

Laura Hengle – CD Translations

“Smanie implacabili” from Così fan tutte – W.A. Mozart

Ah, stand aside!
Shun the dismal consequences of despairing love!
Close those windows - -
I hate the light.
I hate the air that I breathe - -
I hate myself!
Who is mocking my grief?
Who consoles me?
Ah, flee, for pity's sake;
Leave me alone.

Implacable frenzies which agitate me,
Within this soul cease no more
Until anguish makes me die.
A funereal example of mournful love
I will give to the Eumenides
If I remain alive
With the horrible sound of my sighs.

Recit: “Erbarm es Gott!” Aria: “Konnen tranen meiner Wangen”

Have mercy God!
Here stands the Saviour bound.
O scourging, o blows, o wounds
You tormentors, cease!
Are you not softened by the pain of your souls,
Nor by the sight of such grief?
Ah yes, you have a heart
That must be the whipping post and even harder still
Have mercy, cease!

If the tears on my cheeks achieve nothing
O, then take my heart!
But, let it for the streams
When the wounds bleed gently
Also be the sacrificial cup.

Ich trage meine Minne (I carry my love)

I carry my love, mute with rapture,
In my heart and my mind wherever I go.
Yes, our encounter, dearest one,
Cheers through all the days allotted to me.
Though skies are grim, and jet-black is the night,
Brightly shines my love's sun-like splendour.
And though deceitful is the sinful world,
And it grieves me,
Its wretchedness will be blinded
By your snow-like innocence.

Nacht (Night)

Twilight clouds are floating over night and valley.
Mists are floating, water is gently rippling.
And suddenly the veil is lifted: Watch out, watch!
A wide magic land is revealed, the mountains appear silvery, tall as in dreams,
Silent silver paths come from the unknown; and the majestic world is pure, a dream.
A silent beech tree stands on the path in the shadow,
A slight breeze wafts from the faraway grove.
From the dark of the valley below lights blink in the silent night.
Drink, soul, drink, the solitude. Watch out, watch!

Im Zimmer (In the room)

Autumn sunshine. The lovely evening peeks in so silently.
A little fire is crackling and glows.
So, my head on your knees, I feel happy.
When my eyes are resting upon yours, how silently the minutes pass.

Le papillon et la fleur (The Butterfly and the Flower)

The poor flower said to the heavenly butterfly: "Don't hurry away!"
See how different our destinies are; I stay put, You go off!
And yet we love each other, we live without human beings and far from them!
And we look alike and they say we are both flowers!
But, alas, the air carries you away, and the earth keeps me chained – Cruel fate!
I would like to perfume your flight with my breath in the sky!
But no, you are going too far off, among numberless flowers, you butterflies flee!
And I remain alone watching my shadow turn at my feet!
You fly away, then you come back, then you leave again to gleam elsewhere!
Thus you always find me at each dawn bathed in tears!
Ah, so that our love may live days of fidelity, my king.
Take root like me or give me wings like you!"

Oh! Quand je dors (Oh! While I sleep)

Oh, while I sleep, come to my bedside,
As Laura appeared to Petrarch,
And in passing let your breath touch me...
All at once I shall smile!
On my somber brown
Where perhaps there is ending
A dismal dream that has lasted too long;
Let your face rise like a star...
All at once my dream will become radiant!
Then on my lips, where a flame flutters,
A flash of love purified by God himself,
Place a kiss, and be transformed from angel into woman...
All at once my soul will awaken!

L'Invitation au Voyage (Invitation to a Journey)

My child, my sister, dream of my delight
Of going away and living together!
Of living at leisure, of loving and dying
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns of these murky skies
Hold for my spirit the charms so mysterious
Of your traitorous eyes shining through their tears.
There all is order and beauty, splendor, calm, and delight.
See on the canals the ships are asleep
Whose spirit is vagrant.
It is to satisfy your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.
The sinking suns color the fields,
The canals, the entire town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world is asleep in a warm light.
There all is order and beauty,
Splendor, calm, and delight.