

WATER MUSIC

Spring Waters

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Wohin

Franz Schubert

Au Bord de l'Eau

Gabriel Faure

Dopo il Nembo

George Frederick Handel

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

Antonin Dvorak

Kathleen Allen, Soprano

Margie Patterson, Piano

Jeux d'Eau

Maurice Ravel

Margie Patterson, Piano

Spring Waters

*The fields are still covered with snow,
But already the waters are awake
They rush and wake the sleepy banks
They rush, and tumble and foam
They proclaim to all their surroundings,
"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
"We are the forerunners of the young season,
"She sent us ahead as heralds!
"Spring is coming, spring is coming!"
And the warm tender days of May,
In a rosy bright circle dance
Crowd together following her.*

Wohin

*I hear a brooklet rushing down from a rocky spring,
Gurgling down to the valley, crisp and crystal clear.
I don't know why, or what prompted me,
I had to descend with it, walking staff in hand.
Down and always onward, always following the brook,
Which flowed ever brighter and ever clearer.
Is this then my destiny? Speak, brook, whither?
You have with your rushing completely muddled my mind.
Do I speak of rushing? There is no rushing.
Water nymphs are singing as they dance below.
Let them sing, friend, let it burble, and wander happily beside,
There is a mill wheel turning in every clear brook.*

Au Bord de l'Eau

*To sit, we two, on the bank of a flowing stream, and watch it flow;
Together, if a cloud glides through the sky, to watch it glide;
On the horizon, if smoke wafts over a cottage roof, to watch it waft;
If nearby a flower sheds perfume, to savour its scent;
To hear at the foot of the willow where water murmurs, the murmuring
water;
Not to feel, while this dream lasts, the passing of time;
But feeling no deep passion, only to adore each other,
With no cares for the quarrels of the world, To ignore them;
And only we two, seeing all that tires, not to tire of each other,
To feel that love, in the face of all that passes, Shall never pass!*

Dopo Il Nembo

*After the tempest and the storm clouds,
How wonderful to see a friendly star, and under a clear sky, a calm sea!*

*And the mariner who rests thus, scorns the perilous waves,
No longer wishes to pray to save himself from danger at sea!*

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

*Moon high and deep in the sky,
Your light travels far,
You travel around the wide world, and see into people's homes.
Moon, stand still a little while and tell me where is my dear.
Tell him, silvery moon,
That I am embracing him.
For at last momentarily
Let him recall dreaming of me.
Illuminate him from far away and tell him, tell him who is waiting for him.
If his human soul is really dreaming of me, may the memory awaken him!
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear*