

Alas Beloved

Alas beloved, alas sorrow, Alas life's charming affliction, Alas Hyacinth, alas dewy balm, Alas you sweet sugarcane of my heart and life. Through your ambush I am separated from the world. The miracle has conquered me in such a way that I am spiritless. Heart, body and strength of soul have surrendered my life, Since they experience no other joys Compared to how they praise you with love.

A Woman Stood Alone

A woman stood alone and watched over the countryside and was on the lookout for her sweetheart. There she saw the falcons flying. "Happy are you, Falcon! You fly to where your beloved is: You choose a tree in the forest which pleases you. Thus have I done, too: I chose for myself a friend which my eyes selected. Beautiful women are jealous over him. Oh dear! when will they leave my beloved alone to me? After all, I wanted none of their darlings."

Under The Lime Tree

Under the lime tree on the heath, there was our camp, there could be found her beautiful broken flowers and grass. In front of the forest in a valley—Tandaradei—a nightingale sang beautifully.

I came on foot to the pasture where my beloved had already come. There I was welcomed—Gracious Maiden!—I will be happy forevermore. Did he kiss me? Indeed, a thousand times: Tandaradei—See how red my mouth is!

There he had made a magnificent bed of flowers. Then he laughs very heartily as he comes along the path. Perhaps he wished to mark on the roses—Tandaradei—Where my head rested.

He lay beside me That someone would know it (God forbid!), I was so ashamed. How he was with me Never, no one Discovers this except he and I and a little bird, Tandaradei—This can surely be kept secret.

ERIK SATIE

LUDIONS — BOTTLE IMPS

(poems by Léon-Paul Fargue)

Ludion is a little figurine suspended in a hollow ball which descends or rises in a vase filled with water depending on whether or not one presses down on the elastic membrane that covers the mouth of the vase. The songs in this group are nonsense songs depending for much of their charm and humour on word-play.

The first and last poems in this set are written in a kind of punning nonsense language associated with the nursery and the high jinks of parents entertaining their children. Such whimsy appealed strongly to Satie. Fargue's poem recall Edward Lear, and perhaps Edith Sitwell's 'Facade'. Also the sound poems of the contemporary Austrian Ernst Jandl. They are untranslatable into prose paraphrase.

The Diva of The Empire

Beneath the huge "Greenaway" hat Bursting with laughter, Laughter charming and fresh Amazed and sighing baby doll, Little girl with velvety eyes, She is the Diva of "The Empire", She is the queen to whom the gentlemen And Piccadill dandies lose their hearts.

With just one "yes" she gives out so much sweetness That all the hearty snobs in waistcoats Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs, Spray the stage with flowers Without noticing the cunning smile On her pretty little face.

She dances almost automatically And raises so modestly Her hem to show her pretty underfrills; Shows her quivering legs. It's very very innocent and at the same time Very very exciting.

Mandolin Serenade

The serenading swains And their lovely listeners Exchange insipid remarks Under the singing boughs. There is Tircis and there is Aminta, And the eternal Clitander, And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies fashion: many tender verses. Their short silken vests, Their long dresses with trains, Their elegance, their gaiety And their soft blue shadows Whirl madly in the ecstasy Of a moon rose and gray, And the mandolin chatters Amid the trembling of the breeze.

On the Bank of the River

To sit together on the bank of the flowing stream, watching it flow; together, if a cloud floats by in space, to watch it floating by; on the horizon, if a thatched roof is smoking, to watch the smoke; around us, if some flower is fragrant, to bathe in its fragrance; to listen, at the foot of the willow where the water murmurs, to the murmuring of the water; while this dream lasts, not to feel the passing of time; not feeling deep passion, only adoring each other; without concern for the disputes of the world, to know nothing of them; and alone together seeing all that grows weary without wearying of each other; to feel that love in face of all that passes, will never pass!

Arpège—Arpeggio

The soul of a flute is sighing deep in the melodious park; limpid is the shadow wherein one breathes your silent poem.

Langourous night, deluding night, placing, with an undulating gesture, in your dreamy hair the moon, jewel of the Orient.

Sylva, Sylvie and Sylvanire, fair ones with eyes of changing blue, the star is mirrored in the fountains, go follow the silvered paths, go quickly, the hour is so short, to gather in the garden of avowals the hearts which are dying of the dream of expiring amid your hair! (Albert Samain; trans. Winifred Radford)

The Roses of Ispahan

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss, the jasmines of Mosul, the flowers of the orange-tree, have a fragrance less fresh, a scent less sweet, O pale Leilah! than your light breath.

Your lips are coral and your lilting laugh has a better sound than running water, and a sweeter voice.

Better than the joyous breeze that rocks the orange-tree, better than the bird that sings on the edge of its mossy nest.

O Leilah! since on light wing all the kisses are flown from your sweet lips, there is no longer any fragrance in the pale orange-tree, no divine aroma from the roses in their moss.

Oh! that your young love, this airy butterfly, may return to my heart on quick, sweet wing, and once again give fragrance to the flower of the orange-tree, to the roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

Trans Winifred Radford

The Rose

I shall voice the Rose with the graceful folds, The Rose is the perfumed breath of the Gods, The most beloved care of the divine Muses! I shall voice of your glory, O charmer of my eyes, O flower of Cypris, queen of the hills!

You bloom between Dawn's beautiful fingers Separating the gloomy shadows; The blue air becomes rose-coloured, and the woods too; The mouths and bosoms of the maidens are rose coloured!

Happy the maiden with the rounded arms Who gathers you in the humid bru hwood. Happy the young brow where you are aglow! Happy the bowl where your leaf swims!

Still streaming with the paternal billow, When from the blue sea fresh-blown Aphrodite Glittered naked in the gleaming of the sky, The jealous earth brought forth the rose: And all Olympus, glowing with love Greeted the flower with Beauty.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Das Lied der Trennung (K.E. Carl Schmidt)

God's angels weep when lovers part. How can I live, O maiden without you? A stranger to all joys I shall live for sorrow from now on! And you? Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever! I cannot forget her, this heart that she has sundered seems to beg me, sighing, "Oh friend, think of me." Ah yes, I will think of you, until they lower me into the grave. And you? Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever. Forgetfulness steals in a few hours what love has bestowed over years. As a hand can turn, so also can hearts. When new favors have driven my image from her, Oh God! Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever! Ah think of our parting! This tearless silence, this climbing and sinking of the heart; may it weigh upon you like the grim appearance of a ghost, if you think of someone else, if you ever forget me, forget God and yourself. Ah, think of our parting! This memorial, amid kisses impressed upon my mouth, may it guide me to you, this memorial on my mouth, though I come at midnight to warn you and announce myself, should Luisa forget me.

Als Luise die Briefe (Gabriele von Baumberg)

Begotten by warm imagination, in an hour of passion brought into the world, now perish, you children of melancholy. You owe your existence to fire, now to fire I return you and all your songs of passion, for, alas, he did not sing to me alone. You are burning now and soon, dear letters, no trace of you will remain. B-t ah, the man who wrote you will surely burn long hence within me!

Abendmfindung (J. H. Campe)

It is evening, the sun has gone down and the moon sheds its silvery beams. Life's loveliest hours are flying away, flying past us, like dancers. Soon life's colorful stage will fade and the curtain will descend; our games are done, the tears of friends are even now dropping on our graves. Soon it may be—as gently as a westwind the quiet thought comes to me—that I shall end life's pilgrimage and fly to the land of rest. If you weep upon my grave, if you look in mourning at my ashes, then, friends, I will appear before you and breathe the breath of heaven upon you. You, my friend, shed a tear also for me, and pick a violet from my grave and with soulful gaze look down gently at me. Vouchsafe me a tear and, ah, do not be ashamed to vouchsafe it. Oh, in my diadem it will be the fairest pearl of all.

Das Veilchen (Goethe)

A violet grew in the meadow, nodding is itself and unknown, it was a lovely violet. There came a young shepherdess with gentle step, and happy face, along the meadow and sang. "Ah", thought the violet, "if only I were the loveliest flower in all nature; ah, if only for a little while, until this dear creature picked me and pressed me tight to her bosom; ah, if only for a quarter hour." But alas, the girl came, and did not notice the violet; she trod on the poor violet. It sank, and died, but still was glad; "Even if I die, I still die through her, and at her feet." Poor violet, it was a lovely violet.

An die Einsamkeit (J. T. Hermes)

Oh solitude, how gently you refresh me. When my energies slacken, with warm longing. I seek you out as a wanderer, weary, seeks the shade. Oh, beloved solitude, just as evening's darkness leads into the peace of lovely nights, so does your quiet bring to me images of eternal night.

An Chloe (J. C. Jacobi)

When love looks out of your blue, bright, frank eyes, and, with longing to look within them my heart beats and glows, and I hold you and kiss your warm red cheeks, dear girl, and I enfold you trembling in my arms! Maiden, maiden, and I press you close to my bosom, which, in my last moments of dying, will only then let you go; that transported look is overcast by a sombre cloud, and I sit exhausted, then, but blissful beside you.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

In Spring

Quietly I sit on the side of the hill; the sky is so clear; the breeze plays in the green valley where I in the first light of spring once was so happy; where I walked at her side, so intimate and so near, and deep in the dark rock-spring saw the the beautiful heaven, blue and bright, and saw her in that heaven.

See how the colorful spring already looks out of the buds and blossoms! Not all the flowers are the same to me, I like best to pick from the branch from which she picked! For all is as it used to be, the flowers, the fields; the sun shines no less brightly, no less cheerfully floats in the spring the blue image of heaven.

Only the will and the fancy change, pleasure turns to strife; the happiness of love flees away, and only love remains behind—love and alas, sorrow! Oh, if I were only a bird there on the hillside meadow, then I would stay in the branches here and sing a sweet song about her all summer long.

Faith In Spring

The soothing breezes lightly play, and murmur and blow by night and day; new life waking where they're ranging, where'er they're ranging. O perfumes fresh, O music glad! O music glad! Now thou poor heart no more be sad, all things to beauty now are changing, all things to beauty now are changing.

The earth grows lovelier ev'ry day, unmark'd she dons more rich array, and flow'r's increase here ever, increase here ever; in the furthest, deepest vale. E'en in the deepest vale, do thou, poor heart, forget to wail; all things to beauty now are changing, all things to beauty now are changing.

Who Is Silvia

1. Who is Silvia? What is she? That all our swains commend her? Holy, fair and wise is she; The heaven such grace did lend her, That admired she might be.

The Young Nun

How fiercely the storm howls among the tree-tops! The rafters rattle, the house trembles; The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes! And the night is as dark as the grave! So without cease, There was tumult till lately within me also. My life was a ferment, as now the storm, My limbs were trembling, as now the house, Love flamed in me, as now the lightning. And my soul was dark as the grave. Now rage on, O wild and violent storm! In my heart there is peace, in my heart there is calm. The loving bride awaits the Bridegroom, Cleansed in the testing fire, Espoused to Eternal Love. I await my Saviour with longing gaze, Come, Heavenly Bridegroom, and fetch thy bride! Release my soul from its earthly prison! Hark, the bell peals softly from the tower, Its sweet tones summon me With infinite power to eternal heights! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The Poet

To ramble through field and forest, to pipe away my little song, so it goes from place to place! and to my beat and to my measure everything moves.

I can hardly wait for the first flower in the garden, the first bloom on the tree. They greet my songs, and when winter comes again I am still singing of that dream.

I sing it far and wide over the length and breadth of ice, and winter blossoms beautifully! These flowers also vanish, and new happiness is found in the upland farms.

For when under the linden I find the young people, at once I excite them. The dull boy struts, the stiff girl turns to my melody.

You give wings to my feet and drive over vale and hill your loved one, far from home. O dear, gentle muses, when shall I rest again upon her bosom at last?