

## **The Sun Whose Rays are all Ablaze**

The Sun Whose Rays are all Ablaze with  
ever living glory,  
Does not deny his majesty he scorns to tell  
a story!  
He don't exclaim "I blush for shame, so  
kindly be indulgent."  
But, fierce and bold, in fiery gold, He glories  
all effulgent!  
I mean to rule the earth, as he the sky –  
We really know our worth, the sun and I!

Observe his flame, That placid dame, The  
moon's celestial highness;  
There's not a trace upon her face of  
diffidence or shyness:  
She borrows light, that thro' the night, man-  
kind may all acclaim her.  
And truth to tell, she lights up well, so I for  
one, don't blame her.  
Ah, pray make no mistake. We are not shy;  
We're very wide awake! The moon and I!

## **Amor**

It wasn't the policeman's fault in all the  
traffic roar instead of shouting halt when he  
saw me he shouted Amor.  
Even the ice cream man (free ice cream by  
the score) instead of shouting Butter Pecan  
one look at me, he shouted Amor.  
All over town it went that way.  
Ev'rebody took off the day.  
Even philosophers understood how good  
was the good 'cuz I looked so good!  
The poor stopped taking less, the rich  
stopped needing more.  
Instead of shouting no and yes both looking  
at me shouted Amor.  
Da de da

My stay in town was cut short I was  
dragged to court. The judge said I disturbed  
the peace and the jury gave him what for!  
The judge raised his hand and instead of  
Desist and Cease Judgie came to the stand  
took my hand and whispered Amor.  
Night was turning into day walked alone  
away.  
Never see that torn again.  
But as I passed the church-house door  
instead of singing Amen the choir was  
singing Amor.  
Da de da.

### **Sole e Amore**

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri;  
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore  
E l'uno e 'altro chiama.  
Il sole dice: "Odormente mostrati che  
sei bella!"  
Dice l'amor: "Sorella, col tuo primo pensier  
pensa a chi t'ama!  
A! Paganini. G. Puccini

The sun joyfully taps at your windows;  
Love softy, softly taps at your heart  
An one calls to the other.  
The sun says: "O Sleeper, show yourself for  
you are beautiful!"  
Love says: "Sister with your first thought  
Think of the one who loves you! Think!  
To Paganini, G. Puccini.

### **2. Even**

In the evening I am at peace. In the evening  
I hear ev'rything more clearly,  
everything to the hearer all the worl does  
sing with a ringing and a quickening over  
head the birds wheel and turn overhear the  
setting sun reddening no longer burns  
at the water's edge a wind brushes by me  
with a susuration grass and leaves flowers  
flow against the darkening trees eye-sight  
and the light both go  
Ev'ry evening the Forrest darkens In the  
evening my senses sharpen  
I have no peace at night.

## Goodnight Moon

In the great green room there was a  
telephone and a red ballon and a picture of  
the cow jumping over the moon,  
And there were three little bears sitting on  
chairs, and two little kittens, and a pair of  
mittens, and a little toyhouse, and a young  
mouse and a comb and a brush, and a bowl  
full of mush, and a quiet old lady who was  
whispering hush.

Goodnight room, goodnight moon,  
goodnight cow jumping over the moon,  
goodnight light and the red ballon, good  
night bears, goodnight chairs, good night  
kittens, goodnight mittens, goodnight  
clocks and goodnight socks, goodnight little  
house, goodnight mouse, goodnight comb  
and good night brush, goodnight nobody,  
goodnight mush, and good night to the old  
lady whispering hush.

Goodnight stars, good night air,  
goodnight noises ev'rywhere.

## L'Heure exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les boi;  
Du claque branche part une voix sous la  
ramee  
O bieaimee!  
L'etang replete, profond miroir,  
la silhouette du sau le noir  
ou le vent pleure  
Rev on! C'est L'Heure..  
Un vast et tendre apaisement semble  
descendre du firmament  
que l'atre irise..  
C'est L'Heure exquise.

The white moon shines in the woods.  
From each branch springs a voice beneath  
the arbor  
Oh my Beloved!  
Like a deep mirror the pond reflects  
the silhouette of a black willow  
where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream! It is the hour....  
A vast and tender cal seems  
To descend from a sky  
made iridescent by the moon  
It is the acquire hour!

## Coyotes

I understand you coyotes, I understand the  
songs you croon.  
I never did before, before I hungered for his  
kisses underneath an amber moon.  
Oh now I loathe you coyotes, and ev'rything  
you know of me.  
You sing of my demise, that laughing in your  
eyes all my love to bitter mockery, yes,  
coyotes, you tell of all that I am breaking of.  
Yes, coyotes, you tell of these fools fools  
enough to love.  
Laugh on, laugh on you wild coyotes, with  
angels on your razor back who tell me not  
to stay and beckon me away, to run the  
ridges with your frenzied packs.

## Ballade a la lune

C'était, dans la nuit brune  
Sur le clocher jauni  
La lune  
Comme un point sur un i

Lune, quel esprit sombre  
Promene au bout d'un fil  
Dans l'ombre  
Ta face et ton profil?

Es-tu l'oeil du ciel borgne  
Quel cherubin cafard  
Nous lorgne  
Sous ton masque blafard?

N'es-tu rien qu'une boule  
Qu'un grand faucheur bien gras  
Qui roule Qui presse  
Sans pattes et sans bras?

Rends-nous la chasseresse,  
Diane, au sein virginal,  
Qui presse

## Ballad to the Moon

It was, in the dimly lit night,  
Over the yellowed bell tower,  
The moon  
Like the dot on an i.

Moon, what dark spirit  
Takes your face and your profile  
For a walk in the dark  
On the end of a string?

Are you the eye of the one-eyed sky?  
What disgruntled cherub  
Has his eye on us  
From behind your pale wan mask?

Are you merely a ball?  
A big fat daddy-long-legs  
The rolls, that rolls  
Without legs and with out arms?

Give us back the huntress,  
Diana with the virginal crease,  
Who chases relentlessly

Quelque cerf matinal!

Phoebe qui, la nuit close  
Aux levres d'un Berger  
Se pose  
Comme un oiseau léger

Lune, en notre mémoire  
De tes belles amours  
L'histoire  
T'embellira toujours

Et toujours rajeunie  
Tu sers du passant  
Benie  
Pleine lune ou croissant

T'aimera le pilote  
Dans son grand bâtiment  
Qui flotte  
Sous le clair firmament!

Et qu'il vente ou neige,  
Moi-même chaque soir,  
Que faisje,  
Venant ici m'asseoir?

Je vien Voir à la brune,  
Sur le clocher jauni,  
La lune, la lune,  
Comme un point sur un i!

Some morning stag!

Phoebe who after dark  
On a shepherd's lips  
Alights,  
Like a delicate bird.

Moon, in our memory,  
Of your fair loves  
The story  
Will always make you more beautiful

And ever restored to youth  
You shall by the passer-by  
Be blessed,  
Full moon or crescent.

The sailor will love you  
In his great ship  
Floating  
Beneath the clear sky!

And, come wind or snow,  
Myself, each evening,  
What do I do,  
Coming here to sit?

I come to see at dusk,  
On the yellowed steeple,  
The moon, the moon  
Like a dot on an i.

### **What Good Would the Moon Be?**

I've looked in the windows at diamonds,  
They're beautiful but they're cold.

I've seen Broadway stars in fur coats That  
cost a fortune so I'm told,  
I guess I'd look nice in diamonds, and sables  
might add to my charms, but if someone I

don't care for would buy them I'd rather  
have two loving arms!

What good would the moon be Unless the  
right one shared its beams?

What good would dreams-come true be if  
love wasn't in those dreams?

And a primrose path—What would be the  
fun of walking down a path like that  
without the right one?

What good would the night be unless the  
right lips whisper low: Kiss me, oh, darling,  
kiss me, while ev'ning stars still glow?

No, it won't be a primrose path for me,  
No it won't be diamonds or gold, but maybe  
there will be someone who'll love me,  
someone who'll love just me to have and to  
hold!

### **Nuit d'Espagne**

L'air est embaumé, la nuit est sereine  
Et mon âme est pleine de pensers joyeux;  
Ô bien-aimée, viens! Ô bien-aimée,  
Voici l'instant de l'amour!  
Dans le bois profond où les fleurs  
s'endorment,  
Où chantent des sources,  
Vite, enfuyons-nous, enfuyons-nous!  
Vois, la lune est claire et nous sourit dans le  
ciel...  
Les yeux indiscrets ne sont plus à craindre,  
Viens, ô bien-aimée, la nuit protège ton  
front rougissant!  
La nuit est sereine, apaise mon cœur;  
C'est l'heure d'amour! C'est l'heure!  
Dans le sombre azur les blondes étoiles  
Écartent leurs voiles pour te voir passer,  
Ô bien-aimée, viens! Ô bien-aimée,  
Voici l'instant de l'amour!  
J'ai vu s'entr'ouvrir ton  
rideau de gause,

The air is fragrant, the night is clear  
And my soul is full of thoughts joyous;  
Oh well loved, come!  
Now is the moment of love!  
In the woods deep, where the flowers  
Fall asleep,  
Where sing the springs;  
Quickly let us fly, let us fly!  
See, the moon is bright and upon-us smiles  
in the sky...  
The inquisitive eyes are not to be feared.  
Come, oh well loved, the night protects  
your forehead blushing!  
The night is clam, satisfy my heart;  
It is the hour love love! It is the hour!  
In the deep blue the pale stars,  
Part their veils so as you to see past by,  
Oh well loved!  
Here is the moment of love!  
I have seen it begging to open your curtain  
of gause,

Tu m'entends, cruelle,  
Et tu ne viens pas, tu ne viens pas!  
Vois, la route est sombre sous les rameaux  
enlaces!

Cueille en leur splendeur tes jeunes années,  
Viens! Car l'heure est brève,  
Un jour effeuille les fleurs du printemps!  
La nuit est sereine, apaise mon cœur!

### **Rusalka Pisen Rusalky O Nesichku**

Mesiku na nebi hlubokem  
Svetlo tve daleko vidi,  
Po svete bloudis sirokem,  
Divas se v pribytky lidi.  
Mesicku, postuj chvíli  
reckni mi, kde je muj mily  
Rekni mu, sribmy mesicku,  
me ze jej objima rame,  
aby si alespon chvilicku  
vzpomenul ve sneni na mne.

Zasvet mu do daleka,  
rekni mu, rekni m kdo tu nan ceka!  
O mneli duse lidska sni,  
at'se tou vzpominkou vzbudi!  
Mesicku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

### **Vedic Hymn 1. Ushas**

Behold the Dawn, the fairest of all visions,  
Day's glory now appears.  
Arise! For the night hath fled!  
Arise and greet the dawn.  
Welcome her!  
Unveiled she now appeareth, all things  
greet her radiant smile.  
Borne by wing'ed horse and care she steals  
across the sky.  
Child of heav'n arrayed in shining garments,  
Blushing maiden draw thou near:

You hear me cruel one,  
And you do not come!  
See the dark path beneath the entwining  
branches

Gather in their splendor your young years  
Come! For the hour is short  
A year strips the flowers of spring  
The night is calm, appease my heart.

Moon, high and deep in the sky  
Your light sees far,  
You travel around the wise world,  
And see into people's homes.  
Moon, stand still a while  
And tell me where is my hear.  
Tell him, silver moon,  
That I am embracing him.  
For at least momentarily  
Let him recall of dreaming of me.

Illuminate him far away,  
And tell him, tell him who is waiting for him!  
If his human soul is, in fact, dreaming of me,  
May the memory awaken him!  
Moonlight, don't disappear, disappear!

Sovran lady of earth and sky  
We hail thee as our queen.  
Heav'n's breath awakeneth creation,  
The sky is all aflame,  
Th'eastern portals open wide.  
The sun draws nigh.  
Getting thee, the holy fire ascendeth,  
Greeting thee, our hymns arise,  
Greeting thee, the Sun appeareth,  
Greeting thee, they worshipers bow down  
and bless and adore.

### **Morning In Paris**

Early in the morning of a  
lovely summer day,  
As they lowered the bright awning  
at the outdoor café  
I was breakfasting on croissants  
And café au lait.  
Under greenery like scenery  
Rue Francois Premier.  
They were hosing the hot pavement  
with a dash of flashing spray  
And a smell like summer showers  
when the dust is drenched away.  
I was twenty and a lover and  
in paradise to stay  
Very early in the morning of a lovely  
summer day.

### **As I Lay in the Early Sun**

As I lay in the early sun,  
Stretched in the grass.  
I thought upon my true love,  
My dear love,  
Who has my heart forever,  
Who is my happiness when we meet,  
My sorrow when we sever.  
She is all fire when I do burn,  
Gentle when I moody turn,



Brave when I am sad and heavy  
And all laughter when I am merry.  
And so I lay and dreamed and dreamed,  
And so the day wheeled on,  
While all the birds with thoughts like mine  
were singing to the sun.

### **Frere! Voyez!... Du gai soleil**

Frere! Voyez!...  
Voyez le beau bouquet!  
J'ai mis, pour le Pasteur, le jardin au pillage!  
Et puis, l'on va danser!  
Pour le premier menuet c'est sur vous que  
le compte.  
Ah! Le sombre visage!  
Mais aujourd'hui, monsieur Werther,  
Tout le monde est joyeux!  
Le bonheur est dans l'air!

Du gai soleil, plein de flamme  
dans l'azur resplendissant  
la pure clarte descend de nos  
front jusqu'a notre ame!  
Et l'oiseau qui monte aux cieux dans la brise  
qui soupire est revenu  
pour nous dire que Dieu permet d'etre  
heureux!

### **Ah, Love but a day!**

Ah, love but a day,  
And the world has changed!  
The sun's away, and the bird estranged;  
The wind has dropped, and the sky deranged  
Summer, summer has stopped,  
Summer has stopped..  
Look in my eyes! Wilt though change too?  
Should I fear surprise? Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear, In the good and true,

### **Brother! Look!...From the Cheerful Sun**

Brother! Look!  
Look at the beautiful bouquet!  
I made it for the Pastor, I pillaged the garden  
And afterwards, we are going dancing!  
For the first dance I count on you.

Ah! The sad face!  
But today, Mr. Werther,  
All the world is joyous;  
Happiness is in the air!

From the gay sun, full of flames  
Into the resplendent azure sky,  
Pure light descends on our heads  
Thence into our soul.  
And the bird which climbs into the heavens  
the breeze which sighs,  
has come back to tell us That God permits  
us to be happy!

With the changing year?  
Ah love, look in my eyes,  
Wilt thou change too?

### **Content To Be Behind Me**

People often remind me to mention the one  
who is slaving away at the keys.  
But such decorous gestures are quite  
overdone, Share the glory, oh please!  
I assure you that he's content to be behind  
me,  
Content there in the rear,  
Content to feed my ev'ry need and never  
ever interfere.

He'll never claim applause of fame and that  
is why I love him so.  
Does he bang? God forbid.  
I would kill him if he did.  
Is he rigid like a grid?  
No, he yields to my voice with its ev'ry  
inflection, obeying my whines and my ev'ry  
predilection!  
Content to be behind me and follow my  
commands.  
Content to play whatever I say  
like a chestnut now and then,  
Let's do the trout again!  
In Eminem Bachlein helle,  
You see how quickly her complies.  
Die launishe Forelle,  
Believe me, he's very wise.  
He goes from Napoli to Fargo and knows it's  
all because of me.  
He carries all my cargo, content as he can  
be.  
Just happy to travel with a star going round  
the world for free.  
And this I tell you gladly: the press will  
never make him gray.  
He may play well or badly, they don't  
mention either way.

Of course if editors compel it,  
Some rag might register his name.  
They usually misspell it, he's happy all the  
same.

Just look at him anyone can tell it's for love  
and not for fame.  
So now you know the reason, he needs no  
nod from me.  
He needs no praise or thanks, oh no, not he,  
not he!  
In Eminem Blachlein helle, perhaps is  
something that I said?  
Die launische Forelle, but you shouldn't be  
mislead. His love for me is ever burning, for  
I'm the one who set him free.

Concerti he's not learning, no need to,  
thanks to me.  
How lucky never to be learning concerti,  
thanks to me!  
In Eminem Blachlein helle  
Da shoss in froher Eil,  
Die launische....  
Content to be behind me,  
I thought he felt that way  
Oh well, too bad, theres nothing to add  
except..  
Boy, oh boy, can that guy play!