

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 reflete, 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 croisissant

T'aura 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 chvili
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!