

Natalie Dzbik Composition Grad Recital - Lyrics and Translations

I : *La tristesse d'été* (S. Mallarmé)

Le soleil, sur le sable, ô lutteuse endormie,
 En l'or de tes cheveux chauffe un bain langoureux
 Et, consumant l'encens sur ta joue ennemie,
 Il mêle avec les pleurs un breuvage amoureux.

De ce blanc flamboiement l'immuable accalmie
 T'a fait dire, attristée, ô mes baisers peureux
 " Nous ne serons jamais une seule momie
 Sous l'antique désert et les palmiers heureux ! "

Mais la chevelure est une rivière tiède,
 Où noyer sans frissons l'âme qui nous obsède
 Et trouver ce Néant que tu ne connais pas.

Je goûterai le noir pleuré par tes paupières,
 Pour voir s'il sait donner au coeur que tu frappas
 L'insensibilité de l'azur et des pierres.

I: *The sadness of Summer* (S. Mallarmé)

The sun, on the sand, O sleeping wrestler,
 Warms a languid bath in the gold of your hair,
 Melting the incense on your hostile features,
 Mixing an amorous liquid with the tears.

The immutable calm of this white burning,
 O my fearful kisses, makes you say, sadly,
 'Will we ever be one mummified winding,
 Under the ancient sands, and palms so happy?'

But your tresses are a tepid river,
 Where the soul that haunts us drowns, without a shiver
 And finds the Nothingness you cannot know.

I'll taste the black of your eyelids' shore,
 To see if it can grant to the heart, at your blow,
 The insensibility of stones and the azure.

(<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/summer-sadness/>)

II: *V, of 'Other Seasons'* (e.e.cummings)

may my heart always be open to little
 birds who are the secrets of living
 whatever they sing is better than to know
 and if men should not hear them men are old

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may my mind stroll about hungry
and fearless and thirsty and supple
and even if it's sunday may i be wrong
for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing usefully
and love yourself so more than truly
there's never been quite such a fool who could fail
pulling all the sky over him with one smile.

III: Trzy słowa najdziwniejsze (Wisława Szymborska)

Kiedy wymawiam słowo Przyszłość,
pierwsza sylaba odchodzi już do przeszłości.

Kiedy wymawiam słowo Cisza,
niszczę ją.

Kiedy wymawiam słowo Nic,
stwarzam coś, co nie mieści się w żadnym niebycie.

The Three Oddest Words (Szymborska)

When I pronounce the word Future,
the first syllable already belongs to the past.

When I pronounce the word Silence,
I destroy it.

When I pronounce the word Nothing,
I make something no non-being can hold.

(<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/three-oddest-words/>)