

The Mermaid's Song, Haydn

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea,
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves,
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

La Sirene, Bizet

Sous le flot qui déferle
J'habite un pays sans pareil
Où le ciel de corail vermeil
A pour lune une perle,
Un rubis pour soleil!

Et pourtant sur la grève
Je viens chaque soir toute en pleurs
À cause... hélas ! à cause d'un bel
enfant qui rêve
Et qui passe en cueillant des fleurs.

Autre fois la Sirène heureuse
Sans aimer donnait de l'amour!
La séductrice enfin est amoureuse
La charmeresse est charmée à son
tour,

Et le soir, sur la grève
Sans jamais voir mes pleurs
Le bel enfant qui rêve
Passe en cueillant des fleurs!
Hélas! Hélas!

Under the surging tide
I live in a country like no other
Where the vermillion coral sky
Has a pearl for the moon,
A ruby for the sun!

Yet on the shore
I come each night in tears
Because...alas! Because of a beautiful child
who dreams
And who passes by picking flowers.

In the old days the happy siren
Without loving gave love!
The seductress is finally in love
The charmer is charmed in turn,

And the evening, on the shore
Without ever seeing my tears
The beautiful dreaming child
Passes picking flowers!
Alas!

Trois Chansons de la Petite Sirene, Honegger

1. Chanson des Sirenes

Dans le vent et dans le flot
dissous toi fragile écume
Dissous toi dans un sanglot
pauvre cœur rempli d'amertume

In the wind and in the waves,
dissolve, oh fragile foam.
Dissolve into a teardrop,
poor heart filled with bitterness

Prends ton vol dans le ciel bleu
vois la mort n'est pas cruelle.
Tu auras la paix de Dieu
viens à nous âme immortelle...

Take flight into the blue sky.
See - death is not cruel.
God's peace will be yours,
come to us, immortal soul...

2. Berceuse de la Sirene

Danse avec nous dans le bel Océan
le matin ou le soir sous la lune
d'argent.

Dance with us on the beautiful ocean
in the morning or evening beneath the
silver moon.

Plonge avec nous dans le flot
transparent,
chante au soleil dans l'écume et le
vent.

Dive with us into the limpid waves,
sing to the sun in the spray and the wind.
Ocean, rock us in your caressing arms,
ocean, rock us on your trembling heart.

Mer berce nous dans tes bras
caressants
Mer berce nous sur ton coeur
frémissant.

3. Chanson de la Poire

C'est l'histoire d'une poire on la cueille dans les feuilles on la tape tant et tant, qu'elle en claque en trois temps d'une attaque Il faut boire à la poire un bon coup. Il faut boire et c'est tout.	This is the story Of a pear You pick it From the leaves You tap it Many times So that it dies In triple time From a stroke We must toast The pear And drink deeply. We must drink And that's all.
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***Die Lorelei, Liszt**

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I'm looking in vain for the reason
That I am so sad and distressed;
A tale known for many a season
Will not allow me to rest.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berge funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Cool is the air in the twilight
And quietly flows the Rhine;
The mountain top glows with a highlight
From the evening sun's last shine.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest of maiden's reposing
So wonderously up there.
Her golden treasure disclosing;
She's combing her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with comb of gold
And meanwhile sings a song
With melody strangely bold
And overpoweringly strong.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

The boatman in his small craft
Is seized with longings, and sighs.
He sees not the rocks fore and aft;
He looks only up towards the skies.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

I fear that the waves shall be flinging
Both vessel and man to their end;
That must have been what with her singing
The Lorelei did intend.

Tesla's Pigeon, Melissa Dunphy

- I. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

- II. I have been thinking of you
All day and evening as I do so often.
I sat on a little hillside this afternoon
looking over green meadows to the sea beyond
and wishing that i could loan you my eyes
that you might have my visions

and drink in the beauty of the day.
You are as silent as only you know how to be.

- III. I hunted thee where the Ibis nods,
From the Brocken's crag to the Upas tree,
My lonesomeness was as great as God's,
When He cast us out from his Holy See,
But now at the last thou art come to me!
- IV. When the spring blossoms rain down,
When the field's green benediction shines on us,
I will hurry to help where I can.
I hover overhead in airy circles,
Quieten your heart's grim trouble,
Pull out the burning bitter arrows,
Cleanse your mind of sorrows,
I lay your head on a cool pillow,
Bathe you in milk of amnesia
Loosen your stiffened limbs
And return you to the holy light.
- V. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
I am thy lover, I am thy mother,
Time cannot prison us, space cannot smother.
Hark, hark! I hear the strain of strutting golube...

Oj golube, moj Golube
(O pigeon, my pigeon)

From Jerusalem, the holy city,
A swift grey bird came flying, a falcon,
And he carries in his beak a swallow.
But behold and see,
It is not a falcon, it is the holy man of God, Elias,
And he bears not with him a swallow
But a letter from the God's Holy Mother.
Lo! He bears the letter to Kosovo,
Drops it on the Tsar's knees from the heavens,
And thus speaks the letter to the monarch:

- VI. Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! Now I hear them.

VII. Hark! Time storms onward.
Our ears ring.
See another day has broken,
The morning's gates creak and rattle
Phoebus' wheels roll and crackle
How noisy is the light!
Its trumpets sound blinding eyes and astounding ears.
Hear the deafening light!
Was't well done?

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

<p>Sul fil d'un soffio etesio Scorrete, agili larve; Fra i rami un baglior cesio D'alba lunare apparve. Danzate! e il passo blando Misuri un blando suon. Le magiche accoppiando Carole alla canzon. Erriam sotto la luna Scegliendo fior da fiore, Ogni corolla in core Porta la sua fortuna. Coi gigli e le viole Scrivian de' nomi arcani, Dalle fatate mani Germogliano parole, Parole illuminate Di puro argento e d'or, Carni e malie. Le Fate hanno per cifre i fior.</p>	<p>On the breath of an etesian breeze, Scurry, agile shadows, Among the branches of a bluish-gray glow Of the rising moon has appeared. Dance! And may the gentle steps Measure a gentle sound, Combining the magical dances With the song. Let us wander beneath the moon Choosing flower by flower, Each crown of petals in its heart Carries its own fortune. With lilies and violets Let us write our secret names, From our enchanted hands, May words blossom, Words illuminated By pure silver and gold, Magic incantations and charms. The fairies have flowers for letters.</p>
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Hexenlied

Die Schwalbe fliegt,	Swallows are flying,
Der Frühling siegt,	Spring's triumphant,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!	Dispensing flowers for wreaths!
Bald huschen wir	Soon we'll flit
Lies' aus der Tür,	Quietly outside,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!	And fly to the splendid dance!
Ein schwarzer Bock,	A black goat,
Ein Besenstock,	A broomstick,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,	The furnace rake, the distaff
Reißt uns geschwind,	Whisk us on our way,
Wie Blitz und Wind,	Like lightning and wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!	Through whistling gales to the Brocken!
Um Beelzebub	Our coven dances
Tanzt unser Trupp,	Round Beelzebub
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!	And kisses his claw-like hands!
Ein Geisterschwarm	A ghostly throng
Faßt uns beim Arm,	Seizes our arms,
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!	Waving firebrands as they dance!
Und Beelzebub	And Beelzebub
Verheißt dem Trupp	Pledges the throng
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:	Of dancers gift after gift:
Sie sollen schön	They shall be dressed

In Seide gehn	In beautiful silk
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!	And dig themselves pots full of gold!
Ein Feuerdrach'	A fiery dragon
Umflieget das Dach	Flies round the roof
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier:	And brings us butter and eggs:
Die Nachbarn dann sehn	The neighbours catch sight
Die Funken wehn,	Of the flying sparks,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.	And cross themselves for fear of the fire.
Die Schwalbe fliegt	Swallows are flying,
Der Frühling siegt,	Spring's triumphant,
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.	Flowers are blooming for wreaths.
Bald huschen wir	Soon we'll flit
Leis' aus der Tur,	Quietly outside –
Juchheisa! zum prächtigen Tanze!	Tally-ho to the splendid dance!

Where They Hide

I. The Beginning of the End (Greece, ~0CE)

This is the beginning of the end
As the old gods are forgotten,
A prophet will come proclaiming peace,
but fragile men will do evil work in his name.

You are never so clear. I am afraid.

My devotional streams will dry up;
I will shrivel and wither, become a gilded husk of myself.
There is nothing you can do.

Nothing?

Nothing.

You cannot catch my name as it falls into a mortal grave.
People will grow tired of naming us as their own names kill them.
But too much power in the hands of one creates unrest,
And so, too, Time will favor us again when the prophet has run his course.

No. I am afraid.

This is not a punishment,
But it is the curse of seeing beyond the mist and embracing your wild self.
You will not live to see the fall,
But your descendants will. Their souls will ache for times they cannot fathom
And rage against those who hide the truth.
Remember this:
Time forgives no one.

II. A Star Without a Sky (Norway, ~800)

Earth's frozen ground does not soften beneath my back.
Branches weave a harsh web above me,
Stars scream to be seen. They do not often scream.
I witness what lies in stone, unable to be rewritten:
They were killed before the others lit the first fire.

I rise to witness the destruction I could not stop:
figures lying in permanent stillness.
One pair of eyes meets mine.
The hateful gaze pierces my soul
While I stand, defiantly alive.

They were victims of an eventuality unavoidable.
Don't they know *urðr* does not meekly bow to mortals?
I am human: feared and closer to the stars than they,
But I am human.
Time forgives no one.

I am myself once more, the figure waiting in the trees.
I am myself once more, bearer of foresight's burden.
I am myself once more, a star without a sky.

III. Call in the Dark (Ireland, ~1000)

My soul is aching:

for a land in front of me, but beyond my vision,
for a time I cannot fathom.
I breathe in morning mist and stories nestle into my lungs, in a language foreign to
my tongue but known in my soul.
Stone churches were slammed into our sacred ground long before I was born:
Their shadows feel heavier than the rain on my skin.
What have their saints done to us aside from rip our souls from our evergreen
cradle?
What good did it do?
My soul is aching:
for a path to where I can dance with the Sun
for a call in the dark to guide me home.

IV. A Word (Florence, Italy, 1427)

Cara Nonna,
There is a shift here as the Sun of summer returns.
Eerie silences hover over streets, broken by soulless laughter.
I cannot tell if I am dreaming, or if life is getting louder.
Fingers point under the gaze of marble eyes, and men's smiles do not meet their
eyes.

Cara Antonia,
This is a delicate dance: do not hide, but avoid their eyes.
Fragile men do evil work in the name of God.
Because I have taught you to hold a pen, they will call it a wand.

Cara Nonna,
I wonder if the Sun is not my friend, after all - He draws me outside, where eyes can
imagine me soaked in blood.
My neighbor Giovanna was arrested, dragged screaming from Sant'Ambrogio.
She is just a wife, a mother, seeking better love; yet what am I?
She is not yet a ghost, but I see her everywhere.
Will they come for *me*, Nonna? Call me strega?

Cara Antonia,
I hear tell of a young maiden in France who speaks to the dead.
She is going to war against men who will die to ensure her death.
Our good deeds are not as warriors, but
Our spellwork is the same as hers.
You must be careful - your words hold power.
Speak not what you do not mean, and choose silence when you need to.

Cara Nonna,
I do not know where to turn. My nightmares grow darker and dizzier as days grow
longer and brighter.

More young women are being made to bow to Firenze's men a final time.
I have hidden my inks and I say the Christian prayers, but I fear I will not feel the
Sun on my face again.

Cara Antonia,
Leave, in the night. You know the path. Speak sparingly. Come to me.

Cara Antonia,
It has been so long since you wrote - I fear for you.
Please, Antonia.

Cara Antonia,
Please.
A word.
A sign.

V. I Will Be Named (Bamberg, Germany, 1626)

I will be named tomorrow.
Henrietta will speak my name to the rats, in a plea
And I will be told to name someone else:
Another woman, carefully combing silver hair as we have done for years;
Another woman, grieving a lost child as we have done for years;
Another woman, bleeding and stopping as we have done for years.
I did not conjure this frost: my crime is to age.
I mourn the Trees I will abandon; I mourn the days I deserve.
I will be killed by my name,

VI. Your Wild Self (France, ~1800)

This little book was beloved and feared.
Yellowed pages with instructions to bring you back to your wild self.
When you learn you cannot hold dominion over nature,
You will be happier.
When you learn to match your heartbeat with that of a tree,
You will see further into the misty edges.

The Church may proclaim women like me will burn in fire,
But they too murmur incantations over lit candles and hoard precious gems,
Nurture herbal gardens and share wine.

This little book will not open your eyes on a cursory read.
Give it time, as our constructions of language
Are rudimentary at best when communing with the divine around you.

Tread lightly and breathe deeply. You can be wild again.

VII. We Are Not Blinded (United States, today)

These are things I know to be true:

That I pine for a deeper connection to the misty edges;
That I rage against my mother and grandmother,
For when our ancestors wrote, "Just try to forget us, we dare you to try,"
They took up the challenge;

And yet that I forgive them
For not sharing this light.

These are things I know to be within my power:

That as I learn stories, more will be revealed:
ancestral hands unseen will catch me.

These are things I know I cannot control:

Whether my maternal guardians forgive me
For walking this path they tried to hide;

Whether the stories and spirits I want to illuminate
Will agree, shining, or remain defiantly hidden.

This is what I choose to hold most dear:
I do not walk alone,
But if I am blinded by myths of isolation,
All I must do is focus on the light I carry:
For it has been set ablaze
Thousands of times over,
And will continue to burn
Until Time decides, at last,
To sleep.