CLEVELAND INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

First Doctor of Musical Arts Recital

Sunday, November 22, 2026 — 7pm, Mixon Hall

Ka Yiu Yan, collaborative piano

Sieben frühe Lieder — Alban Berg (1885–1935)

I. Nacht
II. Schilflied
III. Die Nachtigall
IV. Traumgekrönt
V. Im Zimmer
VI. Liebesode
VII. Sommertage

Youkali — Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
Speak Low
Lost in the Stars
Je ne t'aime pas
Nanna's Lied
Der Abschiedsbrief

Yi Ching Ariel Wong, soprano

~ INTERMISSION ~

Siete canciones populares — Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

I. El paño moruno
II. Seguidilla murciana
III. Asturiana
IV. Jota
V. Nana
VI. Canción
VII. Polo

Jessica Dugatkin, mezzo-soprano

The Bird
Loveliest of Trees
I carry your heart

John Duke
(1899–1984)

Amelia Carson, soprano

Poema en forma de canciones

I. Dedicatoria
II. Nunca olvida …
III. Cantares
IV. Los dos miedos
V. Las locas por amor

Joaquín Turina
(1882–1949)

Morgan Potts, mezzo-soprano

Ka Yiu Yan is a student of Anita Pontremoli.

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Texts and Translations

Alban Berg (1885–1935)
Sieben frühe Lieder

I. Nacht
Text: Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

Night
English translation: Richard Stokes

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

II. Schilflied
Text: Nikolaus Lenau

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

III. Die Nachtigall
German source: Theodor Storm

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Reed song
English translation: Richard Stokes

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,
The reeds pipe mysteriously,
Lamenting and whispering,
That I must weep, must weep.

And I seem to hear the soft sound
Of your voice,
And your lovely singing
Drowning in the pond.

The nightingale
English translation: Richard Stokes

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

IV. Traumgekrönt
Text: Rainer Maria Rilke

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemen, –
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht …
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, –
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht …

V. Im Zimmer
Text: Johannes Schlaf

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. –
So ist mir gut;
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn! …

VI. Liebesode
Text: Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offnen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

Crowned with dreams
English translation: Richard Stokes

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums –
Its brilliance almost frightened me ...
And then, then you came to take my soul
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and gently,
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.
You came, and soft as a fairy tune
the night rang out …

In the room
English translation: Richard Stokes

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks in so silently.
A little red fire
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

Like this! – With my head on your knees. –
Like this I am content;
When my eyes rest in yours like this.
How gently the minutes pass!

Ode to love
English translation: Richard Stokes

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

VII. Sommertage
Text: Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
über Wander- und Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Summer days
English translation: Richard Stokes

Days, sent from blue eternity,
journey now across the world,
time drifts away in the summer wind.
The Lord at night now garlands
star-chains with his blessed hand
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can
your brightest travel-song say
of your deep, deep joy?
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,
words now cease when image after image
comes to you and fills you utterly.

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Youkali
Text: Roger Fernay

[Verse 1]
C'est presqu'au bout du monde,
Ma barque vagabonde,
Errant au gré de l'onde,
M'y conduisit un jour.
L'île est toute petite,
Mais la fée qui l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
À en faire le tour.

[Refrain]
Youkali, C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali, C'est le bonheur, C'est le plaisir,
Youkali, C'est la terre où l'on
Quitte tous les soucis,
C'est dans notre nuit,
Comme une éclaircie,
L'étoile qu'on suit,
C'est Youkali!

Youkali, C'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,
Youkali, C'est le pays des beaux amours partagés,
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain.

Youkali, C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali, C'est le bonheur, C'est le plaisir,
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

[Verse 2]
Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,
Cherchant partout l'oubli,
A pour quitter la terre,
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali…

Youkali
English translation: A. Reaux

[Verse 1]
Near the end of the world,
my vagabond ship,
wandering at the whim of the waves,
directed me there one day.
This island is very small,
but the fairy who lives there
gently invites us
to take a tour…

[Refrain]
Youkali, is the land of our desires,
Youkali, is happiness, is pleasure,
Youkali, is the land where
one leaves all cares,
in our night
it is, like a bright clearing,
the star one follows —
it is Youkali!

Youkali, it is the respect of all exchanged vows,
Youkali, it is the land of beautiful, shared loves,
It is the hope
that lives in the heart of all humans,
the deliverance
we all wait for tomorrow.

Youkali, is the land of our desires,
Youkali, is happiness, is pleasure,
But it is a dream, a folly —
there is no Youkali!

[Verse 2]
And life carries us along,
wearying, daily,
but the poor human soul,
searching everywhere for forgetting,
has found, to leave the earth,
the mystery
where our dreams take shelter,
in some Youkali…

Speak Low
Text: Ogden Nash

Speak low when you speak, love
Our summer day withers away
too soon, too soon
Speak low when you speak, love
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift,
we're swept apart, too soon

Speak low, darling, speak low
Love is a spark, lost in the dark
too soon, too soon
I feel wherever I go
That tomorrow is near,
tomorrow is here and always too soon

Time is so old and love so brief
Love is pure gold and time a thief

We're late, darling, we're late
The curtain descends, everything ends
too soon, too soon
I wait, darling, I wait
Will you speak low to me, speak love to me and soon

Lost in the Stars
Text: Maxwell Anderson

Before Lord God made the sea and the land,
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand.
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand,
And one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
For the little dark star on the wind down there.
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost again.

Now a man don't mind if the stars grow dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him,
So long as the Lord God's watching over them,
Keeping track of how it all goes on.

But I've been walking all the night and the day,
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray.
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away,

And we're lost out here in the stars.
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars.
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars.

Je ne t'aime pas
Text: Maurice Magre

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie.
Pour d'autres sont fait le creux de tes bras
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.
Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir,
Trop intimement, à voix basse même.
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime.
Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrante,
Je ne t'aime pas ...
Et s'il t'aimait bien, ou s'il fut ingrat...
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmante,
Je ne t'aime pas ...

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert,
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
Sans regret du soir,
ni mélancholie,
Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur.
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.
Conte-moi comment il a pris ton coeur
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dire ...
Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux...
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée...
Je ne t'aime pas.
Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout...
Je ne t'aime pas, je ne t'aime pas,
O ma bien-aimée! Retire ta main.
Je ne t'aime pas... Je ne t'aime pas.

I don't love you
English translation: Richard Stokes

Take away your hand, I don't love you,
For that's what you wanted, you're only a friend.
The crook of your arms is made for others,
And your dear kiss and your sleeping head.
When evening falls, don't talk to me
Too intimately in that low voice.
And above all, don't give me your handkerchief:
It's drenched in the perfume that I adore.
Tell me of your loves, I do not love you,
Tell me of your most blissful hour,
I do not love you....
Tell me if he loved you well, or was cruel...
And when telling me, do not be charming,
I do not love you...

I did not cry, I did not suffer,
It was only a dream, only a folly.
It's enough for me that your eyes are bright,
Without regretting that evening,
without melancholy,
It's enough for me to see your happiness.
It's enough for me to see your smile.
Tell me how he conquered your heart,
And speak to me about the unspeakable.
No be quiet, rather... I'm on my knees...
The passion's gone, the door is closed...
I do not love you.
Ask me nothing, I'm crying... That's all....
I do not love you, I do not love you.
O my loved-one, take away your hand.
I do not love you... I do not love you!

Nanna's Lied
Text: Betroit Brecht

Meine Herren, mit siebzehn Jahren
Kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt
Und ich habe viel erfahren.
Böses gab es viel,
Doch das war das Spiel.
Aber manches hab ich doch verargt.
(Schließlich bin ich ja auch ein Mensch.)
Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
Auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Freilich geht man mit den Jahren
Leichter auf den Liebesmarkt
Und umarmt sie dort in Scharen.
Aber das Gefühl
Wird erstaunlich kühl,
Wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.
(Schließlich geht ja jeder Vorrat zu Ende.)
Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
Auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Und auch wenn man gut das Handeln
Lernte auf der Liebesmess':
Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln
Wird doch niemals leicht.
Nun, es wird erreicht.
Doch man wird auch älter unterdes.
(Schließlich bleibt man ja nicht immer siebzehn.)
Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
Auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Nanna's Song
English translation: Sean Phillip Mabrey

Gentlemen, with seventeen years of age under my belt
I came up on the Love Market,
and I have learned much.
Much of it gave evil,
yet that was the game,
but, I have a lot to be blamed for.
(When all is said and done, I'm only a human being, too.)
Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

As one goes through the years
it is easier in the Love Market, to be sure,
and you embrace the multitudes there.
But feelings
become astonishingly cool
when one doesn't ration them.
(When all is said and done, each reserve must come to an end.)
Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

And even when one learns the trade really well
in the Fairground of Love:
to change desire into small change
is never easy.
Now, it is achieved.
Yet meanwhile, one grows older, as well.
(When all is said and done, one can't stay seventeen forever.)
Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Der Abschiedsbrief
Text: Erich Kästner

[Verse 1]
Zwei Stunden sitz' ich schon im Café Bauer
Wenn Du nicht willst, dann sag mir's in's Gesicht
Deswegen wird mir meine Milch nicht sauer
Ich pfeif' auf Dich, mein Schatz, na schön, denn nicht
Du brauchst nicht denken, daß ich Dich entbehre
Mit dem Verkehr mit mir, das ist jetzt aus!
Auch ich hab' so etwas wie eine Ehre
Laß Dich nicht blicken, Schatz
Laß Dich nicht blicken, Schatz, sonst fliegst Du 'raus!

[Refrain]
Du bist der Erste nicht, der so verschwindet
Das hab' ich nicht an Dir verdient, mein gutes Kind!
Du glaubst doch nicht daß sich nicht noch ein And'rer findet?
Es gibt noch welche, die bequemer für mich sind

[Verse 2]
Ich hab' das Grüne an aus Poppelin
Das Loch d'rin hast Du auch hineingerissen
Du weißt, es reicht mir nur bis zu den Knien
Ich hab' auch noch ein angefang'nes Kissen
Das solltest Du am Heil'gen Abend kriegen
Das ist nun aus, und mir auch einerlei
Es werden öfters Andre darauf liegen
Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz
Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz, das ist vorbei!

[Verse 3]
Ich bin nicht stolz, auch wär das nicht am Platze
Wenn Du was übrig hast, dann schick' es schnell!
Mir gegenüber feixt ein Herr mit Glatze
Das ist der Chef von Engelhorns Hotel!
Na Schluß! Das Vis-a-vis von gegenüber
Fragt, ob ich wollte, denn er möchte schon
Der hat Moneten, so ein alter Schieber
Behalt dein Geld
Behalt dein Geld, und schlaf allein, mein Sohn

[Closing]
Auch Du bist einer von die feinen Herrn
Der Alte kommt, er nimmt mich zu sich mit!
Rutsch mir den Buckel lang! Und hab' mich gern!
Von ganzem Herzen, Deine Erna Schmidt.

The farewell letter
English translation: François Germain

[Verse 1]
I've been sitting at Café Bauer for two hours now.
If you don't want me, say it to my face.
That won't turn my milk sour.
I don't give a damn about you, darling. Fine, so be it!
Don't imagine I'll miss you.
You and I are through!
I have something called honor too.
Don't show your face, darling,
Don't show your face, darling, or I'll throw you out!

[Refrain]
You're not the first to disappear like this.
I don't deserve this from you, my dear boy!
So you don't think I won't find someone else?
There are others who'd be less trouble for me.

[Verse 2]
I've got my green poplin dress on.
You're the one who tore that hole in it.
You know it only comes down to my knees.
And I've still got that unfinished cushion.
You were meant to get it on Christmas Eve.
That's over now, and I don't care.
Others will be lying on it often enough.
Once it's over, darling,
Once it's over, darling, it's over!

[Verse 3]
I'm not proud, and I'm in no position to be.
If you've anything to spare, send it quickly!
A bald man across from me is smirking.
It's the boss of Engelhorn's Hotel!
Well, that's that! The man sitting opposite
asks if I'm willing, he certainly is.
He's got the dough, that old profiteer.
Keep your money.
Keep your money, and sleep alone, my boy.

[Closing]
So you're one of those fine gentlemen too.
The old man's coming; he's taking me to his place!
Get lost! And go to hell!
With all my heart, your Erna Schmidt.

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

Siete canciones populares españolas

I. El paño moruno
Text: Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó;

por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

II. Seguidilla murciana
Text: Anonymous

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!

III. Asturiana
Text: Anonymous

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

The Moorish cloth
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it

Asturian song
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

IV. Jota
Text: Anonymous

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

V. Nana
Text: Anonymous

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito, de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito de la mañana.

VI. Canción
Text: Anonymous

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«. Niña, el mirarlos
»Madre, a la orilla«.

Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«. Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«.

VII. Polo
Text: Anonymous

¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Jota
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Lullaby
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little morning star.

Song
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire', dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire', and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo
English translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

John Duke (1899–1984)

The Bird
Text: Elinor Wylie

O clear and musical,
Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall
Through the long night.
Bring me your song again,
O dear delight!

O dear and comforting,
Mine again! Mine again!
Hear the rain sing
And the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again,
O clearest voice

i carry your heart
Text: E. E. Cummings

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)
i fear
no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;
which grows higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Loveliest of Trees
Text: A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Poema en forma de canciones, Op. 19

I. Dedicatoria | Dedication
Piano solo

II. Nunca olvida…
Text: Ramòn Maria de las Mercedes de Campoamor y Campoosorio

Ya que este mundo abandono,
Ántes de dar cuenta á Dios,
Aquí para entre los dos,
Mi confesion te diré:
-- Con toda el alma perdono
Hasta á los que siempre he odiado;
¡Á tí, que tanto te he amado,
Nunca te perdonaré!

Never forget…
English translation: Andrew Schneider

Now that I abandon this world,
before rendering account to God,
I will tell you my confession
here, face-to-face.
I pardon with all my soul
even those people I have always hated.
As for you, whom I have loved so much,
I will never forgive you!

III. Cantares
Text: Ramòn Maria de las Mercedes de Campoamor y Campoosorio

¡Ay! Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de tí,
Pues tu imágen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo hoy a decir,
Pues, embelesado, ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír,
Y te miraba sin ver.

Songs
English translation: Emily Ezust

I feel closer to you
The more I run from you,
For your image haunts
The very shadow of my thoughts.

Tell me again,
For yesterday I was spellbound:
I heard you without listening
And I looked at you without seeing.

IV. Los dos miedos
Text: Ramòn Maria de las Mercedes de Campoamor y Campoosorio

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,
ella, lejos de mí,
— ¿Por qué te acercas tanto? — Me decía;
— ¡Tengo miedo de ti! —

Y después que la noche hubo pasado
dijo, cerca de mí:
— ¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin ti! —

The two fears
English translation: Garrett Medlock

At the beginning [of] the night that day,
She, far away, said to me,
Why are you moving so close to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed
She said, close to me:
Why are you going away from my side?
I am afraid without you!

V. Las locas por amor
Text: Ramòn Maria de las Mercedes de Campoamor y Campoosorio

“Te amaré, diosa Venus, si prefieres
que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura.”
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
“Prefiero, como todas las mujeres,
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.”
“Te amaré, diosa Venus, te amaré.”

Mad for love
English translation: Emily Ezust

"I shall love you, goddess Venus, if you wish
for me to love you for a long time and with good sense."
And the goddess of Cythera responded,
"I prefer, as all women do,
for you to love me for a short time and with madness."
"I shall love you, goddess Venus."