

## “The Sound of Solace”

### *Texts and Translations*

#### **Silent Noon**

*Poetry by Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,—  
the finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly  
hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky,—  
so this winged hour is dropped to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
when twofold silence was the song of love.

#### **Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen**

*Poetry by Heinrich Heine*

Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen  
traulich im leichten Kahn;  
die Nacht war still und wir schwammen  
auf weiter Wasserbahn.

Die Geisterinsel, die schöne  
lag dämmernd im Mondenglanz;  
dort klangen liebe Töne  
und wogte der Nebeltanz.

Dort klang es lieb und lieber,  
und wogt' es hin und her;  
wir aber schwammen vorüber,  
ruhig auf weitem Meer.

#### **Dein blaues Auge**

*Poetry by Klaus Groth*

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,  
ich blicke bis zum Grund.  
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?  
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,  
noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl.  
Das deine ist wie See so klar  
und wie ein See so kühl.

My love, we sat together,  
cozy in our light boat;  
the night was still and we drifted  
along a wide waterway.

The beautiful haunted island  
lay dimly in the moonlight;  
sweet music was sounding there,  
and dancing mists were swirling.

The sounds grew sweeter and sweeter,  
and the mists swirled this way and that;  
we, however, drifted past,  
peaceful on the wide open sea.

Your blue eyes stay so still,  
I look into their depths.  
You ask me what I want to see?  
Myself restored to health.

A pair of ardent eyes have burned me,  
the pain of it still throbs.  
Yet your eyes are like the sea, so clear,  
and like a lake, so cool.

## **Botschaft**

*Poetry by Georg Friedrich Daumer*

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich  
um die Wange der Geliebten,  
spiele zart in ihrer Locke,  
eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!  
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,  
wie es um mich Armen stehe,  
sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,  
höchst bedenklich seine Lage;  
aber jetzo kann er hoffen  
wieder herrlich aufzuleben,  
denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn."

Blow, breezes, gently and lovingly  
about the cheeks of my beloved,  
play tenderly with her locks,  
make no haste to fly away!  
If perhaps she should chance to ask  
how things are with wretched me,  
tell her: "His sorrow has been unending,  
his condition most grave;  
but now he can hope  
to revel in life once more,  
because you, fair one, are thinking of him."

## **Into the Night**

*Poetry by Clara Edwards*

Silently into the night I go,  
into the fragrant night,  
I know not where;  
the path is strange—  
my weary steps are slow—  
I do not find you there.

I turn my gaze toward the morning sun  
as from the east he comes thro' the dark and the dew;  
the flowers lift their heads—the night is gone—  
but where are you?

The countless weary steps I do not heed  
tho' they be over land or boundless sea;  
I care not where the road may lead  
if I but come again at last to thee.

Silently into the night I go,  
into the starry night of heavenly blue;  
what matters where the road may lead  
if I but come again at last to you!

Silently, silently I come to you!

## **Cinq mélodies populaires grecques**

*Poetry by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi*

### **Chanson de la mariée**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,  
Spread your wings to the morning,  
Three beauty marks, and my heart's ablaze!

Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,  
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

See the golden ribbon I bring you  
to tie around your hair.  
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!  
In our two families, everyone is related!

### **Là-bas, vers l'église**

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
l'église Ayio Costandino,  
se sont réunis,  
rassemblés en nombre infini,  
du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
du monde tous les plus braves!

Down there, by the church,  
by the church of Saint Sideros,  
the church, O Holy Virgin,  
the church of Saint Constantine,  
are gathered together,  
buried in infinite numbers,  
the bravest people, O Holy Virgin,  
the bravest people in the world!

### **Quel galant m'est comparable**

Quel galant m'est comparable,  
d'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant can compare with me?  
Among those seen passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu . . .  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

See, hanging from my belt,  
pistols and my sharp sword . . .  
and it's you I love!

### **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**

Ô joie de mon âme,  
joie de mon coeur,  
trésor qui m'est si cher;  
joie de l'âme et du cœur,  
toi que j'aime ardemment,  
tu es plus beau qu'un ange.  
Ô lorsque tu parais,  
ange si doux  
devant nos yeux,  
comme un bel ange blond,  
sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Oh joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure so dear to me;  
joy of the soul and of the heart,  
you whom I love with passion,  
you are more beautiful than an angel.  
Oh when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
before our eyes,  
like a lovely blond angel  
under the bright sun—  
alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

### **Tout gai!**

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
tra la la la la!

Everyone is joyful! Joyful!  
Beautiful legs, tireli, that dance;  
beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!  
tra la la la!

### **Du är min Afrodite**

*Poetry by Pär Lagerqvist*

You are my Aphrodite, born out of the sea,  
as light as the wave's foam of ocean spray  
lifted in the sunlight.  
And you are my deep dark sea,  
my life, my dark grave,  
my heart's unrest, a heavy peace,  
all that has never been allowed to live in the sun.

### **När du sluter mina ögon**

*Poetry by Pär Lagerqvist*

When you close my eyes  
with your gentle hand  
all becomes light around me  
as in a sunlit land.  
You want to immerse me in twilight,  
but all is light.  
You give me nothing but light.

### **Som en våg**

*Poetry by Pär Lagerqvist*

Like a wave, washed up on the beach,  
you rest with me.  
When I caress you with my hand,  
the sea trembles within you.  
Deep sea, that gave you birth.  
  
Come close to me, near to me,  
depth that has become you.  
This which trembles within you  
is your heart, of course,  
is a human heart, of course.

### **after all white horses are in bed**

*Poetry by e e cummings*

after all white horses are in bed  
will you walking beside me, my very lady,  
touch lightly my eyes  
and send life out of me  
and the night absolutely into me

### **Ten Thousand Miles Away**

*Traditional folk song*

Sing I for a brave and a gallant barque;  
for a stiff and a rattling breeze,  
a bully crew and a captain true,  
to carry me o'er the seas.

To carry me o'er the seas, my boys,  
to my true love so gay,  
who went on a trip on a Government ship  
ten thousand miles away!

Oh, blow, ye winds, hi oh!  
A-roaming I will go.  
I'll stay no more on England's shore  
so let the music play.

I'll start by the morning train  
to cross the raging main,  
for I'm on the road to my own true love,  
ten thousand miles away.

My true love she was handsome,  
my true love she was young.  
Her eyes were blue as the violet's hue,  
and silvery was the sound of her tongue.

And silvery was the sound of her tongue, my boys,  
and while I sing this lay,  
she's a-doing of the grand in a far off land,  
ten thousand miles away.

Oh, blow, ye winds, hi oh!  
A-roaming I will go.  
I'll stay no more on England's shore,  
so let the music play.

I'll start by the morning train  
to cross the raging main,  
for I'm on the road to my own true love,  
ten thousand miles away.

### **My God Is So High**

*Traditional spiritual*

My God is so high,  
you can't get over Him,  
He's so low,  
you can't get under Him,  
He's so wide  
you can't get around Him,  
you must come in,  
by'n through de Lam'.

One day as I was a walkin'  
along de Heb'nly road  
my Savior spoke unto me  
an' He filled my heart wid love.

My God is so high,  
you can't get over Him,  
He's so low,  
you can't get under Him,  
He's so wide  
you can't get around Him,  
you must come in,  
by'n through de Lam'.

I'll take my gospel trumpet,  
an' I'll begin to blow  
an' if my Savior help me  
I'll blow wherever I go.

My God is so high,  
you can't get over Him,  
He's so low,  
you can't get under Him,  
He's so wide  
you can't get around Him,  
you must come in,  
by'n through de Lam'.

### **In Bright Mansions Above**

*Traditional spiritual*

In bright mansions above,  
Lord, I want to live up yonder  
in bright mansions above.

My father's gone to glory  
I want to go there too.  
Lord, I want to live up yonder  
in bright mansions above.

### **Hold Out Your Light**

*Traditional spiritual*

Hold out your light ye heaven bound soldiers,  
let your light shine around this world.

Oh, sister won't you hold out your light?  
Let your light shine around this world.

Hold out your light ye heaven bound soldiers,  
let your light shine around this world.

Oh, brother won't you hold out your light?  
Let your light shine around this world.

Hold out your light ye heaven bound soldiers,  
let your light shine around this world.

Oh, people won't you hold out your light?  
Oh, sister, oh, brother, won't you hold out your light?  
Let your light shine around this world.

### **Should This Life Deceive You**

*Poetry by Alexander Pushkin*

Should this life deceive you,  
don't be sad or angry.  
On a gloomy day, trust:  
a fairer day will come.

Our hearts live in the future,  
so what if gloom pervades the present?  
All is fleeting, all will go;  
and delight will return tomorrow.

### **We Remember Them**

*Text by Sylvan Kamens and Rabbi Jack Riemer*

At the blueness of the skies  
and in the warmth of summer;  
at the opening of the buds  
and in rebirth of spring;  
at the rising of the sun  
and at its going down;  
we remember them.

At the blowing of the wind  
and in the chill of winter;  
at the rustling of the leaves  
and beauty of autumn time;  
at the start of the year  
and when it ends;  
we remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live.

When we are weary  
and in need of strength;  
when we are lost  
and sick at heart;  
when we have joy  
we crave to share;  
we remember them.