

# **Pace non trovo**

**Hans Pieter Herman & Bas Verheijden**

Programma:

## *Der Nöck* **Loewe**

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*Pace non trovo*

*Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,*

*I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,*

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### Drie liederen **Kosma**

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Der Nöck

**Johann Karl Gottfried Loewe** (1796-1869)

August Kopisch (1799-1853)

Es tönt des Nöcken Harfenschall:  
da steht der wilde Wasserfall,  
Umschwebt mit Schaum und Wogen  
Den Nöck im Regenbogen.  
Die Bäume neigen sich tief und schweigen,  
und atmend horcht die Nachtigall.

»O Nöck, was hilft das Singen dein?  
Du kannst ja doch nicht selig sein!  
Wie kann dein Singen taugen?«  
Der Nöck erhebt die Augen,  
Sieht an die Kleinen,  
Beginnt zu weinen...  
Und senkt sich in die Flut hinein.

Da rauscht und braust der Wasserfall,  
Hoch fliegt hinweg die Nachtigall,  
Die Bäume heben mächtig  
Die Gipfel grün und prächtig.  
O weh, es haben die wilden Knaben  
Der Nöck betrübt im Wasserfall!

»Komm wieder, Nöck, du singst so schön!  
Wer singt, kann in den Himmel gehn!  
Du wirst mit deinem singen,  
zum Paradiese dringen!  
O komm, es haben gescherzt die Knaben:  
Komm wieder, Nöck, und singe schön!«

Da tönt des Nöcken Harfenschall,  
Und wieder steht der Wasserfall,  
umschwebt mit Schaum und Wogen  
den Nöck im Regenbogen.  
Die Bäume neigen sich tief und schweigen,  
Und atmend horcht die Nachtigall.

Es spielt der Nöck und singt mit Macht Von Meer  
und Erd und Himmelspracht.  
Mit Singen kann er lachen  
Und selig weinen machen!  
Der Wald erbebet,  
Die Sonn entschwebet...  
Er singt bis in die Sternennacht!

The Water sprite ( a male water spirit)

The sprite's harp sounds  
amidst the wild waterfall,  
Surrounded by foam and waves  
and lit by a rainbow.  
The trees bend deep and silently  
and the nightingale listens, barely taking a breath

"O sprite, why are you singing?  
Happiness is not yours to have!  
What can you achieve with your singing?"  
The water-sprite looks up,  
Sees the little boys,  
Begins to weep...  
and sinks deep into the water.

The waterfall rumbels and foams,  
The nightingale flies high up into the sky,  
The trees lift their green,  
magnificent crowns.  
O dear, the careless children  
have grieved the sprite in the waterfall!

"Come back, oh sprite, you sing so beautifully!  
Who sings can go to heaven!  
With your singing,  
you can reach paradise!  
Please, these kids were only kidding:  
Come back, o sprite, and sing beautifully!"

And there the water-sprite's harp resounds  
and again he stands in the wild waterfall,  
Surrounds with foam and waves  
and lit by a rainbow.  
The trees bend deep and silently  
and the nightingale listens, barely taking a breath

The sprite sings and plays with lust  
of the sea and earth and heaven.  
With his singing he can make you laugh  
and cry tears of joy!  
The forest trembles,  
The sun floats above...  
He sings and sings even when the starry night  
appears.

## Harfenspieler Lieder

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

### 1. Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt  
Ach! der ist bald allein,  
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,  
Und läßt ihn seiner Pein

Ja, laßt mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam seyn,  
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht!  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Pein,  
Mich Einsamen die Qual.  
Ach werd ich erst einmal  
Einsam in Grabe seyn,  
Da läßt sie mich allein!

### 2. Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

An die Thüren will ich schleichen,  
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;  
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen;  
Und ich werde weiter gehn.  
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,  
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;  
Eine Thräne wird er weinen,  
Und ich weiß nicht was er weint.

### 3. Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen aß,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem [Bette]1 weinend saß,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden,  
Dann überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein:  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

1.

He who gives himself over to solitude,  
ah! he is soon alone;  
everyone lives, everyone loves,  
and everyone leaves him to his pain.

Yes! Leave me to my torment!  
And can I only once  
be truly lonely,  
then I will not be alone.

A lover creeps up and listens softly -  
is his beloved alone?  
So, both day and night, does  
the pain creep up on my solitude,  
and the torment creep up on my loneliness.  
Ah! only once, when  
I am alone in my grave,  
will it then truly leave me alone!

2.

I will creep from door to door;  
Quiet and humble will I stand.  
A pious hand will give me food,  
And I shall go on my way.  
Everyone will think himself lucky  
When he sees me before him;  
A tear will he shed,  
But I won't know why he weeps

3.

He who never ate his bread with tears,  
He who never, through miserable nights,  
Sat weeping on his bed -  
He does not know you, Heavenly Powers.

You lead us into life,  
You let the wretched man feel guilt,  
And then you leave him to his pain -  
For all guilt avenges itself on earth.

Tre sonnetti di Petrarca

**Franz Liszt (1811-1886)**

Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)

1.

Pace non trovo, et non ò da far guerra;  
e temo, et spero; et ardo, et son un ghiaccio;  
et volo sopra 'l cielo, et giaccio in terra;  
et nulla stringo, et tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m'è in pregon, che non m'apre né serra,  
né per suo mi riten né scioglie il laccio;  
et non m'ancide Amore, et non mi sferra,  
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trae d'impaccio.

Veggio senza occhi, et non ò lingua et grido;  
et bramo di perir, et cheggio aita;  
et ò in odio me stesso, et amo altrui.

Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido;  
egualmente mi spiace morte et vita:  
in questo stato son, donna, per voi.  
O Laura per voi

2.

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,  
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto  
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto  
Da' duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;

E benedetto il primo dolce affanno  
Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,  
E l'arco e la saette ond' i' fui punto,  
E le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.

Benedette le voci tante, ch'io  
Chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,  
E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.

E benedette sian tutte le carte  
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,  
Ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non v'ha parte.

1.

I find no peace, and yet I make no war:  
and fear, and hope: and burn, and I am ice:  
and fly above the sky, and fall to earth,  
and clutch at nothing, and embrace the world.

One imprisons me, who neither frees nor jails me,  
nor keeps me to herself nor slips the noose:  
and Love does not destroy me, and does not  
loose me, wishes me not to live, but does not  
remove my bar.

I see without eyes, and have no tongue, but cry:  
and long to perish, yet I beg for aid:  
and hold myself in hate, and love another.

I feed on sadness, laughing weep:  
death and life displease me equally:  
and I am in this state, lady, because of you.  
Oh Laura because of you

2.

Blessed be the day, the month and the year  
And the season, the time and the place,  
The lovely countryside, and the spot where I was  
transfixed by two beautiful eyes which have  
ensnared me;

And blessed the first sweet pain  
which I felt on being yoked to Love  
and the bow and the arrows which pierced me,  
and the wounds inflicted on my heart.

Blessed be the songs which I, calling Laura's  
name,  
have showered upon the world in such profusion  
And the sighs, the tears, the longing.

Blessed too the sheets of paper  
On which I am spreading her fame, and my  
thoughts, which are of her alone:  
no other has any place in them.

3.  
I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,  
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;  
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:  
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,  
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;  
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole  
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.

Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia  
Facean piangendo un più dolce concerto  
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento  
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.  
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

## Drie Lieder

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

### 1. Phidyle

Charles-Marie-René Leconte-de-Lisle (1818-1894)

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais  
peupliers, aux pentes des sources moussues,  
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille  
issues, se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé ! Midi sur les feuillages  
rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,  
chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,  
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline, et les oiseaux,  
rasant de l'aile la colline, cherchent l'ombre des  
églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe  
éclatante, verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser  
Me récompensent de l'attente!

3.  
I saw angelic virtue on earth  
and heavenly beauty on terrestrial soil,  
so I am sad and joyful at the memory,  
and what I see seems dream, shadows, smoke:

and I saw two lovely eyes that wept,  
that made the sun a thousand times jealous:  
and I heard words emerge among sighs  
that made the mountains move, and halted  
rivers.

Love, Judgement, Pity, Worth and Grief,  
made a sweeter chorus of weeping  
than any other heard beneath the moon:

and heaven so intent upon the harmony  
no leaf was seen to move on the boughs,  
so filled with sweetness were the wind and air.

### 1. Phidyle

The grass is soft for slumber beneath the fresh  
poplars, on the slopes by the mossy springs,  
which, in the meadows flowering with a thousand  
plants, lose themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé! the midday sun shines on the  
foliage and invites you to sleep!  
Among clover and thyme, alone, in full sunlight  
hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about the turning  
paths, the red cornflower tilts,  
and the birds, skimming the hill with their wings,  
search for shade among the wild roses.

But when the sun, turning in its resplendent orbit,  
finds its heat abating,  
let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss  
reward me for waiting!

## 2. Sérénade

(Gabriel Marc 1840-1901)

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse,  
La brise au souffle parfumé,  
Pour frôler ta bouche riieuse,  
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,  
Ou le papillon séducteur,  
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,  
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante  
Que ta main place sur ton coeur,  
Si près de toi toute tremblante  
Je me fanerais de bonheur.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,  
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.  
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire? -  
T'aimer... Te le dire ... Et pleurer!

## 3. La vie antérieure

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

J'ai long-temps habité sous de vastes portiques  
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,  
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,  
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,  
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique  
Les tout puissants accords de leur riche musique  
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes,  
Au milieu de l'azur, [des flots et des]1 splendeurs,  
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,  
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir  
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

## 2. Serenade

If I were, o my love,  
The breeze of a perfumed breath  
Brushing against your cheerful mouth  
I would become timid and charmed.

If I were the bee that flew,  
Or the seductive butterfly,  
You would not see me, frivolous,  
Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose  
Which your hand placed on your heart  
So near to you, all trembling,  
I would faint with happiness.

But in vain I seek to please you.  
I quite moan and sigh.  
I am a man, and what can I do?  
Love you . . . tell you so . . . and cry!

## 3. A previous life

For a long time I lived beneath the immense  
porticoes that the sea-suns dyed with a thousand  
rays, and whose great columns, erect and  
majestic, at night seemed just like basalt  
grottoes.

The rolling waves tossing the celestial images  
Blended in a solemn and mystic way  
The all-powerful chords of their rich music  
Coloured like the sunset reflected in my eyes

It is there, there that I lived in tranquil luxury  
In the midst of the azure, the waves and the  
wonders, and the nude slaves imbued with  
fragrance

Who refreshed my brow with palm leaves,  
And whose sole purpose was to understand in  
depth the agonising secret that made me suffer.

# Trois Chansons

**Joseph Kosma (1905-1969)**

Jacques Prévert (1900-1977)

## 1. Deux escargots s'en vont à l'enterrement

A l'enterrement d'une feuille morte deux  
escargots s'en vont  
Ils ont la coquille noire du crêpe autour des  
cornes  
Ils s'en vont dans le soir, un très beau soir  
d'automne

Hélas quand ils arrivent c'est déjà le printemps  
Les feuilles qui étaient mortes sont toutes  
ressuscitées  
Et les deux escargots sont très déçus

Mais voilà le soleil, le soleil qui leur dit  
Prenez prenez la peine, la peine de vous asseoir  
Prenez un verre de bière si le coeur vous en dit  
Prenez si ça vous plaît l'autocar pour Paris

Il partira ce soir vous verrez du pays  
Mais ne prenez pas le deuil c'est moi qui vous le  
dit  
Ça noircit le blanc de l'oeil et puis ça enlaidit

Les histoires de cercueils c'est triste et pas joli  
Reprenez vous couleurs, les couleurs de la vie  
Alors toutes les bêtes, les arbres et les plantes  
Se mettent à chanter à chanter à tue-tête  
La vraie chanson vivante la chanson de l'été  
Et tout le monde boit tout le monde de trinquer  
C'est un très joli soir, un joli soir d'été

Et les deux escargots s'en retournent chez eux  
Ils s'en vont très émus, ils s'en vont très heureux  
Comme ils ont beaucoup bu  
Ils titubent un petit peu  
Mais là-haut dans le ciel la lune veille sur eux.

## 2. Paris at Night

Trois allumettes une à une allumées dans la nuit,  
La première pour voir ton visage tout entier,  
La seconde pour voir tes yeux,  
La dernière pour voir ta bouche  
Et l'obscurité toute entière pour me rappeler tout  
cela, en te serrant dans mes bras.

## 1. Two snails on their way to a funeral

On their way to a leaf's funeral two snails went  
on their way  
They have black shells and black veils on their  
horns  
They go in the evening, a very beautiful evening  
in autumn

But when they arrive, it's already spring again  
The leaves which were dead are all  
resuscitated  
And the two snails And very disappointed

But here's the sun, the sun who says:  
Please take the trouble, make an effort to relax  
Take a glass of beer if your heart so desires  
Take, if you wish, the bus to Paris

It leaves tonight, you will see the country  
But do not choose to mourn, I am telling you

It blackens your eye and then it'll make you ugly

The histories of the coffins are sad and not pretty  
Take your colours, the colours of life  
And all the animals, the trees and the plants  
began to sing, sing very loudly  
The true song of life, the song of summer  
And everybody drinks, everybody cheers  
It's a pretty evening, a pretty summer evening

And the two snails, they return home  
They travel very content, they're pretty happy  
Because they drank quite a bit,  
they stagger a little  
But high in the sky, the moon watches over them.

## 2. Paris at Night

Three matches one by one lit in the night,  
The first to see your whole face,  
The second to see your eyes,  
The last to see your mouth  
And the whole darkness to remind me of all this  
by hugging you.

### 3. Compagnons des mauvais jours

Compagnons des mauvais jours  
Je vous souhaite une bonne nuit  
Et je m'en vais!  
La recette a été mauvaise, c'est de ma faute  
Tous les torts sont de mon côté  
J'aurais dû vous écouter  
J'aurais dû faire le beau caniche  
C'est un numéro qui plaît  
Mais je n'en ai fait qu'à ma tête  
Et puis je me suis énervé  
Et j'ai chanté l'histoire trop triste  
D'un pauvre chien abandonné  
Les gens ne viennent pas au concert  
Pour entendre hurler à la mort  
Et cette chanson de la Fourrière  
Nous a causé le plus grans tort

Compagnons des mauvais jours  
Je vous souhaite une bonne nuit  
Dormez Rêvez Moi je prends ma casquette et puis  
deux ou trois cigarettes dans le paquet  
et je m'en vais...

Compagnons des mauvais jours  
Pensez à moi quelquefois  
Plus tard... Quand vous serez réveillés  
Pensez à celui qui chante en souriant un air  
désolé  
Quelque part... Le soir au bord de la mer  
Et qui fait ensuite la quête pour acheter de quoi  
manger et de quoi boire...

Compagnons des mauvais jours  
Je vous souhaite une bonne nuit  
Dormez, Rêvez,  
Moi?  
je m'en vais

### 3. Companions of horrid days

Companions of horrid days,  
I wish you all a good night  
and I'm outta here!  
The recipe was horrible, It's my fault,  
all the wrongs are on my side  
I should have listened to you  
I should have done *The Beautiful Poodle*  
It's a number that appeals  
But I only thought of it in my head  
And then I got upset  
And sang the truly sad story about a poor  
abandoned dog.  
I know that people do not come to a concert to  
hear about death  
and this song about the dog pound, oy!  
We have caused the most serious wrong doing

Companions of the horrid days,  
I wish you a good night  
Sleep, Dream, I take my cap and two or three  
cigarettes from the pack  
and I'm outta here ...

Companions of the horrid days,  
Think of me sometimes  
Later ... When you wake up  
Think of the one who sings smiling with a sorry  
look on his face  
Somewhere ... in the evening at the seaside  
and who then does the quest to buy something to  
eat and to drink ...

Companions of horrid days  
I wish you all a good night  
Sleep, dream,  
Me?  
I'm outta here



## Stornello

**Pietro Cimara (1887 - 1967)**

Arnaldo Frateili (1888 - 1965)

Son come i chicchi della melograna  
vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi.  
Gareggiar colla fragola montana  
pel profumo dell'alito tu puoi.

Come le piante che gemme odorate  
distillano dal tronco e dalla chioma  
tu stilli dalle tue labbra rosate  
baci che sono del tuo cor l'aroma.

Fammi nutrir di baci si soave  
come si nutre di rugiada il fiore:  
bacia mi sempre come mi baciavi  
la prima volta che ti strinsi al core!

Se tu fossi rugiada le tue stille  
di vita altrici negheresti al fior?  
Baciarmi dunque, e fa nove scintille  
arder di vita in quest'arido cor!

Son come i chicchi della melograna  
vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi!

Like the seeds of the pomegranate  
are your velvet and vermillion lips.  
The perfume of your breath can compete with  
the wild mountain strawberry.

Like plants that grow sweet-smelling buds  
from their stems and from leaves,  
you, from your rosy lips exude  
kisses which are the aroma of your heart.

Nourish me with sweet kisses  
as the flower is nourished with dew.  
Kiss me always like you kissed me  
the first time that I pressed you to my heart.

If you were dew, would you deny  
your life-giving essence to the flower?  
Kiss me then and make new sparks  
flame with life in this arid heart.

Like seeds of the pomegranate  
are your velvet and vermillion lips!