

## **“Phenomenal Women: Spring’s Renewal”**

### **Texts and Translations**

#### **Music of Life**

Poetry by George Parsons Lathrop (1851-1898)

Music is in all growing things;  
And underneath the silky wings  
Of smallest insects there is stirred  
A pulse of air that must be heard.  
Music is in all growing things.

Music is in all growing things.  
Earth’s silence lives, and throbs, and sings.  
If poet from the vibrant strings  
Of his poor heart a measure flings,  
Music is in all growing things.

Laugh not, that he no trumpet blows,  
Music is in all growing things, music,  
It may be that Heaven hears and knows,  
His language of low listenings.  
Music, music is in all living things.

#### **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

Poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab’ ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

#### **Aus meinen Tränen**

Poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk ich dir die Blumen all,  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

#### **Blumenlied**

Poetry by Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776)

Es ist ein halbes Himmelreich,  
wenn Paradieses Blumen gleich,

#### **In the lovely month of May**

In the lovely month of May,  
when all the buds were bursting,  
then within my heart  
love broke forth.

In the lovely month of May,  
when all the birds were singing,  
then I confessed to her  
my longing and desire.

#### **From my tears**

From my tears burst  
many blooming flowers,  
and my sighs become  
a chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
I’ll give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

#### **Flower Song**

It is almost half of heaven’s kingdom  
when, like blossoms of paradise,

aus Klee die Blumen dringen;  
Und wenn die Vögel silberhell  
im Garten hier und dort am Quell,  
auf Blütenbäumen singen.

Doch holder blüht ein liebes Weib,  
von Seele gut und schön von Leib,  
in frischer Jugendblüte.  
wir lassen alle Blumen stehn,  
das holde Weibchen anzusehn,  
und freun uns ihrer Güte.

### **Die stille Lotosblume**

Poetry by Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

Die stille Lotosblume  
steigt aus dem blauen See,  
die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,  
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel  
all' seinen gold'nen Schein,  
gießt alle seine Strahlen  
in ihren Schooß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume  
kreiset ein weißer Schwan,  
er singt so süß, so leise  
und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise  
und will im Singen vergehn.  
O Blume, weiße Blume,  
kannst du das Lied verstehn?

### **Mailed**

Poetry by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Wie herrlich leuchtet  
mir die Natur!  
Wie glänzt die Sonne,  
wie lacht die Flur.

Es dringen Blüten  
aus jedem Zweig  
Und tausend Stimmen  
aus dem Gesträuch.

Und Freud und Wonne  
aus jeder Brust.  
O Erd', o Sonne!  
O Glück, o Lust!

O Mädchen, Mädchen,  
wie lieb' ich dich!

the flowers emerge from the clover;  
and when the birds sing with silvery voices  
in the garden here and there, by the stream,  
in the blossoming trees.

Yet even lovelier blooms the noble lady,  
good-hearted and fair,  
in the fresh bloom of youth.  
We let the flowers be  
to gaze at this lovely little woman,  
and delight in her goodness.

### **The silent lotus flower**

The silent lotus flower  
rises out of the blue lake,  
its leaves glitter and glow,  
its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven  
all its golden light,  
pours all its rays  
into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,  
a white swan circles,  
it sings so sweetly, so quietly,  
and gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,  
and wishes to die as it sings.  
O flower, white flower,  
can you fathom the song?

### **May Song**

How wondrously  
does Nature shine for me!  
How the sun sparkles,  
how the meadow laughs!

Blossoms burst forth  
from every branch  
and a thousand voices  
from the bushes.

And joy and bliss  
from every breast;  
O Earth, oh Sun,  
Oh Happiness, oh Joy!

Oh maiden, maiden,  
how I love you!

Wie blickt dein Auge,  
wie liebst du mich!

So hebt die Lerche  
Gesang und Luft,  
Und Morgenblumen  
den Himmelsduft.

Wie ich dich liebe  
mit warmem Blut,  
Die du mir Jugend  
und Freud und Mut

Zu neuen Liedern  
und Tänzten giebst.  
Sei ewig glücklich,  
wie du mich liebst!

### **L'heure exquise**

Poetry by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois ;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée . . .  
Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure . . .  
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre  
Apaînement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l'astre irise . . .  
C'est l'heure exquise.

### **Brume**

Poetry by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée  
Meurt comme de la fumée  
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,  
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême  
Te mira blême toi-même,  
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées  
Tes espérances noyées!

Oh how you gaze at me,  
oh how you love me!

The lark loves  
Song and Breeze,  
and morning flowers,  
the scent of heaven.

As I love you  
with warm blood,  
you who gives me youth  
and joy and cheer

for new songs  
and new dances.  
Be forever happy  
in loving me so!

### **The Exquisite Hour**

The white moon  
gleams in the woods;  
from every branch  
there comes a voice  
beneath the boughs . . .  
O my beloved.

The pool reflects,  
deep mirror,  
the silhouette  
of the black willow  
where the wind is weeping . . .  
Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender  
consolation  
seems to fall  
from the sky  
that the moon illumines . . .  
It is the exquisite hour.

### **Haze**

The shadow of the trees in the misty stream  
dies like smoke,  
while up above, in the real branches,  
the turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,  
watched you yourself fade,  
and how sadly in the lofty leaves  
your drowned hopes were weeping!

### Spleen

Poetry by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les roses étaient toutes rouges  
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.  
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,  
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.  
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.  
Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.  
Du houx à la feuille vernie  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,  
Et de la campagne infinie  
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

### Wir drei

Poetry by Hans Eschelbach (1868-1948)

Wo tief versteckt im Grunde  
Der Bach vorüber rauscht,  
Hat uns in stiller Stunde  
Der junge Lenz belauscht.  
Er fragte was mir machten,  
Und nickte hold uns zu;  
Wir sah'n uns an und lachten;  
Der Lenz und ich und du!

An seiner Seite gingen  
Wir durch die weite Welt,  
Das gab ein Blüh'n und Singen,  
In Wiese, Wald und Feld.  
Auf allen unser'n Wegen  
Rief ich dir jauchzend zu:  
"Wir zieh'n dem Glück entgegen,  
Der Lenz und ich und du!"

Die höchste Höhe leuchtet,  
Es glänzt das tiefste Thal,  
Dein Auge glückgefeuchtet,  
Ist wie der Sonne Strahl!  
Die Lerche hebt die Schwingen  
Und strebt dem Himmel zu,  
Und Liebeslieder singen,  
Der Lenz und ich und du!

### Je demande à l'oiseau

Poetry by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe  
Sur les arbres, sans s'y poser,  
Qu'il t'apporte, à travers l'espace,  
La caresse de mon baiser.

Je demande à la brise pleine  
De l'âme mourante des fleurs,

### Spleen

All the roses were red  
and the ivy was all black.  
Dear, at your slightest move,  
all my despair revives.  
The sky was too blue, too tender,  
the sea too green, the air too mild.  
I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—  
one of your agonizing departures.  
I am weary of the glossy holly,  
of the gleaming box-tree too,  
and the boundless countryside  
and everything, alas, but you!

### We Three

Where hidden far down in the valley  
the brook rushes past,  
in a quiet hour  
the young Spring eavesdropped on us.  
She asked what we were up to,  
and nodded lovingly at us;  
we looked at each other and laughed;  
Spring and I and you!

At her side we wandered  
through the wide world,  
there was blooming and singing  
in meadow, forest, and field.  
All along our pathways  
I called to you rejoicing:  
"We are traveling toward happiness,  
Spring and I and you!"

The highest height is glowing,  
the deepest valley is shining,  
Your eyes, bedewed with happiness  
are like the beams of the sun!  
The lark lifts its wings  
and strives toward Heaven,  
and we are singing love songs,  
Spring and I and you!

### I ask the bird

I ask the bird who passes  
over the trees without landing  
if he will carry to you, across the expanse,  
the caress of my kiss.

I ask the breeze filled  
with the dying soul of flowers

De prendre un peu de ton haleine  
Pour en venir sécher mes pleurs.

Ah! Je demande au soleil de flamme,  
Qui boit la sève et fait les vins,  
Qu'il aspire toute mon âme,  
Et la verse à tes pieds divins!

### **Fairy Lullaby**

Text from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

### **in Just-spring**

Poetry by e.e. cummings (1894-1962)

in Just-  
spring        when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles        far        and wee

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far        and        wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
      the

      goat-footed

balloonMan        whistles  
far  
and  
wee

to take a little of your breath  
to dry my tears.

Ah! I ask of the burning sun,  
which drinks the sap and makes the wine,  
if it will breathe in all of my soul  
and pour it at your divine feet!

### **this is the garden**

Poetry by e. e. cummings (1894-1962)

this is the garden:colours come and go,  
frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing  
strong silent greens serenely lingering,  
absolute lights like baths of golden snow.  
This is the garden:pursed lips do blow  
upon cool flutes within wide glooms,and sing  
(of harps celestial to the quivering string)  
invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap  
and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,  
in other lands where other songs be sung;  
yet stand They here enraptured,as among  
the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep  
some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

### **sweet spring is your time**

Poetry by e. e. cummings (1894-1962)

sweet spring is your  
time is my time is our  
time for springtime is lovetime  
and viva sweet love

(all the merry little birds are  
flying in the floating in the  
very spirits singing in  
are winging in the blossoming)

lovers go and lovers come  
awandering awondering  
but any two are perfectly  
alone there's nobody else alive

(such a sky and such a sun  
i never knew and neither did you  
and everybody never breathed  
quite so many kinds of yes)

not a tree can count his leaves  
each herself by opening  
but shining who by thousands mean  
only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly  
tiny winging darting floating  
merry in the blossoming  
always joyful selves are singing)

sweet spring is your  
time is my time is our  
time for springtime is lovetime  
and viva sweet love

## **Young Love in Spring**

Poetry by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

When the March winds roar like a lion,  
And the last little snowflakes drift down  
From a half dreary, half happy April sky,  
And then lovely May rolls around,  
And I walk with you down a country lane,  
We know that spring has come again.

When the rising sun laughs at the dawn,  
And the scent of the soil's warm and sweet,  
And the little green sprouts peep  
Out of the earth and grow upward,  
The sunshine to greet,  
And we find a violet beside the way,  
We know that spring has come to stay,  
Spring has come our way.

When I look at you in the haze  
Of the twilight's last lingering glow,  
In the half dusky, half starry evening sky,  
Where sweet scented winds gently blow,  
And our dreams, like birds heading homeward, soar,  
we know that spring has come once more.

## **Spring**

Poetry by Florence Price (1887-1953)

There are promise and pleasure and hope in the spring,  
That beckon, and reckon the future. I know.  
The bud and the bee, swaying low on the lea,  
The dove cooing late  
To his nesting mate  
In a dream of ecstasy.

There are laughter and magic and joy in the spring,  
That capture, enrapture my heart. I know.  
A lilt on the breeze, That is tossed by the trees,  
Which doth for me weave  
Like a thrush above  
A song of ecstasy.

Ah! There are madness and gladness and nothing of sadness  
That will me and thrill me and fill me I know  
Life and its weal are to give and to feel  
The soul that can ache,  
The heart that can break  
With a pain of ecstasy.

## **Night**

Poetry by Louise C. Wallace (1902-1973)

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.  
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,  
She lights her stars, and turns to where,

Beneath her silver lamp the moon,  
Upon a couch of shadow lies  
A dreamy child,  
The wearied Day.

### **In the Springtime**

Text from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*

In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

### **He's Got the Whole World in His Hand**

Traditional Spiritual

He's got the whole world in His hand,  
He's got the whole world in His hand,  
He's got the whole world in His hand,  
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got the woods and the waters in His hand,  
He's got the woods and the waters in His hand,  
He's got the sun and the moon right in His hand,  
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got the birds and the bees right in His hand,  
He's got the birds and the bees right in His hand,  
He's got the beast of the field right in His hand,  
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got you and me right in His hand,  
He's got you and me right in His hand,  
He's got everybody in His hand,  
He's got the whole world in His hand.

### **You Can Tell the World**

Traditional Spiritual

You can tell the world about this,  
You can tell the nation about that,  
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,  
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,  
And He brought joy, joy, joy to my soul.

He took my feet out the mercy clay  
Yes, He did  
Yes, He did  
He placed them on the Rock to stay  
Yes, He did  
Yes, He did

You can tell the world about this,  
You can tell the nation about that,  
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,

Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,  
And He brought joy, joy, joy to my soul.

My Lawd done done jes what He said  
Yes, He did  
Yes, He did  
He healed the sick and raised the dead  
Yes, He did  
Yes, He did

You can tell the world about this,  
You can tell the nation about that,  
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,  
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,  
And He brought joy, joy, joy to my soul.

### **Now Spring in All Her Glory**

Anonymous text from Diprose's Royal Songbook of 1845

Now spring in all her glory,  
With blessings from on high,  
Descends to comfort every heart  
and gladden every eye.

The streams no longer frozen,  
Their peaceful course pursue;  
And buds and opening blossoms  
Receive the morning dew.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring!

Stern Winter, dark and frowning,  
Has left us for awhile;  
And Spring with life and vigorous youth  
Does make creation smile.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring!

Awake my love, my dear one,  
And join our joyful roundelay,  
As o'er the hill and valley run,  
We dance the day away.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring!