

New Moon Opera presents:
TO THE MOON AND BACK
Translations

Astronomer's Chorus, *Le voyage dans la lune*
Libretto by Vanloo, Leterrier, and Mortier

The heavens! Curious! Racing cars!
 Splendid! Brilliant! Fiery!
 Planets, comets! Torches, very beautiful.
 We are the astronomers, eyes fixed on the ether.
 You see men who live with their noses in the air.

Act I Finale, *Il mondo della luna*
Libretto by Carlo Goldoni

BUONAFEDE: I'm going, I'm going. I'm flying, I'm flying...

ECCLITICO: Good, good. I'm glad.

B: Where are you?

E: I'm flying too.

B and E: Farewell world, farewell world, farewell

CLARICE: Dear Father, what's the matter?

LISSETTA: Oh sir, what's the matter?

B: I'm going, I'm going. I'm flying, I'm flying...

C and L: Where, where?

E: Oh, what a stroke of luck!

B: I am going to the world on the moon!

C and L: He's dying, alas, he's dying.

B: Dear moon, I'm coming to you.

C and L: He's dying, he's dying. Quick, quick! I'll get some smelling salts and be quickly back.

E: That good sleeping draught is clouding his wits. I'll have my men take him out. Fabrizio! Prospero! Quickly, pick him up and take him into my garden.

E: The ladies are returning, they are in despair because they think the rascal is already dead.

L: Ah, his life is over!

E: No, do not weep. It is not so.

C and L: Ah, his life is over! Ah, what anguish! Ah, he is dead!

E: He made a will, here it is.

C and L: Ah, what anguish! Ah, he is dead!

E: "I leave to Clarice ten thousand scudi if she marries."

C: (He was human after all!)

E: "I leave to Lisetta a hundred ducats when she finds a husband."

L: (He was a very old man after all.)

E: Poor old man, you will never see him again!

C and L: Ah, ah, how you torture me!

E: The dowry is ready if you want it.

C and L: You make me laugh, ha ha ha! You console me, ha ha ha!

C, L, and E: Here's to the living, the dead are dead. Sweet consolation the dowry will be.

Ständchen, *Schwanengesang*

Poem by Ludwig Rellstab

Softly my songs plead
 through the night to you;
 down into the silent grove,
 beloved, come to me!
 Slender treetops whisper and rustle
 in the moonlight;
 my darling, do not fear
 that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.
 Do you not hear the nightingales call?
 Ah, they are imploring you;
 with their sweet, plaintive songs
 they are imploring for me.
 They understand the heart's yearning,
 they know the pain of love;
 with their silvery notes
 they touch every tender heart.
 Let your heart, too, be moved,
 beloved, hear me!
 Trembling, I await you!
 Come, make me happy!

Le jet d'eau, *Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire*

Poem by Charles Baudelaire

Your beautiful eyes are fatigued, poor lover!
 Rest awhile, without opening them anew,
 In this careless pose,
 Where pleasure surprised you.
 The babbling fountain in the courtyard,
 Never silent night or day,
 Sweetly prolongs the ecstasy
 Where love this evening plunged me.
 The sheaf of water
 Swaying its thousand flowers,
 Through which the moon gleams
 With its pallid light,

Falls like a shower
 Of great tears.
 And so your soul, lit
 By the searing flash of ecstasy,
 Leaps swift and bold
 To vast enchanted skies.
 And then, dying, spills over
 In a wave of sad listlessness,
 Down some invisible incline
 Into the depths of my heart.

The sheaf of water ...
 O you, whom night renders so beautiful,
 How sweet, as I lean toward your breasts,
 To listen to the eternal lament
 Sobbing in the fountain's basin!
 O moon, lapping water, blessed night,
 Trees that quiver all around,
 Your sheer melancholy
 Is the mirror of my love.
 The sheaf of water...

Romance de la luna, luna
Poem by Federico García Lorca

The moon came to the forge
 with her skirt of white, fragrant flowers.
 The young boy watches her, watches.
 The boy is watching her.

In the poignant air
 the moon moves her arms
 and points out, lecherous and pure,
 her breasts of hard tin.
 Flee, moon, moon, moon.
 If the Roma were to come,
 they would make with your heart
 white necklaces and rings.

Young boy, leave me to dance.
 When they come, the Roma
 will find you upon the anvil
 with your eyes shut.

Flee, moon, moon, moon.

Already I can sense their horses.
 Young boy, step away, don't step on
 my starched whiteness.

The horse rider approaches
 beating the drum of the plain.
 Within the forge the young man
 has his eyes closed.

Through the olive grove they were coming,
 the Rome – bronze and dreaming,
 heads lifted
 and eyes half closed.

Hark, hear the night bird –
 how it sings in the tree.
 Across the sky flies the moon,
 with a young boy by the hand.

Within the forge the Roma cry,
 are crying out.
 The air watches over her, watches.
 The air is watching over her.

**O süßer Mond, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*
 Libretto by Salomon Hermann**

O sweet moon, o sweet night,
 When peace reigns, only love keeps watch.

**Dämmerung senkte sich von oben
 Poem by Goethe**

Twilight sank from high above;
 All that was near already is far,
 Yet first is raised high
 The fair light of the evening star!
 Everything shakes with uncertainty,
 A mist creeps slowly upward;
 Darkness steeped in black
 is reflected calmly in the sea.

Now in eastern areas
 I feel the moon's brightness and glow,

Hair-like branches of slender willows
 Play on the nearest tide.
 Through the play of moving shadows
 trembles Luna's magical shine,
 And through my eyes creeps the cool air,
 gently in toward my heart.

Enslaved by the Rose
Poem by Alexei Koltsov

The Nightingale in fervent song
 Doth woo the rose the whole night long,
 But to his lay no ear she lendeth,
 Her head in innocence she bendeth.
 Thus oft the lover sings a strain,
 To his guitar, of grief and pain,
 With glowing love he hopeth, feareth,
 But even if the maiden heareth,
 She doth not know of whom he sings,
 Or why his song so sadly rings.

Clair de terre, *Le voyage dans la lune*

Earth! Earth! Earth!
 Ah, we salute you O Earth!
 O beautiful silver star,
 You whose light illuminates the immensity.