

# CLASSICAL MUSIC

## SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

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LY-CL1

### AUPRÈS DE CETTE GROTTÉ SOMBRE

(Orig. title: LA GROTTÉ)

Comp: Claude DEBUSSY ([Lyric-Auprès](#))

Lyr: Tristan L'HERMITE

(Authorized translation with rhyme)

(Literal translation without rhyme)

Auprès de cette grotte sombre  
Où l'on respire un air si doux,  
L'onde lutte avec les cailloux,  
Et la lumière avecque l'ombre.

I know a grot where I may wander,  
And thankful breathe a purer air,  
Sun and shade in dalliance fair,  
And waves and stones are striving yonder.

Beside this cave all dark and gloomy  
Where one breathes an air so mild  
Clashed the waves against the stones  
And the sunlight against the shadows.

Ces flots, lassés de l'exercice  
Qu'il ont fait dessus ce gravier,  
Se reposent dans ce vivier  
Où mourut autrefois Narcisse...

There floods complaining, gently sighing,  
Stay at last their perpetual tide:  
In that pool forever abide  
Where sweet Narcissus lay 'a dying.

This sea, now weary of its task  
Where long it worked the gravel shore  
Now takes its rest in this fish pool  
Where long ago Narcissus lay dying.

L'ombre de cette fleur vermeille  
Et celle de ces joncs pendants  
Paraissent estre là-dedans  
Les songes de l'eau qui  
sommeille...

In the scarlet of flowers gleaming  
And shadow of reeds bending near,  
Almost me thinks I faintly hear  
The things that the waters are dreaming.

The shadow of this scarlet flower  
And that of all these bending reeds,  
Almost seem to carry within them  
The dreams of the water that sleeps.

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LY-CL2

### DOLINA

Mus: Mario BUGAMELLI

Lyr: Marcello FRALINI ([CL-BA3](#))

In un mare di pietre  
laggiù resta una dolina  
dove un uomo lavora la terra  
fra i colori dell'aurora.

In a sea of stones  
there remains a sinkhole  
where a man works the land  
between the colors of the dawn.

Dopo tanto cammino  
di prima mattina  
è un riposo anche veder  
il tenue verdi di questa tazzina.

After such a long journey  
early in the morning  
is also seeing a rest  
the soft green of this cup.

All'orizzonte sorge la casetta.  
Il camino a destra vapora  
e con l'occhio di vetro

Horizon stands the house.  
The chimney on the right [*vapora* ?]  
and with the glass eye

brilla l'unica finestra.

shines the only window.

Mentre l'uomo ara  
quel poco di terra  
il cielo vicino  
s'apre e si rischiara.

While the man plows  
that little land  
the sky near  
opens and clears.

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### LY-CL3

## LES STALACTITES (STALAKTITY)

Mus: Sergey Ivanovich TANEYEV

Lyr: ELLIS [aka. Lev L'vovich KOBYLINSKY] Based on the French poem

by René-François SULLY-PRUDHOMME (CL-LY3)

Transcribed by Emily Ezust, 2008

J'aime les grottes où la torche  
Ensablante une épaisse nuit,  
Où l'écho fait, de porche en porche,  
Un grand soupir du moindre bruit.

Mne dorog grot, gde dymnym svetom  
Moj fakil sumrak bagrjanit,  
Gde `ekho grustnoje zvuchit  
Na vzdokh nevol'nyj moj otvetom.

Les stalactites à la voûte  
Pendent en pleurs pétrifiés  
Dont l'humidité, goutte à goutte,  
Tombe lentement à mes pieds.

Mne dorog grot, gde stalaktity,  
Kak gor'kikh sljoz zamjorzshij rjad,  
Na svodakh kamennykh visjat,  
Gde kapli padajut na plity.

Il me semble qu'en ces ténèbres  
Règne une douloureuse paix ;  
Et devant ces longs pleurs funèbres  
Suspendus sans sécher jamais.

Pust' vechno v sumrake pechal'nom  
Carit torzhestvennyj pokoj,  
I stalaktity predo mnoj  
Visjat uborom pogrebal'nym.

Je pense aux âmes affligées  
Où dorment d'anciennes amours :  
Toutes les larmes sont figées,  
Quelque chose y pleure toujours.

Uvy! Ljubvi mojej davno  
zamjorzli gorestnye sljozy,  
No vsjo zhe serdcu suzhdeno  
Rydat' i v zimmije morozy.

I love the caves where the torch  
Bloody in a thick night,  
Where the echo sounds from entrance to entrance,  
A great sigh of the slightest sound.

The stalactites in the vault  
Hang in petrified tears  
Whose humidity, drop by drop,  
Slowly falls at my feet.

It seems that in this darkness  
Reigns a painful peace;  
And before these long funeral tears  
Suspended without ever drying.

I think of the afflicted souls  
Where sleep the ancient loves:  
All the tears are frozen,  
Something is always crying there.