

## TEXTS and TRANSLATIONS

### **Nada te turbe**

*Saint Teresa of Ávila (1515–1582)*

Nada te turbe  
nada te espante  
todo se pasa.  
Dios ne se muda.  
La paciencia todo alcanza  
Quien a Dios tiene,  
nada le falta  
Sólo Dios basta.

*Let nothing disturb you,  
nothing frighten you,  
All things are passing.  
God never changes.  
Patience obtains all things.  
Whoever has God  
lacks nothing.  
God is enough.*

### **Song of Miriam**

*Rabbi Ruth Sohn*

I, Miriam, stand at the sea  
and turn  
to face the desert  
stretching endless and  
still.  
My eyes are dazzled  
The sky brilliant blue  
Sunburnt sands unyielding white.  
My hands turn to dove wings.  
My arms  
reach  
for the sky  
and I want to sing  
the song rising inside me.  
My mouth open  
I stop.  
Where are the words?  
Where the melody?  
In a moment of panic  
My eyes go blind.  
Can I take a step  
Without knowing a  
Destination?  
Will I falter  
Will I fall  
Will the ground sink away from under me?  
The song still unformed—  
How can I sing?

To take the first step—  
To sing a new song—  
Is to close one's eyes  
and dive  
into unknown waters,  
For a moment knowing nothing risking all—  
But then to discover

The waters are friendly  
The ground is firm.  
And the song—  
the song rises again.  
Out of my mouth  
come words lifting the wind.  
And I hear  
for the first  
the song  
that has been in my heart  
silent  
unknown  
even to me.

## **When music sounds**

*Walter de la Mare (1873–1956)*

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,  
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;  
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees  
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise  
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,  
Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted face,  
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am  
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;  
While from Time's woods break into distant song  
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

## **The Circle Game**

*Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)*

Yesterday a child came out to wonder  
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar  
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder  
And tearful at the falling of a star  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons  
Skated over ten clear frozen streams  
Words like, when you're older, must appease him  
And promises of someday make his dreams  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now  
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town  
And they tell him,  
Take your time, it won't be long now  
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty  
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur  
coming true  
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams and  
plenty  
Before the last revolving year is through  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return, we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

## **Sie liebt mich**

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)*

Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich!  
Welch schreckliches Beben! Fühl' ich mich selber?  
Bin ich am Leben?  
Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich!

Ach, kann die Seele dich denn erfassen,  
Glück ohne Name kann ich dich lassen!  
Einmal erwacht, einmal erwacht! Glück ohne Name!  
Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich, ja! Sie liebt mich!

Ach, rings so anders! Bist du's noch, Sonne?  
Bist du's noch, Hütte?  
Trage die Wonne, Seliges Herz!  
Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich, ja! Sie liebt mich!

*She loves me, she loves me!  
What an exalted trembling -- am I aware of myself?  
Am I alive?  
She loves me, she loves me!*

*Oh, can the soul grasp you  
Happiness without a name can I leave you!  
Once awakened, once awakened! Happiness  
without a name!  
She loves me, she loves me, yes! She loves me!*

*Ah, everything around me is so different; sun, is that  
still you?  
Is that still you, little hut?  
Bear the joy, blessed heart!  
She loves me, she love me, yes! She loves me!  
(Translation: lieder.net)*

## **Liebst du um Schönheit**

*Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)*

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe den Frühling,  
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
O nicht mich liebe.  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,  
O ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

*If you love for beauty,  
Oh do not love me!  
Love the sun,  
It has gold hair!*

*If you love for youth,  
Oh do not love me!  
Love the spring-time  
That is young each year!*

*If you love for wealth,  
Oh do not love me!  
Love the mermaid,  
She has many limpid pearls!*

*If you love for love,  
Oh yes, love me!  
Love me forever;  
I will love you forevermore!  
(Translation: lieder.net)*

## Die Mainacht

Christoph Hölty (1748–1776)

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Selig preis' ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,  
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnt in Einem Nest,  
Ihrem singenden Gatten  
Tausend trauliche Küsse giebt.

Überhüllet von Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.

*When the silver moon twinkles through the bushes,  
And dusts the grass with its sleepy light,  
And the nightingale pipes like a flute,  
I wander mournfully from bush to bush.*

*I call you blessed then, fluting nightingale,  
For your beloved lives with you in one nest,  
And gives her singing spouse  
A thousand loving kisses.*

*Surrounded with leaves, a pair of doves coos  
Their delight to me, but I turn away,  
Seeking darker shadows,  
And a solitary tear flows.  
(Translation: lieder.net)*

## Lorelei

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei;  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei gethan.

*I'm looking in vain for the reason  
That I am so sad and distressed;  
A tale known for many a season  
Will not allow me to rest.*

*Cool is the air in the twilight  
And quietly flows the Rhine;  
The mountain top glows with a highlight  
From the evening sun's last shine.*

*The fairest of maiden's reposing  
So wonderously up there.  
Her golden treasure disclosing;  
She's combing her golden hair.*

*She combs it with comb of gold  
And meanwhile sings a song  
With melody strangely bold  
And overpoweringly strong.*

*The boatman in his small craft  
Is seized with longings, and sighs.  
He sees not the rocks fore and aft;  
He looks only up towards the skies.*

*I fear that the waves shall be flinging  
Both vessel and man to their end;  
That must have been what with her singing  
The Lorelei did intend.  
(Translation: lieder.net)*

## Penelope

*Cecilia Livingston after Homer's Odyssey*

What is it  
to be waiting?

What is it  
to be waiting  
for you?

Is it  
loving?

It is  
moving through me like a fire?

Desire?

Is it  
loneliness in empty rooms?

Stillness...

Old-fashioned lovers kiss  
did they ever miss  
each other?

When will you come home to me?  
When will I bloom again?

Darling boy.  
I breathe  
the same salt air,  
the same sun on my hair.

When they see the boats  
from the headland  
they'll strike up the band!

Darling boy  
will you ever again  
hold my hand  
while we're sleeping?

What is it  
to be waiting?

What is it  
to be waiting  
for you?

Is it  
loving?

Is it  
loneliness in empty rooms?

## From Behind the Caravan: Songs from Hâfez

*Khwajeh Shams al-Din Muhammad Hâfez-e Shirazi (ca. 1320–1390)*

*(Movement titles are followed by metrical marks denoting the traditional Persian scansion of the poem.)*

### I. we have come (from #366)

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Mâ, be-din dar, na pey-e heshmato jâh... âmade-'im;  
az-bad-e hâdese, 'injâ, be-panâh, âmade-'im.

*We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory...  
we have come.  
For shelter from ill-fortune, here... we have come.*

Rahro-e manzel-e 'eshqimo ze sarhadde 'adam,  
tâ, be-eqlim-e vojüd, in-hame râh... âmade-'im.

*Traveling along love's journey, from the borders of  
nothingness,  
Now into states of being, all this way... we have come.*

Langar-e helm-e to, ey kashti-ye tofiq<sup>o</sup>, kojâst?  
ke, dar in bahr-e karam, qarq-e gonâh... âmade-'im.

*O ship of grace, where is thy anchor of forbearance?  
For in this ocean of generosity, immersed in sin... we have  
come.*

Hâfez, in kherqe-ye pashmine bi-yandâz<sup>o</sup>, ke mâ  
az-pe-ye qâfele, bâ-'âtash-e 'âh... âmade-'im!

*Hâfez, throw off your woolen kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we,  
from behind the caravan, with the fire of sighing "ah!"... we  
have come.*

## II. suffer no grief (from #255)

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Yusof-e gom-gashte bâz-âyard be Kan'ân.  
Qam ma-khor.  
Kolbe-ye ahzân shavad, ruzi, golestân.  
Qam ma-khor...

Dar-biâbân, gar, be-shoq-e Ka'be, khâhi zad qadam,  
sar-zanesh-hâ, gar konad khâr-e moqilân,  
Qam ma-khor...  
Qam ma-khor, qam ma-khor, ey del.

Vin sar-e shuride bâz-âyard be-sâmân.  
Qam ma-khor...

O ey del, del-e qam-dide, ey! ey! Qam ma-khor...

Hich<sup>o</sup> râhi nist, ka-ân-râ nist pa-âyân.

*Joseph, forsaken, shall return to Canaan.  
Suffer no grief.  
From the thorny stalks of family grief, one day, a rose  
garden. Suffer no grief...*

*If you desire the Way and plant your pilgrim  
foot in the desert, then if the mighty Arabian  
thorn makes reproofs,  
Suffer no grief...  
Suffer no grief, suffer no grief, O heart.*

*Back to reason, comes this distraught head.  
Suffer no grief...*

*O heart, despairing heart, O! O! Suffer no grief...*

*There is no road that has no end.*

## III. closer to the fire (from #184)

- - - - // - - - - // - - - - // - - - -

Dush<sup>o</sup> didam ke malâ-yek dar-e mey-khâne za-dand;  
gel-e âdam be-seresht-and-o be peymâne za-dand.

Jang-e haftâd-o do mellat, hame râ ozr<sup>o</sup> be-neh;  
chon<sup>o</sup> nadid-and haqiqat, rah-e afsâne za-dand.

Âtash, Âtash! â! â!

Shokr-e izad ke miân-e man-o u solh<sup>o</sup> oftâd,  
sufian raqs<sup>o</sup>-konân, sâqar-e shokrâne za-dand.

Âtash, Âtash! â! â!

*Last night I saw the angels beating at the door of the  
tavern,  
The clay of Adam they shaped, and into the mould  
they cast it.*

*The churches war among themselves, forgive them;  
When they cannot see the truth, the door of fable  
they beat.*

*Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!*

*Thanks be to God, for between me and Him, peace  
chanced,  
Sufis, dancing, cast their cups of thankfulness!*

*Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!*

#### IV. boatpeople (from #5)

— — √ // — — — // — — √ // — — —

Del miravad ze dastam, sâheb-delân khodâ râ;  
Dard-â ke râz-e penhân, khâhad<sup>o</sup> shod âshkâ râ.

Bar-khiz, bar-khiz... ey bâd-e...

Âsâyesh-e do giti tafsir-e in do harf-ast:  
Bâ dustân morov'at, bâ doshman-ân modârâ.

Kashti-shekastegân-im, ey bâd-e shorte bar-khiz  
Bâshad ke bâz binam, didâr-e âsna râ.

Bengar...!

*My heart falls from grasp! Come to my cry, for God's sake;  
O the pain that Love's hidden mystery should be disclosed!*

*Arise, arise... O breeze...*

*To ease the pain of the world, live by these words:  
With friends, give kindness; with enemies, courtesy.*

*Shipwrecked are we, O fair breeze, arise!  
So that, again, we may behold the face of the Beloved.*

*Behold...!*

#### V. we have come (reprise) (from #366)

√ — — // √ — — // √ — — // √ — —

Mâ, be-din dar, na pey-e heshmato jâh... âmade-'im;  
az-bad-e hâdese, 'injâ, be-panâh, âmade-'im.

Hâfez, in kherqe-ye pashmine bi-yandâz<sup>o</sup>, ke mâ  
az-pe-ye qâfele, bâ-'âtash-e 'âh... âmade-'im!

*We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory... we have come.  
For shelter from ill-fortune, here... we have come.*

*Hâfez, throw off your woolen kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we, from behind the caravan, with the fire of sighing "ah!"... we have come*

#### The Lake Isle of Innisfree

*William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## Les sirènes

Charles Jean Grandmougin (1850–1930)

Nous sommes la beauté qui charme les plus forts,  
Les fleurs tremblantes de l'écume  
Et de la brume,  
Nos baisers fugitifs sont le rêve des morts !

Parmi nos chevelures blondes  
L'eau miroite en larmes d'argent,  
Nos regards à l'éclat changeant  
Sont verts et bleus comme les ondes !

Avec un bruit pareil aux délicats frissons  
Des moissons  
Nous voltigeons sans avoir d'ailes ;  
Nous cherchons de tendres vainqueurs,  
Nous sommes les sœurs immortelles  
Offertes aux désirs de vos terrestres cœurs !

*We are the beauty that charms the strongest men,  
The trembling flowers of foam  
And of mist,  
Our fleeting kisses are the dream of the dead!*

*Among our blonde tresses  
The water glimmers in silver tears.  
Our changing, sparkling glances  
Are green and blue like the waves.*

*With a sound like the delicate shivers  
Of harvest wheat  
We flutter about without wings.  
We seek tender conquerors.  
We are the immortal sisters  
Offered to the desires of your earthly hearts.*