

La Flûte de Pan

Poet: Pierre Louÿs

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m'a donné une syrinx faite
de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux ;
mais je suis un peu tremblante.
il en joue après moi,
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
et tour à tour nos bouches
s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard,
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

La chevelure

Poet: Pierre Louÿs

Il m'a dit: « Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

« Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens ;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une
racine.

« Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même,
ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe. »

Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

The Flute of Pan

Translation: Peter Low

For the festival of Hyacinthus
he gave me a syrinx, a set of pipes made
from well-cut reeds joined
with the white wax
that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He is teaching me to play, as I sit on his knees;
but I tremble a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
that I can scarcely hear it.

We are so close that we have
nothing to say to one another;
but our songs want to converse,
and our mouths are joined
as they take turns on the pipes.

It is late:
here comes the chant of the green frogs,
which begins at dusk.
My mother will never believe
I spent so long
searching for my lost sash.

The Tresses

Translation: Peter Low

He told me: "Last night I had a dream.
Your hair was around my neck,
it was like a black necklace
round my nape and on my chest.

"I was stroking your hair, and it was my own;
thus the same tresses joined us forever,
with our mouths touching,
just as two laurels often have only one root.

"And gradually I sensed,
since our limbs were so entwined,
that I was becoming you
and you were entering me like my dream."

When he'd finished,
he gently put his hands on my shoulders,
and gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes, with a shiver.

Le tombeau des Naiades

Poet: Pierre Louÿs

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes
De neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"
Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.
Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.

"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi
terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace
De la source où jadis riaient les naiades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
Il regardait au travers.

The Tomb of the Naiads

Translation: Peter Low

I was walking along in the frost-covered woods;
in front of my mouth
my hair blossomed in tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy
with muddy caked snow.

He asked: "What are you looking for?"
"I'm following the tracks of the satyr -
his little cloven hoofprints alternate
like holes in a white cloak."
He said: "The satyrs are dead.

"The satyrs are dead, and the nymphs too.
In thirty years there has not been such a terrible
winter.
That's the trail of a he-goat.
But let's pause here, where their tomb is."

With his hoe he broke the ice
of the spring where the water-nymphs used to
laugh.
He took large cold pieces and,
Raising them toward the pale sky,
He looked through them.

Frühgang

Poet: Detlev von Liliencron

Wir wandeln durch die stumme Nacht,
der Tamtam ist verklungen,
du schmiegst an meine Brust dich an,
ich halte dich umschlungen.
Und wo die dunklen Ypern stehn,
ernst wie ein schwarz Gerüste,
da fand ich deinen kleinen Mund,
die rothe Perlenküste.

Und langsam sind wir weiter dann
weiss ich, wohin gegangen,
ein hellblau Band im Morgen hing,
der Tag hat angefangen.
Um Ostern war's,
der Frühling will den letzten Frost entthronen,
du pflücktest einen Kranz für mich
von weissen Anemonen.

Den legtest du mir um die Stirn –
die Sonne kam gezogen
und hat dir blended
um dein Haupt ein Diadem gebogen.
Du lehntest dich auf meinen Arm,
wir träumten ohn' Ermessen,
die Menschen all im Lärm der Welt,
die hatten wir vergessen.

Zu spät

Poet: Detlev von Liliencron

Ich kann das Wort nicht vergessen,
es klang so traurig und schwer,
dein Stimmlein hör' ich schluchzen,
ich weiss, du liebst mich nicht mehr.

Der Abend sank auf die Felder,
vom Tage nur noch ein Rest,
die letzten Krähen flogen
zu fernen Wäldern zu Nest.

Nun sind wir weit geschieden
auf Nimmerwiederkehr,
ich kann das Wort nicht vergessen,
ich weiss, du liebst mich nicht mehr.

Morning Walk

Translation: Naomi O'Connell

We wandered through the silent night,
the fuss of the day has faded away,
You nestled into my chest,
I hold you encircled in my arms.
And where the dark yew trees stand,
grim, like a black scaffold,
There I found your small mouth,
The red pearl kiss.

And then we continued slowly,
I know, where we went,
A bright blue ribbon hung in the morning,
The day had begun.
It was at Easter,
The Spring wants to throw the last front from its throne,
You picked a crown of flowers for me,
Of white anemonies.

You placed it on my head –
The sun came out
And round your head
A tiara blindingly shone.
You leaned on my arm,
We dreamed without limits,
The people and the noise of the world,
We had forgotten.

Too Late

Translation: Naomi O'Connell

I cannot forget the word,
It sounded so sad and heavy,
I hear your little voice sobbing,
I know you don't love me anymore.

The evening sank on the fields,
Only a little of the day remains,
The last crows flew
To nest in far-away woods.

Now we are far apart,
Never to come back again,
I cannot forget the word,
I know you don't love me anymore.

Leuchtende Tage

Poet: Ludwig Jacobowski

Ach, unsre leuchtenden Tage
Glänzen wie ewige Sterne.
Als Trost für künftige Klage
Glüh'n sie aus goldener Ferne.

Nicht weinen, weil sie vorüber!
Lächeln, weil sie gewesen!
Werden die Tage auch trüber,
Unsere Sterne erlösen!

Glückes genug

Poet: Detlev von Liliencron

Wenn sanft du mir im Arme schiefst,
ich deinen Atem hören konnte,
im Traum du meinen Namen riefst,
um deinen Mund ein Lächeln sonnte -
Glückes genug.

Und wenn nach heißem, ernstem Tag
du mir verscheuchtest schwere Sorgen,
wenn ich an deinem Herzen lag
und nicht mehr dachte an ein Morgen -
Glückes genug.

Shining days

Translation: Naomi O'Connell

Oh, our shining days
Sparkle like eternal stars.
As comfort for future sorrows
They glow from an eternal distance.

Don't cry because they are over!
Smile, because they happened!
Though the days become heavy,
Our stars redeem us.

Happiness Enough

Translation: Emily Ezust

When you slept softly in my arms,
I could hear your breath;
in a dream, you called my name
and your mouth beamed a smile -
that was happiness enough.

And when, after a hot, solemn day
you chased away my heavy cares -
when I lay against your heart
and thought no more of tomorrow -
that was happiness enough.

1. Nature, the gentlest mother

Poet: Emily Dickinson

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, -
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, -
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

2. Why -- do they shut me out of Heaven?

Poet: Emily Dickinson

Why -- do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing -- too loud?
But -- I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me --
just -- once -- more --
Just -- see -- if I troubled them --
But don't -- shut the door!

Oh if I -- were the Gentlemen
in the White Robe
and they -- were the little Hand -- that knocked -
-
Could -- I -- forbid?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

3. The world feels dusty

Poet: Emily Dickinson

The world feels dusty,
when we stop to die...
We want the dew then
Honors taste dry...

Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan
stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain

Mine be the ministry
when thy thirst comes...
Dews of thyself to fetch
and holy balms.

4. Heart, we will forget him

Poet: Emily Dickinson

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

5. Going to Heaven!

Poet: *Emily Dickinson*

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, -
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! -
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

Going to Heaven!
I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

6. The Chariot

Poet: *Emily Dickinson*

Because I would not stop for Death --
He kindly stopped for me --
The carriage held but just ourselves --
and Immortality.

We slowly drove -- he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labour, and my leisure too
For His Civility --

We passed the school, where children played,
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
a swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Chère nuit

Poet: *Eugène Adénis-Colombeau*

Voici l'heure bientôt. Derrière la colline
je vois le soleil qui décline
Et cache ses rayons jaloux ...
J'entends chanter l'âme des choses
Et les narcisses et les roses
M'apportent des parfums plus doux!
Chère nuit aux clartés sereines
Toi que ramènes le tendre amant
Ah! descends et voile la terre
De ton mystère calme et charmant.
Mon bonheur renaît sous ton aile
O nuit plus belle que les beaux jours:
Ah! lève-toi pour faire encore
Briller l'aurore de mes amours

Daphénéo

Poet: *Mimi Godebska*

Dis-moi, Daphénéo, quel est donc cet arbre
Dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui pleurent?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un oisetier.
Ah! Je croyais que les noisetiers
Donnaient des noisettes, Daphénéo.

Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers donnent des noisettes,
Mais les oisetiers donnent des oiseaux qui pleurent.
Ah!...

Anakreon's Grab

Poet: *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Wo die Rose hier blüht,
wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
Wo das Turtelchen lockt,
wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt,
Welch ein Grab ist hier,
das alle Götter mit Leben
Schön bepflanz und geziert?
Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer, und Herbst
genoß der glückliche Dichter;
Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich
der Hügel geschützt.

Beloved Night

Translation: *John Glenn Paton*

Soon the hour will be here. Behind the hill
I see the sun that goes down
and jealously hides its rays.
I hear the soul of things singing,
and the narcissuses and roses
send me the sweetest perfumes!
Beloved night of serene radiance,
you who bring back my tender lover,
ah, come down and veil the earth
with your calm and charming mystery.
My happiness is re-born under your wings,
o night, more beautiful than any days are:
ah, arise and again make
the dawn of my love shine forth

Dapheneo

Translation: *Shawn Thuris*

Tell me, Dapheneo, what is that tree
The fruit of which is weeping birds?

That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird-tree.
Ah! I believe that trees
Produce hazelnuts, Dapheneo.

Yes, Chrysaline, trees give hazelnuts,
But bird-trees give weeping birds.
Ah!...

Anacreon's Grave

Translation: *Emily Ezust*

Here, where the rose blooms,
where vines entwine the laurel,
where the turtledove flirts,
where the cricket delights -
what grave is this here,
that all the gods and Life
have so prettily decorated with plants?
It is Anacreon's grave.
Spring, summer, and autumn
did that happy poet enjoy;
from winter now finally,
this mound has protected him.

Auch kleine Dinge

Poet: Paul Heyse

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wißt.

Even little things

Translation: Donna Bareket

Even little things can delight us,
Even little things can be precious.
Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with pearls;
They are heavily paid for, and yet are small.
Think how small is the olive's fruit,
And is nevertheless sought for its virtue.
Think only on the rose, how small she is,
And yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

Er ist's

Poet: Eduard Mörike

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

It's spring!

Translation: Emily Ezust

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again in the breeze;
a sweet, familiar scent
sweeps with promise through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
and will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
It is you that I have heard!

The Estuary

Poet: Ruth Pitter

Light, stillness and peace lie on the broad sands, On the salt-marshes the sleep of the afternoon. The sky's immaculate; the horizon stands Steadfast, level and clear over the dune.

There are voices of children, musical and thin Not far, nor near, there in the sandy hills; As the fight begins to wane, so the tide comes in, The shallow creek at our feet silently fills:

And silently, like sleep to the weary mind, Silently, like the evening after the day, The big ship bears inshore with the inshore wind, Changes her course, and comes on up through the bay,

Rolling along the fair deep channel she knows, Surging along, right on top of the tide. I can see the flowery wreath of foam at the bows, The long bright wash streaming away from her side:

I can see the flashing gulls that follow her in, Screaming and tumbling, like children wildly at play, The sea-born crescent arising, pallid and thin, The flat safe twilight shore shelving away.

Whether remembered or dreamed, read of or told, So it has dwelt with me, so it shall dwell with me ever: The brave ship coming home like a lamb to the fold, Home with the tide into the mighty river.

Love went a-riding

Poet: Mary Coleridge

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode . . .
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Than all the youths and the maidens cried,
"Stay here with us, King of Kings!"
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode.

Memories

Poet: Charles Edward Ives

A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house; We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes; We're feeling pretty gay, And well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say, "The band is tuning up And soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum, Beat time with the drum. We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise With wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy, A certain kind of ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's. "Curtain!"

B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall, A tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn, It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn, 'Twas a common little thing
and kind 'a sweet, But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down To the barn or to the town, A humming.

Love in the Thirties

Poet: Arnold Weinstein

Dad, can we live in the elevator building?
Kid, with our luck we'd live on the ground floor.
Dad, why aren't we communists?
Kid, we can't afford it.
Dad, I saw the devil on the fire escape, long pointed pussy ears.
What kind of devil is that, kid? No tail, no horns. Crawl into bed with your mother and me.
Dad, is there a heaven?
Heaven there is, kid, and it's right here. People in heaven are dying to get into this place!
Dad, what is a death wish?
I hear this death wish, death wish, and I wish I was dead!
Dad, who am I?
That's a good question, kid, we'll let you know, you'll see.
Dad, how will I see?
You'll see "by the light of your silvery heart." I'm talking science now, kid.
Dad, what is the soul?
Sort of a sigh with a wink in it, something like that. Oh, what the hell.
Gee, Dad, you know ev'rything. Dad, will I always find you?
Kid, behind the label, under the table you'll find me and I'll find you and I'm still talking science, BOOP
BOOP A DOO!
Dad?
Kid, now close your eyes and you will see all right behind your sight a light the size of a poppy seed on a
Danish to go. Now let's put out that light and go to sleep.

Can't Sleep

Poet: Arnold Weinstein

Can't sleep
dreaming of you dreaming of me
turning to you woken by me.
Hush now, don't cry.
All I was doing was dreaming.

At the Last Lousy Moments of Love

Poet: Arnold Weinstein

At the last lousy moments of love
He wanted to tell me the truth.
At the last writhing rotten moments of love
He wanted to tell me the truth-
About me of course. Thanks, I'll need this.

At the last lousy moments of love,
He wanted to tell me
That I wasn't doing too well.
I was eating and drinking and talking too much.
He wanted to tell me
As a friend at the end
Of those last lousy moments of love.

He wanted to tell me he was leaving,
He'd waited too long to tell me
that I was self-righteous
even when I wasn't wrong.
And I spoke about friendship
Till our friends gave me up as a friend for the season,
For which reason he wanted to tell me this truth.

He wanted to tell me these things, as a friend,
He wanted to tell me, but he didn't in the end.
At those last lousy moments of love
He said it all, with his body,
To my best friend

Lady Luck

Poet: Arnold Weinstein

What do you like most about yourself?
What do I like about myself most?
Well, I hate to boast,
But I must say
I like my luck!

Whenever they told me Scram!
I'd never slink out slow
Like a hack
To the back
No!
I'd let the door slam!
And lo! And shazam!
Friendship would suddenly show up
Like a telegram.

George

Poet: Arnold Weinstein

My friend George used to say, "Oh call me Georgia, hon,
Get yourself a drink," and sang the best soprano in our part of town.
In beads, brocade and pins, he sang if you happened in through the door he never locked and said, "Get
yourself a drink", and sang out loud till tears fell in the cognac and the chocolate milk and gin and on the
beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through his open door, George said, "Stay, but you gotta keep quiet while I sing
and then a minute after. And call me Georgia."

One fine day a stranger in a suit of navy blue took George's life with a knife George had placed beside an
apple pie he'd baked and stabbed him in the middle of *Un bel di vedremo* as he sang for this particular
stranger who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.
We knew George would like it like that.
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins in the coffin which was white because George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, hon, get yourself a drink.
"You can call me Georgia, hon, get yourself a drink!"

Waitin

Poet: Arnold Weinstein

Waitin, waitin,
I've been waitin, waitin, waitin all my life.
That light keeps on hiding from me, but it someday just might bless my sight.
Waitin, waitin, waitin.