

Eri tu che macchiavi
from *Un Ballo in Maschera* by Verdi

Alzati; là tuo figlio
A te concedo riveder. Nell'ombra
E nel silenzio, là,
Il tuo rossore e l'onta mia nascondi.
Non è su lei, nel suo
Fragile petto che colpir degg'io.
Altro, ben altro sangue a terger dèssi
L'offesa! ...
Il sangue tuo!
E lo trarrà il pugnale
Dallo sleal tuo core,
Delle lagrime mie vendicator!

Eri tu che macchiavi quell'anima,
La delzia dell'anima mia;
Che m'affidi e d'un tratto esecrabile
L'universo avveleni per me!
Traditor! che compensi in tal guisa
Dell'amico tuo primo la fÈ!
O dolcezze perdute! O memorie
D'un amplesso che l'essere india! . . .
Quando Amelia sì bella, sì candida
Sul mio seno brillava d'amor!
È finita, non siede che l'odio
E la morte nel vedovo cor!
O dolcezze perdute, o speranze d'amor!

Arise; there is your son,
I permit you to see him. In the darkness
and the silence, there,
hide your blushes and my shame.
It isn't her, no, not her
Fragile breast that I must strike.
Another, fine, another's blood must wipe away
The offense! . . .
Your blood!
And I will draw the dagger
From your treacherous heart,
The avenger of my tears!

It was you who tainted that soul,
The delight of my soul;
Who confided in me and in one condemnable instant
Poisoned the universe for me!
Traitor! In such a manner you repay
The faith of your former friend!
O lost delights! O memories
Of an embrace that rendered happiness! . . .
When Amelia so beautiful, so pure
On my breast shone with love!
It is finished, nothing remains but hatred
And death in my widower's heart!
O lost delights, O hopes of love!

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Der Erbkönig by Schubert

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erbkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Who rides so late through the night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

'My son, why do you hide your face in fear?'
'Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'

'Sweet child, come with me.
I'll play wonderful games with you.
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;
my mother has many a golden robe.'

'Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly promises me?'
'Calm, be calm, my child:
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.'

'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
my daughters lead the nightly dance,
and will rock you, and dance, and sing you to sleep.'

'Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'
'My son, my son, I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows gleaming.'

'I love you, your fair form allures me,
and if you don't come willingly, I'll use force.'
'Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!'

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
he holds the moaning child in his arms;
with one last effort he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms.

V ba isht taloa 112

Nitak kanima fehna ho
 Si ai illi hokma,
Aki vba binili mvt
 Is sa halanlashke.

Chis vs pulla tuk mak ona,
 Si ai illi hokmvt,
 V ba yakni achukma ka
 Ona la hi oke.

V ba isht taloa 48

Shilombish holitopa ma!
 Ishmminti pulla cha
 Hatak ilbusha pia ha
 Is pi yukpalashke.

Choctaw Hymn 112
 Meditation on Death

Hold on to me some day when I
 die;
 My Father, who sits above.

It is because of Jesus that when I
 die, I shall reach the heavenly land.

Choctaw Hymn 48
 Prayer to the Holy Spirit

O Holy Spirit!
 You must surely come and
 We who are poor in spirit
 You will gladden our spirit.