

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

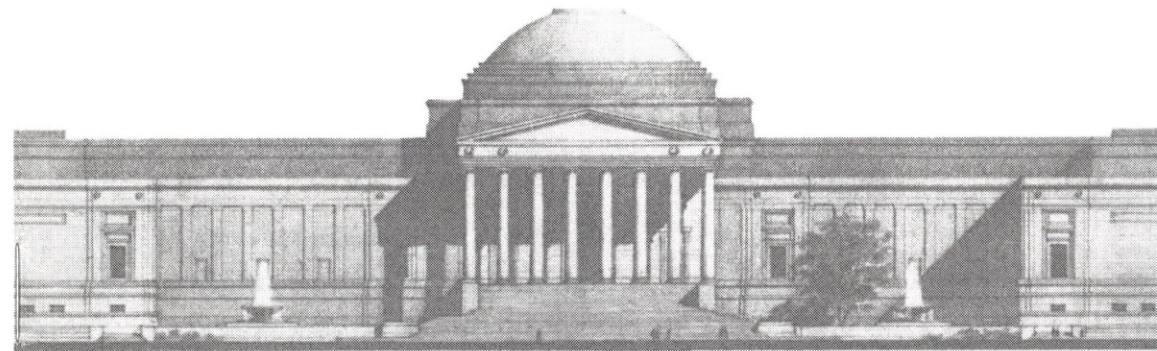
Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or circle@nga.gov for more information.



The Seventy-first Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,919th Concert

National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble
Rosa Lamoreaux, artistic director and soprano
Barbara Hollinshead, mezzo-soprano; Robert Petillo, tenor
Steven Combs, bass-baritone
with Elizabeth Field, violinist; Maribeth Gowen, pianist

Viennese New Year Concert

December 30, 2012
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

Die Harmonie in der Ehe

Freunde, Wasser machete stumm

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut

From *Liebeslieder Walzer*, op. 52

Johann Strauss Jr. (1825–1899)

Champagne Polka

Robert Stolz (1880–1975)

Du bist auf dieser Welt

From *Frühling im Prater*

Strauss

Waltz from *Die Fledermaus*

Franz Lehár (1870–1948)

Hör ich Cymbalklänge

From *Zigeunerliebe*

Emmerich Kálmán (1882–1953)

Der Walzer ist des Lebens schönste Melodie

Otto Nicolai (1810–1849)

Overture to *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*

Arranged for voices by Richard Hofmann

Brahms
Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
From *Liebeslieder Walzer*

INTERMISSION

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
Caro mio Druck und Schluck
Kanon: Essen, Trinken

Brahms
Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
Am Donaustrande
From *Liebeslieder Walzer*

Strauss
An der schönen blauen Donau, op. 314

Franz von Suppé (1819–1895)
Hab' ich nur deine Liebe
From *Boccaccio*

Lehár
Dein ist mein ganzes Herz
From *Das Land des Lächelns*

Vittorio Monti (1868–1922)
Csárdás

Lehár
Heute Abend komm' ich zu dir
Einer wird kommen
From *Der Zarewitsch*

Stolz
Was mein Herz zu sagen hat
From *Im weißen Rössl*

Lehár
Lippen schweigen
From *Die lustige Witwe*

Program Note

Continuing a tradition that began with the National Gallery of Art's first New Year concert on January 2, 1966, this evening's performance takes its cue from the famous New Year concerts at the Musikverien in Vienna, Austria. It is offered as a heartfelt wish, expressed in music, for a happy and prosperous New Year. This year for the first time the Gallery music department expands the celebration to include vocal music. In many cases, the Strauss family and other late nineteenth-century Viennese composers arranged their waltzes, polkas, and marches for vocal ensembles, with lyrics to suit a particular occasion or to celebrate a facet of Viennese culture. Lyrics for the music sung this evening may be found in the brochure enclosed with the program.

The Musicians

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Now in its ninth season under the leadership of artistic director Rosa Lamoreaux, the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble has presented numerous special programs in conjunction with Gallery exhibitions, including seventeenth-century Dutch music in honor of *Jan Lievens: A Dutch Master Rediscovered* (2008); *Pride of Place: Dutch Cityscapes of the Golden Age* (2009); and the gala reopening of the Nineteenth-century French Galleries (2011). In 2008 the singers were guest artists at the Sonora, Mexico, Music Festival, and in 2010 members of the Vocal Ensemble joined forces with the early music ensemble ARTEK to perform Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610) on the occasion of its 400th anniversary. The ensemble will be heard again at the Gallery in April 2013, singing music by Arthur Sullivan and other nineteenth-century British composers in honor of *Pre-Raphaelites: Victorian Art and Design, 1848–1900*.

ROSA LAMOREAUX

Acclaimed by the *Washington Post* for her “scrupulous musicianship . . . gorgeous sound, and stylistic acuity,” soprano Rosa Lamoreaux maintains an international career of broad scope, including solo recitals, chamber music, opera, and orchestral performances at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, Royal Albert Hall, Strathmore Hall, and the Washington National Cathedral, among other major concert venues. Highlights of the current season include Bach cantatas and the *B Minor Mass* at the Phillips Collection, Bethlehem Bach Festival, and Washington National Cathedral; and American musical revues for the Dumbarton Concert Series. Her concert tours abroad have included performances in Germany, Italy, and the United Kingdom as well as Brazil, Japan, and Peru. Now in her ninth season as artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, she also works with ArcoVoce, Chatham Baroque, the Folger Consort, Four Nations Ensemble, Hesperus, Musica Aperta, and Opera Lafayette. With more than sixty performances at the National Gallery to her credit, she is also a favorite

at such museums as the Cloisters, Corcoran Gallery, Louvre, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Phillips Collection, and Smithsonian Institution. Lamoreaux maintains a website at www.rosasings.com.

BARBARA HOLLINSHEAD

Among the highlights of her career to date, mezzo-soprano Barbara Hollinshead includes singing music by J. S. Bach at the Thomaskirche in Leipzig and the alto roles in the *Saint Matthew Passion* with Tafelmusik in Toronto. A special moment came when she sang the role of Mother in Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, in a production in which her son, Ned, sang the role of Amahl. A member of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble since 2004, Hollinshead is also a member of the New York-based chamber group ARTEK and has been a guest artist with many of the East Coast's finest early music groups, including Chatham Baroque, Hesperus, the New York Collegium, Opera Lafayette, and the Washington Bach Consort. When not performing, Hollinshead maintains a private voice studio and serves as an adjunct professor and musician-in-residence at American University.

ROBERT PETILLO

Acclaimed by critics and audiences alike for his portrayals of the Evangelist in the passions of Johann Sebastian and Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, American tenor Robert Petillo studied at Rutgers University and the University of Maryland, where he completed a doctor of musical arts degree in 1994 under the tutelage of James McDonald. Petillo is the first tenor section leader for the United States Army Chorus, a division of the United States Army Band (Pershing's Own) stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia. He sings in a cappella ensembles within the Army Chorus and appears as a soloist on many of its recordings. Other choruses with which he has appeared as soloist include the Alexandria, Fairfax, Maryland, and Washington National Cathedral choral societies, Cantate Chamber Singers, Masterworks Chorus, Raleigh Oratorio Society, Washington Bach Consort, Washington Singers, and Washington Sängerbund. Orchestras with which he has appeared include Italy's Accademia

di San Rocco, Germany's Halle Handel Festival Orchestra, the Northeast Pennsylvania Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Virginia Symphony Orchestra. With conductor and organist Dale Voelker, Petillo cofounded the Washington Kantorei and serves as its executive director. With Petillo as tenor soloist, the Kantorei has performed motets of J. S. Bach, Schütz, Poulenc, and Telemann as well as lesser-known contemporary composers.

STEVEN COMBS

An accomplished vocalist in early and contemporary classical music, baritone Steven Combs has appeared with the National Cathedral Choral Society, Master Chorale of Washington, National Philharmonic Orchestra, Washington Bach Consort, and Washington Chorus at the Kennedy Center, Lincoln Center, the National Gallery of Art, and Washington National Cathedral. Much in demand as a soloist in works by J. S. Bach, Combs has performed the arias and bass-baritone roles in the *Saint John* and the *Saint Matthew* passions with the Washington Bach Consort, Cantate Chamber Singers, Choral Arts Society of Washington, Fairfax Choral Society, Oratorio Society of Virginia, Rockbridge Choral Society (Lexington, Virginia), and the Virginia Consort. His contemporary music credits include the 2004 North American premiere of Ståle Kleiberg's *Requiem* and the debut performance and recording of Donald McCullough's *Holocaust Cantata: Songs from the Camps*. In 1991 Steven Combs debuted at the Metropolitan Opera in the premiere performance of John Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles*. Combs has performed other principal roles with the Metropolitan Opera as well as Boston Lyric Opera, Florentine Opera, and the Minnesota Opera. A 2008 winner of the Washington Vocal Arts Society's Discovery Series Competition, he also marks his ninth year of association with the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble.

ELIZABETH FIELD

Violinist Elizabeth Field is the founder and director of the Vivaldi Project and concertmaster of the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. She has served as concertmaster for Opera Lafayette and the Washington Bach Consort as well as acting as performance-practice coach for the National Philharmonic Orchestra and the Washington Chamber Symphony. She has performed with leading period instrument ensembles, including the Classical Band, the Handel & Haydn Society, and the New York State Early Music Association. A pupil of Oscar Shumsky and Joseph Silverstein, Field has coached student and professional performers at the universities of Illinois, Iowa, Maryland, and Washington. Currently an adjunct professor at the George Washington University, she has held professorships at Sacramento State and the University of California at Davis. Her collaborative DVD with fortepianist Malcolm Bilson, which explores the historical performance practice of eighteenth-century violin and piano repertoire, was described by pianist Emanuel Ax as "truly inspiring—a completely lucid and authoritative look at the connections between the great composers and the instruments with which they worked."

MARIBETH GOWEN

A prize-winning soloist and chamber musician who frequently collaborates with the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, Maribeth Gowen has made concerto appearances with the Alabama, Baltimore, Chattanooga, and Tucson Symphony Orchestras as well as the National Chamber Orchestra and the National Gallery of Art Orchestra. She has performed in many of the nation's premiere concert venues, including the Phillips Collection and Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall. Outside the United States, she has been heard in Meunster, Germany, and Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey as well as at the International Bellapais Music Festival in North Cyprus. Gowen's teachers and coaches have included Nelita True, Menahem Pressler, and members of the Guarneri String Quartet.

Upcoming concerts at the National Gallery of Art

Andreas Sønning, flutist
with Tone Elisabeth Braaten, soprano
and members of the
National Gallery of Art Orchestra
Per Kristian Skaland, conductor

Music by
Bull, Grieg, and Habbestad

Sponsored by the
Royal Norwegian Embassy

January 6, 2013
Sunday, 6:30 pm
East Building Auditorium

Orava String Quartet

Music by
Haydn and Mendelssohn

January 13, 2013
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court



Cyrus Forough, violinist
Katya Janpoladyan, cellist
Sung-Im Kim, pianist

Music by
Schubert and Vali

January 20, 2013
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

DIE HARMONIE IN DER EHE

O wunderbare Harmonie,
was er will, will auch sie,
er zechet gern, sie auch;
er spielt gern, sie auch;
er zählt Dukaten gern,
und macht den großen Herrn,
auch das ist ihr Gebrauch.
O wunderbare Harmonie,
was er will, will auch sie!

MARITAL HARMONY

Oh, wonderful harmony,
what he desires, she desires as well.
He enjoys a drink, she too;
he likes cards, she too;
he likes quick money,
and lives grandly,
as she also prefers.
O marital bliss!
What pleases him, pleases her!

DIE BEREDSAMKEIT

Freunde, Wasser machet stumm,
lernet dieses an den Fischen,
doch beim Weine kehrt sich's um,
dieses lernt an unsern Tischen.

Was für Redner sind wir nicht,
wenn der Rheinwein aus uns spricht.
Wir ermahnen, streiten, lehren,
keiner will den andern hören.
Freunde, Wasser machet stumm..stumm..stumm

ELOQUENCE

Friends, water makes us dumb --
we learn that from the fishes.
But with wine it's different --
we learn that at the supper table.

What orators we surely are
when the Rhine wine speaks for us.
We admonish, argue, lecture --
no one listens to the other.
Friends, water makes us dumb..dumb..dumb

EIN KLEINER, HÜBSCHER VOGEL

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug
zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.

Leimruten Arglist lauert an dem Ort;
der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte doch, ich täte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm, den Glücklichen, nicht an.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht - ich täte doch wie der.

A SMALL, PRETTY BIRD

A small, pretty bird took flight
into the garden, for there was plentiful fruit there.
If I were a pretty, small bird,
I would not tarry - I would do just as he did.

Malicious lime-twigs lurked in that place;
the poor bird could not escape.
If I were a pretty, small bird,
I would have hesitated, I would not have done that.

The bird alit into a pretty girl's hand,
and she did not harm him, the lucky thing.
If I were a pretty, small bird,
I would not linger - I would do just as he did.

AM GESTEINE RAUSCHT DIE FLUT

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
heftig angetrieben;
wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.

DU BIST AUF DIESER WELT

Ich denke immer nur das Eine:
so lieb und schön wie du ist keine!
Niemals hab' ich so sehr gebangt;
keine Frau so heiß verlangt,
denn ich liebe dich!

Du bist auf dieser Welt,
die, die mir gefällt, nur du!
Du bist bestimmt für mich,
so wie ich für dich--ja, nur du!
Find' ohne dich keine Ruh',
denke an dich immerzu, du!
Du bist auf dieser Welt,
die, die mir gefällt
und ich geb' dich mich her!
Du, du gehörst zu mir, denn ich weiß,
nach dir kommt keine mehr!

Es stand schon lange in den Sternen,
dass wir uns einmal kennen lernen.
Weiß selber nicht, wie es geschah,
doch auf einmal warst du da,
und ich liebte dich!

Du bist auf dieser Welt,
die, die mir gefällt, nur du!
Du bist bestimmt für mich,
so wie ich für dich -- ja, nur du!
Find' ohne dich keine Ruh',
denke an dich immerzu, du!
Du bist auf dieser Welt,
die, die mir gefällt
und ich geb' dich mich her!
Du, du gehörst zu mir, denn ich weiß,
nach dir kommt keine mehr!

AGAINST THE STONES THE STREAM RUSHES

Against the stones the stream rushes,
powerfully driven:
those who do not know to sigh there,
will learn it when they fall in love.

YOU ARE THE ONE FOR ME

I think always of one only:
no one is as beloved and beautiful as you!
Never have I yearned so deeply;
no other woman has been so ardently desired,
for I love you!

In all the world, you are the one
who pleases me, only you!
You are made for me,
and I for you -- yes, only you!
I find no rest without you,
I think of you constantly, you!
In all the world,
you are the one who pleases me
and I surrender myself to you!
You, you belong to me, for I know
that after you, there will be no one else.

It was written in the stars long ago,
that we would one day know each other.
I myself do not know how it happened,
but all at once you were there,
and I loved you!

In all the world, you are the one
who pleases me, only you!
You are made for me,
and I for you -- yes, only you!
I find no rest without you,
I think of you constantly, you!
In all the world,
you are the one who pleases me
and I surrender myself to you!
You, you belong to me, for I know
that after you, there will be no one else.

HÖR' ICH ZYMBALKLÄNGE

Hör' ich Zymbalklänge,
 wird ums Herz mir enge,
 süßes Land der Muttersprache,
 Heimatland!
 Seufz' nach deinen Wäldern,
 nach den goldene Feldern;
 sehne mich nach dir, mein süßes Ungarland!
 Ziehst du weit hinaus,
 gehst die Welt du aus,
 überall ist's schön und doch
 am schönsten ist's zuhaus!
 Hör' ich Zymbalklänge,
 wird ums Herz mir enge,
 süßes Land der Muttersprache,
 Heimatland!

Macht nichts! Hol's der Teufel!
 Macht nichts! Ohne Zweifel
 kann der Mensch nicht immer traurig sein!
 Liebt mein Schatz mich nimmer,
 find't man Andre immer,
 schad' um jede Träne, die ich wein'!
 Will nicht ohne Küsse leben, nein, nein!
 Keine Stunde ohne Liebsten sein!
 Jaj, jaj, hol's der Teufel!
 Jaj, jaj, ohne Zweifel,
 immer kann der Mensch nicht traurig sein!

GIPSY FIDDLES PLAYING

I hear the sound of the zimbal,*
 making my heart long
 for the sweet land of my language,
 my homeland!
 It sighs through the forests,
 on to the golden fields;
 I see myself near you, my sweet Hungary!
 Drawn so far from you,
 going through the world,
 everywhere is beautiful, yet,
 the most beautiful is my home!
 I hear the sound of the zimbal,
 making my heart long
 for the sweet land of my language,
 my homeland!

No matter! To hell with it!
 No matter! Without a doubt,
 people cannot always be sad!
 If my sweetheart does not love me,
 I'll find another,
 who will have pity on my tears!
 I will not live without kisses, no! no!
 No hours will be without love!
 Hah, hah! Get the devil out!
 Hah, hah! Without a doubt,
 we cannot always be sad!

*(hammered dulcimer)

**DER WALZER IST DES LEBENS
SCHÖNSTE MELODIE**

Der Walzer ist des Lebens schönste Melodie;
der Walzer, den das Glück uns singt
ein unsagbarer Zauber, eine süße Harmonie,
ein Charm, der uns von neuem stets bezwingt!
Ja, ja, sie haben recht,
das tanzt sich gar nicht schlecht
man dreht sich und man kann's im Nu.
Ein Beben, Herz an Herz,
und ein Schweben himmelwärts,
und auf einmal ist man mit dem Glück per "du"!
Wer niemals vom Zauber der Geigen berauscht,
glühende Lippen im Tanz geküßt,
trunkenen Worten der Liebe gelauscht,
weiß nicht, was der Walzer uns ist!

Den Walzer hat der Herrgott
für Verliebte nur er dacht;
süß und weich umfängt er euch,
wie eine Liebesnacht!
Auf Engelsschwingen tanzt man froh
ins Reich des Glücks hinein;
solang' es noch Verliebte gibt,
wird auch der Walzer sein!
Alle Herzen schwingen mit
bei jedem Walzerschritt,
und jeder Geigenstrich singt jubelnd laut:
"Ich liebe dich!"
Vom Walzer schrieb der Herrgott uns
ins Buch des Lebens ein:
"Solang' es noch Verliebte gibt,
wird auch der Walzer sein!"

WENN SO LIND DEIN AUGE MIR

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir,
und so lieblich schauet,
jede letzte Trübe flieht,
welche mich umgrauet.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich,
so treu dich ein anderer lieben.

**THE WALTZ IS LIFE'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL SONG**

The waltz is life's most beautiful song;
the waltz sings to us of joy,
an ineffable magic, a sweet harmony,
a charm, which ever enchants us anew.
Yes, yes, they have the right idea,
those who dance not at all badly;
they whirl, and can do that in an instant.
A fluttering of heart upon heart,
and a soaring heavenward,
and suddenly you know what happiness is!
Who has never been drunk with the violin's magic,
kissed burning lips while dancing,
heard intoxicating words of love,
does not understand what the waltz means to us!

God had the waltz in mind
just for lovers;
sweetly and tenderly it enfolds you
like a night of love!
With a flourish of angels one dances blithely
within the realm of bliss;
as long as there are lovers,
there will be waltzes!
All hearts resonate
with each waltz step,
and every violin stroke sings with resounding joy:
"I love you!"
Of the waltz, God has written for us
in the Book of Life:
"As long as there are lovers,
there will be waltzes!"

WHEN YOUR EYES LOOK AT ME

When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every last anxiety
that troubles my life.
The lovely glow of this love--
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as truly as I.

NEIN, ES IST NICHT AUSZUKOMMEN

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten;
alles wissen sie
so giftig auszudeuten!
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre irr aus Liebe.
Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen *etc.*

CARO MIO DRUCK UND SCHLUCK

Konstanze: Caro mio Druck und Schluck,
caro mio Schluck und Druck,
ti lascio, oh Dio!
Kugelrund, che affano! A Loth ist ka Pfund.

Mozart: Cara mia bagatellerl,
cara mia bagatellr,
io parto, tu resti, Spitzignas,
oh Dio! tu resti, Spitzignas,
che pena! che tormento!
Wenn's regn't, ist's naß.

Friend F: Perfidi! Barbari! Belui! Mostri!
Tiranni, Erzlumpen, Gesindel,
Lumpengesindel, Lumpengesindel,
vedrete, vedrete, ihr macht noch in die Windel.

Friend H: Amico, non tanto aufbracht's Wesen.

Friend F: Tacci, tacci!

Friend H: Eh, quel ch'è stato ist gewesen.

Friend F: Dumma tacci.

Friend H: A me tacci? **Friend F:** A te tacci!

Friend H: A me lacci? **Friend F:** A te lacci!

Friend H: Lacci? **Friend F:** Lacci!

Friend H: Lacci? **Friend F:** Tacci!

Both: Tacci, lacci, tacci, lacci?!

Konstanze and Mozart: Quello l'adira,
wir können nix dafür, cara Cobochti!
Pietà, pietà, es ist schon ahti;
un pò di carità, sonst machen ma...a...a...

Friend F: Al diavol, Lumpenpack!
Ich brech euch noch das Knack.
Son risoluto, zu an Schnupftabak.

Friend H: Pietà, pietà di me,
mir beiße scho die Flöh.

THERE'S NO GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE

No, there's just no getting along with people;
they make such poisonous interpretations
of everything they hear!
If I'm merry, they say I harbor wanton desires;
if I'm quiet, they say I am crazed with love.
No, there's just no getting along *etc.*

MY DEAR SQUEEZE AND SLURP

Konstanze: My dear Squeeze and Slurp,
My dear Slurp and Squeeze,
I'm leaving you - oh God!
Tubby! what a bore! Ten grams is not a pound.

Mozart: My dear little bagatelle,
my dear little bagatelle,
I'm going, you're staying, Needlenose,
oh God! you're staying, Needlenose,
what punishment! what torment!
When it rains, your nose gets wet.

Friend F: Traitors! Savages! Beasts! Monsters!
Tyrants, arch-rascals, clods,
tatterdemalions, tatterdemalions,
look, you have even soiled your trousers!

Friend H: Friend, don't get in such an uproar.

Friend F: Shut up, all of you!

Friend H: Oh, what a state we are in!

Friend F: Dummy, shut up!

Friend H: Who, me?? **Friend F:** Yes, you!

Friend H: Scram? **Friend F:** Scram!

Friend H: Scram? **Friend F:** Scram!

Friend H: Scram? **Friend F:** Shut up!

Both: Shut up, scram! Shut up, scram!

Konstanze and Mozart: Whomever it upsets,
it's not our fault, dear Cobotieres!
Mercy, it's already eight o'clock;
a little charity, otherwise they will make...a...a...

Friend F: To the devil, you pack of rascals!
I'll smash your snouts!

I'm determined to have a pinch of snuff!

Friend H: Pity, have pity on me,
the fleas are biting me!

KANON: ESSEN, TRINKEN

Essen, Trinken, das erhält den Leib;
 's ist doch mein liebster Zeitvertreib,
 das Essen und Trinken.
 Labt mich Speis' und Trank nicht mehr,
 dann ade! dann Welt, gute Nacht!

So ein Brätchen, ein Pastetchen, ach,
 wenn die meinem Gaumen winken,
 dann, dann ist mein Tag vollbracht,
 mein Tag vollbracht.

Ach, und wenn im lieben, vollen Gläschen
 Gram und Sorgen niedersinken,
 dann aller Welt dann gute Nacht!

SCHLOSSER AUF, UND MACHE SCHLÖSSER

Schlosser auf, und mache schlösser
 Schlösser ohne Zahl;
 denn die bösen, bösen Mäuler
 will ich schließen, schließen allzumal!

AM DONAUSTRANDE

Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,
 da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.
 Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt,
 zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt.

Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spaß;
 die spreng ich als wären sie nur von Glas.
 Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,
 da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.

CANON: EATING, DRINKING

Eating, drinking, that preserves the body;
 thus my favorite pastime
 is eating and drinking.
 If food and drink don't delight me any more,
 then farewell, world, good night!

Such a roast, a pastry, oh! --
 when they greet my palate,
 then, then my day is complete,
 my day is made!

Oh, and when in the beloved full glass
 sorrow and care sink deeply down,
 then good night to all the world!

LOCKSMITH, GET UP AND MAKE YOUR LOCKS

Locksmith, get up and make your locks,
 locks without number;
 for I want to lock up
 all the evil mouths!

ON THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE

On the banks of the Danube, there stands a house,
 and looking out of it is a pink-cheeked maiden.
 The maiden is very well protected:
 ten iron bolts have been placed on the door.

But ten iron bolts are just a joke;
 I will snap them as if they were only glass.
 On the banks of the Danube, there stands a house,
 and looking out of it is a pink-cheeked maiden.

HAB' ICH NUR DEINE LIEBE

Hab' ich nur deine Liebe,
die Treue brauch' ich nicht.
Die Liebe ist die Knospe nur,
aus der die Treue bricht.

Drum Sorge für die Knospe,
daß sie auch schön gedeih',
auf daß sie sich in voller Pracht
entfallen mag, o gib drauf Acht,
ob mit, ob ohne Treu'!

Denn selbst auch ohne Treue,
hat Liebe oft entzückt.
Doch ohne Liebe Treu' allein
hat keinen noch beglückt.

Drum Sorge für die Knospe, *etc.*

DEIN IST MEIN GANZES HERZ

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.
So, wie die Blume welkt,
wenn sie nicht küßt der Sonnenschein!
Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,
weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.
Sag' mir noch einmal, mein einzig Lieb,
O, sag' noch einmal mir: "Ich hab' dich lieb!"

Wohin ich immer gehe,
ich fühle deine Nähe.
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken
und betend dir zu Füßen sinken,
dir, dir, allein!
Wie wunderbar ist dein leuchtendes Haar!
Traumschön und sehnsuchtsbang
ist dein strahlender Blick!
Hör' ich der Stimme Klang,
ist es so wie Musik.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz! *etc.*

IF I ONLY HAVE YOUR LOVE

If I only have your love,
I don't need faithfulness.
Love is only the bud
from which faithfulness springs.

Therefore take care of the bud,
that it may prosper nicely,
and that it may bloom in full glory,
oh, keep an eye on it,
with or without faithfulness!

Because even without faithfulness,
love has often delighted.
But faithfulness alone, without love,
has not made anyone happy!

Therefore take care of the bud, *etc.*

MY WHOLE HEART IS YOURS

My whole heart is yours!
Without you I cannot exist.
I would be like the flower that fades
without the kiss of sunlight!
My sweetest song is yours,
for it springs from love alone.
Tell me once more, my one and only love,
tell me once more: "I love you!"

Wherever I go
I feel you near me.
I should like to drink your breath
and kneel imploringly at your feet,
at yours, yours alone!
How wonderful is your glistening hair!
Your lovely, radiant gaze
is beautiful with dreams and anxious longing.
When I hear the sound of your voice,
it is just like music.

My whole heart is yours! *etc.*

HEUTE ABEND KOMM' ICH ZU DIR

Mascha: Was mir einst an dir gefiel,
war dein Balalaikaspiel;
sonst entdeckte ich an dir nicht viel!
Alles was das Weib begehrt,
was gesetzlich ihr gehört,
das hast du Schlemihl mir nie gewährt!
Da auch noch so nebenbei die Treue etwas litt,
geb ich dir hiermit, deinen Abschiedstritt!

Iwan: Sieh mein bleiches Antlitz an,
höre den geliebten Mann,
daß er deinen Busen rühren kann!
Heute Abend komm' ich zu dir,
auf eine schwache Stund!
Schatz, probier's noch einmal mit mir,
ich sag's nicht ohne Grund!
Schlumm're süß auf deinen weißen Kissen;
wekken will ich dich mit heißen Küssen.
Schatz, probier's noch einmal mit mir;
zehn Uhr bin ich bei dir!

Mascha: Niemals hab' ich's so gespürt,
wie mich deine Stimme rührt;
o wie dein Tenor die Frau'n verführt!

Iwan: Süßes Weib, du wirst schon schwach;
richte her dein Schlafgemach, zünd' die Ampel an,
ich komme nach!

Mascha: Blick mich nicht so schmelzend an,
ich fühle heiße Glut, wonnig wallt mein Blut
und mir wird nicht gut!

Iwan: Halt ein bißchen dich zurück,
nur noch einen Augenblick,
und du schwimmst in einem Meer von Glück!

Both: Heute Abend komm' ich zu dir, *etc.*

TONIGHT I WILL COME TO YOU

Mascha: What used to please me about you
was your balalaika playing;
otherwise, about you I knew little.
Everything that the wife wishes for,
all that lawfully belongs to her,
has never been offered to me, you Schlemihl!
Therefore my trust has suffered as well.
I give you herewith your marching orders!

Iwan: Look at my pale countenance,
listen to this loving man,
so that he can touch your heart!
Tonight I will come to you,
in an unguarded moment!
My darling, give me another chance;
I say this not without good reason!
Slumber sweetly on your white pillow;
I will waken you with burning kisses.
Darling, give me another chance;
at ten o'clock I will be with you!

Mascha: Never have I felt so strongly
the way your voice touches me;
oh, how your Tenor seduces us ladies!

Iwan: Sweet lady, you are already yielding;
prepare for sleep, light the lamp,
I'll be with you soon!

Mascha: Don't gaze at me so meltingly;
I burn with passion, my blood courses
rapturously, and that's not good!

Iwan: Restrain yourself a little,
only for a moment,
and you will swim in a sea of bliss!

Both: Tonight I will come to you, *etc.*

EINER WIRD KOMMEN

Einer wird kommen, der wird mich begehren,
 Einer wird kommen, dem soll ich gehören.
 Werd' ich bei seinen Küssen erbeben?
 Werd' ich der Liebe Wunder erleben?
 Einer wird kommen, dem werd' ich gehören.
 Mir ist so bang, als hielt mich ein Traum befangen;
 fiebernde Glut steigt heiß mir
 zu Herz und Wangen.
 Schweigende Nacht mich lockend umfängt;
 mit wonniger Macht, die Sinne bedrängt.
 Ich möchte entflieh'n, und wart doch auf ihn!
 Wüßt' ich doch, zieh ich das große Los,
 wird das Glück mir scheinen?
 Werd ich als Spielzeug bloß diese Stund beweinen?
 Werde, was will, daraus. Liebe, nach dir, nach dir
 breite ich meine Arme aus!

WAS MEIN HERZ ZU SAGEN HAT

Was mein Herz zu sagen hat, fühlst auch du!
 Was die Uhr geschlagen hat, weißt auch du!
 Und hast du kein Ohr für mich,
 finde ich keine Ruh, drum hör zu, drum hör zu!
 Sag ich es in Prosa dir, klingt es kühl,
 das ist nicht das Rechte für mein Gefühl!
 Aber wenn die Geigen zärtlich für mich flehn,
 wirst du gleich mich verstehn:

Mein Liebeslied muß ein Walzer sein!
 Voll Blütenduft und voll Sonnenschein!
 Wenn beim ersten Du ich mich an dich schmiege,
 braucht mein Herz dazu süße Walzermusik!
 Mein Liebeslied muß ein Walzer sein,
 der süß berauscht wie Champagnerwein!
 Und das Lied, das dir sagt: "Ich bin dein!",
 kann doch nur ein Wiener Walzer sein!

Wenn der Liebe Lust und Schmerz einen packt,
 schlägt ein jedes Menschenherz seinen Takt!
 Jeder singt für sich partout
 und auch der Text dazu heißt: Chacun à son goût!
 Einer gibt den größten Reiz der Gavott
 und der andre seinerseits liebt mehr flott!
 Und es wechseln Moll und Dur, ja, c'est l'amour.
 Aber ich sage nur:
 Mein Liebeslied muß ein Walzer sein! *etc.*

ONE WILL COME

One will come, whom I will crave,
 One will come, whom I will belong to.
 Will his kisses make me shudder?
 Will I live in love's wonder?
 One will come to whom I will belong.
 I am so fearful, as though held caught in a dream;
 with a glow of fever
 in my heart and on my cheeks.
 The silent night envelops me alluringly;
 with wondrous power my soul is pressed.
 I want to flee, and yet to wait for him!
 Can I be certain that great joy is coming to me;
 will happiness shine on me?
 Or will I, as a plaything, only bewail these hours?
 What will be, will be. Love, to you, to you,
 I open wide my arms!

WHAT MY HEART HAS TO SAY

What my heart has to say, you surely perceive!
 What time has brought about, you know that, too!
 And if you do not hear me,
 I find no rest -- listen to me, hear me!
 Saying it to you in prose sounds lukewarm;
 that does not do justice to my sentiment!
 But when the violin tenderly implores for me,
 you will easily understand me.

My love song must be a waltz!
 Full of flower-fragrance and sunshine!
 When at the first "Du" I press close to you,
 my heart needs sweet waltz-music for that!
 My love song must be a waltz,
 which sweetly intoxicates like champagne!
 And the song which says to you, "I am yours!",
 can be only a Viennese waltz!

When love, joy and pain hold one spellbound,
 every human heart beats in time!
 Each one sings on his own, indeed,
 and the lyrics likewise mean: "To each his own!"
 For one, the gavotte holds the greatest charm,
 and another loves something more lively!
 And minor and major keys vary -- yes, that's love.
 However, I say only,
 My love song must be a waltz! *etc.*

LIPPEN SCHWEIGEN

Lippen schweigen, 's flüstern Geigen,
 "Hab' mich lieb!"
 All' die Schritte sagen,
 "Bitte, hab' mich lieb!"
 Jeder Druck der Hände
 deutlich mir 's beschrieb;
 er sagt klar 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr.
 Du hast mich lieb!

Wenn die Geige so zaubrisch erklingt,
 und Musik sich den Reigen erzwingt,
 dann frisch auf, zögert nicht,
 denn die Jugend, sie spricht:
 's ist der Tanz holder Füßchen Pflicht!

O kommet doch, o kommt!
 Ihr Ballsirenen folgt den süßen Walzertönen
 wie sie singen und klingen; o tanzt doch mit!
 Hebt eure Füßchen ein bißchen im Walzerschritt!
 Ja so ist 's recht und schön
 ihr Ballsirenen tanzt lustig meine Schönen,
 fröhlich singt mit hellen Tönen;
 so lang der Walzer klingt,
 tanzt leicht beschwingt!

Bei jedem Walzerschritt, tanzt auch die Seele mit;
 da hüpf't das Herzchen klein es klopft und pocht:
 "Sei mein! Sei mein!"
 Und der Mund er spricht kein Wort
 doch tönt es fort und immerfort:
 "Ich hab' dich ja so lieb, ich hab' dich lieb!"

Jeder Druck der Hände
 deutlich mir 's beschrieb;
 er sagt klar 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr.
 Du hast mich lieb!

LIPS ARE SILENT

Lips are silent, violins whisper,
 "Will you love me?"
 All the steps are saying,
 "Please love me."
 Every clasp of hands
 surely tells me;
 it says clearly, it's true, it's true.
 You love me!

When the violin so magically sings,
 and the music makes the dancing begin,
 then go to it! don't delay!
 for as the young people say,
 dancing is the duty of lovely little feet!

So come, oh come!
 The ball lures us with the waltz's sweet sounds
 as they sing and ring; oh, dance, everyone!
 Move your feet in a few waltz steps!
 Yes, it's right and fine
 that my beautiful lady dances in the ball's delights,
 singing joyfully with clear tones;
 as long as the waltz plays,
 she dances carefree and elated!

During every waltz-step, the soul also dances;
 the little heart hops, knocks and beats:
 "Be mine, be mine!"
 And the mouth, though speaking no words,
 nonetheless declares, over and over,
 "I love you so much! I love you!"

Every clasp of hands
 surely tells me;
 it says clearly, it's true, it's true.
 You love me!