Klassisk musik opført på seminaret på Frederiksberg: Originale tekster og oversættelser af Schuberts Fischerweise og arien fra Aida af Verdi

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Fischerweise, af Franz Schubert

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an;
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede
[Auf Wald und Flur und Bach][1]
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die gold'ne Sonne wach.

Er singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust.

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut
Und plätschert durch den Himmel,
Der sich im Wasser baut.

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen,

Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muß heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut.

Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin. Schlauer Wicht,
Gib auf nur deine Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

Engelsk oversættelse:

Fisherman's song

No cares assail the fisherman,
nor grief nor sorrow;
Early in the morning he unties
His boat with a light heart.

It is peaceful all about him
[In woods and meadows and brooks][1];
He rouses with his song
The golden sun.

To his labours he sings
with a full and sanguine heart;
The work gives him strength –
And strength gives life joy.

Soon a colorful throng is
swarming loudly in the depths,
And it splashes through the sky
That lies reflected in the water.

But he who wishes to cast a net
Needs eyes both clear and good;
He must be swift like the waves,
And unfettered like the stream.

There on the bridge the shepherdess

Is fishing. Artful creature,
Enough of your tricks –
You will not deceive the fish.

Ritorna vincitor!… fra Verdis opera Aida

AIDA Ritorna vincitor!… E dal mio labbro
Uscì l'empia parola! – Vincitore
Del padre mio… di lui che impugna l'armi
Per me… per ridonarmi
Una patria, una reggia! e il nome illustre
Che qui celar mi è forza – Vincitore
De' miei fratelli… ond'io lo vegga, tinto
Del sangue amato, trionfar nel plauso
Dell'Egizie coorti!… E dietro il carro,
Un Re… mio padre… di catene avvinto!…

L'insana parola,
O Numi, sperdete!
Al seno d'un padre
La figlia rendete;
Struggete le squadre
Dei nostri oppressor!

Sventurata! che dissi?… e l'amor mio?…
Dunque scordar poss'io
Questo fervido amor che oppressa e schiava
Come raggio di sol qui mi beava?
Imprecherò la morte
A Radamès… a lui che amo pur tanto!
Ah! non fu in terra mai
Da più crudeli angosce un core affranto.

I sacri nomi di padre… di amante
Nè profferir poss'io, nè ricordar…
Per l'un… per l'altro… confusa… tremante…
Io piangere vorrei… vorrei pregar.
Ma la mia prece in bestemmia si muta…
Delitto è il pianto a me… colpa il sospir…
In notte cupa la mente è perduta…
E nell'ansia crudel vorrei morir.

Numi, pietà – del mio soffrir!
Speme non v'ha – pel mio dolor…
Amor fatal – tremendo amor
Spezzami il cor – fammi morir! *[esce]*

Engelsk oversættelse:

Aida:

Thy brow may laurels crown! what! can my lips
Pronounce language so impious! wish him
Victor o'er my father! o'er him who wages war
But that I may be restored to my country,
To my kingdom, to the high station
I now perforce dissemble! wish him conqueror
O'er my brothers! e'en now I see him stained
With their blood so cherished, 'mid the clamorous
Triumph of Egyptian battalions! Behind his chariot
A king, my father comes, his fettered captive!

Ye gods watching o'er me,
Those words deem unspoken!
A father restore me,
His daughter heart-broken;
Oh, scatter their armies,
Forever crush our foe!

What wild words do I utter? of my affection
Have I no recollection?
That sweet love that consoled me, a captive pining,
Like some bright sunny ray on my sad lot shining!
Shall I invoke destruction on the man
For whom with love I languish?
Ah! ne'er yet on this earth lived one
Whose heart was crushed beneath such anguish!

The names so holy of father, of lover,
No more dare I utter or e'en recall,
Abashed and trembling, to Heaven would hover
My prayer for both, for both my tears would fall.
Ah, woe! transformed seemed my prayers to blaspheming,
To suffer is a crime, dark sin to weep,
My senses lost, wrapt in deep night are dreaming,
To my grave would in sorrow I might creep!

Merciful Gods, look from on high!
Pity these tears hopelessly shed,
Love! mystic power, mystic and dread,
Break, break my weak heart, let me now die!