voici le jour de délivrance,
un ange, hélas! te tend les bras!
L'écho plaintif, dans le silence,
répète au loin, répète le triste glas...
Hélas! hélas!
O Mort! ta faux déjà se dresse.
Mes vœux, mes pleurs et ma tendresse
en vain dans ma détresse
défendent sa vieillesse.
Mon père, mon ami s'est endormi.
Sans plainte et sans alarmes
s'éteignent ses beaux jours
sous mes brûlantes larmes
qui vont couler toujours,
toujours... toujours... toujours... toujours...
Ah! ah!
A son chevet, toujours fidèle,
ma faible voix en vain l'appelle.
Il n'entend plus, douleur cruelle,
mon dernier vœu fait au bon Dieu.
Ô tendre père, âme immortelle,
vers toi j'irai bientôt...
Ô tendre père, âme, âme immortelle, etc.
Adieu! ah! mon père, adieu!

(Émilien Pacini)

At the Bedside of a Dying Man (Elegy)

Hope is born from sorrow:
beloved father, the day has come
on which your suffering ends,
an angel, alas, is opening its arms to you!
In the silence, far away,
the death knell is plaintively echoing...
Alas! alas!
O Death! your scythe is poised.
Despite all my distress,
my prayers, my tears and my tender care
tried in vain to save him from old age.
My father, my friend, has fallen asleep.
Without protest or complaint,
his happy days have ended,
bathed in my burning tears
which will flow for ever,
for ever... and ever...
Ah! ah!
At his bedside, ever loyal,
I call out softly to him, but to no avail.
He can no longer hear, cruel sorrow,
the last prayer I offer up to God.
Gentle father, immortal soul,
I shall soon be joining you...
Gentle father, immortal soul, etc.
Farewell, dear father, farewell!

(Émilien Pacini)

Unassigned

Mi lagnerò tacendo

[6] Mi lagnerò tacendo (vedi track [1])

No. 3, Amour sans espoir (Tirana à l'espagnole rossinizzata)

[7] Faut-il gémir d'amour
sans retour,
rêvant la nuit, le jour,
tour à tour?

L'ingrat ignore, hélas,
mes combats,
j'implore en vain tout bas
le trépas.

I shall mourn in silence

I shall mourn in silence (see track [1])

Love Without Hope (a tirana in the Spanish manner given the Rossini treatment)

Must I suffer from
unrequited love,
dreaming night and day,
one after another?

The thankless man knows nothing, alas,
of my struggles,
in vain do I beg quietly
for death.

Il ne voit point mes pleurs,
mes douleurs;
pour lui la vie en fleurs
est ailleurs.

Mon pauvre coeur aimant
vainement
dévore à tout moment
son tourment.

Indifférent, distrait
il paraît,
et rien ne lui dirait
mon secret.

Une autre a donc ta foi,
o mon roi, et moi
je meurs pour toi.
Ah ! c'en est fait, je meurs pour toi!

Cruel ! rends-moi la vie
dans un regard, un mot plus doux.
Du coeur, qui te supplie,
comprends l'aveu jaloux.

Rayon de l'espérance
apaise ma souffrance,
désarme sa rigueur.

Rayon si doux,
embrasse enfin mon coeur.
Pitié de moi, de ma langue, pitié!
Qui peut toucher son coeur?
Sans toi, que j'adore, hélas,
pour moi plus de bonheur, non, jamais.

Doux rêve que j'implore,
viens donc répondre à mon ardeur!

He does not see my tears,
my distress;
for him a happy life
lies elsewhere.

My poor, loving heart
is ever consumed,
in vain,
by suffering.

He seems
indifferent, distracted,
and nothing reveals
my secret to him.

You have pledged your troth to another,
o my king, and I,
I am dying for you.
Ah! my life is over, I am dying for you.

Cruel man! give me back my life
with a look, a kinder word.
Acknowledge the jealous avowal
of this pleading heart.

Ray of hope,
ease my suffering,
disarm his cruelty.

O gentle ray,
envelop my heart at last.
Take pity on me, on my grief, take pity!
Who can move his heart?
Without you whom I adore, alas,
I can never be happy again.

Sweet dream, I beseech you,
answer my ardent prayer!

(Émilien Pacini)

(Émilien Pacini)

From Volume I – Album italiano

No. 2, La lontananza

[8] Quando sul tuo verone
fra l'ombra della sera
la flebile canzone
sciorrà la capinera

ed una pura stella
nel suo gentil passaggio
la fronte tua sì bella
rischiarerà d'un raggio,

quando il ruscel d'argento
gemere udrai vicino
e sospirar il vento
e sussurrar il pino,

deh ti rammenta, o sposa,
che quello è il mio saluto.
Donami allor, pietosa,
di lagrime un tributo,

e pensa, o Elvira mia,
che il povero cantor
per mezzo lor
t'invia sempre più fido il cor, ecc.

Distance

When, upon your balcony,
amid the evening shadows,
the blackcap sings
his sad song,

and, as it gently glides
through the skies,
a gleaming star
illuminates your fair brow,

when, close by, you hear
the murmur of the silvery stream,
the sighs of the wind
and the whisper of the pine,

remember, my dear wife,
all these are my greetings.
Take pity, then, and weep
a river of tears for me,

and believe, my dear Elvira,
that this unhappy singer
will use it to send back to you
his ever more faithful heart, etc.

(Giuseppe Torre, 1822–?)

(Giuseppe Torre)

No 11, Il fanciullo smarrito

[9] Oh! chi avesse trovato un fanciulletto
che ha bionde chiome ed'occhio zafirino!
Porta al collo un rosario Benedetto
ed' è bello che sembra un cherubino.
Ha quattr'anni, si chiama Lorenzetto:
è senza madre, il povero bambino.
Carcerato è suo padre per sospetto:
Oh! chi avesse trovato il poverino.
Il letticiuol che l'accoglieva a sera
rimasto è da tante ore abbandonato:
chi soccorso l'avrà? chi ricoverato?
In questa notte così triste e nera...
Udite, udite il grido il campanello!
Oh! l'han trovato, Lorenzetto bello!

*(Alessandro Castellani, 1823–1883)***The Missing Child**

Oh! Has anyone seen a little boy
with golden hair and bright blue eyes!
He's wearing a rosary around his neck
and he's as fair as a little cherub.
He's four years old, his name is Lorenzetto:
He's lost his mother, poor little thing.
His father's behind bars, under suspicion:
Oh! Has anyone seen the poor little boy.
The little bed that kept him safe at night
has lain empty for so many hours:
has someone helped him, given him shelter
on this night so sad and dark...?
But listen, they're calling, the little bell is ringing
Oh! They've found him, our precious Lorenzetto!

*(Alessandro Castellani)***From Volume III – Morceaux réservés****No. 2, L'esule**

[10] Qui sempre ride il cielo,
qui verde ognor la fronda,
qui del ruscello l'onda
dolce mi scorre al piè:
ma questo suol non è la Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto
sempre si specchia il sole,
i gigli e le viole
crescono intorno a me;
ma questo suol non è la Patria mia.

Le vergini son vaghe
come le fresche rose,
che al loro crin compose
Amor, pegno di fé;
ma questo suol non è la Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade
è una città regina,
la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il piè;
la ravvisate? Ell'è la Patria mia.
La Patria mia ell'è.

*(Giuseppe Torre)***The Exile**

Here the sky is always blue,
here the boughs are always green,
here the stream flows
gently over my feet;
but this land is not my homeland.

Here the sun is always mirrored
in the azure waves:
lilies and violets
flower all around me;
but this land is not my homeland.

The girls are as fair
as the fresh roses
that Love has woven
into their hair as a pledge of faith;
but this land is not my homeland.

In Italy there stands
a queen among cities;
her shores forever washed
by the Ligurian Sea.
Do you know her? She is my homeland.
My homeland is she.

*(Giuseppe Torre)***No. 9, Le Sylvain (Romance)**

[11] Belles Nymphes blondes
des forêts profondes,
des moissons fécondes,
et des vertes ondes,
vous fuyez le Sylvain
qui vous appelle en vain.
L'heure est solitaire,
tout semble se taire;
l'ombre et le mystère
règnent sur la terre.
Sois moins cruel,
Dieu de Cythère,
c'est pour mon coeur,
pour mon coeur trop de rigueur!
Rêves d'espérance,
cette indifférence
qui fait ma souffrance,
vous bannit désormais.
Ô peine extrême,
celle que j'aime

The Wood-Sprite (Romance)

Beautiful, golden-haired Nymphs
of the deepest forest,
of fruitful harvests,
and of fresh, green waters,
you run from the wood-sprite
who calls in vain to you.
The hour is lonely,
all seems to fall silent;
shadow and mystery
reign over the earth.
Be less cruel,
god of Cythera,
such hardship is too much
for my heart to endure!
The indifference
that is causing my pain
has banished you for good,
my dreams of hope.
O utmost agony,
the one I love

n'entend pas même
mon voeu suprême.
Grands Dieux, non, non, jamais!
Ô peine extrême, non, jamais!

La laideur sauvage
de mon noir visage
semble faire outrage
à l'Amour volage...
Adonis! Ta beauté
pour ma divinité!
Que la pâle Aurore
dise aux fleurs d'éclaire,
que Phoebé colore
le vallon sonore.
Seul, le Sylvain, le Sylvain supplie,
implore et nuit et jour,
nuit et jour languit d'amour.
Nymphes immortelles,
à Vénus rebelles,
pourquoi donc, cruelles,
me percer de vos traits?
Ô peine extrême,
celle que j'aime
n'entend pas même
mon voeu suprême.
Grands Dieux, non, non, jamais!
Ô peine extrême,
non, non, jamais!

never even hears
my heartfelt prayer.
Dear gods, no, no, never!
O utmost agony, no, never!

So ugly is
my swarthy face
it seems to offend
fickle Cupid...
Adonis! Your beauty
in exchange for my divinity!
Let pale Aurora
tell the flowers to bloom,
let Phoebus bring colour
to the sonorous valley.
Alone the wood-sprite pleads,
implores, and night and day,
night and day, lies dying of love.
Immortal Nymphs,
you rebel against Venus,
why, then, cruel ones,
do you wound me with your beauty?
O utmost agony,
the one I love
never even hears
my heartfelt prayer.
Dear gods, no, no, never!
O utmost agony,
no, no, never!

(Émilien Pacini)

(Émilien Pacini)

From Volume II – Album français**No. 2, Roméo**

[12] Juliette, chère idole,
ton silence me désole,
sur tes lèvres la parole
suit ton âme qui s'envole;
ne peut-elle plus m'entendre.

Ombre chère daigne attendre,
sous la pierre notre cendre
froide ensemble doit descendre;
mort cruelle viens me prendre
car le jour est un fléau,
plus d'espoir pour Roméo,
non, non, non!

Dieu, pitié pour ma souffrance,
ah! je n'ai qu'une espérance:
la rejoindre au fond du tombeau.
L'adorer c'était ma vie,
à ma flamme elle est ravie;
dans la tombe objet d'envie
je l'aurai bientôt suivie.

Ô divine Juliette,
âme éteinte, voix muette,
où sont-ils ces jours de fête
où le chant de la fauvette
s'éveillait sous la fenêtre
avec l'aube près de naître?

Ton amant voyait paraître
dans l'azur de tes beaux yeux
un rayon venu des cieux.
Juliette, chère idole, etc.

Romeo

Juliet, my dearest love,
your silence chills me,
the words on your lips
follow your soul as it flies away;
she can hear me no more.

Beloved spirit, wait, I beg you,
our cold ashes must descend
into the grave together;
cruel death, come and claim me,
for daylight is torture,
no hope remains for Romeo,
no, no, no!

Lord, take pity on my suffering,
ah! I have but one hope:
to join her, deep within the tomb.
Worshipping her was my life,
but she has been stolen from my love;
I shall soon follow her
into the grave I so envy.

O divine Juliet,
your spirit slain, your voice silenced,
what became of those happy days
when the song of the warbler
began to sound beneath our window,
as day was about to break?

Your lover watched
as a heavenly ray of light appeared
in the blue of your beautiful eyes.
Juliet, my dearest love, etc.

Ô mort cruelle, viens me prendre,
viens, délivre Roméo;
et toi, chère ombre, daigne attendre,
je te suis dans le tombeau.

(Émilien Pacini?)

Cruel death, come and claim me,
come, set Romeo free;
and you, beloved spirit, wait, I beg you,
I shall follow you into the grave.

(Émilien Pacini?)

From Volume I – Album italiano

No. 4, L'ultimo ricordo

[17] Odi di un uom che muore,
odi l'estremo suon:
questo appassito fiore
ti lascio, Olimpia, in don.

Quanto prezioso ei sia
tu lo conosci appien;
dal dì che fosti mia
a te l'involai dal sen.

(Giovanni Redaelli, 1782–1815)

The Final Keepsake

Hear the last words
of a man now close to death:
this faded flower, Olimpia,
is my final gift to you.

You know just
how precious it is;
ever since the day when you were mine
and I stole it from your breast.

(Giovanni Redaelli)

From Volume II – Album français

No. 8, Le Lazzarone. Chansonette de cabaret

[18] Au bord des flots d'azur
que le Vésuve au loin couronne,
dormir sous un ciel pur
c'est le bonheur du Lazzarone.
A d'autres les ennuis,
le vain prestige de la Gloire,
dans ce divin pays
il vaut bien mieux manger et boire.

Doux ciel napolitain,
que le zéphyr caresse,
chez toi quel beau destin:
l'amour, la joie et la paresse.
Pour tous quel beau destin
se divertir soir et matin.

Aux chants des barcarolles
mélons les farandoles,
baisers, amours frivoles,
charmez ce doux loisir.

Nos coeurs n'ont plus qu'un seul désir:
à nous toujours le vrai plaisir.
Naples, Naples, Naples, Naples,
il faut te chérir,
Naples, Naples, Naples, Naples,
te voir, te voir, te voir et mourir.

Zampognes et pipeaux
courons danser sous la tonnelle,
et rire aux gais propos
de notre ami Polichinelle.
A nous l'amour, le jeu
et la gaieté que Dieu nous donne,
et puis faisons un voeu
à Saint Janvier, à la Madone.

Dans ce climat béni
la vie est une fête,
qu'un fin macaroni,
festin des Dieux, pour nous s'apprête.

Dans ce climat béni
honneur au fin macaroni.
(parlé, en se léchant les lèvres)

The Idler. A Little Cabaret Song

The idler's greatest joy
is sleeping beneath a clear sky
on a shore washed by a blue sea,
crowned in the distance by Vesuvius.
Troubles are for other men,
as is the vain prestige of glory,
in this heavenly land
it's much better to eat and drink.

Gentle Neapolitan sky,
caressed by the breeze,
how happy life is beneath you:
love, contentment and idleness.
What a fine fate for us all,
to enjoy ourselves night and day.

Let's dance our farandoles
to the tunes of barcarolles;
kisses and frivolous affairs,
add your charm to this sweet idleness.

Our hearts now have but one desire:
let true pleasure always be ours.
Naples,
we must cherish you,
Naples,
see Naples and die.

Flutes and pipes ring out,
let's dance beneath the arbour,
and laugh at the merry antics
Of our friend Pulcinella.
Let's enjoy all the love, fun
and pleasure God grants us,
and then say a prayer
to St Januarius and Our Lady.

In this blessed climate,
life is a celebration,
let a fine dish of pasta,
the food of the gods, be set out for us.

In this blessed climate,
all hail a dish of pasta!
(spoken, with much licking of the lips)

Oh jus! oh fromage climat béni,
oh tomates! o macaroni! climat béni.

Aux chants des barcarolles
mêlons les farandoles, etc.

(Émilien Pacini)

O sauce! o cheese! blessed climate!
O tomatoes! o pasta! blessed climate!

Let's dance our farandoles
to the tunes of barcarolles, etc.

(Émilien Pacini)

Translations: Susannah Howe