

I.
TWO HEBREW MELODIES

Kaddisch (Prayer for the Dead)

Magnified and sanctified be His great name in the world which he hath created according to His will. May He establish his Kingdom during your life and during your days, and during the life of all the house of Israel, even speedily and at a near time, and say ye, Amen.

Let His great name be blessed for ever and to all eternity. Blessed, praised and glorified, exalted, extolled and honored, magnified and lauded be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He; though He be high above all the blessings and hymns, praises and consolations, which are uttered in the world; and say ye, Amen.

The Eternal Question

The world asks the old question
Tra la tra la la la la.
One replies
Tra la la.
And if one can not reply
Tra la la.
The world asks the old question
Tra la tra la la la la.

II.
FETES GALANTES I

Muted

Serene in the twilight
Created by the high branches,
Let our love be imbued
With this profound silence.
Let us blend our souls, our hearts,
And our enraptured senses,
Amidst the faint languor
Of the pines and arbutus.
Half-close your eyes,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your weary heart
Drive away forever all plans.
Let us surrender
To the soft and rocking breath
Which comes to your feet and ripples
The waves of the russet lawn.
And when, solemnly, the night
Shall descend from the black oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, shall sing.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading,
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

Phantoms

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Whom wicked intentions have brought together,
Are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight,
While the excellent doctor from Bologna
Is leisurely gathering healing herbs
In the dark grass,
While his pertly pretty daughter,
Beneath the bowers, stealthily
Glides, scantily dressed,
In quest of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose distress an amorous nightingale
Proclaims at the top of its voice.

III THREE SONGS

Western Wind -- anonymous

Western Wind, when wilt thou blow?
The small rain down can rain.
Christ! that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again.

The Wasteland -- (excerpt) -- T.S. Eliott

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
There are (sic) no windows, and the door swings.
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the roof-tree
Co co rico co co rico

Bobby Shafto -- nursery rhyme

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee,
When he comes home he'll marry me --
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

IV
TWO SONGS

Longing

Dipped in the golden glow of evening,
How festively the woods stand!
And in quiet bird voices breathe
The quiet movement of evening breezes.
What whisper the winds and the little birds?
They whisper the world into sleep, to sleep.

You desires, constantly astir in my heart
without peace or rest!
You longing that moves my breast,
When will you be still, when will you slumber?
During this whispering of winds and birds,
You longing desires, when, when do you sleep?

When no more my spirit and my winged dreams
Rush into the golden distance,
When no more my eyes linger with longing
On the eternally distant stars,
Then will the winds and little birds whisper
My life at one with my longing.

Holy Lullaby -- Geibel, after Lope de Vega

You who hover about the palm trees
In night and wind,
You holy angels, still the treetops!
My child is sleeping, my child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem, in rushing wind,
Why do you want to blow so angrily today?
Oh, don't roar quite so much!
Be silent, bow quietly and softly,
Still the treetops, still the treetops!
My child is sleeping, my child is sleeping.

The child of Heaven bears our burdens;
How tired he was from the sorrows of the earth,
Oh, how tired, how tired he was from the sorrows of the earth.
Ah, in his sleep, a quiet softening,
His pain flows away.
Still the treetops, still the treetops,
My child is sleeping, my child is sleeping.

Grim cold rushes down,
How shall I cover the child's limbs!
Oh all you angels
Who wander, hovering in the wind,
Still the treetops, still the treetops.
My child is asleep, my child is asleep.

1.

My song begins to sound, a psalm of love,
As the day begins to sink.
When the moss and the withered stalk
Secretly drink pearls of dew.

My song begins to sound, full of wanderlust,
In green forest halls,
And on the wide meadows of the Pussta
I let my happy song ring out.

My song begins to sound, full of love
Even when storms on the heath are raging;
When the brother's breast heaves
To take the last breath of life.

2.

Ay! how wonderfully and beautifully
My triangle rings!
On hearing such sounds
One can easily stride into death!

Into death one steps
At the ringing of the triangle!
Songs, dances, Love,
Farewell to all that!

3.

All around the forest is so silent and still,
My heart beats so anxiously;
The black smoke sinks deeper and deeper
And dries my cheeks.

Ay, my tears do not dry,
You have to look for other cheeks!
Whoever can sing about the pain
Won't curse death.

4.

When my old mother
Was still teaching me to sing,
Tears often hung in her lashes.

Now when I myself
Teach the little ones to sing,
Tears often trickle into my beard,
Tears often trickle from my brown cheeks!

5.

Tune up the strings,
Young lad, dance in the circle!
Today is gay, today is gay, and tomorrow?
Dreary, dreary, dreary in the old way!

Next day on the Nile,
At the Father's table
Tune up, tune up the strings
Dance, enter into the dance!

Tune up the strings!
Young lad, dance in the circle!

6.

In the broad, wide,
Airy linen garments
The gypsy is freer
Than in gold and silk!

Yai! the golden doublet
Squeezes the breast so tightly,
Restricts the free songs
The happy, wandering sounds;;

And he who finds joy
In the sound of the songs,
Lets gold and vileness
Fall into Hell!

7.

When the falcon's flight
Surrounds the heights of Tatra,
Will he trade his nest in the rocks
for a cage?

If the wild stallion
Can run freely through the heath
Then in bit and bridle
He will find no joy.

Has nature, gypsy,
Given anything to you?
Yai! Out of freedom
She created all of life!