

# International Poetry Evening – Wednesday, December 10

Original Version of Poem	English Translation/Summary
<u>Part 1: Places, Home and Tradition</u>	
<p><b>Herr von Ribbeck auf Ribbeck im Havelland</b> Theodor Fontane, 1819-1898</p> <p>Herr von Ribbeck auf Ribbeck im Havelland, Ein Birnbaum in seinem Garten stand, Und kam die goldene Herbsteszeit Und die Birnen leuchteten weit und breit, Da stopfte, wenn's Mittag vom Turme scholl, Der von Ribbeck sich beide Taschen voll, Und kam in Pantinen ein Junge daher, So rief er: "Junge, wiste 'ne Beer?" Und kam ein Mädchel, so rief er: "Lütt Dirn, Kumm man röwer, ick hebb 'ne Birn."</p> <p>So ging es viel Jahre, bis lobesam Der von Ribbeck auf Ribbeck zu sterben kam. Er fühlte sein Ende. 's war Herbsteszeit, Wieder lachten die Birnen weit und breit; Da sagte von Ribbeck: "Ich scheide nun ab. Legt mir eine Birne mit ins Grab." Und drei Tage drauf, aus dem Doppeldachhaus,</p>	<p><b>Squire von Ribbeck at Ribbeck in Havelland</b></p> <p>Squire von Ribbeck at Ribbeck in Havelland, In his garden there stood a pear tree grand, And when autumn came round, the golden tide, And pears were glowing far and wide, Squire von Ribbeck, when noon rang out, would first Fill both his pockets full to burst. And then, when a boy in his clogs came there, He called: "My lad, do you want a pear?" He would hail a girl that chanced to pass: "Come over, I have a pear, little lass!"</p> <p>Many years thus went, till the noble and high Squire von Ribbeck at Ribbeck came to die. He felt his end. It was autumn tide. Again pears were smiling far and wide. "I depart now this life" von Ribbeck said. I wish that a pear in my grave be laid". And after three days, from this mansard roofed hall,</p>

<p>Trugen von Ribbeck sie hinaus,  Alle Bauern und Büdner mit Feiergesicht  Sangen "Jesus meine Zuversicht",  Und die Kinder klagten, das Herze schwer:  "He is dod nu. Wer giwt uns nu 'ne Beer?"</p> <p>So klagten die Kinder. Das war nicht recht -  Ach, sie kannten den alten Ribbeck schlecht;  Der Neue freilich, der knausert und spart,  Hält Park und Birnbaum strenge verwahrt.  Aber der Alte, vorahnend schon  Und voll Misstrauen gegen den eigenen Sohn,  Der wusste genau, was damals er tat,  Als um eine Birn' ins Grab er bat,  Und im dritten Jahr aus dem stillen Haus  Ein Birnbaumsprössling sprosst heraus.</p> <p>Und die Jahre gehen wohl auf und ab,  Längst wölbt sich ein Birnbaum über dem Grab,  Und in der goldenen Herbsteszeit  Leuchtet's wieder weit und breit.  Und kommt ein Jung' übern Kirchhof her,  So flüstert's im Baume: "Wiste 'ne Beer?"  Und kommt ein Mäd'el, so flüstert's: "Lütt Dirn,  Kumm man röwer, ick gew' di 'ne Birn."</p> <p>So spendet Segen noch immer die Hand  Des von Ribbeck auf Ribbeck im Havelland.</p>	<p>Squire von Ribbeck was carried out, `neath a pall.  All farmers and cottagers, solemn-faced,  Sang: "Jesus, in Thee my trust is placed",  And the children lamented, with hearts like lead:  "Who`ll give us a pear, now that he is dead.?"</p> <p>So the children lamented. It was unkind,  As they did not know old Ribbeck's mind.  True, the new one is skimping niggardly,  Keeps park and pears tree `neath lock and key;  But having forebodings, the older one,  And full of distrust for his proper son,  Knew well what he did, when the order he gave,  That a pear should be laid in his grave.  From the silent dwelling, after three years,  The tip of a pear tree seedling appears.</p> <p>And year after year, the seasons go round,  Long since a pear tree is shading the mound.  And in the golden autumn tide  Again it is glowing far and wide.  When a boy is crossing the churchyard there,  The tree is whispering: "Want a pear?"  And when a girl chances to pass,  It whispers: "Come here for a pear, little lass."</p> <p>Thus blessings still dispenses the hand  Of von Ribbeck at Ribbeck in Havelland.</p>
<p><b>Moj dom</b>  Silvije Strahimir Kranjčević, 1865-1908</p>	<p><b>My Home</b>  - MISSING -</p>

Ja domovinu imam; tek u srcu je nosim,  
I brda joj i dol;  
Gdje raj da ovaj prostrem, uzalud svijet prosim,  
I... gutam svoju bol!

I sve što po njoj gazi, po mojem srcu pleše,  
Njen rug je i moj rug;  
Mom otkinuše biću sve njojzi što uzeše,  
I ne vraćaju dug.

Ja nosim boštvo ovo - ko zapis čudotvorni,  
Ko žića zadnji dah;  
I da mi ono pane pod nokat sverazorni,  
Ja past ću utoma.

Ah, ništa više nemam; to sve je što sam spaso,  
A spasoh u tom sve,  
U čemu vijek mi negda vas srećan sve je glaso  
Kroz čarne, mlade sne!

Kroz požar, koji suklja da oprži mi krila,  
Ja obraz pronijeh njen;  
Na svojem srcu grijem već klonula joj bila  
I ljubim njenu sjen.

I kralje iznijeh njene i velike joj bane,  
Svih pradjedova prah,  
Nepogažene gore i šaren-đulistane  
I morske vile dah.

... Ja domovinu imam; tek u grud sam je skrio

<p>I bježat moram svijet; U vijencu mojih sanja već sve je pogazio, Al' ovaj nije cvijet.</p> <p>On vreba, vreba, vreba... a ja je grlim mûkom Na javi i u snu, I preplašen se trzam i skrbno pipam rukom: O, je li jošte tu?!</p> <p>Slobode koji nema taj o slobodi sanja, Ah, ponajljepši san; I moja žedna duša tim sankom joj se klanja I pozdravlja joj dan.</p> <p>U osamničkom kutu ja slušam trubu njenu I krunidbeni pir, I jedro gdje joj bojno nad šumnu strmi pjenu U pola mora šir!</p> <p>Sve cvjetno kopno ovo i veliko joj more Posvećuje mi grud; Ko zvijezda sam na kojoj tek njeni dusi zbore, I... lutam kojekud.</p> <p>Te kad mi jednom s dušom po svemiru se krene, Zaorit ću ko grom: O, gledajte ju divnu, vi zvijezde udivljene, To moj je, moj je dom!</p>	
<p><b>Taken from Die Stadt der Träumenden Buecher</b> Walter Moers, 1957-</p>	<p><b>Taken from The City of dreaming books</b></p>

<p>In tiefen, kalten, hohlen Raeumen  Wo Schatten sich mit Schatten paaren  Wo alte Buecher Träume träumen  Von Zeiten, als sie Bäume waren  Wo Kohle Diamant gebiert  Man weder Licht noch Gnade kennt  Dort ist's, wo jener Geist regiert  Den man den Schattenkönig nennt</p>	<p>In deep, cold, hollow rooms,  where shades mate with shades  where old books dream of dreams  of times in which they were trees  where coal gives birth to diamond  one neither light nor mercy knows  there rules this spirit of the thing,  known as the shadow-king</p>
<p><b><u>Part 2: The meaning of it all</u></b></p>	
<p><b>Skating Away (on the Thin Ice of a New Day)</b>  Jethro Tull (rock band), 1968 -</p> <p>Meanwhile back in the year one  When you belonged to no one  You didn't stand a chance son  If your pants were undone</p> <p>'Cause you were bred for humanity  And sold to society  One day you'll wake up in the present day  A million generations removed from expectations  Of being who you really want to be</p> <p>Skating away, skating away, skating away  On the thin ice of the new day</p> <p>So as you push off from the shore  Won't you turn your head once more</p>	<p>Kind of similar to the original version.</p> <p>Listen to the song here:  <a href="http://tinysong.com/2iNX">http://tinysong.com/2iNX</a></p>

And make your peace with everyone  
For those who choose to stay  
Will live just one more day  
To do the things they should have done

And as you cross the wilderness  
A-spinning in your emptiness  
You feel you have to pray  
Looking for a sign that the universal mind  
Has written you into the passion play

Skating away, skating away, skating away  
On the thin ice of the new day

And as you cross the circle line  
Well, the ice-wall creaks behind  
You're a rabbit on the run  
And the silver splinters fly  
In the corner of your eye  
Shining in the setting sun

Well, do you ever get the feeling  
That the story's too damn real  
And in the present tense  
Or that everybody's on the stage  
And it seems like you're the only  
Person sitting in the audience

Skating away, skating away, skating away  
On the thin ice of the new day

**Trei fețe**

**Three Faces**

<p>Lucian Blaga, 1895-1961</p> <p>Copilul ride – Dragostea si intelepciunea mea e jocul  Tanarul canta – Jocul si intelepciunea mea e dragostea  Batranul tace – Jocul si dragostea mea e intelepciunea</p>	<p>The child laughs - The love and my wisdom are the game  The young man sings - The game and my wisdom are the love  The elder is silent - The game and my love are the wisdom</p>
<p><b>Italian of the East</b>  From the Maha Bharata</p> <p>జరులేయవి యొనరించిన  నరపర యప్రియము తన మనమునకగు డా  నొరులకు నవిసేయకునికి  పరాయణము పరమధర్మ పదములకెల్లన్</p>	<p><b>Italian of the East</b></p> <p>This poem highlights the greatest way of living. Out of all principles/morals to follow towards a right life, this is the highest moral to be practiced.</p> <p>Meaning: If we get hurt or don't like someone doing something to us, the highest form of conduct is not to do the same to them.</p>
<p><b>Who am I?</b>  Adi Sankaracharya (788 CE - 820 CE)</p> <p>[Sanskrit image was too wide]</p>	<p>Context: This poem is written by the greatest Hindu saint Adi Sankaracharya. The poem answers to the famous “who am I?” question. The whole Indian spiritual philosophy is about breaking the I-factor which suggests that there is no God outside, everyone is a God- can be realized only by breaking the I-factor or ego completely. The poems capture the right identity of every human and help to come over pseudo identity.</p> <p>Mind-intellect-thought-ego am I not, Neither have I ears, tongue, nor nostrils, nor eyes; I am not the give great elements; I am Pure Consciousness, Bliss, the Self, I am Auspiciousness, Auspiciousness alone.</p>

	<p>I have neither likes or dislikes, Nor have I covetousness or greed, Nor I have any arrogant vanity nor any competition with anyone; I have not even a need for the four main 'purposes of life'. I am Auspiciousness, Auspiciousness alone.</p>
<p><b><u>Part 3: Wits, Guts and Rebels</u></b></p>	
<p><b>Le Corbeau et le Renard</b>  Jean de La Fontaine, 1621-1695</p> <p>Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,  Tenait en son bec un fromage.  Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,  Lui tint à peu près ce langage :  "Hé ! bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau.  Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !  Sans mentir, si votre ramage  Se rapporte à votre plumage,  Vous êtes le Phénix des hôtes de ces bois."  A ces mots le Corbeau ne se sent pas de joie ;  Et pour montrer sa belle voix,  Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.  Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit : "Mon bon Monsieur,  Apprenez que tout flatteur  Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute :  Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute. "  Le Corbeau, honteux et confus,  Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.</p>	<p><b>The Crow and the Fox</b></p> <p>Master Crow perched on a tree,  Was holding a cheese in his beak.  Master Fox attracted by the smell  Said something like this:  "Well, Hello Mister Crow!  How beautiful you are! how nice you seem to me!  Really, if your voice  Is like your plumage,  You are the phoenix of all the inhabitants of these woods."  At these words, the Crow is overjoyed.  And in order to show off his beautiful voice,  He opens his beak wide, lets his prey fall  The Fox grabs it, and says: "My good man,  Learn that every flatterer  Lives at the expense of the one who listens to him.  This lesson, without doubt, is well worth a cheese."  The Crow, ashamed and embarrassed,  Swore, but a little late, that he would not be taken again.</p>
<p><b>Der Zauberlehrling</b></p>	<p><b>The Sorcerer's Apprentice</b></p>



Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749-1832

Hat der alte Hexenmeister  
Sich doch einmal wegbegeben!  
Und nun sollen seine Geister  
Auch nach meinem Willen leben.  
Seine Wort' und Werke  
Merkt' ich, und den Brauch,  
Und mit Geistesstärke  
Thu' ich Wunder auch.

Walle! walle  
Manche Strecke,  
Daß, zum Zwecke,  
Wasser fließe,  
Und mit reichem vollem Schwalle  
Zu dem Bade sich ergieße.

Und nun komm, du alter Besen!  
Nimm die schlechten Lumpenhüllen;  
Bist schon lange Knecht gewesen;  
Nun erfülle meinen Willen!  
Auf zwey Beinen stehe,  
Oben sey ein Kopf,  
Eile nun und gehe  
Mit dem Wassertopf!

Walle! walle  
Manche Strecke,  
Daß, zum Zwecke,  
Wasser fließe,

That old sorcerer has vanished  
And for once has gone away!  
Spirits called by him, now banished,  
My commands shall soon obey.  
Every step and saying  
That he used, I know,  
And with sprites obeying  
My arts I will show.

Flow, flow onward  
Stretches many  
Spare not any  
Water rushing,  
Ever streaming fully downward  
Toward the pool in current gushing.

Come, old broomstick, you are needed,  
Take these rags and wrap them round you!  
Long my orders you have heeded,  
By my wishes now I've bound you.  
Have two legs and stand,  
And a head for you.  
Run, and in your hand  
Hold a bucket too.

Flow, flow onward  
Stretches many,  
Spare not any  
Water rushing,

Und mit reichem vollem Schwalle  
Zu dem Bade sich ergieße.

Seht, er läuft zum Ufer nieder;  
Wahrlich! ist schon an dem Flusse,  
Und mit Blitzesschnelle wieder  
Ist er hier mit raschem Gusse.  
Schon zum zweytenmale!  
Wie das Becken schwillt!  
Wie sich jede Schale  
Voll mit Wasser füllt!

Stehe! stehe!  
Denn wir haben  
Deiner Gaben  
Vollgemessen! –  
Ach, ich merk' es! Wehe! wehe!  
Hab' ich doch das Wort vergessen!

Ach das Wort, worauf am Ende  
Er das wird, was er gewesen.  
Ach, er läuft und bringt behende!  
Wärst du doch der alte Besen!  
Immer neue Güsse  
Bringt er schnell herein,  
Ach! und hundert Flüsse  
Stürzen auf mich ein.

Nein, nicht länger  
Kann ich's lassen;  
Will ihn fassen.

Ever streaming fully downward  
Toward the pool in current gushing.

See him, toward the shore he's racing  
There, he's at the stream already,  
Back like lightning he is chasing,  
Pouring water fast and steady.  
Once again he hastens!  
How the water spills,  
How the water basins  
Brimming full he fills!

Stop now, hear me!  
Ample measure  
Of your treasure  
We have gotten!  
Ah, I see it, dear me, dear me.  
Master's word I have forgotten!

Ah, the word with which the master  
Makes the broom a broom once more!  
Ah, he runs and fetches faster!  
Be a broomstick as before!  
Ever new the torrents  
That by him are fed,  
Ah, a hundred currents  
Pour upon my head!

No, no longer  
Can I please him,  
I will seize him!

Das ist Tücke!  
Ach! nun wird mir immer bänger!  
Welche Miene! welche Blicke!

O, du Ausgeburt der Hölle!  
Soll das ganze Haus ersaufen?  
Seh' ich über jede Schwelle  
Doch schon Wasserströme laufen.  
Ein verruchter Besen,  
Der nicht hören will!  
Stock, der du gewesen,  
Steh doch wieder still!

Willst's am Ende  
Gar nicht lassen?  
Will dich fassen,  
Will dich halten,  
Und das alte Holz behende  
Mit dem scharfen Beile spalten.

Seht, da kommt er schleppend wieder!  
Wie ich mich nun auf dich werfe,  
Gleich, o Kobold, liegst du nieder;  
Krachend trifft die glatte Schärfe.  
Wahrlich! brav getroffen!  
Seht, er ist entzwey!  
Und nun kann ich hoffen,  
Und ich athme frei!

Wehe! wehe!  
Beide Theile

That is spiteful!  
My misgivings grow the stronger.  
What a mien, his eyes how frightful!

Brood of hell, you're not a mortal!  
Shall the entire house go under?  
Over threshold over portal  
Streams of water rush and thunder.  
Broom accursed and mean,  
Who will have his will,  
Stick that you have been,  
Once again stand still!

Can I never, Broom, appease you?  
I will seize you,  
Hold and whack you,  
And your ancient wood  
I'll sever,  
With a whetted axe I'll crack you.

He returns, more water dragging!  
Now I'll throw myself upon you!  
Soon, O goblin, you'll be sagging.  
Crash! The sharp axe has undone you.  
What a good blow, truly!  
There, he's split, I see.  
Hope now rises newly,  
And my breathing's free.

Woe betide me!  
Both halves scurry

<p>Stehn in Eile  Schon als Knechte  Völlig fertig in die Höhe!  Helft mir, ach! ihr hohen Mächte!</p> <p>Und sie laufen! Naß und nässer  Wird's im Saal und auf den Stufen.  Welch entsetzliches Gewässer!  Herr und Meister! hör' mich rufen! –  Ach da kommt der Meister!  Herr, die Noth ist groß!  Die ich rief, die Geister,  Werd' ich nun nicht los.</p> <p>„In die Ecke,  Besen! Besen!  Seyd's gewesen.  Denn als Geister  Ruft euch nur, zu seinem Zwecke,  Erst hervor der alte Meister.“</p>	<p>In a hurry,  Rise like towers  There beside me.  Help me, help, eternal powers!</p> <p>Off they run, till wet and wetter  Hall and steps immersed are lying.  What a flood that naught can fetter!  Lord and master, hear me crying! -  Ah, he comes excited.  Sir, my need is sore.  Spirits that I've cited  My commands ignore.</p> <p>"To the lonely  Corner, broom!  Hear your doom.  As a spirit  When he wills, your master only  Calls you, then 'tis time to hear it."</p>
<p><b>Marquise</b>  Pierre Corneille, 1606-1684  Réponse de Tristan Bernard (1866-1947)</p> <p>Marquise, si mon visage  A quelques traits un peu vieux,  Souvenez-vous qu'à mon âge  Vous ne vaudrez guère mieux.</p> <p>Le temps aux plus belles choses  Se plaît à faire un affront,</p>	<p><b>Marquise</b>  Reply by Tristan Bernard (1866-1947)</p> <p>Marquise, if my face  Has some rather old features,  Remember that when you'll get as old as I am,  Yours will not be much better.</p> <p>Time to the most pretty things  likes to make offense</p>

<p>Et saura faner vos roses Comme il a ridé mon front.</p> <p>Le même cours des planètes Règle nos jours et nos nuits : On m'a vu ce que vous êtes; Vous serez ce que je suis.</p> <p>Peut-être que je serai vieille, Répond Marquise, cependant J'ai vingt-six ans, mon vieux Corneille, Et je t'emmerde en attendant.</p>	<p>And will be able to fade your roses Like it has faded my forehead.</p> <p>The same celestial mechanics regulates our days and our nights I were what you are; You will be what I am.</p> <p>Maybe I will be old, replies Marquise, however I am twenty-six, my old Corneille, And I piss you off in the meantime.</p>
<p><u>Part 4: Love, Death and Hope</u></p>	
<p>जेव्हा तुझ्या बटांना Mangesh Padgaonkar, 1929 -</p>	<p>When the breeze ruffles your hair (or tresses)</p> <p>When adamant breeze ruffles your hair I am myself no more, losing the shore.</p> <p>Your forehead is sky, your tresses are birds, The needlework (embroidery) on your saree pulls apart my heart even more. The waves within me are unable to find the shore.</p>

जेव्हा तुझ्या बटांना उधळी मुजोर वारा  
माझा न राहतो मी हरवून हा किनारा

आभाळ भाळ होते, होती बटाहि पक्षी  
ओढून जीव घेते पदरावरील नक्षी  
लाटांस अंतरीच्या नाही मुळी निवारा

जेव्हा तुझ्या बटांना उधळी मुजोर वारा  
माझा न राहतो मी हरवून हा किनारा

When the adamant breeze ruffles your hair,  
I am myself no more, losing the shore, losing the shore.

### **À une passante**

Charles Baudelaire, 1821-1867

La rue assourdissante autour de moi hurlait.  
Longue, mince, en grand deuil, douleur majestueuse,  
Une femme passa, d'une main fastueuse  
Soulevant, balançant le feston et l'ourlet;

Agile et noble, avec sa jambe de statue.  
Moi, je buvais, crispé comme un extravagant,  
Dans son oeil, ciel livide où germe l'ouragan,  
La douceur qui fascine et le plaisir qui tue.

### **To a Passer-By**

The street about me roared with a deafening sound.  
Tall, slender, in heavy mourning, majestic grief,  
A woman passed, with a glittering hand  
Raising, swinging the hem and flounces of her skirt;

Agile and graceful, her leg was like a statue's.  
Tense as in a delirium, I drank  
From her eyes, pale sky where tempests germinate,  
The sweetness that enthralls and the pleasure that kills.

<p>Un éclair... puis la nuit! — Fugitive beauté Dont le regard m'a fait soudainement renaître, Ne te verrai-je plus que dans l'éternité?</p> <p>Ailleurs, bien loin d'ici! trop tard! jamais peut-être! Car j'ignore où tu fuis, tu ne sais où je vais, Ô toi que j'eusse aimée, ô toi qui le savais!</p>	<p>A lightning flash... then night! Fleeting beauty By whose glance I was suddenly reborn, Will I see you no more before eternity?</p> <p>Elsewhere, far, far from here! too late! never perhaps! For I know not where you fled, you know not where I go, O you whom I would have loved, O you who knew it!</p>
<p><b>Demain, dès l'aube, à l'heure où blanchit la campagne</b> Victor Hugo, 1802-1885</p> <p>Demain, dès l'aube, à l'heure où blanchit la campagne, Je partirai. Vois-tu, je sais que tu m'attends. J'irai par la forêt, j'irai par la montagne. Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.</p> <p>Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées, Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit, Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées, Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.</p> <p>Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe, Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur, Et, quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.</p>	<p><b>Tomorrow, at dawn, in the hour when the countryside bleaches</b></p> <p>Tomorrow, at dawn, in the hour when the countryside bleaches, I will leave. You see, I know that you await me. I will go by the forest, I will go by the mountain. I then am to remain far from you for a long time.</p> <p>I will walk the eyes fixed on my thoughts, without anything to see with the outside, nor hearing any noise, Only, unknown, the curved back, crossed hands, Sad, and the day for me will be like the night.</p> <p>I will not look at the gold of the evening which falls, Nor the veils that descend far towards Harfleur. And when I arrive, I will put on your tomb A green bouquet of houx and heather in flower.</p>
<p><b>Il suffit de passer le pont</b> Georges Brassens, 1921-1981</p> <p>Il suffit de passer le pont, C'est tout de suite l'aventure ! Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon,</p>	<p><b>It suffices to cross the bridge</b></p> <p>It suffices to cross the bridge, It's right away the adventure ! Let me hold your petticoat, I get you visiting nature !</p>

J' t'emmèn' visiter la nature !

L'herbe est douce à Pâques fleuries...  
Jetons mes sabots, tes galoches,  
Et, légers comme des cabris,  
Courons après les sons de cloches !

Ding ding dong ! les matines sonnent  
En l'honneur de notre bonheur,  
Ding ding dong ! faut l'dire à personne :  
J'ai graissé la patte au sonneur.

Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon,  
Courons, guilleret, guillerette,  
Il suffit de passer le pont,  
Et c'est le royaum' des fleurettes...

Entre tout's les bell's que voici,  
Je devin' cell' que tu préfères...  
C'est pas l' coquelicot, Dieu merci !  
Ni l' coucou, mais la primevère.

J'en vois un' blottie sous les feuilles,  
Elle est en velours comm' tes jou's.  
Fais le guet pendant qu' je la cueille :  
"Je n'ai jamais aimé que vous !"

Il suffit de trois petits bonds,  
C'est tout de suit' la tarentelle,  
Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon,  
J'saurai ménager tes dentelles...

The grass is sweet in the flowers of Easter...  
Let's throw away my sabot, your shoes,  
And, bouncing like young goats,  
Let's run after the sounds of the bells !

Ding ding dong ! the matins bells are ringing  
to celebrate our happiness,  
Ding ding dong ! don't say it to anybody :  
I bribed the ringer.

Let me hold your petticoat,  
Let's run, happy, jolly,  
It suffices to cross the bridge,  
And it's the kingdom of little flowers...

Among all the lovely flowers that are here,  
I guess which one you prefer...  
It's not the poppy, thank God !  
Neither the narcissus, but the primrose.

I see one under the leaves,  
It's in velvet like your cheeks.  
Watch around while I pick it :  
"I have always loved only you !"

Three small jumps are sufficient,  
It's right away the tarantella,  
Let me hold your petticoat,  
I'll be able to respect your laces...



<p>J'ai graissé la patte au berger  Pour lui fair' jouer une aubade.  Lors, ma mie, sans croire au danger,  Faisons mille et une gambades,</p> <p>Ton pied frappe et frappe la mousse...  Si l'chardon s'y pique dedans,  Ne pleure pas, ma mie qui souffre :  Je te l'enlève avec les dents !</p> <p>On n'a plus rien à se cacher,  On peut s'aimer comm' bon nous semble,  Et tant mieux si c'est un péché :  Nous irons en enfer ensemble !</p> <p>Il suffit de passer le pont,  Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon.  Il suffit de passer le pont,  Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon.</p>	<p>I bribed the shepherd  To make him play a dawn serenade.  So, my lovely, without believing in the danger,  Let's have thousand and one walks,</p> <p>Your foot hits and hits again the moss...  If the thistle bites it,  Don't cry, my lovely suffering :  I take it out with the teeth !</p> <p>We have nothing to hide to each other,  We can love each other as we feel good,  And it's better if it's a sin :  We'll go to hell together !</p> <p>It suffices to cross the bridge,  Let me hold your petticoat.  It suffices to cross the bridge,  Let me hold your petticoat.</p>
<p><b>La prière</b>  Francis Jammes, 1868-1938  Dernière strophe: ajout de Georges Brassens (1921-1981)</p> <p><i>Agonie</i>  Par le petit garçon qui meurt près de sa mère  Tandis que des enfants s'amuse au parterre  Et par l'oiseau blessé qui ne sait pas comment  Son aile tout à coup s'ensanglante et descend  Par la soif et la faim et le délire ardent  Je vous salue, Marie.</p>	<p><b>The prayer</b>  Last strophe: addendum by Georges Brassens (1921-1981)</p> <p><i>Agony</i>  By the little boy who dies near his mother  While children play in the garden  And by the injured bird that does not know how  Its wing suddenly bleeds and goes down  By the thirst and the hunger and the raging madness  I greet you, Maria.</p>

*Flagellation*

Par les gosses battus, par l'ivrogne qui rentre  
Par l'âne qui reçoit des coups de pied au ventre  
Et par l'humiliation de l'innocent châtié  
Par la vierge vendue qu'on a déshabillée  
Par le fils dont la mère a été insultée  
Je vous salue, Marie.

*Portement de croix*

Par la vieille qui, trébuchant sous trop de poids  
S'écrie: Mon Dieu ! par le malheureux dont les bras  
Ne purent s'appuyer sur une amour humaine  
Comme la Croix du Fils sur Simon de Cyrène  
Par le cheval tombé sous le chariot qu'il traîne  
Je vous salue, Marie.

*Crucifiement*

Par les quatre horizons qui crucifient le monde  
Par tous ceux dont la chair se déchire ou succombe  
Par ceux qui sont sans pieds, par ceux qui sont sans mains  
Par le malade que l'on opère et qui geint  
Et par le juste mis au rang des assassins  
Je vous salue, Marie.

*Invention de notre Seigneur au temple*

Par la mère apprenant que son fils est guéri  
Par l'oiseau rappelant l'oiseau tombé du nid  
Par l'herbe qui a soif et recueille l'ondée  
Par le baiser perdu par l'amour redonné  
Et par le mendiant retrouvant sa monnaie

*Beating*

By the beaten kids, by the drunk man coming home  
By the donkey that gets kicked in the belly  
And by the humiliation of the innocent punished  
By the sold Virgin that has been undressed  
By the son whose mother has been insulted  
I greet you, Maria.

*Carrying of the cross*

By the old woman who, stumbling under too heavy weight  
shouts: "My God!" by the miserable whose arms  
could not lean on a human love  
Like the Cross of the Son on Simon of Cyrène  
By the horse fallen down under the cart he is dragging  
I greet you, Maria.

*Crucifixion*

By the four horizons that crucify the world  
By all whose flesh tears away or dies  
By those that are without feet, by those that are without hands  
By the sick man that is operated and who cries  
And by the fair guy considered as murderers  
I greet you, Maria.

*Invention of our savior at the temple*

By the mother learning that her son has recovered  
By the bird reminding the bird fallen out of the nest  
By the thirsty grass that receives the rain  
By the lost kiss by the love given back  
And by the beggar getting back his coins

<p>Je vous salue, Marie.</p>	<p>I greet you, Maria.</p>
<p><b>Die Bürgschaft</b> Friedrich Schiller, 1759-1805</p> <p>Zu Dionys dem Tyrannen schlich Damos, den Dolch im Gewande, Ihn schlugen die Häscher in Bande. Was wolltest du mit dem Dolche, sprich! Entgegnet ihm finster der Wütherich. „Die Stadt vom Tyrannen befreien!“ Das sollst du am Kreuze bereuen.</p> <p>Ich bin, spricht jener, zu sterben bereit, Und bitte nicht um mein Leben, Doch willst du Gnade mir geben, Ich flehe dich um drey Tage Zeit, Bis ich die Schwester dem Gatten gefreit, Ich lasse den Freund dir als Bürgen, Ihn magst du, entrinn ich, erwürgen.</p> <p>Da lächelt der König mit arger List, Und spricht nach kurzem Bedenken: Drey Tage will ich dir schenken. Doch wisse! Wenn sie verstrichen die Frist, Eh du zurück mir gegeben bist, So muß er statt deiner erblassen, Doch dir ist die Strafe erlassen.</p> <p>Und er kommt zum Freunde: "der König gebeut, Daß ich am Kreuze mit dem Leben</p>	<p><b>The Hostage</b></p> <p>The tyrant Dionys to seek, Stern Moerus with his poniard crept; The watchful guard upon him swept; The grim king marked his changeless cheek: "What wouldst thou with thy poinard? Speak!" "The city from the tyrant free!" "The death-cross shall thy guerdon be."</p> <p>"I am prepared for death, nor pray," Replied that haughty man, "to live; Enough, if thou one grace wilt give For three brief suns the death delay To wed my sister - leagues away; I boast one friend whose life for mine, If I should fail the cross, is thine."</p> <p>The tyrant mused, - and smiled, - and said With gloomy craft, "So let it be; Three days I will vouchsafe to thee. But mark - if, when the time be sped, Thou fail'st - thy surety dies instead. His life shall buy thine own release; Thy guilt atoned, my wrath shall cease."</p> <p>He sought his friend - "The king's decree Ordains my life the cross upon</p>

Bezahle das frevelnde Streben,  
Doch will er mir gönnen drey Tage Zeit,  
Bis ich die Schwester dem Gatten gefreit,  
So bleib du dem König zum Pfande,  
Bis ich komme, zu lösen die Bande.

Und schweigend umarmt ihn der treue Freund,  
Und liefert sich aus dem Tyrannen,  
Der andere ziehet von dannen.  
Und ehe das dritte Morgenroth scheint,  
Hat er schnell mit dem Gatten die Schwester vereint,  
Eilt heim mit sorgender Seele,  
Damit er die Frist nicht verfehle.

Da gießt unendlicher Regen herab,  
Von den Bergen stürzen die Quellen,  
Und die Bäche, die Ströme schwellen.  
Und er kommt an's Ufer mit wanderndem Stab,  
Da reisset die Brücke der Strudel hinab,  
Und donnernd sprengen die Wogen  
Des Gewölbes krachenden Bogen.

Und trostlos irrt er an Ufers Rand,  
Wie weit er auch spähet und blicket  
Und die Stimme, die rufende, schicket;  
Da stößet kein Nachen vom sichern Strand,  
Der ihn setze an das gewünschte Land,  
Kein Schiffer lenket die Fähre,  
Und der wilde Strom wird zum Meere.

Da sinkt er ans Ufer und weint und fleht,

Shall pay the deed I would have done;  
Yet grants three days' delay to me,  
My sister's marriage-rites to see;  
If thou, the hostage, wilt remain  
Till I - set free - return again!"

His friend embraced - No word he said.,  
But silent to the tyrant strode -  
The other went upon his road.  
Ere the third sun in heaven was red,  
The rite was o'er, the sister wed;  
And back, with anxious heart unquailing,  
He hastes to hold the pledge unfailing.

Down the great rains unending bore,  
Down from the hills the torrents rushed,  
In one broad stream the brooklets gushed  
The wanderer halts beside the shore,  
The bridge was swept the tides before -  
The shattered arches o'er and under  
Went the tumultuous waves in thunder.

Dismayed he takes his idle stand -  
Dismayed, he strays and shouts around,  
His voice awakes no answering sound.  
No boat will leave the sheltering strand,  
To bear him to the wished-for land;  
No boatman will Death's pilot be,  
The wild stream gathers to a sea!

Sunk by the banks, awhile he weeps,

Die Hände zum Zeus erhoben:  
O hemme des Stromes Toben!  
Es eilen die Stunden, im Mittag steht  
Die Sonne und wenn sie niedergeht,  
Und ich kann die Stadt nicht erreichen,  
So muß der Freund mir erleichen.

Doch wachsend erneut sich des Stromes Wuth,  
Und Welle auf Welle zerrinnet,  
Und Stunde an Stunde entrinnet,  
Da treibet die Angst ihn, da faßt er sich Muth  
Und wirft sich hinein in die brausende Flut,  
Und theilt mit gewaltigen Armen  
Den Strom, und ein Gott hat Erbarmen.

Und gewinnt das Ufer und eilet fort,  
Und danket dem rettenden Gotte,  
Da stürzt die raubende Rotte  
Hervor aus des Waldes nächtlichem Ort,  
Den Pfad ihm sperrend, und schnaubet Mord  
Und hemmet des Wanderers Eile  
Mit drohend geschwungener Keule.

Was wollt ihr? ruft er für Schrecken bleich,  
Ich habe nichts als mein Leben,  
Das muß ich dem Könige geben!  
Und entreißt die Keule dem nächsten gleich:  
Um des Freundes Willen erbarmet euch!  
Und drey, mit gewaltigen Streichen,  
Erlegt er, die andern entweichen.

Then raised his arms to Jove, and cried,  
"Stay thou, oh stay the maddening tide,  
Midway behold the swift sun sweeps,  
And, ere he sinks adown the deeps,  
If I should fail, his beams will see  
My friend's last anguish - slain for me!

More fierce it runs, more broad it flows,  
And wave on wave succeeds and dies  
And hour on hour remorseless tries,  
Despair at last to daring grows -  
Amidst the flood his form he throws,  
With vigorous arms the roaring waves  
Cleaves - and a God that pities, saves.

He wins the bank - he scours the strand?  
He thanks the God in breathless prayer;  
When from the forest's gloomy lair,  
With ragged club in ruthless hand,  
And breathing murder - rushed the band  
That find, in woods, their savage den,  
And savage prey in wandering men.

"What," cried he, pale with generous fear;  
"What think to gain ye by the strife?  
All I bear with me is my life -  
I take it to the king!" - and here  
He snatched the club from him most near:  
And thrice he smote, and thrice his blows  
Dealt death - before him fly the foes!

Und die Sonne versendet glühenden Brand  
Und von der unendlichen Mühe  
Ermattet sinken die Knie:  
O hast du mich gnädig aus Räubershand,  
Aus dem Strom mich gerettet ans heilige Land,  
Und soll hier verschmachtend verderben,  
Und der Freund mir, der liebende, sterben!

Und horch! da sprudelt es silberhell  
Ganz nahe, wie rieselndes Rauschen,  
Und stille hält er zu lauschen,  
Und sieh, aus dem Felsen, geschwätzig, schnell,  
Springt murmelnd hervor ein lebendiger Quell,  
Und freudig bückt er sich nieder,  
Und erfrischt die brennenden Glieder.

Und die Sonne blickt durch der Zweige Grün,  
Und mahlt auf den glänzenden Matten  
Der Bäume gigantische Schatten,  
Und zwey Wanderer sieht er die Straße ziehn,  
Will eilenden Laufes vorüber fliehn,  
Da hört er die Worte sie sagen:  
Jetzt wird er ans Kreuz geschlagen.

Und die Angst beflügelt den eilenden Fuß,  
Ihn jagen der Sorge Qualen,  
Da schimmern in Abendroths Strahlen  
Von ferne die Zinnen von Syrakus,  
Und entgegen kommt ihm Philostratus,  
Des Hauses redlicher Hüter,  
Der erkennt entsetzt den Gebieter:

The sun is glowing as a brand;  
And faint before the parching heat,  
The strength forsakes the feeble feet:  
"Thou hast saved me from the robbers' hand,  
Through wild floods given the blessed land;  
And shall the weak limbs fail me now?  
And he! - Divine one, nerve me, thou!

Hark! like some gracious murmur by,  
Babbles low music, silver-clear -  
The wanderer holds his breath to hear;  
And from the rock, before his eye,  
Laughs forth the spring delightedly;  
Now the sweet waves he bends him o'er,  
And the sweet waves his strength restore.

Through the green boughs the sun gleams dying,  
O'er fields that drink the rosy beam,  
The trees' huge shadows giant seem.  
Two strangers on the road are hieing;  
And as they fleet beside him are flying  
These muttered words his ear dismay:  
"Now - now the cross has claimed its prey!"

Despair his winged path pursues,  
The anxious terrors hound him on -  
There, reddening in the evening sun,  
From far, the domes of Syracuse! -  
When towards him comes Philostratus  
(His leaf and trusty herdsman he),  
And to the master bends his knee.

Zurück! du rettetest den Freund nicht mehr,  
So rette das eigene Leben!  
Den Tod erleidet er eben.  
Von Stunde zu Stunde gewartet' er  
Mit hoffender Seele der Wiederkehr,  
Ihm konnte den muthigen Glauben  
Der Hohn des Tirannen nicht rauben.

Und ist es zu spät, und kann ich ihm nicht  
Ein Retter willkommen erscheinen,  
So soll mich der Tod ihm vereinen.  
Deß rühme der blutge Tirann sich nicht,  
Daß der Freund dem Freunde gebrochen die Pflicht,  
Er schlachte der Opfer zweye,  
Und glaube an Liebe und Treue.

Und die Sonne geht unter, da steht er am Thor  
Und sieht das Kreuz schon erhöht,  
Das die Menge gaffend umstehet,  
An dem Seile schon zieht man den Freund empor,  
Da zertrennt er gewaltig den dichten Chor:  
„Mich Henker! ruft er, erwürget,  
Da bin ich, für den er gebürget!“

Und Erstaunen ergreift das Volk umher,  
In den Armen liegen sich beide,  
Und weinen für Schmerzen und Freude.  
Da sieht man kein Auge thränenleer,  
Und zum Könige bringt man die Wundermähr,  
Der fühlt ein menschliches Rühren,

"Back - thou canst aid thy friend no more.  
The niggard time already down -  
His life is forfeit - save thine own!  
Hour after hour in hope he bore,  
Nor might his soul its faith give o'er;  
Nor could the tyrant's scorn deriding,  
Steal from that faith one thought confiding!"

"Too late! what horror hast thou spoken!  
Vain life, since it cannot requite him!  
But death with me can yet unite him;  
No boast the tyrant's scorn shall make -  
How friend to friend can faith forsake.  
But from the double death shall know,  
That truth and love yet live below!"

The sun sinks down - the gate's in view,  
The cross looms dismal on the ground -  
The eager crowd gape murmuring round.  
His friend is bound the cross unto...  
Crowd - guards - all bursts he breathless through:  
"Me! Doomsman, me!" he shouts, "alone!  
His life is rescued - lo, mine own!"

Amazement seized the circling ring!  
Linked in each other's arms the pair -  
Weeping for joy - yet anguish there!  
Moist every eye that gazed; - they bring  
The wondrous tidings to the king -  
His breast man's heart at last hath known,

<p>Läßt schnell vor den Thron sie führen.</p> <p>Und blicket sie lange verwundert an, Drauf spricht er: Es ist euch gelungen, Ihr habt das Herz mir bezwungen, Und die Treue, sie ist doch kein leerer Wahn, So nehmet auch mich zum Genossen an, Ich sey, gewährt mir die Bitte, In eurem Bunde der dritte.</p>	<p>And the friends stand before his throne.</p> <p>Long silent, he, and wondering long, Gazed on the pair - "In peace depart, Victors, ye have subdued my heart! Truth is no dream! - its power is strong. Give grace to him who owns his wrong! 'Tis mine your suppliant now to be, Ah, let the band of love - be three!"</p>
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### **Addendum (... wasn't sent before the editorial deadline)**

Şi dacă...

Mihai Eminescu

Şi dacă ramuri bat în geam

Şi se cutremur plopii,

E ca în minte să te am

Şi-ncet să te apropii.

Şi dacă stele bat în lac



Adâncu-i luminându-l,  
E ca durerea mea s-o-mpac  
Înseninându-mi gândul.

Și dacă norii deși se duc  
De iese-n lucru luna,  
E ca aminte să-mi aduc  
De tine-ntotdeauna.

And If...

Mihai Eminescu

(Translated by Corneliu M. Popescu)

And if the branches tap my pane  
And the poplars whisper nightly,  
It is to make me dream again  
I hold you to me tightly.

And if the stars shine on the pond  
And light its sombre shoal,  
It is to quench my mind's despond  
And flood with peace my soul.

And if the clouds their tresses part  
And does the moon outblaze,  
It is but to remind my heart  
I long for you always.

Eu nu strivesc corola de minuni a lumii  
Lucian Blaga

Eu nu strivesc corola de minuni a lumii  
și nu ucid

cu mintea tainele, ce le-ntâlnesc

în calea mea

în flori, în ochi, pe buze ori morminte.

Lumina altora

sugrumă vraja nepătrunsului ascuns

în adâncimi de întuneric,

dar eu,

eu cu lumina mea sporesc a lumii taină -

și-ntocmai cum cu razele ei albe luna

nu micșorează, ci tremurătoare

mărește și mai tare taina nopții,

așa înbogățesc și eu întunecata zare

cu largi fiori de sfânt mister

și tot ce-i neînțeles

se schimbă-n neînțelesuri și mai mari

sub ochii mei-

căci eu iubesc

și flori și ochi și buze și morminte.