



*presents*

***JONATHAN MICHIE & PAULO ALMEIDA in recital***  
***April 9, 2021***  
***filmed in Leipzig, Germany***

from *Dichterliebe op.48*

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'  
Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome  
Ich grolle nicht

Olas gigantes

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Asturiana

Canción andaluza: el pan de Ronda

Amor em lágrimas

Cláudio Santoro (1919-1989)

Acalanto da rosa

## *Translations*

### *GERMAN*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.  
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.  
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;  
Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.  
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!  
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.  
Das Lied soll schauern und beben  
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n

### *ENGLISH*

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the buds are bursting open,  
There, from my own heart,  
Bursts forth my own love.  
In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the birds are singing,  
So have I confessed to her  
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth  
Many blooming flowers,  
And my sighing becomes joined with  
The chorus of the nightingales.  
And if you love me, dear child,  
I will send you so many flowers;  
And before your window should sound  
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
The Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One;  
She herself--the source of all love--  
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun.

When I gaze into your eyes,  
All my pain and woe vanishes;  
Yet when I kiss your lips,  
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.  
When I lay against your breast  
It comes over me like longing for heaven;  
Yet when you say, "I love you!"  
I must cry so bitterly.

I want to delve my soul  
Into the cup of the lily;  
The lily should give resoundingly  
A song belonging to my beloved.  
The song should shudder and tremble  
Like the kiss from her lips  
That she once gave me  
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream  
It's mirrored in the waves -

Mit seinem großen Dome  
Das große, heil'ge Köln.  
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.  
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.  
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

### **SPANISH**

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando  
en las playas desiertas y remotas,  
envuelto entre las sábanas de espuma,  
¡llevadme con vosotras!  
Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis  
del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,  
arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,  
¡llevadme con vosotras!  
Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo  
y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas olas,  
arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,  
¡llevadme con vosotras!  
Llevadme por piedad a donde el vértigo  
con la razón me arranque la memoria.  
¡Por piedad! ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme  
con mi dolor a solas, con mi dolor a solas!

Por ver si me consolaba,  
Arrímeme a un pino verde,  
Por ver si me consolaba.  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

With its great cathedral -  
That great, holy city Cologne.  
In the Cathedral stands an image  
Painted on golden leather;  
Into the wildness of my life  
Has it shone, friendly.  
Flowers and little cherubs hover  
Around our beloved Lady;  
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--  
They match my beloved's exactly.

I bear no grudge, even when my heart breaks!  
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.  
Although you shine in diamond splendor,  
No beam falls into the night of your heart.  
I will know that for a long time.  
I bear no grudge, even when my heart breaks!  
I truly saw you in my dreams  
And saw the night in the chambers of your heart,  
And saw the snake that feeds on your heart;  
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.

### **ENGLISH**

Gigantic waves who throw yourselves roaring  
onto the remote deserted beaches  
enveloped among blankets of foam,  
take me with you!  
Gusts of hurricane that snatch  
from the high woods the shriveled leaves  
blowing them away in the blind whirlwind,  
take me with you!  
Storm clouds that break through the light  
and adorn in fire the unfastened waves  
snatched from the dark mist,  
take me with you!  
Take me away, for pity's sake, to where vertigo  
with my reason can tear out my memory.  
For pity's sake! I am afraid to remain  
with my pain all alone.

To see whether it would console me,  
I drew near to a green pine,  
To see whether it would console me.  
Seeing me weep, it wept;  
And the pine, being green,  
seeing me weep, wept.

Aunque todo en el mundo fuese mentira,  
¡nos queda este pan!  
Moreno, tostado, que huele a la jara de monte,  
¡que sabe a verdad!  
Por las calles tan blancas, bajo el cielo azul,  
vayamos despacio, partiendo este pan  
¡que sabe a salud!  
Y aunque todo en el mundo fuera mentira,  
¡esto no lo es!  
Vivamos despacio la hora que es buena,  
¡y vengan tristezas después!

### ***PORTUGUESE***

Ouve o mar que soluça na solidão,  
Ouve amor o mar que soluça  
Na mais triste solidão.  
E ouve amor os ventos que voltam  
Dos espaços que ninguém sabe  
Sobre as ondas se debruçam  
E soluçam de paixão  
E ouve amor no fundo da noite  
Como as árvores ao vento  
Num lamento se debruçam  
E soluçam para o chão  
Deixa amor que um corpo sedento  
Como as árvores e o vento  
No teu corpo se debruce  
E soluce de paixão

Dorme a estrêla no céu  
Dorme a rosa em seu jardim  
Dorme a lua no mar  
Dorme o amor dentro de mim  
É preciso pisar leve,  
ai é preciso não falar  
Meu amor se adormece  
que suave o seu perfume  
Dorme em paz rosa pura  
O teu sono não tem fim

Although everything in the world were a lie,  
We still have this bread!  
Brown, toasted, it smells of the mountain flower,  
it tastes of truth!  
Along the streets so white under the sky of blue,  
let's go slowly, breaking this bread  
that tastes of health!  
And although everything in the world were a lie,  
this is not!  
Let us live slowly the hour that is good,  
and let sadness come later!

### ***ENGLISH***

Hear the sea that sobs in solitude  
Hear, love, the sea that sobs  
In the saddest of solitude  
And hear, love, the winds that return  
From places that no one knows  
Over the waves they bend  
And sob with passion  
And hear, love, in the depths of the night  
Like the trees in the wind  
In lament they bow  
And sob to the ground  
Love leaves a body thirsty  
Like the trees and the wind  
Your body leans out  
And sobs with passion

A star sleeps in the sky  
The rose sleeps in its garden  
The moon rests in the sea  
Love sleeps inside of me.  
You must tread softly,  
ah, you must not speak.  
My love is slumbering,  
how sweet is her perfume  
Sleep in peace, pure rose,  
Your slumber has no end.