

Dmitri Shostakovich

Symphony No. 14

I

Federico García Lorca

De profundis

*A hundred ardent lovers
fell into eternal sleep,
deep beneath the dry ground.
Red sands now cover
the Andalusian roads.
The olive trees' green boughs
spread shade over Córdoba.
Here a hundred crosses will be set,
so that people will not forget them.
One hundred lovers
sleep for ever.*

II

Federico García Lorca

Malagueña

*Death
strides in and out
of the tavern.*

*Black horses
and dark souls
wander in the depths
of the guitar.*

*The smell of salt
and hot blood permeates
the blossoms
of the nervous sea.*

*Death
strides in and strides out,
strides out and strides in.
Death in the tavern.*

III

Guillaume Apollinaire

Lorelei

*There was in Bacharach a sorceress fair,
who let every man around die of love.*

*The bishop had her summoned to his tribunal,
but absolved her in advance on account of her beauty.*

*“O fair Lorelei, with your eyes full of gemstones,
from which magician did you get your sorcery?”*

*“I’m weary of living and my eyes are damned,
all men have perished, my lord, on meeting my gaze.*

*My eyes are flames and not gemstones,
throw, oh throw this sorcery into the flames”*

*“I am ablaze in those flames, o fair Lorelei,
let another condemn you, for I am bewitched by you”*

*“You laugh, my lord, when you should be praying to the Virgin for me,
so let me die, and may God protect you.*

*My lover has left for a far-off land,
so let me die, since there is nothing I love.*

*My heart aches so that I must die,
were I to look into my own eyes I should have to die.*

*My heart has ached so since he left,
my heart began to ache so the day he went away”.*

*The bishop summoned three knights armed with lances.
“Take this poor demented woman off to the convent.*

*Go now, deluded Lore, go, Lore with your trembling gaze,
you will be a nun, dressed all in black and white”.*

*Then all four set off along the highway.
Lorelei begged them, her eyes shining like stars.*

*“Good knights, allow me to climb up to that cliff so high,
to look one last time upon my fine castle.*

*To see one last time my reflection in the river,
then I shall go to the convent of maidens and widows”.*

*There on high the wind twisted her tumbling locks.
The knights cried out: “Lorelei, Lorelei!”.*

*“There far below a little boat is floating along the Rhine,
my lover is at the helm, he has seen me, he’s calling me.*

*My heart is filled with tenderness, 'tis my lover who comes".
Then she leant over the edge and fell down into the Rhine,*

*For the fair Lorelei had seen in its waters,
her Rhine-coloured eyes, her tresses golden as the sun.*

IV

Guillaume Apollinaire

The Suicide

*Three tall lilies, three lilies lie on my unmarked grave.
Three lilies, whose freshness the cold wind wears away
and the black rain sometimes washes over them.
They are as beautiful and solemn as royal sceptre.*

*One grows from my wound, and at sunset
that mournful lily seems stained with blood.
Three tall lilies, three lilies lie on my unmarked grave.
Three lilies, whose freshness the cold wind wears away.*

*Another lily grows from my heart, which suffers
sorely on its wormy bed. The third tears at my mouth with its roots.
Upon my isolated grave all three stand
solitary and cursed I believe like me.*

Three tall lilies, three lilies lie on my unmarked grave.

V

Guillaume Apollinaire

On the Alert

*Before night falls, he will die in the trench,
my little soldier, whose weary eyes
kept watch from the shelter, day after day
for Glory, which no longer takes to flight.
He will die today, before the coming of night,
my little soldier, my lover, my brother.*

*And that is why I want to become beautiful.
Let my breast burn as bright as a torch,
let my gaze melt the snow in the fields,
let me wear a belt of graves around my waist.
In incest and death, I want to become beautiful
for him who is to be killed.*

*The sunset lows like a cow; the roses blaze,
my eyes are enchanted by a blue bird.
The hour of Love sounded, the hour of terrible fever,
the hour of Death sounded and there is no way back.
Today, as roses die, he will die,
my little soldier, my lover, my brother.*

VI

Guillaume Apollinaire

Look Here, Madame!

*“Madame, look here!
You have lost something...”
“Oh, it’s nothing! Just my heart”.*

*“Quickly, pick it up.
I have given it and reclaimed it.
It was down there in the trenches.
It is here I snap my fingers
at love, which is cut down by death”.*

VII

Guillaume Apollinaire

At the Santé Jail

*Before going into my cell
I had to strip naked
and that sinister voice howled,
Guillaume, what’s become of you?*

*Lazarus going into his tomb,
instead of rising from it as he did.
Farewell, farewell songs and dances,
O my youth, o young girls.*

*No, here I no longer
feel I’m myself.
I’m number fifteen
in block eleven.*

*Every morning I pace
around a pit, like a bear.
We go round and round and round again,
the sky is blue like a chain.
Every morning I pace
around a pit, like a bear.*

*What will become of me, o God,
you who know my pain,
you who gave it to me?
Take pity on my dry eyes,
my pallor.*

*And on all those poor hearts beating in prison,
love, my companion.
Take pity above all on my feeble wits
and this despair that's overpowering them.*

*The day is dying, see how a lamp
is burning in the prison.
We are alone in my cell,
fair light, beloved reason.*

VIII

Guillaume Apollinaire

Zaporozhye Cossacks' Reply to the sultan of Constantinople

*More criminal than Barabbas,
horned like fallen angels,
what Beelzebub are you there below,
nourished on mud and filth?
We shall not come to your sabbath.*

*Putrid fish of Salonica,
long chain of nightmarish slumber,
eyes gouged out with the tip of a pike.
Your mother passed wind half-heartedly
and you were born from her colic.*

*Butcher of Podolia,
lover of wounds, of ulcers, of scabs,
pig's snout, mare's arse,
hold on tight to all your money
to pay for your medicines.*

IX

Wilhelm Küchelbecker

O Delvig, Delvig!

*O Delvig, Delvig! What is the reward
for lofty deeds and poetry?
For talent, what comfort is there
among villains and fools?*

*In Juvenal's stern hand,
a stinging whip menaces villains
and drives the colour from their faces,
and powerful tyrants shudder.*

*O Delvig, Delvig! What persecution?
Immortality is the same destiny
of bold and lofty deeds
and sweet song!*

*And so our bond will not perish
in freedom, joyful and proud!
In happiness and sorrow it stands firmly,
the bond of eternal lovers of the muses!*

X

Rainer Maria Rilke

The Poet's Death

*He was lying. His uptilted face had been pale
and unconsenting among the steep pillows
since the world and this knowing-about-it,
ripped away from his senses,
had reverted to the indifferent year.*

*Those who saw him living did not know
how very much he was one with all of this;
for this: these depths, these meadows
and these waters were his visage and vision.*

*Oh, his visage and vision was this whole wide-open space,
which as yet still wants to go to him and woos him;
and his mask, now dying in trepidation,
is tender and open, like the inside
of a fruit going bad through contact with the air.*

XI

Rainer Maria Rilke

End Piece

*Death is immense.
We belong to him
of the laughing mouth.
When we think we are in the midst of life,
he dares to weep
in our midst.*