

## Intonations - English translations of poems

### 'Tydu a Roddaist' and it was a poem written by T. Rowland Hughes

O Thou who gave the dawn its form  
And gently set the sun;  
O Thou who formed the song and scent  
Of sylvan springtime green;  
Oh! save us lest the magic goes  
That every place in this world knows.  
O Thou who gave the brook his song  
And murmuring green forest made;  
Who gave the breeze its biting tongue  
The lark its serenade;  
Oh! save us lest we see a day  
That cause our heart's song go away.  
O Thou who once heard hesitant steps  
On Calvary's hill of shame;  
Who saw the blood in trickling drops  
From Man on path so strange;  
Oh! save us from our future loss;  
No crown of thorns, nor pain, nor cross. Amen.

### Ithaka, by C.P. Cavafy (Greek)

As you set out for Ithaka  
hope your road is a long one,  
full of adventure, full of discovery.  
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,  
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid of them:  
you'll never find things like that on your way  
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,  
as long as a rare excitement  
stirs your spirit and your body.  
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,  
wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them  
unless you bring them along inside your soul,  
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.

Hope your road is a long one.  
May there be many summer mornings when,

with what pleasure, what joy,  
you enter harbors you're seeing for the first time;  
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations  
to buy fine things,  
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,  
sensual perfume of every kind—  
as many sensual perfumes as you can;  
and may you visit many Egyptian cities  
to learn and go on learning from their scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.  
Arriving there is what you're destined for.  
But don't hurry the journey at all.  
Better if it lasts for years,  
so you're old by the time you reach the island,  
wealthy with all you've gained on the way,  
not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.  
Without her you wouldn't have set out.  
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you.  
Wise as you will have become, so full of experience,  
you'll have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

### **Shuǐdiào Gētóu – Bǐngchén Zhōngqiū, by Su Shi (Chinese, Mandarin)**

丙辰中秋, Mid-autumn of the Bing Chen year  
歡飲達旦, Having been drinking happily over night  
大醉, I'm drunk  
作此篇, So I write this poem  
兼懷子由 Remembering my brother, Zi You (poet's brother)  
明月几时有?  
how rare the moon, so round and clear!  
把酒问青天。  
with cup in hand, i ask of the blue sky,  
不知天上宫阙、今夕是何年?  
I do not know in the celestial sphere, what name this festive night goes by?  
我欲乘风归去,  
I want to fly home, riding the air,  
惟恐琼楼玉宇, 高处不胜寒。

but fear the ethereal cold up there, the jade and crystal mansions are so high!

起舞弄清影, 何似在人间?

Dancing to my shadow, I feel no longer the mortal tie。

转朱阁,

She rounds the vermilion tower,

低绮户,

stoops to silk-pad doors,

照无眠。

shines on those who sleepless lie

不应有恨、何事长向别时圆?

why does she, bearing us no grudge, shine upon our parting, reunion deny?

人有悲欢离合, 月有阴晴圆缺, 此事古难全。

But rare is perfect happiness-- the moon does wax, the moon does wane,  
and so men meet and say goodbye

但愿人长久, 千里共婵娟。

I only pray our life be long, and our souls together heavenward fly!

### **Seeing off a friend by Li Bai (Cantonese)**

Blue mountains traverse the landscape to the north of town,

A stretch of white-water winds around the town's east.

Here we are bidding farewell,

From here on you are like a lone dandelion on a ten-thousand-mile journey.

A traveller like you roams like floating clouds,

Like the declining sun must set you must leave.

We wave at each other and off you go,

There goes a neighing horse separated from its pack, neighing its grief.

### **La pioggia nel pineto, by Gabriele d'Annunzio (Italian)**

Hush. On the threshold  
of the forest I do not hear  
words you call  
human, but I hear

newer words  
spoken by droplets and leaves  
far away.

Listen. It rains  
from the scattered clouds.  
rains on the tamarisks  
brackish and burned,  
rains on the pines  
scaly and spiky,  
Rains on the myrtles  
divine,  
on the shining brooms  
of clustered flowers,  
on the junipers thick  
with fragrant berries,  
rains on our sylvan  
sylvan,  
rains on our hands  
naked,  
on our robes  
light;  
on the fresh thoughts  
that the soul unfolds  
newer,  
on the beautiful fable  
that yesterday  
deceived you, that today deceives me,  
Hermione.

Do you hear? Rain's falling  
on the solitary  
greenery  
with a crackle that stays  
and varies in the air  
according to the foliage  
more sparse, less sparse.  
Listen. An answer  
to the weeping is the song  
of cicadas  
that the Southern wind weeping  
does not frighten,  
nor the ashen sky.  
And the pine

has one sound, and the myrtle  
another sound, and the juniper  
still another, instruments  
different  
under countless fingers.

And immersed  
we are in the spirit  
of the forest  
an arboreal life living;  
and your drunken face  
is tender with rain  
as a leaf;  
and your hair  
is scented like  
the bright broom flowers,  
o earthly creature  
who are named  
Hermione.

Listen, listen. The chord  
of aerial cicadas  
little by little  
duller  
becomes under the weeping  
that's rising;  
but a song mingles with it  
hoarser  
that from down there is rising,  
from the damp distant shade.

Hoarser and weaker  
it fades, disappears.  
Only one note  
still trembles, fades,  
rises again, trembles, fades.  
No voice of the sea is heard.  
Now is heard all over the foliage  
pelting  
the silvery rain  
that cleanses,  
the pelting that varies  
according to the foliage  
thicker, less thick.

Listen.

The daughter of the air  
is silent, but the daughter  
of the silt faraway,  
the frog,  
is singing in the deepest shadow,  
who knows where, who knows where!  
And it rains on your eyelashes,  
Hermione.

Rains on your black eyelashes  
so that it seems you're weeping  
but from pleasure; not white  
but almost made green,  
as coming out of the bark.  
And all life is inside us fresh  
scented,  
heart in the breast is like a peach  
untouched,  
between the eyelids the eyes  
are like springs among the grass,  
the teeth in the sockets  
are like unripe almonds.

And we go from thicket to thicket,  
now joined now separate  
(and the rough green vigor  
interlaces our ankles  
entangles our knees)  
who knows where, who knows where!

And it rains on our faces  
sylvan,  
rains on our hands  
naked,  
on our robes  
light,  
on the fresh thoughts  
that the soul unfolds  
newer,  
on the beautiful fable  
that yesterday  
deceived me, that today deceives you,

Hermione., and the syntax is made of simple, short sentences.

### **Uzun İnce Bir Yoldayım by Aşık Veysel- Veysel Şatıroğlu (Turkish)**

#### **(I'm On A Long Narrow Road)**

I'm on a long and narrow road,  
I walk all day, I walk all night,  
I cannot tell what is my plight,  
I walk all day, I walk all night.

Soon as I came into the World,  
That moment I began my fight,  
Through an inn with two doors,  
I walk all day, I walk all night.

I walk in sleep – I find no cause,  
To linger, whether dark or light,  
I see the travelers on the road,  
I walk all day, I walk all night.

Forty-nine years upon these roads,  
On desert plain, on mountain height,  
In foreign lands I make my way,  
I walk all day, I walk all night.

Sometimes it seems an endless road,  
The goal is very far from sight,  
One minute, and the journey's o'er-  
I walk all day, I walk all night.

Veysel does wonder at this state,  
Lament or laughter, which is right?  
Still to attain that distant goal,  
I walk all day, I walk all night

### **'Ya pomnu chudnoye mgnovenye' by Alexander Pushkin (Russian)**

I remember a wondrous moment:  
You appeared before me,  
Like some fleeing vision,  
Like a genius of pure beauty.

Amidst the yearning of hopeless dejection,  
And the agitation of strident vanity,  
Your tender voice called out to me,  
And I dreamt of your tender features.  
Year passed by. The rebellious gust of storms  
Scattered my former dreams,  
And I forgot your tender voice,  
And your heavenly features.

In solitude and gloomy isolation  
My days quietly stretched out,  
Deprived of divinity and inspiration,  
Of tears and life and love itself.  
But once again my soul awoke:  
And once again you appeared,  
Like some fleeing vision,  
Like a genius of pure beauty.

And my heart beats in intoxication,  
And divinity and inspiration,  
And life and tears and love itself  
Are once again returned to life.

### **Boris Pasternak Winter Night ('Doctor Zhivago') (Russian)**

It snowed and snowed throughout the land,  
A ceaseless snowing.  
On the table, a candle burned;  
A flame was glowing.

Like a swarm of gnats in summer  
That flock to a light.  
Snowflakes flew to the windowpane,  
Afloat in the night.

The storm drew arrows on the glass  
And circles, growing.  
On the table, a candle burned.  
A flame was glowing.

Up on the ceiling, shadows stirred,  
Vivid and fleeting,  
But where hands met and then legs met



Two fates were meeting.

And, knocked to the floor with a thud.  
Two shoes came to rest;  
And wax fell as lightly as tears  
On folds of a dress.

All disappeared in a snowy haze;  
Blinding and blowing;  
On the table, a candle burned;  
A flame was glowing.

The candle shook in a draft, caught  
In the chill one brings;  
Temptation's heat, like an angel,  
Raised its crossed-shaped wings.

All February long it snowed,  
And time and again  
On the table, a candle burned;  
A flame was glowing.

**Песня последней встречи (A Song of the Final Meeting) by Анна Ахматова**

Breast so helpless succumbing to chilling,  
But with feather-tread airy I paced.  
Struggling, frozen left mitten contriving  
On right-hand digits to place.

Many journeying paces it seeming —  
Yet I knew there were only three!  
Midst autumnal-leaved maples, whispering —  
It besought me, "Perish with me!

Straying wanderer deceived by snarling  
Fickle wicked faith-spending doom."  
Answered I, "O my darling, darling!  
You and I'll go to the tomb..."

Here's a song of the final meeting.  
Cast I glance on dark house's frame;  
Saw the distant and yellow flickering  
Candles' dimly guttering flame.

## **Assaig de càntic en el temple by Salvador Espriu (Catalan)**

Oh, what a tired estic of meva  
covarda, vella, tan salvatge terra,  
i com m'agradaria d'allunyar-me'n,  
nord enllà,  
on say that the people are net  
i noble, cultured, rich, lliure,  
unveiled and happy!  
Aleshores, to the congregation, els germans dirien  
disapproved: «Com l'ocell that deixa el niu,  
així l'home que se'n va del seu indret de him ",  
mentre jo, ha ben lluny, em riuria  
from the llei and from l'antiga saviesa  
d'aquest meu àrid poble.  
But I do not have to continue mai el meu somni  
i'll stay here fins a la mort.  
Car sóc també molt covard i salvatge  
I estimate a month both  
desperate pain  
this meva poor,  
brute, sad, dissorted country.

## **El sembrador (The Sower) by Marcos Rafael Blanco Belmonte (Spanish-Colombian)**

From that corner bathed by the flashes  
of the sun that fills our triumphant sky;  
from the flowering earth where among flowers  
my sweet and serene infancy slipped in,  
wrapped in the memories of my past  
which is blurred in the distant horizon;  
I watch the strange specimen, never forgotten,  
of the oddest sower there was on the mountain.

I still don't know if he was wise, crazy or prudent,  
that man who was dressed in humble attire;  
I only know that on looking at him, everyone  
regarded him with deep respect.  
And it's perhaps that his stern and noble gesture  
astonished all for being arrogant:  
Even the woodsmen looking at the oak tree  
feel the majesties of the giant!

One autumn afternoon I went up to the mountain  
and as I looked at the sower, I watched smiling.  
Ever since men existed on the earth  
none have toiled with such determination!  
I wanted to know, curious, what the madman  
planted on the mountain lone and brave.  
The poor wretch listened to me kindly  
and said with deep melancholy:  
"I plant flowers, pines and sycamores;  
I want to fill this hill with fronds,  
I want others to enjoy the treasures  
that these plants will give when I die."

"Why so much effort in a day's work without  
seeking reward?", I said. And the madman  
murmured, with his hands on the hoe:  
-"Maybe you think that I am mistaken;  
perhaps, being a boy, it really amazes you  
the unlimited impulse that ignites my soul;  
for those who do not work, I work and struggle;  
if the world does not know it, God understands me!"

Today selfishness is the stupid master  
to whom we pay homage in several ways:  
if we pray, we ask solely for our own bread.  
Never to heaven do we ask for bread for everyone!  
In our own misery, eyes fixed,  
we look for riches that are in our own interest  
and we confront everything for our children.  
Is it perhaps that other parents don't have children?  
We live being brothers in name only  
and in brutal wars, with thirst for thievery.  
There is always a fratricidal within man;  
and the man, for man, is always a wolf.

That is why when I contemplate on this sad world,  
I labor and impose on myself a rough job  
and I know that my poor example is worth a lot,  
though poor and humble it seems and is.  
We must fight for those who do not fight!  
We must demand for all those who do not beg!  
We must make those who do not listen to hear us!  
We must cry for all who do not cry!

We must be like the bees in the hive  
that make for all, sweet honeycombs.  
We must be like the water that flows serenely  
offering the whole world fresh streams.  
We must imitate the wind that plants flowers,  
the same in the mountain as in the plains.  
We must live life sowing loves,  
with the sight and the soul always in exaltation."

Said the madman, and with noble melancholy,  
through the thicket of the mountain he continued climbing  
and on losing himself in the shadows, still repeating:  
"We must live sowing, always planting!..."  
<https://lyricstranslate.com/es/el-sembrador-sower.html>

**Vuelvo al Sur(I'm going back to the South)  
Fernando Pino Solanas**

**by Astor Piazzolla / Letra:**

I'm going back to the South  
as we go back to love,  
I'm going back to you,  
with my desire, with my fear.

I carry the South  
as a destiny of the heart,  
I am from the South  
like the air of the bandoneon

I dream of the South,  
great big moon, sky upside down,  
I seek the South,  
the open time, and its afterwards.

I love the South,  
its good people, its dignity,  
I feel the South,  
like your body in intimacy.

I love you South,  
South, I love you.

I'm going back to the South

as we always go back to love,  
I'm going back to you,  
with my desire and my fear.

I love the South,  
it's good people, its dignity,  
I feel the South,  
like your body in intimacy.

I'm going back to the South  
I carry the South,  
I love you South,  
I love you South...