

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques (Five Greek Folk Songs) - Ravel
English translations by Waldo Lyman

1. **Chanson de la Mariée (The Song to the Bride)**

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks;
my heart is on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I bring
To tie round your hair.
If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!
In our two families, everyone is related!

2. **Là-bas, vers l'église**

Yonder, by the church
By the church of Ayio Sidéro,
The church, o blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costandino,

There are gathered,
Assembled in numbers infinite,
The world's, o blessed Virgin,
All the world's most decent folk!

3. **Quel galant m'est comparable**

What gallant compares with me
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

See, hanging on my belt,
My pistols and my curved sword.
And it is you whom I love!

4. **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques (Song of the lentisk pickers)**

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to me,
joy of my soul and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
you are more handsome than an angel.

O when you appear,
angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a fine, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

5. **Tout gai!**

Everyone is joyous!
Beautiful legs, tireli, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la, la la la!

We are Children Just the Same**Five Songs from children's poetry from the weekly journal, Vedem, Terezin 1942-1944 - by Srul Irving Glick****1. The Thaw - Zdenek Ornest**

Silently, lightly, slowly it drifts down
Onto the black and bleeding earth.
From somewhere up high, steadily descending
Whirling in the air on a tender breeze.
Covering all and glittering strangely,
As if to envelop this aged rot.
And as in a dream, suddenly everything
Becomes once again what it used to be.
Hidden is the filth that blankets the world
Hidden the darkness that blinds us all
Hidden the hunger that makes us retch
Hidden the pain that breaks our backs.
Just for a while we breathe again freely
Drugged by the glitter, by the world all in white
I look out the window, the steady snow falling
And suddenly everything is water again.

2. Would you care for dessert? - Joseph Taussig

A clean tablecloth, tasteful tables -
Gentlemen in dark suits -
Girls painted scarlet -
Witty repartee -
Swinging jazz -
Coffee served in the salon -
You can even get whipped cream -
Or just whipped - but that's next door.

3. My Country - Hanus Hachenburg

I carry my country in my heart,
It is for me and for me alone!
Woven from the beauty of fabric
It remains an eternal dream.
I kiss my land and caress it,
Passing much time in its presence.
This land is not on this earth,
Yet it is within us everywhere.
It is in the heavens in the stars above,
Wherever the bird nation lives.
I see it again in my soul today,
Any my heart is heavy with tears.
One day I shall fly to the heights above,
Free my body's encumbrance,
Free in expansiveness, free in distance,
And free with me, my country.
Today it is small, a handful of dreams
Encloses its distant horizons,
And through the heavy dreams
Shimmer the furies of war.

We Are Children Just the Same (continued)

One day I shall enter my country,
One day I shall rejoin my motherland.
There is my country! There is yours!
There is no "I" and no misery.

English Translations

4. View from the Coffee House - Hanus Hachenburg

Oh the coffee house is a wonderful place
 It's got tea and coffee and air and space
 But the music's off key and I look down
 On the German HQ in the garrison town.

And the wenches that carry the coffee in
 Wear their faces all bent in a permanent grin.

I'm having fun too, and my face is smiling
 (While down below they cart off the dying
 And old men are pushing the funeral carts
 With tears in their eyes and heavy hearts)
 And that green building, its outline vague
 Is left half empty with the typhoid plague.

Why must we sit here, void of strife
 While the "world down there" fights for its life?
 People clap hands while the band plays jazz
 And I'm carried away by the razzamatazz
 That assaults my ears like a caterwauling,
 Like ravens in winter, raucous, appalling,
 Like shattering glass, like a cresting wave
 That would fling me ashore and into my grave.

I embrace it, this world of time and tide,
 The world where anguish and hunger collide,
 Like a sun-kissed blossom winding round me,
 It welcome me back to reality.

5. With You, Mother - Zdenek Ernest

In filth and sludge and hunger, we suffer here,
 Cast into a pit of darkness, of infinite pain,
 Held down by our masters, deprived of our rights,
 Mother mine, we shall walk forever together.

We shall walk toward the sun, though tired and weary,
 We shall walk with courage in our brethren's footsteps,
 Walk on, though our bodies be numb from beating,
 We shall walk to the east through pools of blood.

We shall walk into a distant place,
 Far beyond mountains,
 Into a clean world, a world of equality,
 Into a world where freedom's flags fly,
 And all former ills are long forgotten.

We shall come to our goal, no matter how distant
 Fresh smiles on our faces, the race we shall win.
 Dear Mother, we'll be with you, forever and ever,
 In freedom to live, and our rights to enjoy.

INTERMEDIO

Tel jour, telle nuit (Such a day, such a night) - Poulenc
Poetry by Paul Eluard, Translations by Winifred Radford

I. Bonne journée

A good day I have again seen whom I do not forget
whom I shall never forget
and women fleeting by whose eyes formed for me a
hedge of honour
they wrapped themselves in their smiles

a good day I have seen my friends carefree
the men were light in weight
one who passed by
his shadow changed into a mouse
fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky
the beautiful eyes of those deprived of everything
distant shore where no one lands
a good day which began mournfully dark under the
green trees
but which suddenly drenched with dawn invaded my
heart unawares.

II. Une ruine coquille vide

A ruin an empty shell
weeps into its apron
the children who play around it make less sound than
flies

the ruin goes groping
to seek its cows in the meadow
I have seen the day I see that
without shame

It is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of the sprightly nocturnal glimmerings
which gainsay sleep.

III. Le front comme un drapeau perdu

The brow like a lost flag
I drag you when I am alone through the cold streets
the dark rooms
crying in misery

I do not want to let them go
your clear and complex hands
born in the enclosed mirror of my own

all the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless than life

Hollow the earth beneath your shadow
A sheet of water reaching the breasts wherein to drown
oneself like a stone

IV. Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles
the horse dead a child master
thinking his brow blue with hatred
of two breasts beating down upon him
like two fists

This melodrama tears away from us
the sanity of the heart.

V. A toutes brides

Riding full tilt you whose phantom
prances at night on a violin
come to reign in the woods

the lashings of the tempest
seek their path by way of you
you are not of those
whose desires one imagines

come drink a kiss here
surrender to the fire which drives you to despair.

VI. Une herbe pauvre

Scanty grass
wild
appeared in the snow
it was health
my mouth marvelled
at the savour of pure air it had
it was withered

VII. Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

I long only to love you
a storm fills the valley
a fish the river
I have formed you to the pattern of my solitude
the whole world to hide in
days and nights to understand one another

to see nothing more in your eyes
but what I think of you
and of a world in your likeness

and of days and nights ordered by your eyelids

VIII. Figure de force brûlante et farouche

Image of fiery wild forcefulness
 black hair wherein the gold flows
 towards the south
 on corrupt nights
 engulfed gold tainted star
 in a bed never shared

to the veins of the temples
 as to the tips of the breasts
 life denies itself
 no one can blind the eyes
 drink their brilliance or their tears
 the blood above them triumphs for itself alone

intractable unbounded useless
 this health builds a prison.

IX. Nous avons fait la nuit

We have turned off the light I hold your
 hand I watch over you
 I sustain you with all my strength
 I engrave on a rock the star of your strength
 deep furrows where the goodness of
 your body will germinate
 I repeat to myself your secret voice
 your public voice
 I laugh still at the haughty woman
 whom you treat like a beggar
 at the fools whom you respect the
 simple folk in whom you immerse yourself
 and in my head which gently begins
 to harmonize with yours with the night
 I marvel at the stranger that you become
 a stranger resembling you resembling
 all that I love
 which is ever new.

**Chansons madécasses - Music by Ravel
 Poetry by Evariste Parny, translations by Peter Low**

1. **Nahandove**, oh beautiful Nahandove!
 The night bird has begun to sing,
 the full moon shines overhead,
 and the first dew is moistening my hair.
 Now is the time: who can be delaying you?
 Oh beautiful Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready;
 I have strewn flowers and aromatic herbs;
 it is worthy of your charms,
 oh beautiful Nahandove!

She is coming. I recognise the rapid breathing
 of someone walking quickly;
 I hear the rustle of her skirt.
 It is she, it is the beautiful Nahandove!

Catch your breath, my young sweetheart;
 rest on my lap.
 How enchanting your gaze is,
 how lively and delightful the motion of your breast
 as my hand presses it!
 You smile, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Your kisses reach into my soul;
 your caresses burn all my senses.
 Stop or I will die!
 Can one die of ecstasy?

Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Pleasure passes like lightning;
 your sweet breathing becomes calmer,
 your moist eyes close again,
 your head droops,
 and your raptures fade into weariness.
 Never were you so beautiful,
 oh beautiful Nahandove!

Now you are leaving, and I will languish in sadness and
 desires.
 I will languish until sunset.
 You will return this evening,
 oh beautiful Nahandove!

Chansons madécasses - continued**2. Awa! Awa!**

Do not trust the white men,
 you shore-dwellers!
 In our fathers' day,
 white men came to this island.
 "Here is some land," they were told,
 "your women may cultivate it.
 Be just, be kind,
 and become our brothers."

The whites promised, and all the while
 they were making entrenchments.
 They built a menacing fort,
 and they held thunder captive
 in brass cannon;
 their priests tried to give us
 a God we did not know;
 and later they spoke
 of obedience and slavery.
 Death would be preferable!
 The carnage was long and terrible;
 but despite their vomiting thunder
 which crushed whole armies,
 they were all wiped out.
 Awa! Awa! Do not trust the white men!

We saw new tyrants,
 stronger and more numerous,
 pitching tents on the shore.
 Heaven fought for us.
 It caused rain, tempests
 and poison winds to fall on them.
 They are dead, and we live free!
 Awa! Awa! Do not trust the white men,
 you shore-dwellers!

3. **It is sweet** in the hot afternoon to lie under a leafy tree and wait for the evening breeze to bring coolness.

Come, women! While I rest here under a leafy tree, fill my ears with your sustained tones. Sing again the song of the girl plaiting her hair, or the girl sitting near the rice field chasing away the greedy birds.

Singing pleases my soul; and dancing is nearly as sweet as a kiss. Tread slowly, and make your steps suggest the postures of pleasure and ecstatic abandonment.

The breeze is starting to blow; the moon glistens through the mountain trees.
 Go and prepare the evening meal.