

## Sergei Rachmaninoff

### Zdes' khorosho

.  
Zdes' khorosho... Vzgljani, vdali

Ognjom gorit reka;  
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,  
Belejut oblaka.

Zdes' net ljudej... Zdes' tishina...

Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.  
Cvety, da staraja sosna,  
Da ty, mechta moja!

### Son

.  
V mire net nichego  
Dozhdelenneje sna,  
Chary jest' u nego,  
U nego tishina,  
U nego na ustakh  
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,  
I v bezdonnykh ochakh  
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.

U nego shiroki,  
Shiroki dva kryla,  
I legki, tak ljogki,  
Kak polnochnaja mgla.  
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,  
I kuda i na chem  
On krylom ne vzmakhnet  
I ne dvinet plechom.

### How Fair This Spot

.  
How fair this spot... Just look, there in the  
distance

The river is ablaze;  
The meadows are like a radiant carpet,  
And the clouds are white.

There is nobody here... here silence reigns...

Here I am alone with God.  
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,  
And you, my dream!...

### Dreams

.  
There is nothing in the world  
More longed for than sleep,  
It enchants,  
It brings silence,  
On its lips  
Is neither sadness nor laughter,  
And in its fathomless eyes  
There are many secret delights.

Wide are its wings,  
Wide its two wings,  
And so light, oh so light,  
Like the darkness at midnight.  
We cannot know how it carries us,  
Whither and on what,  
Its wings do not beat,  
Its shoulders do not move.

## Ne poi krasavitsa

.  
Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;  
Napominayut mne one  
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.

Uvy, napominayut mne  
Tvoi zhestokie napevy  
I step, i noch – i pri lune  
Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devi.

## Oh Do Not Sing, Fair Maiden

.  
Oh do not sing for me, fair maiden,  
Those Georgian songs so sad;  
They remind me  
Of another life and a distant shore.

Alas, your cruel strains  
Remind me  
Of the steppe and the night,  
And the moonlit face of my distant beloved.

## Kevin Puts

### Evening

Moonlight pours down  
without mercy, no matter  
how many have perished  
beneath the trees.  
The river rolls on.  
There will always be  
silence, no matter  
how long someone  
has wept against  
the side of a house,  
bare forearms pressed  
to the shingles.  
Everything ends.  
Even pain, even sorrow.  
The swans drift on.  
Reeds bear the weight  
of their feathery heads.  
Pebbles grow smaller,  
smoother beneath night's  
rough currents.

### Canyon

We walk long distances, carting  
our bags, our packages.  
Burdens or gifts.  
We know the land  
is disappearing beneath  
the sea, islands swallowed  
like prehistoric fish.  
We know we are doomed,  
done for, damned, and still  
the light reaches us, falls  
on our shoulders even now,  
even here where the moon is  
hidden from us, even though  
the stars are so far away.

Tonight I walked into the sunset.  
The whole sky was just blazing and grey  
blue clouds were riding all through the  
holiness of it—  
and the whole thing lit up with flashes of  
lightning.  
I walked out past the last house— past the  
locust tree— and sat on a fence for a long  
time— looking—  
you see there was nothing but sky and flat  
prairie land  
land that seems more like ocean than  
anything else I know.  
It is absurd the way I love this country.  
And the sky, Anita— you have never seen  
sky. It is wonderful.

## Henri Duparc

### L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traîtres yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
-Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!

### Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...  
Mort exquise, mort parfumée  
Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...  
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...

### Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,  
Think how sweet  
To journey there and live together!  
To love as we please,  
To love and die  
In the land that is like you!  
The watery suns  
Of those hazy skies  
Hold for my spirit  
The same mysterious charms  
As your treacherous eyes  
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,  
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals  
Those vessels sleeping,  
Vessels with a restless soul;  
To satisfy  
Your slightest desire  
They come from the ends of the earth.  
The setting suns  
Clothe the fields,  
Canals and all the town  
With hyacinth and gold;  
The world falls asleep  
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,  
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

### Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping  
A sleep as sweet as death:  
Exquisite death, death perfumed  
By the breath of the beloved:  
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping...  
A sleep as sweet as death...

### Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées  
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,  
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peut-être je guérirai.

### A Song of Sadness

.Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

## Knoxville: Summer of 1915 by Samuel Barber

It has become that time of evening  
When people sit on their porches  
Rocking gently and talking gently  
And watching the street  
And the standing up into their sphere  
Of possession of the trees,  
Of birds' hung havens, hangars.  
People go by; things go by.  
A horse, drawing a buggy,  
Breaking his hollow iron music on the  
asphalt:  
A loud auto: a quiet auto:  
People in pairs, not in a hurry,  
Scuffling, switching their weight of aestival  
body,  
Talking casually,  
The taste hovering over them of vanilla,  
Strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk,  
The image upon them of lovers and  
horsement,  
Squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising into iron moan;  
Stopping;  
Belling and starting; stertorous;  
Rousing and raising again  
Its iron increasing moan  
And swimming its gold windows and straw  
seats  
On past and past and past  
The bleak spark crackling and cursing  
above it  
Like a small malignant spirit  
Set to dog its tracks;  
The iron whine rises on rising speed;  
Still risen, faints; halts;  
The faint stinging bell;  
Rises again, still fainter;  
Fainting, lifting lifts,  
Faints foregone;  
Forgotten.

Now is the night one blue dew;  
My father has drained,  
He has coiled the hose.  
Low on the length of lawns,  
A frailing of fire who breathes.

Parents on porches:  
Rock and rock.  
From damp strings morning glories hang their  
ancient faces.  
The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all  
the air  
At once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass  
Of the backyard  
My father and mother have spread quilts  
We all lie there, my mother, my father, my  
uncle, my aunt,  
And I too am lying there.  
They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet,  
Of nothing in particular,  
Of nothing at all.

The stars are wide and alive,  
They all seem like a smile  
Of great sweetness,  
And they seem very near.  
All my people are larger bodies than mine,  
With voices gentle and meaningless  
Like the voices of sleeping birds.

One is an artist, he is living at home.  
One is a musician, she is living at home.  
One is my mother who is good to me.  
One is my father who is good to me.

By some chance, here they are,  
All on this earth;  
And who shall ever tell the sorrow  
Of being on this earth, lying, on quilts,  
On the grass,  
In a summer evening,  
Among the sounds of the night.  
May God bless my people,  
My uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good  
father,  
Oh, remember them kindly in their time of  
trouble;  
And in the hour of their taking away.  
After a little  
I am taken in  
And put to bed.  
Sleep, soft smiling,  
Draws me unto her;  
And those receive me,  
Who quietly treat me,  
As one familiar and well-beloved in that  
home:  
But will not, oh, will not,  
Not now, not ever;  
But will not ever tell me who I am.