

There is Home

Bella Adamova & Michael Gees

Zaslech jsem divoké husy

(Bohumil Mathesius)

Domov je tam, daleko, daleko tam, daleko tam,
mělo bys domů, zbloudilé srdce!
Daleko tam domov, domov.
Za cizí noci, v podzimním dešti, když nejvíc studil smutku
chladný van: ve vysokém domě svém zaslechl jsem křik
divokých husí. Právě přilétly
Domov je daleko tam.

Mein Heimweh

(Heinz-Albert Heindrichs)

eine verlassene Bahnstation

sind alle
Weichen verstellt

und die Schwellen vermodert
darüber wächst
Unkraut
es gibt kein vor und zurück

nur manchmal
noch Kinderträume

ein fernes Gewitterleuchten

С няней

(Modest Mussorgsky)

Расскажи мне, нянюшка, расскажи мне, милая,
Про того про буку страшно:
Как тот бука по лесам бродил,
Как тот бука в лес детей носил
И как грыз он их белые косточки,
И как дети те кричали, плакали!
Нянюшка! Ведь зато их, детей-то, бука съел,
Что обидели няню старую,
Папу с мамой не послушали.
Ведь зато он съел их, нянюшка?

Или вот что: Расскажи мне лучше про царя с царицей,
Что за морем жили в терему богатом.
Ещё царь всё на ногу хромал,
Как споткнётся, так гриб вырастет,
У царицы то всё насморк был,
Как чихнёт, стекла в дребезги!
Знаешь, нянюшка:
Ты про буку то уж не рассказывай!
Бог с ним, с букой!
Расскажи мне, няня, ты, смешную-то!

I heard the cry of the wild geese

My home is there, far away, far away, so far away,
You ought to go home, lost wandering heart!
So far away, my home, my home.
In foreign darkness, autumn rain falling, the coldest moment
Of the sadnight wind: from the height of my strange home
I heard the cry of the wild geese. They've just flown in.
My home is so far away.

My Homesickness

desolate railway station

all switches
blocked

and ties rotten
overgrown
with weed
there is no there nor back

only now and again
childhood dreams

distant gleam of storm

With Nanny

Tell me, Nanny dearest, tell me, kind Nanny,
About that thing, about the horrible bogey man:
How that bogey man stalked through the woods,
How that bogey man carried little children off into the woods,
And how those children screamed and cried.
Nanny dearest! It's true, isn't, that the bogey man ate them, those
children,
Because they'd hurt the feelings of their old nanny,
Because they didn't do what Papa and Mama asked.
That's the reason why he ate them, isn't it, Nanny?

I know what: Tell me instead about the Tsar and his Tsaritsa,
Who lived in a far-off land beyond the seas in a splendid palace.
And the Tsar always hobbled,
and every time he tripped a mushroom would grow.
And the Tsarica always had a cold,
Every time she sneezed, the windows would smash into smithereens.
Do you know something, Nanny:
I don't want you to tell me about the bogey man any more.
Good riddance to him, that bogey man!
Tell me, Nanny, that funny one instead!

Early one morning

(Traditional)

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.
“Oh, don't deceive me, oh, never leave me,
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

“O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don't deceive me, O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.
“Oh, don't deceive me, oh, never leave me.
How could you use a poor maiden so!”

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;
“O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!

(Friedrich Rückert)

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
a sprig of linden,
a gift
from a dear hand.
How lovely was the fragrance of linden!

How lovely is the fragrance of linden!
That twig of linden
you broke off so gently!
Softly I breathe in
the fragrance of linden,
the gentle fragrance of love.

V bambusovém háji

(Bohumil Mathesius)

V bambusech nejsou lidé, v bambusech sedím sám.
Tu na loutnu zahraju tiše, tu sobě zahvízdám.
Kdo, řekněte lidé, kdo ví, kde v bambusech sedím sám, sám?
Kde v bambusech sedím sám a na východ srpečku luny
bambusem pozírám.

In the bamboo grove

The bamboos screen no here I am all alone,
Now I play a soft tune on my lute, or whistle a quiet tone.
Who, tell me good people, who knows where the bamboos
hide me, just me?
In the bamboos all alone, in the east a sickle moon I see
through bamboos over grown.

dis moll

(Klára Goldstein)

Chci ti věnovat tuhle mapu města,
v níž lze do ulic vzhlížet jako do větví
a po níž pobíhají mohutní horští psi.
Kde náměstí může vyrůst v louku
a květy se zvědavě nahnou
kolem tramvajových kolejí,
kde okna promlouvají
a záclony odlétají na zimu s větrem,
bronzoví velikáni seskakují ze soklů
a křupou klouby.
Kde se z každé spáry tiše rodí strom,
kde je ticho hutnější než beton
a městskou dopravu řídí zpěvní ptáci.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

(Friedrich Rückert)

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

D-sharp minor

Let me give you this city map
in which you can look up into the streets like into treetops
and in which huge mountain dogs run;
where the town square may turn into a meadow
and blossoms gather, curious,
around tramtracks;
where windows speak
and curtains migrate in winter, blown away by the wind,
the bronze greats jump off their pedestals,
cracking their knuckles;
where in each cleft a tree is born quietly;
where the quiet is more solid than concrete
and traffic is controlled by songbirds.

Look not into my songs!

Look not into my songs!
My eyes I lower,
as if I've been caught in an evil deed.
I can't even trust myself
to watch them grow.
Your curiosity is a betrayal!

Bees, when they build their cells,
also do not let anyone observe them;
even themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
are brought out to the light of day,
then you shall taste them before everyone else!

The trees they grow so high

(Traditional)

The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they grow so green,
And many a cold winter's night
My love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night,
My love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.

O father, dearest father,
You've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy
When you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter,
If you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.

I'll send your love to college
All for a year or two,
And then in the mean-time
He will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons,
Tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know
That he's married,

I went up to the college
And I looked over the wall,
Saw four and twenty gentlemen
Playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love,
But they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy
And growing,

At the age of sixteen,
He was a married man
And at the age of seventeen
He was a father to a son
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing,

And now my love is dead
And in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him
So very, very high.
I'll sit and mourn
His fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing,

What the Angels Left

(Marie Howe)

At first, the scissors seemed perfectly harmless.
They lay on the kitchen table in the blue light.

Then I began to notice them all over the house,
at night in the pantry, or filling up bowls in the cellar

where there should have been apples. They appeared under rugs,
lumpy places where one would usually settle before the fire,

or suddenly shining in the sink at the bottom of soupy water.
Once, I found a pair in the garden, stuck in turned dirt

among the new bulbs, and one night, under my pillow,
I felt something like a cool long tooth and pulled them out

to lie next to me in the dark. Soon after that I began
to collect them, filling boxes, old shopping bags,

every suitcase I owned. I grew slightly uncomfortable
when company came. What if someone noticed them

when looking for forks or replacing dried dishes? I longed
to throw them out, but how could I get rid of something

that felt oddly like grace? It occurred to me finally
that I was meant to use them, and I resisted a growing compulsion

to cut my hair, although in moments of great distraction,
I thought it was my eyes they wanted, or my soft belly

—exhausted, in winter, I laid them out on the lawn.
The snow fell quite as usual, without any apparent hesitation

or discomfort. In spring, as expected, they were gone.
In their place, a slight metallic smell, and the dear muddy earth.

I wonder as I wander

(John Jacob Niles)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
how Jesus our Saviour did come for to die
for poor ordn'ry people like you and like I
I wonder as I wander out under the sky

when Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
with wise men and farmers and shepherds and all
but high from the Heavens a star's light did fall
and a promise of ages it then did recall

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing;
Or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing,
He surely could have it 'cause he was the King!

Probděná noc

(Bohumil Mathesius)

Větrem se bambus houpá,
na kámen měsíce sed.
Do chvění Mléčné dráhy stín divoké kachny vzlét.
Na naše shledání myslím,
na naše shledání, shledání myslím.
Víčka má míjí sen, víčka má míjí sen.

Zatím co radostí zpívám,
co radostí zpívám, zpívám,
strak repot vzbouzí už den,
vzbouzí už den, vzbouzí den!
Lalalala...

В углу

(Modest Mussorgsky)

Ах ты проказник!
Клубок размотал, прутки растерял,
Ах ты! все петли спустил!
Чулоч весь забрызгал чернилами! В угол! В угол!
Пошёл в угол!
Проказник!

Я ничего не сделал, нянюшка,
Я чулочек не трогал, нянюшка!
Клубочек размотал котёночек,
И пруточки разбросал котёночек,
А Мишенька был паинька,
Мишенька был умница.
А няня злая, старая,
у няни носик то запачканный.
Миша чистенький, причесанный,
А у няни чепчик на боку.
Няня Мишеньку обидела,
напрасно в угол поставила
Миша больше не будет любить свою нянюшку, вот что!

A sleepless night

Bamboo swaying in the wind,
the moon sits on hard Stone.
Shadow of wild ducks flying fast across the Milky Way.
I am thinking of our meeting,
of our meeting, meeting again.
My dream like sun's ray, quivering sun's ray.

And now while I'm singing for joy,
while for joy I'm singing, singing,
magpie's chatter wakes the day,
a wakes the day, wakes the day!
Lalalala...

In the Corner

Oh, you naughty rascal!
You've unravelled my ball of wool, lost my knitting needles!
Oh you! You've dropped all the stitches!
You've splattered my sock with ink! Into the corner with you!
Go into the corner!
You rascal!

I didn't do anything, Nanny,
I didn't touch your sock, Nanny!
It was the kitten who unravelled the ball of wool,
And the was the kitten who scattered the knitting needles.
But Mishenka was as good as gold.
Mishenka did well.
But Nanny is evil and old.
And Nanny's little nose is all dirty;
Misha is all clean and tidy, his hair is nicely combed, Whereas
Nanny's cap is all askew.
Nanny has wronged Mishenka,
to put him in the corner.
Misha will stop loving his Nanny, so there!

The Queen

(Pablo Neruda)

I have named you queen.
There are taller than you, taller.
There are purer than you, purer.
There are lovelier than you, lovelier.
But you are the queen.

When you go through the streets
No one recognizes you.
No one sees your crystal crown, no one looks
At the carpet of red gold
That you tread as you pass,
The nonexistent carpet.

And when you appear
All the rivers sound
In my body, bells
Shake the sky,
And a hymn fills the world.

Only you and I,
Only you and I, my love,
Listen to me.

Liebst du um Schönheit

(Friedrich Rückert)

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
It has gold hair!

If you love for youth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the spring-time
That is young each year!

If you love for wealth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
[Who] has many limpid pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever;
I will love you forevermore!

Daleko měsíc je domova

(Bohumil Mathesius)

Z temného moře vyrůstá měsíc,
v daleké, v daleké zemi teď rozkvétá též.
Láska svůj truchlív daremný sen, láska truchlív svůj sen,
čeká, čeká na vzdálený večer, na vzdálený večer.

Jasněji měsíc svítí v hoře mé.
Oblékám noční šat, chladné je jíní.
Ruce mé, ruce, kterak jste prázdné, říci to všechno!
— říci to všechno!

Spánku, sen dej mi,
spánku, sen dej mi o návratu domů,
o návratu domů, domů,
spánku, sen nemůžeš dát — mé toužení stále mne budí...

about distance

(Bella Adamova)

made me think about distance
another flight
I'm closer

waves and wind could easily move me
there's fuel
there is even desire

to be close
-d from you

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

(Friedrich Rückert)

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

Far is my home, o moon

The moon glows from black darkness of the sea,
In that far, in that far land it is blossoming too.
Love is lamenting its hollow dream, love is lamenting its dream,
It waits, it waits, for a far-off evening, for a far-off evening.

The moon shines ever brighter through my tears.
I put on nighttime clothes, rimefrost chills so much.
Hands of mine, my hands, that are so empty
to say everything, to say everything!

Oh sleep, give me a dream,
give me a dream of going back home,
Returning to my home, my home!
Sleep, you can give me no dream — my yearning keeps me awake.

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much time,
It has heard nothing from me for so long
that it may very well believe that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song.

К музыке

(Anna Akhmatova)

Стала я, как в те года, бессонной,
Ночь не отличаю ото дня,
Неужели у тебя — бездонной —
Нету утешенья для меня?..
Я-то всех полвека утешаю,
Ты могла бы взять с меня пример.

Um Mitternacht

(Friedrich Rückert)

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternegewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in Acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

To Music

Like in those years, I've become sleepless,
knowing not day from night.
Can you, the fathomless one,
offer no consolation...?
I've consoled everyone for half a century;
you could follow my example.

At midnight

At midnight
I awoke
and gazed up to heaven;
No star in the entire mass
did smile down at me
at midnight.

At midnight
I projected my thoughts
out past the dark barriers.
No thought of light
brought me comfort
at midnight.

At midnight
I paid close attention
to the beating of my heart;
One single pulse of agony
flared up
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
o Mankind, of your suffering;
I could not decide it
with my strength
at midnight.

At midnight
I surrendered my strength
into your hands!
Lord! over death and life
You keep watch
at midnight!

С куклой

(Modest Mussorgsky)

Тяпа, бай, бай, Тяпа, спи, усни,
Угомон тебя возьми! Тяпа! Спать надо!
Тяпа, спи, усни, Тяпу бука съест,
серый волк возьмёт, в тёмный лес снесёт.
Тяпа, спи, усни!
Что во сне увидишь, мне про то расскажешь:
Про остров чудный, где ни жнут ни сеют,
Где цветут и зреют груши наливные,
День и ночь поют птички золотые!
Бай, бай, баю бай, бай, бай, Тяпа!

With the Doll

Dolly, bye-bye, Dolly, sleep, good night,
Sleep right, Dolly! You must go to sleep!
Dolly, sleep, sleep tight, or the bogey man will eat Dolly,
The Grey Wolf will take Dolly, carry Dolly into the dark wood,
Dolly, sleep, be good.
And you'll tell me all about everything you'll see in your dreams,
you'll tell me about the magic island where no one has to work,
where blossom and rippen juicy golden pears,
where all day and all night sing little golden birds!
Bye-bye, hushaby baby, bye-bye, Dolly.