

**“Song to the Moon” from *Rusalka*
By Antonín Dvořák**

Mesiku na nebi hlubokem
Svetlo tve daleko vidi,
Po svete bloudis širokem,
Divas se v pribytky lidi.
Mesicku, postuj chvíli
reckni mi, kde je muj mily
Rekni mu, sribmy mesicku,
me ze jej objima rame,
aby si alespon chvilicku
vzpomenul ve sneni na mne.
Zasvet mu do daleka,
rekni mu, rekni m kdo tu nan ceka!
O mneli duse lidska sni,
at'se tou vzpominkou vzbudi!
Mesicku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Moon, high and deep in the sky,
Your light shines far
You roam over the whole world
Gazing into human homes
Moon, linger for a moment
Tell me where my beloved is
Tell him, silvery moon,
That my arms reach out to him
Hoping that for a brief moment
He will dream of me
Shine on him, wherever he is,
Tell him of the one who awaits him
If a human soul should dream of me,
May he remember me on awakening
Moon, do not fade away

Ave Maria
By Franz Schubert

Ave Maria
Gratia plena
Maria, gratia plena
Maria, gratia plena
Ave, ave Dominus
Dominus tecum
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus
Et benedictus fructus ventris
Ventris tuae, Jesus
Ave Maria

Hail Mary
Full of grace,
Mary, full of grace,
Mary, full of grace,
Hail, Hail, the Lord.
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women,
And blessed,
Blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Thy womb, Jesus.
Hail Mary!

**“O mio babbino caro”, from *Gianni Schicchi*
By Giacomo Puccini**

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace, è bello, bello
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Oh my dear papa
I like him, he is so handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself in the Arno!
I am pining, I am tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!
Father, have pity, have pity!

**“Habanera”, from *Carmen*
By Georges Bizet**

Quand je vous aimerai?
Ma foi, je ne sais pas,
Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain...
Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain!

When will I love you?
Good Lord, I don't know,
Maybe never, maybe tomorrow...
But not today, that's for sure!

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle
S'il lui convient de refuser
Rien n'y fait, menaces ou prières
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait:
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère
Il n'a rien dit mais il me plaît
L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

Love is a rebellious bird
That no one can tame,
And if you call for it, it'll be quite in vain
For it's in its nature to say no.
Nothing helps, neither a threat nor a prayer
One talks well, the other rests silent
And it's the other one that I prefer
Doesn't say a thing, but pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!
Mais, si je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Love is a gypsy's child,
It has never, never known what law is,
If you do not love me, I love you
If I love you, then beware!
If you do not love me,
If you do not love me, I love you!
but if I love you,
If I love you, then beware!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola...
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient...

The bird you thought you had caught by surprise
Beats its wings and flies away...
Love lies afar, you can wait for it
And when you don't expect it anymore, there it is!
All around you twirls faster, faster
It comes and goes, and then comes back.

Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient
L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

You think you've caught it, it eludes you,
You think you've escaped it, it captures you.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!
Mais, si je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

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**“Ebben? Ne andrò lontana”, from *La Wally*
By Alfredo Catalani**

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana
come va l'eco pia campana,
là fra la neve bianca,
là fra le nubi d'ôr;
laddóve la speranza, la speranza
è rimpianto, è rimpianto, è dolor!

Well then! I'll take off far away
like the echo of a pious bell does,
there among the white snow,
there among the clouds of gold,
there where hope, hope
is regret, is regret, is sorrow!

O della madre mia casa gioconda
la Wally ne andrà da te, da te,
lontana assai, e forse a te,
e forse a te, non farà mai più ritorno,
nè più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più!

Oh from my mother's mirthful home
Wally will go away from you, from you!
far far away, and perhaps to you,
and perhaps to you, she'll return no more,
nor see you any more!
Never again, never again!

Ne andrò sola e lontana,
là fra la neve bianca, n'andrò,
n'andrò sola e lontana
e fra le nubi d'ôr!

I'll take off alone and far away,
there among the white snow, I'll take off,
I'll take off alone and far away,
and to the clouds of gold!