

The Mermaid's Song, *Anne Hunter*

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea.
Come, and I will lead the way,
Where, the pearly treasures be.
Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves;

L'invitation au voyage, *Charles Baudelaire*

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
--Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There—nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Wohin? *Wilhelm Müller*

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

L'île Inconnue, *Théophile Gautier*

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller ?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler !

There—nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Whither?

I heard a little brook rushing
From its source in the rocky spring,
Bubbling down to the valley
So clean and wonderfully bright.

I don't know what came over me,
Or who advised me to act,
I just had to go down with it,
Carrying my walking staff.

Downward, still further and further,
Always following the brook,
And the stream bubbled ever more briskly
And became ever clearer and brighter.

Is this my path, then?
Oh brook, tell me, whither?
You have completely captivated me
With your flowing.

What can I say about the rushing?
That can't be an ordinary sound.
It must be the nixies singing
Deep under their stream.

Sing on, friend, keep rushing,
And travel gladly along.
There are mill wheels moving
In every clear stream.

The Unknown Island

Tell me, my young beauty,
where would you like to go?
The wind fills the sails
and the breeze will blow!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

[Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler!]

Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka ?

[Dites, dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?]

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours!
Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

[Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler!]

Per Valli, per boschi, *Pietro Metastasio*

Per Valli, per boschi cercando di Nice
Sol l'eco mi dice che Nice non v'è
Dimando di lei ogn'aura tacendo
Ogn'aura piangendo sen passa da me
Ogn'aura tacendo sen passa da me
Per valli per boschi cercando di Nice
Sol l'eco mi dice che Nica non v'è.
Non v'è, no, no, Non v'è, no, no.

The oar is made of ivory,
the flag of silk,
the rudder of fine gold.
My ballast is an orange,
my sail an angel's wing,
my cabin-boy a seraph.

[Tell me, my young beauty,
where would you like to go?
The wind fills the sails
and the breeze will blow!]

To the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or perhaps to Norway
to pick snowdrops,
or the flower of Angsoka?

[Tell me, my young beauty,
where would you like to go?]

"Take me," said the beauty,
"to those faithful shores
where one is always in love."
"Such shores, my dear,
scarcely exist
in the land of love."

[Where would you like to go?
The breeze will blow!]

Through Valley, Through Forest

Through forest and valley, searching for Nice,
The lonely echo tells me – Nice is not there.
I ask every silent breeze about her,
Every passing weeping breeze,
Every passing silent breeze.
Through forest and valley, searching for Nice,
Only the echo tells me – Nice is not there.
Not there, no, no, not there, no, no.

He's Goin' Away, *traditional*

arr. Katherine K. Davis

I'm goin' away for to stay a little while,
But I'm comin' back if I go ten thousand miles.
Oh, who will tie your shoes?
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your ruby lips when I am gone?

Oh, it's pappy'll tie my shoes,
And mammy'll glove my hands,
And you will kiss my ruby lips when you come
back!

Oh, he's gone, he's gone away,
For to stay a little while;
But he's comin' back if he goes ten thousand
miles.

Deux escargots qui vont a l'enterrement

Jacques Prévert

A l'enterrement d'une feuille morte
Deux escargots s'en vont
Ils ont la coquille noire
Du crêpe autour des cornes
Ils s'en vont dans le noir
Un très beau soir d'automne
Hélas quand ils arrivent c'est déjà le printemps
Les feuilles qui étaient mortes
Sont toutes ressuscitées
Et les deux escargots sont très désappointés
Mais voilà le soleil
Le soleil qui leur dit
Prenez prenez la peine
La peine de vous asseoir
Prenez un verre de bière
Si le coeur vous en dit
Prenez si ça vous plaît l'autocar pour Paris
Il partira ce soir vous verrez du pays
Mais ne prenez pas le deuil
C'est moi qui vous le dis
Ça noircit le blanc de l'oeil

Look away, look away, look away over Yandro
On Yandro's high hill, where them white doves are
flyin'
From bough to bough and a-matin' with their
mates,
So why not me with mine?

For he's gone, oh he's gone away
For to stay a little while,
But he's comin' back if he goes ten thousand miles.

Two Snails on their Way to a Funeral

Two snails went
to the burial of a dead leaf.
They had black shells
with crêpe on the horns.
They left in the evening,
a beautiful evening in autumn.
But when they arrived, it was already spring.
The leaves which were dead
were all resurrected,
and the two snails were very disappointed.
But then the sun
-- it was the sun which said to them,
"Take, oh take the sorrow,
the grief that weighs on you....
Take a glass of beer,
if the heart says so to you;
if you wish take the bus to Paris.
It leaves tonight.
But do not take the grief.
It is I who says this to you.
That blackens the white of the eye

Et puis ça enlaidit les histoires de cercueils
C'est triste et pas joli
Reprenez vos couleurs
Les couleurs de la vie
Alors toutes les bêtes les arbres et les plantes
Se mettent à chanter
A chanter à tue-tête
La vraie chanson vivante
La chanson de l'été
Et tout le monde de boire
Tout le monde de trinquer
C'est un très joli soir
Un joli soir d'été
Et les deux escargots
S'en retournent chez eux
Ils s'en vont très émus
Ils s'en vont très heureux
Comme ils ont beaucoup bu
Ils titubent un petit peu
Mais là-haut dans le ciel
La lune veille sur eux.

Youkali, Roger Fernay

C'est presque au bout du monde
Ma barque vagabonde
Errant au gré de l'onde
M'y conduisit un jour
L'île est toute petite
Mais la fée qui l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
A en faire le tour

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les
soucis
C'est dans notre nuit
Comme une éclaircie
L'étoile qu'on sui,
C'est Youkali!

Youkali, c'est le respect de tous les vœux

and then spoils the tales of the coffins.
It is sad and not happy.
Take back your colors,
the colors of life"
And then all the beasts, the trees and plants
began to sing
to themselves
the true songs of spring.
And all had something to drink
and toast.
It is a very beautiful evening,
a beautiful evening in summer,
and the two snails
returned home.
They went warmed
and happily,
because they had drunk much.
They staggered a little.
But high above in the heavens
-- the old moon was over them.

Youkali

It was almost to the end of the world
That my vagabond boat,
Wandering at the mercy of the waves
Led us one day
To a tiny isle
But the fairy that lived there
Kindly invited us
To stroll around.

Youkali, the land of our desires
Youkali, it is happiness and pleasure
Youkali, the land where we take leave of our
worries
It is in our night
Like a bright flash
The star we follow
It is Youkali!

Youkali, it is respect for all the vows exchanged

échangés
Youkali, c'est le pays des beaux amours partagés
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au coeur de tous les humains
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain
Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne
La sente quotidienne
Mais la pauvre âme humaine
Cherchant partout l'oubli
A pour quitter la terre
Su trouver la mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les
soucis
C'est dans notre nuit
Comme un éclaircie
L'étoile qu'on suit
C'est Youkali!

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Great Barrier Reef from: *A List of Wonders, Recent studies, adapted by the composer*
Gilda Lyons

Teeming with life
in the Coral Sea
off the coast of Queensland

Youkali, it is the land where true love is shared
It is the hope
which is in every human heart
The deliverance
Which we await on the morrow
Youkali, the land of our desires
Youkali, it is happiness and pleasure
But it is a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali!
But it is a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali!

And life carries us along
Tediously, day by day
But the poor human spirit
Seeks forgetfulness everywhere
Attempts to escape the world
In order to find the mystery
Within our dreams
In some Youkali.

Youkali, the land of our desires
Youkali, it is happiness and pleasure
Youkali, the land where we take leave of our
worries
It is in our night
Like a bright flash
The star we follow
It is Youkali!

But it is a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali!
But it is a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali!

the Great Barrier Reef-
the world's largest single structure
made by living organisms-

in North-East Australia,

Tale of the Oyster from: *Fifty Million Frenchmen*,
Cole Porter

Down by the sea lived a lonesome oyster,
Ev'ry day getting sadder and moister.
He found his home life awf'lly wet,
And longed to travel with the upper set.
Poor little oyster.

Fate was kind to that oyster we know,
When one day the chef from the Park Casino
Saw that oyster lying there,
And said "I'll put you on my bill of fare."
Lucky little oyster.

See him on his silver platter,
Watching the queens of fashion chatter.
Hearing the wives of millionaires
Discuss their marriages and their love affairs.
Thrilled little oyster.

See that bivalve social climber
Feeding the rich Mrs. Hoggenheimer,
Think of his joy as he gaily glides
Down to the middle of her gilded insides.
Proud little oyster.

Tuna Supreme

from: *Betty Crocker's Picture Cookbook* (1950)

*"A perfectly grand dish for women's luncheons!"
according to a
former member of our Staff, Ruby Nelson (Mrs.
Charles W.
Turner of Delmar, New York), who first made it in our
test kitchen.*

Arrange in alternate layers in buttered 1½-qt.
casserole (7 ½") ...
2 cups tuna (2 7-oz. cans), in large pieces

can be seen from space.

After lunch Mrs. H. complains,
And says to her hostess, "I've got such pains.
I came to town on my yacht today,
But I think I'd better hurray back to Oyster Bay."
Scared little oyster.

Off they go thru the troubled tide,
The yacht rolling madly from side to side.
They're tossed about 'til that poor young oyster
Finds that it's time he should quit his cloister,
Up comes the oyster.

Back once more where he started from,
He murmured, "I haven't a single qualm,
For I've had a taste of society,
And society has had a taste of me."
Wise little oyster.

Finish with a sprinkling of the crushed cheese
crackers. Bake.
Serve hot.

2 cups crushed cheese crackers
3 cups Medium White Sauce
¾ cup sliced ripe olives

The Ballads of the Four Seasons, Li Po
translation by *Shigeyoshi Obati*

Spring

The lovely Lo-foh* of the land of Chin,
Is plucking mulberry leaves by the blue water.
On the green boughs her white arms gleam,
And the bright sun shines upon her scarlet dress.
'My silkworms' says she, 'are hungry, I must go,
Tarry not with your five horses, Prince, I pray!'

**Lo-foh is the heroine of a popular ballad, which was already old at Li Po's time, and which served as the basis of the present poem.*

Autumn

The moon is above the city of Chang-an,
From ten thousand houses comes the sound of
cloth-pounding*;
The sad Autumn wind blows, and there is no end
To my thought of you beyond the Jewel Gate
Pass-
When will the barbarian foe be vanquished,
And you, my beloved, return from the far
battlefield?

**Cloth-pounding is the ironing part in the old-fashioned Chinese laundering process. On account of the hardness of the wooden stand and mallet employed for it, the pound- ing produces a shrill metallic sound.*

Solitary Hotel, James Joyce

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.

TEMPERATURE: 350° (mod. oven).
TIME: Bake 35 min.
AMOUNT: 6 servings.

Summer

On the Mirror Lake three hundred li around
Gaily the lotus lilies bloom.
She gathers them—Queen Hsi-shih, in Maytime!
A multitude jostles on the bank, watching.
Her boat turns back without waiting the moonrise,
And glides away to the house of the amorous
Yueh King.

Winter

The courier will depart on the morrow for the front.
All night she sews a soldier's jacket.
Her fingers, plying the needle, are numb with cold;
Scarce can she hold the icy scissors.
At last the work is done; she sends it a long, long
way,
Oh! how many days before it reaches him in
Lin-tao?

She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.

Mirror Visions Ensemble
9.16.23 texts, *Journeys*

Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel-paper she writes.

Hôtel from *Banalités*
Guillaume Apollinaire

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer
Pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler
Je veux fumer.

He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire.
Twilight. He reads. Solitary.
What? In sloping, upright and backhands.
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho-...

Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage
the sun puts its arm through the window
but I who would like to smoke
to make smoke pictures
I light at the fire of day my cigarette
I do not want to work
I want to smoke.

At the Windermere Hotel from: *Chicago Nightmares*
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Well, this is a hard-luck letter, so I'll just keep on, and tell you about the Windermere Hotel, which is the God-damndest place I ever set an unwary foot in.

You know, it advertises itself as "Chicago's Most Home-like Hotel."

Well, that's so.

It's so home-like that if you want a cup of coffee, you have to go down to the kitchen and make it yourself.

Room service, please!

Do you want it from the East or from the West?

What?

How do I know, I'm a stranger here, I just want a cup of coffee I don't care where it comes from.

Some people want it from the East. But of course it has to come through the tunnel then, it's likely to get cold.

Well that settles that. I don't want it cold. So send it from the West.

Hello! Hello! Operator, give me the West Room Service, please.

There is no West Room Service.

Well then, what am I to do? I want a cup of coffee. They told me.

Room service.

Hello, Hello, Hello. This is Room Two Hundred Seventy Five West. Will you kindly wake an order for breakfast?

Room service! This is the East. Do you want it from the East?

Mirror Visions Ensemble
9.16.23 texts, *Journeys*

I don't know. I don't care. I'm dying for a cup of coffee. Will you send up at once a pot of coffee, and half of a grapefruit and some Kellogg's Bran?

Operator, please will you give me the porter? I want to inquire about trains.

Madam, did you give in an order for breakfast to the East?

I did. I did. I did.

Well, I'll give you to the West.

No! I don't want the West. I've got it all fixed up with the East. The East and I understand each other perfectly. Operator, Operator, Operator, Operator, Operator.

Kitchen speaking!

Is this the East or the West? This is the West.

I've already given my order to the East.

Is this Room Two Seventy Five?

Yes. Madame, you're in the West.

God help me, I'm in the Mid-west!

Song (I'm Going to New York), *Frank O'Hara*

I'm going to New York!

(what a lark! what a song!)

where the tough Rocky's eaves
hit the sea. Where th'Acro-
polis is functional, the trains
that run and shout! the books
that have trousers and sleeves!

I'm going to New York!

(quel voyage! jamais plus!)

far from Ypsilanti and Flint!
where Goodman rules the Empire
and the sunlight's eschato-
logy upon the wizard's bridges
and the galleries of print!

I'm going to New York!

(to my friends! mes semblables!)

I suppose I'll walk back West.
But for now I'm gone forever!
the city's hung with flashlights!
the Ferry's unbuttoning its vest!

Harlem Night Song, *Langston Hughes*

Come,

Let us roam the night together

Singing.

I love you.

Across
The Harlem roof-tops
Moon is shining.
Night sky is blue.
Stars are great drops

Of golden dew.

Down the street
A band is playing.

I love you.

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

American Tune, *Paul Simon*

Many's the time I've been mistaken
And many times confused
Yes, and I've often felt forsaken
And certainly misused

Oh, but I'm alright, I'm alright
I'm just weary to my bones
Still, you don't expect to be bright and bon vivant
So far away from home, so far away from home

And I don't know a soul who's not been battered
I don't have a friend who feels at ease
I don't know a dream that's not been shattered
Or driven to its knees

But it's alright, it's alright
For we lived so well so long
Still, when I think of the
Road we're traveling on
I wonder what's gone wrong
I can't help it, I wonder what has gone wrong

And I dreamed I was dying
I dreamed that my soul rose unexpectedly
And looking back down at me
Smiled reassuringly

And I dreamed I was flying
And high up above my eyes could clearly see
The Statue of Liberty
Sailing away to sea
And I dreamed I was flying

We come on the ship they call The Mayflower
We come on the ship that sailed the moon
We come in the age's most uncertain hours
And sing an American tune

Oh, and it's alright, it's alright, it's alright
You can't be forever blessed
Still, tomorrow's going to be another working day
And I'm trying to get some rest
That's all I'm trying to get some rest

Goodbye, My Love / Journey On, from: *Ragtime*
Lynn Ahrens

Goodbye my love.
God bless you.
And I suppose,
Bless America, too.
You have places to discover,
Oceans to conquer,
You need to know
I'll be there at the window
While you go on your way.
I accept that.
But, what of the people
Who stay where they're out,
Planted like flowers
with roots underfoot.
I know some of those people
Have hearts that would rather
Go Journeying
On the sea.

Tell me,
What of the people
Whose boundaries chafe,
Who marry so bravely
And end up so safe.
Tell me how to be someone
Whose heart can explore
While still staying here.
Let this be the year
We both travel...
Goodbye, my love
Journey on.