

Texts and Translations

Excerpts from *Sechs Lieder, Op. 13*

Liebeszauber

Poetry by Emanuel Geibel

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
im Rosenbusch und sang;
es flog der wunder süße Schall
den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang,—da stieg im Kreis
aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
und leiser ging die Luft;

die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
geplätschert von den Höh'n,
die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
war nur sein Widerhall.

Sie liebten sich beide

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
nur noch zuweilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
und wussten es selber kaum.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
und das geliebte Antlitz
heimlich zu leben begann.

Love, like a nightingale,
perched in a rosebush and sang;
with sweetest wonder flew the sound
along the woodland green.

And as it rang, there arose a scent
from a thousand buds,
and all the treetops rustled softly,
and the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely
having babbled from the heights,
the fawns stood as though in a dream
and listened to the sound.

And bright and ever brighter flowed
the sun's beams down inside,
around blossoms, forest, and glen it poured
its golden red sunshine.

I made my way along the path
and also heard the sound.
Ah! All that I've sung since that hour
was merely its echo.

They loved each other, but neither
wished to tell the other;
they exchanged such hostile looks,
yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw
each other but only in dreams.
They died so long ago
and hardly knew it themselves.

I stood darkly dreaming
and stared at her picture,
and that beloved face
sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
ein Lächeln wunderbar,
und wie von Wehmutstränen
erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
mir von den Wangen herab,
und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
dass ich dich verloren hab!

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Poetry by Emanuel Geibel

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
da schläft in holdem Prangen
die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
aus manchem treuen Sinn
viel tausend Liebesgedanken
über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
still in die Welt hinaus.

Excerpts from *Clairières dans le ciel*

Poetry by Francis Jammes

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie,
et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce
dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.

Parfois, je suis triste

Parfois, je suis triste. Et soudain, je pense à elle.
Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.
Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, dedans son cœur, garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.

About her lips played
a wondrous smile,
and, as if they were about to fill with nostalgic tears,
her eyes glistened.

And my tears flowed
down my cheeks,
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

The moon rises silently
with its golden glow,
the weary earth then falls asleep
in beauty and splendor.

Many thousand loving thoughts
from many faithful minds
sway on the breezes
over those who slumber.

And down in the valley
the windows of my beloved's house sparkle;
but I in the darkness gaze
silently out into the world.

She had reached the bottom of the meadow,
and since the meadow was all a-blossom
with plants that like to grow in water,
I had picked these flooded flowers.
Soon, soaking wet, she returned to the top
of that flowery meadow.
She laughed and moved with the lanky grace
of girls who are too tall.
She looked the way lavender flowers do.

Sometimes I'm sad. And suddenly, I think of her.
Then, I am overjoyed. But I grow sad again
because I don't know how much she loves me.
She is a bright-souled girl,
and one who, in her heart, guards with jealousy
the unrivaled passion she will give to just one.

Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

She left before the lindens opened,
and since they flowered after she had gone,
I was amazed to see, my friends,
linden branches with no flowers on them.

The Heart of a Woman

Poetry by Georgia Douglas Johnson

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,
As a lone bird, soft winging, so restlessly on,
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night,
And enters some alien cage in its plight,
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
While it breaks, breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

Feast

Poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I drank at every vine.
The last was like the first.
I came upon no wine
So wonderful as thirst.

I gnawed at every root.
I ate of every plant.
I came upon no fruit
So wonderful as want.

Feed the grape and the bean
To the vintner and monger:
I will lie down lean
With my thirst and my hunger.

Sympathy

Poetry by Paul Laurence Dunbar

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from the chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
till the blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And the pain still throbs in the old, old scars

And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

Cowboy Songs

Bucking Bronco

Poetry by Belle Starr

My love is a rider, my love is a rider . . .
My true love is a rider, wild broncos he breaks,
though he promised to quit for my sake.
It's one foot in the stirrup and the saddle put on
with a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.
The first time I met him it was early one spring
a riding a bronco a high headed thing.
The next time I saw him 'twas late in the fall
a swinging the girls at Tomlinson's ball.
He gave me some presents among them a ring
the return that I gave him was a far better thing;
A young maiden's heart, I'd have you all know,
that he won it by riding his bucking bronco.
Now all young maidens, wherever you reside,
beware of the cowboy who swings rawhide,
He'll court you and pet you and leave you to go
in the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.

Lift Me Into Heaven Slowly

Poetry by Robert Creeley

Lift me into heaven slowly,
'cause my back's sore
and my mind's thoughtful
and I'm not even sure
I want to go.

Billy the Kid

Anonymous Poet

Billy was a bad man.
Carried a big gun.
He was always after good folks
and he kept them on the run.

He shot one every morning
to make his morning meal;
let a man sass him,
he was sure to feel his steel.

He kept folks in hot water,
stole from every stage,
when he was full of liquor
he was always in a rage.

He kept things boilin' over,
he stayed out in the brush,
when he was full of dead eye,
other folks'd better hush.

Billy was a bad man, but
one day he met a man
a whole lot badder
and now he's dead
and we ain't none the sadder.

Between the Bliss and Me

Poetry by Emily Dickinson

I gained it so

I gained it so,
By climbing slow,
By catching at the twigs that grow
Between the bliss and me.
It hung so high,
As well the sky
Attempt by strategy.

I said I gained it,—
This was all.
Look, how I clutch it,
Lest it fall,
And I a Pauper go;
Unfitted by an instant's Grace
For the Contented Beggar's face
I wore an hour ago.

A book

He ate and drank the precious Words,
His Spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was Dust.
He danced along the dingy Days,
And this Bequest of Wings

Was but a Book. What Liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

I could not prove

I could not prove the Years had feet—
Yet confident they run
Am I, from symptoms that are past
And Series that are done—

I find my feet have further Goals—
I smile upon the Aims
That felt so ample—Yesterday—
Today's—have vaster claims—

I do not doubt the self I was
Was competent to me—
But something awkward in the fit—
Proves that—outgrown—I see—

Excerpts from *Moments in Sonder* Poetry by Maya Angelou

Senses of Insecurity

I couldn't tell fact from fiction
or if my dream was true,
The only sure prediction
in this whole world was you.
I'd touched your features inchly
heard love and dared the cost.
The scented spiel reeled me unreal
and found my senses lost.

Passing Time

Your skin like dawn
Mine like dusk.

One paints the beginning
of a certain end.

The other, the end of a
sure beginning.

Tears

Tears
The crystal rags
Viscous tatters
of a worn-through soul.

Moans

Deep swan song
Blue farewell
of a dying dream.

Greyday

The day hangs heavy
loose and grey
when you're away.

A crown of thorns
a shirt of hair
is what I wear.

No one knows
my lonely heart
when we're apart.

A Conceit

Give me your hand
Make room for me
to lead and follow you
beyond this rage of poetry.

Let others have
the privacy of
touching words
and love of loss
of love.

For me
Give me your hand.

Caoineadh na Máthar dá hIníon

Text by Máthair Dhiarmaid Mhic Cárthaigh

Caoine ar Dhiarmaid Mac Cárthaigh ó Ráth Dubháin,
a bhí 'na Cheannuighe Ime i gCorcaigh

Mo chara thú is mo stór,
A Mháire dheas, iníon Eoghain,
Ná raibh beag ná mór
Is a bhí sa múnla cóir:
Do stopadh na fir dá ngnó
Na leanáí suas den spórt,
Agus na capaill do bhíodh sa bhfód,
Ag éisteacht le fuaim do cheoil
Maidin aoibhinn fhómhair
Sa mhacha ag crú na mbó.
Mo ghrá thú is mo chumann,

A Mother's Lament for Her Daughter

A Lament for Diarmaid McCarthy of Ráth
Dubháin, who was a butter merchant in the city of
Cork (Ireland)

Dear love and precious one,
Sweet Mháire, daughter of Eoghan,
who was neither small nor big,
but perfectly shaped;
who would halt the men from work,
or the children from their play,
or the horses in the field,
listening to your song,
on a lovely autumn morning,
as you milked the cows outdoors.
Dear love and beloved,

A ghamhain na gamhnaí bige,
A bhruscair na saille,
Agus a shúlach an ime,
Nár cáineadh riamh agamsa
(Agus má cáineadh, níor thuigeas),
Chun gur chuais-se uaim chun suite
Ag bun Chloch Bhuaile Bige,
Go dtí Maití Sín na Circe . . .

Mo chara is mo chiall thú,
Is do ghabhadh sé den tsrian ort,
Is d'fhuip naoi n-iall ort,
Is den mhaide ina ndiaidh sin;
Níor insis-se riamh é,
Go bhfuair sa a rian ort
Ar an leaba tar éis bliana ort.

Excerpts from *Songs for the African Violet*

Poetry by Jasmine Barnes

Flowers

Flowers
water your flowers.
Flowers
water them,
for you never know when you'll ever see your flowers again.
Flowers, She is a flower.
Flower she is!
She is a flower that flows in the wind,
plucked from the ground.
African Violet,
How we have wronged you!
We took your beauty selfishly,
harvesting your charm!
African Violet,
oh how we mourn you!
For once you were so radiant, but now,
you're lifeless.
How could we leave you lifeless
expecting you to grow?
Everyone loves the African Violet,
until it's been completely PLUCKED.
Flowers
water your flowers.
Flowers
water them,
for you never know when you'll ever see your flowers again.

Dear little calf's calf,
Dear delicious crumbs of bacon,
Dear juice of the butter,
whom I never criticized
(Or if I did, didn't realize),
till you left me and settled
below in Cloghboley,
with Maití Sín na Circe.

My friend and my dear one,
he beat you with the bridle,
with the nine-thonged whip,
and then with a stick;
But you never told me,
Till I found the marks on you
in bed a year later.

Crowned

She stares in the mirror,
eyes filled with wishful thinking,
hoping and wishing,
her hair would detangle itself.
Worn with the pressures of society!
“Straighten it!”
”Hide your hair!”
No place to go,
head held low,
heart filled with despair.
She doesn't know her hair sits high, because it is a Crown!
A Crown!
Let your hair defy gravity!
A Crown!
You've been Crowned by God within!
Your Crown won't flop, 'less you make it flop!
Your Crown won't break, 'less you break it!
When You've been Crowned by God within,
there's no way no man can take it!
You were born into royalty,
and then told you're a slave,
but one thing I know for certain dear
is that they can't take your Crown away!
No they can't take your Crown away!

Spinning Wheel

Poetry by An-seo Kim

물레나 바퀴는 슬스리 시르렁 슬스리 시르렁 흥겨이 돌아도 The water wheel is spinning with excitement,
사람의 한 세상 시름에 돈다오 a person's life is spinning with anxiety.

Loom Song

Poetry by Jung-hee Ko

내 땀의 한 방울도 날줄에 스며
그대 영혼 감싸기에 따뜻하거라
고즈너기 풀어 감은 고통의 실꾸리
한평생 오가는 만남의 잉아
우리님 생각과 실실이 짜여
새벽바람 막아줄 실비단이거라
기다리마
기다리마
하루에도 열두 번 끊기는 실이여
무작정 풀리기엔 무서운 맘이거든
단번에 끝내기엔 아쉬운 밤이거든

A drop of my sweat seeps onto the looming threads,
warm enough to embrace my lover's soul.
Each thread pulls out my pain,
and winding around like heddles,*
my thoughts weave, thinking of him.
This silk will block the early morning wind.
I will wait.
I will wait.
The threads break twelve times a day.
Recklessly untangling my pain is scary.
I cannot rid myself of this love all at once.

*heddles: a set of looped wires or cords in a loom with an eye in the center through which a warp yarn is passed.

허천들린 사랑가
평생동안 흘린 눈물 모조리 스며
그대 아픔 덮어주는 비단길이거라
비단길이거라
비단길이거라

A love song in vain,
all the tears I shed permeate the silk.
It's a silk road that covers up your pain.
It's a silk road.
It's a silk road.

Where the Light Begins

Poetry by Jan Richardson

Perhaps it does not begin.
Perhaps it is always.
Perhaps it takes a lifetime
to open our eyes,
to learn to see—
the luminous line of the map in the dark,
the vigil flame in the house of the heart,
the love so searing
we can't keep from singing,
from crying out.

Perhaps this day the light begins,
We are where the light begins.
Perhaps it does not begin.
Perhaps it is always.