

Crazy a song cycle by T. Patrick Carrabré

I. Death (Rainer Maria Rilke, 1785-1926, from *Die Sonette an Orpheus*, I/XXVI)

Du aber, Göttlicher, du, bis zuletzt noch Ertöner,
da ihn der Schwarm der verschmähten Mänaden befiel,
hast ihr Geschrei übertönt mit Ordnung, du Schöner,
aus den Zerstörenden stieg dein erbauendes Spiel.

Keine war da, daß sie Haupt dir und Leier zerstör',
wie sie auch rangen und rasten; und alle die scharfen
Steine, die sie nach deinem Herzen warfen,
wurden zu Sanftem an dir und begabt mit Gehör.

Schließlich zerschlugen sie dich, von der Rache gehetzt,
während dein Klang noch in Löwen und Felsen verweilte
und in den Bäumen und Vögeln. Dort singst du noch jetzt.

O du verlorener Gott! Du unendliche Spur!
Nur weil dich reißend zuletzt die Feindschaft verteilte,
sind wir die Hörenden jetzt und ein Mund der Natur.

But you, immortal, your music forever speaking,
when the maenads stormed you in fury no force could oppose:
o splendor, with order you drowned their shrieking;
from those destroyers your architecture rose.

None could crush your skull or break your lyre,
however they wrestled and raged; and every stone
that was sharp enough to cut your heart when thrown
grew soft when it neared you, and gifted with power to hear.

Revenge's target, they hunted you down in the end,
though in lions, in rocks, the sound of your music remained,
and in trees and in birds. Where you'll sing into the future.

O vanished god! Eternal connecting thread!
Only since hatred quartered you and spread
your remains are we a mouth and receptors for nature.
(trans. By T. P. Perrin)

II. Murder (perhaps by Carlo Gesualdo, c 1561-1613 and Torquato Tasso, 1544-1595)

Moro, lasso, al mio duolo,
E chi può darmi vita,
Ahi, che m'ancide e non vuol darmi vita!
*Piangi, Napoli mesta, in bruno manto
De beltà, di virtù, l'oscuro caso;
E in lutto l'armonia rivolga il canto.*
O dolorosa sorte,
Chi dar vita mi può,
Ahi, mi dà morte!
Piangete, o Grazie, e voi piangete, o Amori.

I die, alas, in my suffering,
And she who could give me life,
Alas, kills me and will not help me.
*Weep, sad Naples, clothed in mourning
for the dark fate of beauty and of virtue
and may the song address its harmony to grief.*
O sorrowful fate,
She who could give me life,
Alas, gives me death.
Weep, O Graces, and you too bewail, O Loves.

III. Lust (Gérard de Nerval, 1808-1855, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, from *Faust*)

Autrefois un roi de Thulé,
Qui jusqu'au tombeau fut fidèle,
Reçut, à la mort de sa belle,
Une coupe d'or ciselé.
Comme elle ne le quittait guère,
Dans les festins les plus joyeux,
Toujours une larme légère
À sa vue humectait ses yeux.

Ce prince, à la fin de sa vie,
Lègue ses villes et son or.
Excepté la coupe chérie
Qu'à la main il conserve encor.

There was a King in Thule,
Aye, faithful to the grave,
To whom his dying lady
Then a golden beaker gave.
Naught else he prized so dearly,
And drain'd its glowing draught,
His eyes with tears were o'erflowing,
Whene'er the cup he quaff'd.

When he at last lay dying,
All his riches o'er he told,
All on his heirs bestowing
Except the cup of gold.

Il fait, à sa table royale,
Asseoir ses barons et ses pairs,
Au milieu de l'antique sale
D'un château que baignaient les mers.

Le buveur se lève et s'avance
Après d'un vieux balcon doré;
Il boit, et soudain sa main lance
Dans les flots le vase sacré.
Le vase tombe; l'eau bouillonne,
Puis se calme aussitôt après.
Le vieillard pâlit et frissonne:
Il ne boira plus désormais.

He sat at royal banquet
Amid the knightly train,
In his ancestral castle
High tow'ring o'er the main.

Up rose the aged monarch,
Life's final glow drank he,
Then hurl'd the hallow'd beaker
Far downward in the sea.
He saw it falling, filling,
And sinking in the sea,
Then closed his eyes, ne'er to open,
And never again drank he.
(trans. Arthur Westbrook)

IV. Burnt (Federico García Lorca 1989-1936, from Soneto del amor oscuro)

Quiero llorar mi pena y te lo digo
para que tú me quieras y me llores
en un anochecer de ruiseñores,
con un puñal, con besos y contigo.

Quiero matar al único testigo
para el asesinato de mis flores
y convertir mi llanto y mis sudores
en eterno montón de duro trigo.

Que no se acabe nunca la madeja
del te quiero me quieres, siempre ardida
con decrepito sol y luna vieja.

Que lo que no me des y no te pida
será para la muerte, que no deja
ni sombra por la carne estremecida.

I want to weep with my pain and tell
you - so you'll love me and cry for me also
in a nightfall of nightingales
with a knifeblade, with kisses and with you.

I want to kill the only one to witness
the assassination of my flowers
and transform my weeping and sweat
into an everlasting heap of dry wheat.

That 'I love you, you love me' yarn
should never run out, let it always be burnt
by the decrepit sun and the old moon.

What you don't give and I don't ask
for is taken by death that leaves not
even a shadow on shuddering flesh.

V. Pain (Folksong, collected by Percy Aldridge Grainger, 1882-1961)

In Horkstow Grange there lives an old miser,
You all do know him as I've heard tell,
It was him and his man that was called John Bowlin',
They fell out one market day.

Pity them what see him suffer,
Pity poor old Steeleye Span,
John Bowlin's deeds they will be remembered,
Bowlin's deeds at Horkstow Grange.

With a blackthorn stick old Steeleye struck him,
Oftens had threatened him before,
John Bowlin' he turned round all in a passion,
Knocked old Steeleye on to the floor.

Steeleye Span, he was felled by John Bowlin',
It happened to be on a market day;
Steeleye swore with all his vengeance,
He would swear his life away.

The Garden (Andrew Marvell, 1621-1678 and Gabriela Mistral, 1889-1957)

*Si rica tanta gracia
Tan sólo gracia siempre*

*Grace that is priceless,
Grace unadorned, forever*

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men;

*Si rica tanta gracia
Tan sólo gracia siempre*

*Grace that is priceless,
Grace unadorned, forever*

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

Si rica tanta gracia

Grace that is priceless,