

1994

Graduate Recital in Voice, November 22, 1994

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GRADUATE RECITAL IN VOICE

November 22, 1994

An Abstract of a Thesis

Submitted

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Music

Thomas Alpers

University of Northern Iowa

December 1994

This study by: Thomas Alpers

Entitled: GRADUATE RECITAL IN VOICE

has been approved as meeting the thesis requirement for the
Degree of Master of Music

11-30-94
Date Professor David Smalley, Chair, Thesis Committee

11/30/94
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11/30/94
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11/30/94
Date Professor Jean McDonald, Thesis Committee Member

12-13-94
Date Dr. John W. Somervill, Dean, Graduate College

Thomas Alpers, baritone, presented a Graduate Recital on November 16, 1994 at 6:00 p.m. in Russell Hall Auditorium in partial fulfillment of the degree Master of Music in Performance. Assisting on the recital was Marleta Matheson, pianist. This abstract discusses the ideas and musical focus of the recital pieces.

Earth and Air and Rain was completed by Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) in 1932 and was originally composed for baritone and piano to poems by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928). Finzi used many of Hardy's poems for his vocal music including another cycle, Before and After Summer. The set performed represents Finzi's first unified work of Hardy's poetry.

Hardy's poems appealed to Finzi for their irony and Hardy's self-proclaimed pessimism and satire.¹ Through the connection between the voice and accompaniment, Finzi emphasized the human side of Hardy's poetry and capitalized on the theme that humankind's smallness among nature is a paradox because of the human's unique capability to alter the forces of nature and the resulting dissatisfaction. Hardy's view was that humans are continuously aware of their environment and are unhappy because they cannot escape it.²

¹Thomas Hardy, Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy (New York: Macmillan Company, 1958), 527.

²Burton B. Parker, "Textual - Musical Relationships in Selected Songs of Gerald Finzi," The National Association of Teachers of Singing Bulletin Vol. XXX, No. 4 (1974), 11.

The third song in the set, "Waiting Both," clearly shows this paradox. The work begins in an obscure C minor with a chromatic melodic figure that twists its way into a falling arpeggiated III⁷, depicting the light of a star shining on a lone observer. The star asks the person, "Here I and you Stand, each in our degree: What do you mean to do?" The stage has been set with two forces: one, the human, a purposeful being who is pitted against the star, a force in nature that is seemingly purposeless yet overwhelming in scope.³ Once again the light of the star falls in the form of a Major major seventh chord, now built on A-flat rather than E-flat, and prepares for the response. The startled human answers, "For all I know, Wait, and let Time go by, Till my change come." Change is most certainly death, and death, the ultimate transformation for a human, is represented in a majestic and somewhat somber series of chords which modulate to A minor. The star, a permanent source of light in the night sky, returns in A minor using the same chromatic figure as at the start of the piece and calmly replies, "Just so, So mean I." The piece ends with a stark modulation to D minor.

Not all of the songs in this set offer such a grim and overwhelming outlook between humankind and nature. The ninth song, "In a Churchyard," presents a person sitting in a graveyard under the boughs of a yew tree, listening to the

³op. cit., 11.

tree describe its hopeful observations concerning human existence. As the music for the yew tree slowly winds its way through D minor, the yew says it is unfortunate that those who are living do not know what the dead, who are sheltered by the tree's roots, have learned. The dead understand that there is nothing to fear and nothing on which to worry, because God will come again when the trumpet sounds, represented by a stirring fanfare marked *Largamente*. The solitary listener, caught in the wisdom given by the yew tree, ponders these thoughts and eventually accepts them.

The Vier ernste Gesänge, Op. 121 of Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) were completed on his sixty-third birthday, less than a year before his death. These four songs represent the last contributions to his extensive repertoire of lieder and, as stated by Hans Gal:

There is no other work of Brahms which is such a direct reflection of experience. To produce this powerful achievement, the artistic discipline and the self-restraint of a lifetime were necessary.⁴

⁴Hans Gal, Johannes Brahms: His Work and Personality (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1963), 198-199.

They are set to Biblical texts (refer to program translations), chosen by Brahms for their depiction of human existence and their lack of dogma. This often led him to refer to them as "my godless harvesters' revels."⁵

The set begins with a somber declamation, using a dominant pedal tone tolling beneath a remorseless funeral-march theme. The text enters with the words "Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh, wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch." This dreary opening is contrasted by a surging 3/4, consisting of triplets in the right hand of the accompaniment rushing past the continuous flow of quarter notes in the bass. "Es ist alles von Staub gemacht und wird wieder zu Staub" is the text that inspired Brahms to such fury.

A feeling of pessimism and resentment permeates the second song, "Ich wandte mich." The injustices of the world and the utter waste of human resources present no illusions as the oppression of humanity is seen in the opening lines "Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle, die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne." This line has been set with descending triads that introduce Brahms' masterful use of the third, used here to enhance the sorrowful testimony.

⁵Malcolm MacDonald, Brahms (New York: Schirmer Books, 1990), 371.

"O Tod, wie bitter bist du," song three in the cycle, continues the emotional descent of the first two by again using descending thirds on the opening line of the vocal melody. Walter Frisch states that in this song:

. . . the compositional techniques worked out over a lifetime seem to be distilled to their essence. And, most remarkably, they shape not only the musical structure, but also the spiritual meaning of the work.⁶

Death is indeed bitter for those who are happy and need nothing; however, the mood of this song changes with the contrasting view of death, "O Tod, wie wohl tust du." It is accompanied by a change of key from the opening E minor to its parallel, E major and by a thematic transformation of the descending thirds in the melody through inversion to rising sixths. Death is no longer bitter, but instead it is welcomed by those who are feeble, old, beset by sorrow, and wait for nothing better than death's firm embrace and its assurance of an improved consciousness.

The culmination of this set, "Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engels-zungen redete," overcomes death and transience through the power of love. The contrasting mood of this piece is marked *Andante con moto ed anima* and opens in a majestic E-flat major. Through a key change to B major and a

⁶Walter Frisch, Brahms and the Principle of Developing Variation (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), 151.

meter change from 4/4 to 3/4, Brahms describes an ideologic revelation which resulted after a lifetime of searching for answers. The vocal melody soars above triplets in the piano, and tension builds in anticipation of the return to E-flat major, highlighting this doctrine: Before love the lives of human beings are worthless, even though they may believe themselves to be otherwise. Nothing will truly make sense until Faith, Hope, and Love preside in one's mind and heart. With solace achieved the lives of humans can once again be purposeful.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) was hired to write the score for a film about the famous Spanish lover Don Quixote. Paul Morand was hired to supply the text, and Ravel set them in a flamboyant yet straightforward Spanish musical style. Because of illness he was unable to finish the pieces in time for production; consequently, the resulting three songs finished in 1933 became the set Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, first performed by Martial Singher with the Colonne Orchestra conducted by Paul Paray in December of 1934. This set is Ravel's last completed work and represents his ideology that "man's most elevating pleasure derives from contemplation of the Beautiful."⁷

⁷Ned Rorem, Songs of Maurice Ravel (New York: CBS Records Masterworks MK 39023, 1984), 7.

Don Quixote, the highly imaginative lover, sings of his desire to satisfy all the wishes of his love in the first song, "Chanson romanesque." The strophic poem is set to a Spanish *guajira* rhythm which is characterized by the alternating 6/8 and 3/4 meters throughout the entire piece. Ravel also uses melodic patterns and tone colors to give the song a distinctive Spanish flair.

Number two, "Chanson épique," finds Don Quixote on his night watch, singing of praise, duty, and loyalty to his 'Lady of the blue mantel.' Often cited as the most beautiful of the three (Singer preferred it and Ravel dedicated the song to him saying that Singer had, "of course, . . . chosen the right one"⁸), it is a slow, hymn-like setting based on the rhythm of the *zortzico* which uses quintuple meter to produce a free beat structure. It is apparent that Don Quixote's devotion is absolute and continues to thrive.

"Chanson à boire," the third and final piece in the set, is based on a lively triple meter of the *jota*-- characterized by extensive use of hemiola in the accompaniment. But our character is no longer praising his love of beauty; instead, he is toasting his love of drink! The music contains many opportunities for humor as the singer and orchestra hiccup and *glissando* their way through this exuberant toast to the joy of living. Ravel's ideas are

⁸Arbie Orenstein, Ravel: Man and Musician (New York: Columbia University Press, 1975), 106.

certainly clear: beautiful things can be admired and loved, but they are not worth the forfeiture of one's enjoyment of life.

The music performed on this recital program represented views of human nature and existence from three vastly different composers. They each emphasized a distinct and appropriate quality of human life. Finzi stressed the idea that humankind is small among the forces of nature; Brahms described the individual emotions at work within human minds; and Ravel cautions his listener to beware loving only Beauty. Although the messages presented were not new, they found fresh and exciting interpretation from these composers.

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UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA
School of Music

THOMAS ALPERS, baritone*
MARLETA MATHESON, piano

Wednesday, November 16, 1994

Russell Hall, 6:00 p.m.

Selections from *Earth and Air and Rain*.....Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Summer Schemes
When I set out for Lyonesse
Waiting Both
So I have fared
Rollicum - Rorum
To Lizzie Browne
The Clock of the Years
In a Churchyard
Proud Songsters

Intermission

Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121.....Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit
Engels - zungen redete

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée.....Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

*In partial fulfillment of the Master of Music degree requirements in performance

From the studio of Jean McDonald

Program Notes

The music on this recital program represents views of human nature and existence from three vastly different composers. Gerald Finzi was attracted to Thomas Hardy's poetry for its ironic, satiric, and pessimistic content. He emphasized the human side of the poetry and capitalized on the theme that humankind's smallness among nature is a paradox because of our unique capability to alter the forces of nature and the dissatisfaction we feel because of it.

Johannes Brahms chose appropriately undogmatic Biblical texts to express the remorse, resentment, and bitterness of his first three songs. In the last song these unfulfilling emotions are overcome through the power of Faith, Hope, and Love, the primary one of the three being Love.

Presenting yet a third view, Maurice Ravel seems to give his audience a warning about lovers who may be a bit overzealous. He cautions us not to be fooled by loving only Beauty, but he also admits that when we contemplate the Beautiful our greatest pleasures manifest themselves. Therefore Ravel cheerfully proclaims that it is best to admire Beauty and love the joy of living.

Translations

Earth and Air and Rain

Summer Schemes.

When friendly summer calls again
Calls again
Her little fifers to these hills,
We'll go—we two—to that arched fane
Of leafage where they prime their bills
Before they start to flood the plain
“—We'll go,” I sing; but who shall say
What may bechance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring
Waters spring
From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
And we shall trace their oncreeping
To where the cascade tumbles down
And sends the bobbing growths aswing.
“—We shall,” I say; but who may sing
Of what another moon will bring!

“When I set out for Lyonesse.”

When I set out for Lyonesse,
A hundred miles away,
The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonesse
A hundred miles away.

When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes,
All marked with mute surmise
My radiance rare and fathomless,
When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes!

What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there.

Waiting Both.

A star looks down at me,
And says: “Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do, —
Mean to do?”

I say: “For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come.” — “Just so,”
The star says: “So mean I: —
So mean I.”

So I have fared.

(After reading Psalms XXXIX, XL, etc.)

Simple was I and was young;
Kept no gallant tryst, I;
Even from good words held my tongue,
Quoniam Tu fecisti !

Through my youth I stirred me not,
High adventure missed I,
Left the shining shrines unsought;
Yet-me deduxisti !

At my start by Helicon
Love-love little wist I,
Worldly less; but footed on;
Why? Me suscepisti !

Rollicum-Rorum.

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And Parsons practise what they preach;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails:
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When I failed at fervid thymes,
"Shall," I said, "persist I?"
"Dies," (I would add at times)
Meos possuisti !

So I have fared through many suns,
Sadly little grist I
Bring my mill, or any one's,
Domine, Tu scisti !

And at dead of night I call:
"Though to prophets list I,
Which hath understood at all?
Yea: Quem elegisti ?"

When Rich men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

Vier ernste Gesänge

1.

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh

wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr, denn das
Vieh:

denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht
und wird wieder zu Staub.

Were weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre?

und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter
die Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts Bessers ist,

denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner
Arbeit,

denn das ist sein Teil.

Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,
daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Prediger Salomo 3, 19-22

2.

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;

und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen
Tröster;

und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu
mächtig;

daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten,

die schon gestorben waren,

mehr als die Lebendigen,

die noch das Leben hatten;

und der noch nicht ist, ist besser als alle
beide,

und des Bösen nicht inne wird,
das unter der Sonne geschieht.

Prediger Salomo 4, 1-3

Four Serious Songs

1.

For that which befalleth the sons
of men befalleth beasts,
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no preeminence
above a beast

for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of the dust
and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man
that goeth upward,
and the spirit of the beast
that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is
nothing better,

than that a man should rejoice in his
own works;

for that is his portion:
for who shall bring him to see
what shall be after him?

Ecc. 3: 19-22

2.

So I returned, and considered
all the oppressions that are done
under the sun;

and behold the tears of such
as were oppressed, and they had no
comforter;

and on the side of their oppressors
there was power;

but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead

which are already dead

more than the living

which are yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they,
which hath not yet been,

who hath not seen the evil work
that is done under the sun.

Ecc. 4: 1-3

3.

O tod, wie bitter bist du,
wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
der gute Tage und genug hat
und ohne Sorge lebet;
und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
und noch wohl essen mag!
O tod, wie better bist du.
O tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
der da schwach und alt ist,
der in allen Sorgen steckt
und nichts Bessers zu hoffen
noch zu erwarten hat!
O tod, wie wohl tust du!

Jesus Sirach 41, 1-4

4.

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit
Engelszungen redete
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wär ich ein tönend Erz
oder eine klingende Schelle.
Und wenn ich weissagen könnte
und wüßte alle Geheimnisse
und alle Erkenntnis
daß ich Berge versetzte,
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre ich nichts.
Und wenn ich alle meine Habe
den Armen gäbe
und ließe meinen Leib brennen
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.
Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel
in einem dunkeln Worte;
dann aber von Angesicht zu
Angesichte.
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise,
dann aber werd ich's erkennen,
gleichwie ich erkannt bin.
Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung,
Liebe,
diese drei;
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter
ihnen.

1. Korinther 13, 1-3, 12 & 13

3.

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee
to a man that is at peace in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to distract him,
and hath prosperity in all things,
and that still hath strength
to receive meat!
O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee.
O death, how acceptable is thy sentence unto a
that is needy and that faileth in strength, [man
that is in extreme old age, and is distracted in all
things, and that looks for no better lot,
nor waiteth on better days!
O death, how acceptable is thy sentence.

Ecclus. 41: 1-4

4.

Though I speak with the tongues of man
and of angels,
and have not love,
I am become as sounding brass,
or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy,
and understand all mysteries,
and though I have all faith,
so that I could remove mountains,
and have not the love,
I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed
the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
and have not the love,
it profiteth me nothing.
For now we see through a glass,
darkly;
but then face to face:

now I know in part;
but then I shall know
even as also I am known.
And now abideth faith, hope, love,

these three:
but the greatest of these is love.

1. Cor. 13: 1-3, 12 & 13

To Lizbie Browne.

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? —
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
How you could smile,
How you could sing! —
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And, Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought
"Girl's ripen fast,"
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
"And who was he?" —
Yes, Lizbie Browne!

The Clock of the Years.

"A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up."

And the Spirit said,
"I can make the clock of the years go backward,
But am loth to stop it where you will."

And I cried, "Agreed
To that. Proceed:
It's better than dead!"

He answered, "Peace;"
And called her up—as last before me;
Then younger, younger she grew to the year
I first had known
Her woman-grown,
And I cried, "Cease! —

"Thus far is good—
It is enough—let her stay thus always!"
But alas for me—he shook his head:
No stop was there;
And she waned child-fair,
And to babyhood.

Still less in mien
To my great sorrow became she slowly,
And smalled till she was nought at all
In his checkless griff;
And it was as if
She had never been.

"Better," I plained,
"She were dead as before! The memory of
Her had lived in me; But it cannot now!"
And coldly his voice:
"It was your choice
To mar the ordained."

In a Churchyard.

"It is sa that so many of worth,
Still in the flesh," soughed the yew,
"Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth
Secludes from view.

"They ride their diurnal round
Each day-span's sum of hours
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound
Or ache like ours.

"If the living could but hear
What is heard by my roots as they creep
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,
No one would weep."

"'Now set among the wise,'
They say: 'Enlarged in scope
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope.' "

I listened to his strange tale
In the mood that stillness brings,
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale
That view of things.

Proud Songsters.

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months'
growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
and earth, and air, and rain.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

1. Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
à tant toutner vous offensa,
je lui dépêcherais Pança:
vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
déchirant les divins cadastres,
je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
j'étoillerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
je blâmrais dessous le blâme
et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

O Dulcinée.

2. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel, qui me donnez loisir
de voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
bon Saint Michel, qui me daignez choisir
pour lui complaire et la défendre,
bon Saint Michel, veuillez descendre
avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
de la Madonne au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
et son égale en pureté
et son égale en piété
comme en pudeur et chasteté: ma Dame.

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
l'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
me douce Dame si pareille
à vous, Madonne au bleu mantel! Amen.

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

1. Romanesque song

Were you to tell me that the earth
offended you with so much turning,
speedily would I dispatch Panza:
You should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that you are weary
of the sky too much adorned with stars,
destroying the divine order,
with a blow I would sweep them from the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus made empty does not please you,
godlike Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

2. Epic song

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty
to see my Lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
to please her and to defend her,
good Saint Michael, I pray you descend
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantel.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity: my Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady so much resembling
you, Madonna of the blue mantel! Amen.

3. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
où je vais droit . . .
lorsque j'ai bu! Ah! Ah!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
d'être toujours ce pâle amant
qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
où je vais droit . . .
lorsque j'ai bu! Ah! Ah!

3. Drinking song

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who, to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
will bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight . . .
when I am drunk! Ah! Ah!

A fig for the jealous fool,
dark-haired mistress,
who whines, who seeps and vows
ever to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his
intoxication!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight . . .
when I am drunk! Ah! Ah!