

# LEEDS LIEDER CONCERT SEASON 2022 / 23

Sunday 23 October, 3.00 p.m.

**Ashley Riches - baritone**  
**Joseph Middleton - piano**

## *A Musical Zoo*

**Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

### **Die Forelle**

In einem Bächlein helle  
Da schoss in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßter Ruh'  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.

*Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739-1791)*

### **Die Vögel**

Wie lieblich und fröhlich,  
Zu schweben, zu singen,  
Von glänzender Höhe  
Zur Erde zu blicken!

Die Menschen sind thöricht,  
Sie können nicht fliegen.  
Sie jammern in Nöten,  
Wir flattern gen Himmel.

Der Jäger will tödten,  
Dem Früchte wir pickten;  
Wir müssen ihn höhnen,  
Und Beute gewinnen.

### **The Trout**

In a cheerful little stream  
A capricious trout  
In rapturous haste  
Shot past like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
And peacefully watched  
The lively little fish swimming  
In the clear little stream.

A fisherman with a rod  
Stood on the bank,  
And cold-bloodedly  
Watched the little fish weaving around.  
As long as the water stays clear,  
I thought, undisturbed,  
He won't catch the trout  
With his rod.

But finally the thief  
Lost patience. He slyly made  
The little stream murky,  
And before I had time to think  
His fishing rod jerked,  
And the little fish wriggled on it,  
And with mounting anger  
I watched the betrayed creature.

### **Birds**

How wonderful and joyful  
To soar, to sing,  
From the radiant heights  
To look down on the earth!

Men are foolish,  
They cannot fly,  
They grumble in their distress,  
We fly heavenwards.

The hunter whose fruit  
We pecked wants to kill us.  
But we should mock him  
And win our spoils.

**Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**

**Die Löwenbraut**

Mit der Myrte geschmückt und dem Brautgeschmeid,  
Des Wärters Tochter, die rosige Maid  
Tritt ein in den Zwinger des Löwen; er liegt  
Der Herrin zu Füßen, vor der er sich schmiegt.

Der Gewaltige, wild und unbändig zuvor,  
Schaut fromm und verständig zur Herrin empor;  
Die Jungfrau, zart und wonnereich,  
Liebstreichelt ihn sanft und weinet zugleich:

„Wie waren in Tagen, die nicht mehr sind,  
Gar treue Gespielen, wie Kind und Kind,  
Und hatten uns lieb und hatten uns gern;  
Die Tage der Kindheit, sie liegen uns fern.

„Du schütteltest machtvoll, eh' wir's geglaubt,  
Dein mähnenumwogtes königlich Haupt;  
Ich wuchs heran, du siehst es: ich bin  
Das Kind nicht mehr mit kindischem Sinn.

„O wär ich das Kind noch und bliebe bei dir,  
Mein starkes, getreues, mein redliches Tier;  
Ich aber muss folgen, sie taten mir's an,  
Hinaus in die Fremde dem fremden Mann.

„Es fiel ihm ein, daß schön ich sei,  
Ich wurde gefreit, es ist nun vorbei:  
Der Kranz im Haar, mein guter Gesell,  
Und vor Tränen nicht die Blicke mehr hell.

„Verstehst du mich ganz? Schaust grimmig dazu,  
Ich bin ja gefasst, sei ruhig auch du;  
Dort seh' ich ihn kommen, dem folgen ich muss,  
So geb' ich denn, Freund, dir den letzten Kuss!“

Und wie ihn die Lippe des Mädchens berührt,  
Da hat man den Zwinger erzittern gespürt,  
Und wie er am Zwinger den Jüngling erschaut,  
Erfasst Entsetzen die bangende Braut.

Er stellt an die Tür sich des Zwingers zur Wacht,  
Er schwinget den Schweif, er brüllet mit Macht;  
Sie flehend, gebietend und drohend begehrt  
Hinaus; er im Zorn den Ausgang wehrt.

Und draußen erhebt sich verworren Geschrei.  
Der Jüngling ruft: „Bringt Waffen herbei;  
Ich schiess' ihn nieder, ich treff' ihn gut!“  
Aufbrüllt der Gereizte schäumend vor Wut.

Die Unselige wagt's sich der Türe zu nahn,  
Da fällt er verwandelt die Herrin an:  
Die schöne Gestalt, ein grässlicher Raub,  
Liegt blutig zerrissen entstellt in dem Staub.

Und wie er vergossen das teure Blut,  
Er legt sich zur Leiche mit finsterem Mut,  
Er liegt so versunken in Trauer und Schmerz,  
Bis tödlich die Kugel ihn trifft in das Herz.

**The Lion Bride**

Wearing a myrtle wreath and her bridal jewels,  
The keepers daughter, the rosy-cheeked maiden.  
Steps into the lion's cage; he lies down  
At his mistress's feet and nestles up to her.

The mighty beast, once wild and untamed,  
Looks up meekly and with understanding at its mistress;  
The gently and radiant maid  
Caresses him softly and cries all at the same time:

“Long ago in days gone by, we were  
Faithful playmates, like two children,  
And loved each other and cared for each other,  
But the days of childhood are long past.

Before we knew it you were shaking, your mighty  
Mane-surrounded regal head;  
I grew up, as you can see  
I am no longer a child with childish thoughts

Oh if only I were still that child and could stay with you,  
My strong, faithful, honest beast;  
But they are making me follow a stranger  
Into foreign parts

He decided I was beautiful,  
He courted me, and now it is done:  
The wreath is in my hair, dear friend,  
And I am unable to see clearly for tears.

Do you understand me? You look at me fiercely.  
I am resigned, and you must be too,  
I see him coming, the man I must follow,  
So, my friend, I give you one last kiss“.

And as the maiden's lips touched him  
The cage began to shake,  
And as he saw the youth outside the cage,  
The anxious bride was filled with fear.

He set himself to guard the cage door,  
He lashes his tail, he roars loudly,  
She pleads and threatens him  
And orders him to let her out; he angrily bars the exit.

And outside confused cries go up,  
The youth shouts bring a gun,  
I'll fire at him and shoot him dead!“  
Provoked the lion roars foaming with anger.

The miserable girl tries to approach the door,  
And he falls transformed on his mistress.  
The beautiful creature, now a dreadful prey,  
Lies torn and blood-stained in the dust.

And having shed the blood he loved,  
He lies miserably down by the corpse,  
He lies sunk in sorrow and pain,  
Until the fatal bullet hits him in the heart.

## Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

### Der Rattenfänger

Ich bin der wohlbekannte Sänger,  
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,  
Den diese altberühmte Stadt  
Gewiß besonders nöthig hat;  
Und wären's Ratten noch so viele,  
Und wären Wiesel mit im Spiele;  
Von allen säubr' ich diesen Ort,  
Sie müssen mit einander fort.

Dann ist der gut gelaunte Sänger  
Mitunter auch ein Kinderfänger,  
Der selbst die wildesten bezwingt,  
Wenn er die goldnen Märchen singt.  
Und wären Knaben noch so trutzig,  
Und wären Mädchen noch so stutzig,  
In meine Saiten greif' ich ein,  
Sie müssen alle hinter drein.

Dann ist der vielgewandte Sänger  
Gelegentlich ein Mädchenfänger;  
In keinem Städtchen langt er an,  
Wo er's nicht mancher angethan.  
Und wären Mädchen noch so blöde,  
Und wären Weiber noch so spröde;  
Doch allen wird so liebebang  
Bei Zaubersaiten und Gesang.

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)*

### The Rat Catcher

I am that well-known singer,  
The well-travelled rat catcher,  
Whom this famous old town  
Definitely needs badly;  
And no matter how many rats it has,  
And even if there are weasels too,  
I will clear the place of them,  
Every one of them must go!

But this good-humoured singer  
Is also sometimes a child catcher,  
Who can win over even the wildest child,  
When he sings his golden tales.  
No matter how defiant the boys are,  
Or how suspicious the girls,  
I just reach for my strings,  
And they all have to follow me.

And then the many-sided singer  
Is sometimes also a maiden-catcher;  
There's not town he visits  
Where he doesn't captivate many.  
And however stupid the girls might be,  
And however standoffish the women;  
All of them hanker after love  
At the magical sounds of strings and  
song.

## Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

### An die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der liebentflammten Lieder  
Tonreichen Schall  
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums hernieder,  
O Nachtigall!  
Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle  
Die Liebe wach;  
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen meiner Seele  
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem dieses Lager,  
Ich starre dann  
Mit nassem Blick' und totenbleich und hager  
Den Himmel an.  
Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne Finsternisse,  
Ins Haingesträuch,  
Und spend' im Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse;  
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

*Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776)*

### To the Nightingale

Oh Nightingale! Don't pour the rich sound of  
Your love-inflamed songs so loudly  
From the blossom-laden branches of the Apple tree!  
Oh nightingale!  
With your sweet sounds you  
Awaken love in me;  
Already your melting tones  
Stir the very depths of my soul.

Then sleep flees from this place,  
And then I stare  
With moist eyes, deathly pale and haggard  
At the heavens.  
Fly, nightingale, into the green shadows,  
Into the bushes of the groves,  
And give your faithful mate tender kisses.  
Fly away, fly away!

**Richard Strauss** (1864-1949)

**Die Drossel**

„Ich will ja nicht in Garten geh'n,  
Will liegen sommerlang,  
Hör ich die liebe Drossel nur,  
Die in dem Busche sang.“

Man fängt dem Kind die Drossel ein,  
Im Käfig sitzt sie dort,  
Doch singen will sie nicht und hängt  
Ihr Köpfchen immerfort.

Noch einmal blickt das Kind nach ihr  
Mit bittendem Gesicht,  
Da schlägt die Drossel schön und hell,  
Da glänzt sein Aug' und bricht.

Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

**The Thrush**

“But I don't want to go into the garden,  
I'll just lie here all Summer,  
As long as I can hear the dear thrush  
That was singing in the bushes.”

They catch the thrush for the child,  
There it sits in its cage,  
But it doesn't want to sing and hangs  
Its little head down constantly.

The child looks at it again  
With a pleading expression,  
The thrush bursts into loud and beautiful song.  
Its eyes gleam – and it dies

**Gabriel Fauré** (1845-1937)

**Le papillon et la fleur**

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:  
Ne fuis pas!  
Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste,  
Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les  
hommes  
Et loin d'eux,  
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes  
fleurs tous deux!

Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne.

Sort cruel!  
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine  
Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin! – Parmi des fleurs sans  
nombre  
Vous fuyez,  
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre  
À mes pieds.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t'en vas encore,  
luire ailleurs.  
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore  
Toute en pleurs!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,  
Ô mon roi,  
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes  
Comme à toi!

Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

**The butterfly and the flower**

The little flower said to the heavenly butterfly,  
Don't fly away!  
Look how different our destinies are, I stay here  
And you fly away!

Yet we love each other, we live without people  
And far away from them,

And we look alike, and people say that  
We are both flowers!

But alas, the breeze carries you away and the earth holds  
me fast  
Cruel fate!  
I would like to perfume your flight with my breath  
In the sky.

But no, you fly too far away – amongst countless flowers

You fly away.  
As for me, I stay here alone only to watch my shadow  
Circle round my feet.

You fly away, then you return, then you fly away again  
To shimmer somewhere else.  
And also you always find me at dawn  
Bathed in tears.

Oh that our love might flow through faithful days,  
Oh my king,  
Take root like me, or give me a pair of wings  
Like yours!

**Maurice Ravel** (1805-1937)

***Histoires naturelles***

*Jules Reynard (1864-1910)*

**Le paon**

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.  
Ce devait être pour hier.  
En habit de gala, il était prêt.  
Il n'attendait que sa fiancée.  
Elle n'est pas venue.  
Elle ne peut tarder.  
Glorieux, il se promène  
Avec une allure de prince indien  
Et porte sur lui les riches présents d'usage.  
L'amour avive l'éclat de ses couleurs  
et son aigrette tremble comme une lyre.  
La fiancée n'arrive pas.  
Il monte au haut du toit  
Et regarde du côté du soleil.  
Il jette son cri diabolique :  
Léon ! Léon !  
C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée.  
Il ne voit rien venir et personne ne répond.  
Les volailles habituées  
Ne lèvent même point la tête.  
Elles sont lasses de l'admirer.  
Il redescend dans la cour,  
Si sûr d'être beau  
Qu'il est incapable de rancune.  
Son mariage sera pour demain.  
Et, ne sachant que faire  
Du reste de la journée,  
Il se dirige vers le perron.  
Il gravit les marches,  
Comme des marches de temple,  
D'un pas officiel.  
Il relève sa robe à queue  
Toute lourde des yeux  
Qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.  
Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie.

**The Peacock**

He will certainly be getting married today.  
It should have been yesterday.  
All dressed up, he was ready.  
He was just waiting for his fiancée.  
She hasn't come.  
She can't be long..  
In his magnificence, he parades  
with the air of an Indian prince,  
Carrying with him the customary rich gifts..  
Love enhances the brilliance of his colours  
And his crest trembles like a lyre.  
His fiancée doesn't come.  
He climbs to the top of the roof  
And looks towards the sun.  
He utters his diabolical cry  
"Leon! Leon!"  
That's how he calls to his fiancée.  
He sees nothing coming, and no one answers.  
The birds, accustomed to this,  
Do not even raise their head.  
They are tired of admiring him.  
He comes back down into the courtyard,  
So convinced of his own beauty  
That he is incapable of resentment.  
His marriage will take place tomorrow.  
And, not knowing what to do  
For the rest of the day,  
He turns toward the front steps.  
He climbs the stairs,  
As if they were the stairs of a temple,  
With an formal tread.  
He lifts his train,  
Heavy with eyes  
Which cannot detach themselves.  
He repeats the ceremony one more time

**Le grillon**

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer,  
L'insecte nègre revient de promenade  
Et répare avec soin le désordre de son domaine.

D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.  
Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte  
Au seuil de sa retraite.  
Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe  
propre à le harceler.  
Il se repose.  
Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.  
A-t-il fini ? Est-elle cassée ?  
Il se repose encore un peu.  
Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.  
Longtemps il tourne sa clé  
dans la serrure délicate.  
Et il écoute :  
Point d'alarme dehors.

**The cricket**

It is the time of day when, weary of wandering,  
The black insect returns from his walk  
And carefully restores order to his domain.

First he rakes his narrow sandy paths.  
He makes sawdust which he spreads  
On the threshold of his retreat.  
He files the root of the tall grass,  
Which could irritate him.  
He rests.  
Then he winds up his tiny watch.  
Has he finished? Is it broken?  
He rests again for a little while.  
He goes inside and closes his door.  
For a long time he turns the key  
In the delicate lock.  
And he listens;  
Nothing alarming outside.

Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.  
Et comme par une chaînette  
dont la poulie grince,  
il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.  
On n'entend plus rien.  
Dans la campagne muette,  
les peupliers se dressent comme des doigts  
en l'air et désignent la lune

But he does not feel entirely safe.  
And as if on a small chain  
On a grinding pulley,  
He descends into the depths of the earth.  
Now he hears nothing.  
In the silent countryside,  
The poplars stand erect like fingers in the air,  
Pointing toward the moon.

### **Le cygnet**

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc,  
D nuage en nuage.  
Car il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux  
qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau.  
C'est l'un d'eux qu'il désire. Il le vise du bec,  
et il plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige.  
Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une manche, il retire.

Il n'a rien.  
Il regarde : les nuages effarouchés ont disparu  
Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car les  
nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas, où meurent les  
ondulations de l'eau,  
en voici un qui se reforme.  
DouceMENT, sur son léger coussin de plumes, le cygne  
rame et s'approche...  
Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets,  
et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion, avant  
d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage.  
Mais qu'est-ce que je dis ?  
Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec  
la vase nourrissante et ramène un ver.  
Il engraisse comme une oie.

### **The swan**

He glides on the pond, like a white sleigh,  
From cloud to cloud. For he is hungry only for the snowy  
clouds that he sees forming, moving, and disappearing in  
the water.  
It is one of these that he wants. He aims with his beak,  
and he suddenly immerses his snowy neck.  
Then like a woman's arm emerging from a sleeve, he  
draws it back up.  
He has nothing.  
He looks: the startled clouds have disappeared.  
He is only disappointed for a moment,  
for the clouds don't wait long to re-appear and over there,  
where the ripples end,  
one is already reforming.  
Gently, on his soft cushion of down  
the swan paddles and approaches. . . .  
He tires himself out fishing for empty reflections, and  
perhaps he will die, a victim of this illusion, before  
catching a single scrap of cloud.  
But what am I saying?  
Each time he submerges, he digs with his beak into the  
nourishing silt and brings up a worm.  
He's getting as fat as a goose!.

### **Le martin-pêcheur**

Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir,  
mais je rapporte une rare émotion.  
Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue,  
un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y poser.  
Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau plus éclatant.  
Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue  
au bout d'une longue tige.  
La perche pliait sous le poids.  
Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d'être pris  
pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur.  
Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas envolé de peur,  
mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que passer  
d'une branche à une autre.

### **The kingfisher**

Not a bite this evening,  
But I had a rare experience.  
As I was holding out my fishing rod  
a kingfish came and perched on it.  
We have no bird that is more radiant.  
It was like a giant blue flower  
at the end of a long stem.  
The pole bent under its weight.  
I dared not breathe, proud to have been taken  
for a tree by a kingfisher.  
And I am sure that he did not fly off from fear,  
but because he believed he was only flying  
from one branch to another.

## La pintade

C'est la bossue de ma cour.  
 Elle ne rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse.  
 Les poules ne lui disent rien :  
 Brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.  
 Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps,  
 et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres,

elle court frapper, de son bec dur,  
 juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde.  
 Cette poseuse l'agaçait.  
 Ainsi, la tête bleuie, ses barbillons à vif,  
 cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir.

Elle se bat sans motif, peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine  
 toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille, de son crâne chauve  
 et de sa queue basse.

Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant  
 qui perce l'aire comme un pointe.  
 Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît.  
 Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un  
 moment de répit. Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus  
 criarde.  
 Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.  
 Qu'a-t'elle donc? La sournoise fait une farce.  
 Elle est allée pondre son oeuf à la campagne.  
 Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.  
 Et elle se roule dans la poussière comme une bossue.

## The guinea-fowl

She is the hunchback of my farmyard.  
 She dreams of wounding only because of her hump.  
 The hens do not speak to her.  
 Suddenly, she dives and attacks them.  
 Then she lowers her head, bends  
 forward and with all the speed she can muster on her  
 skinny legs,  
 she runs and strikes with her strong beak, right in the  
 middle of the turkey's tail.  
 That show-off was annoying her.  
 Thus, with her blue-ish head and its frayed plumage she  
 angrily rages from dawn till dusk.

She fights without cause, perhaps because she imagines  
 that she is being mocked because of her size, because of  
 her bald head, and her drooping tail.

And she continually screams a discordant cry  
 that pierces the air like a knife.  
 Sometimes she leaves the courtyard and disappears, giving  
 the peaceful birds  
 a moment's respite. But she returns, even more noisy and  
 more shrill.  
 And, frenetically, she sprawls out on the ground.  
 What is she doing? The cunning creature is playing a joke.  
 She left to lay an egg in the country.  
 I can look for it if I want to.  
 And she rolls around in the dust like a hunchback.

## Modest Mussorgsky (1835-1881)

### Pesnya Mefistofelya o blokhe

Zhil-byt korol' kogda-to,  
 Pri nyom blokha zhila, Blokha...blokha!  
 Miley rodnogo brata ona yemu byla;  
 Blokha ...ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokha?  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ...Blokha!  
 Zovyot korol' portnogo: "Poslushay ty, churban!  
 Dlya druga dorogogo ...Shey!  
 Barkhatny kaftan!"  
 Blokhe kaftan?  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Blokhe?  
 Blokhe kaftan?  
 Vot v zoloto i barkhat blokha naryazhena,  
 I polnaya svoboda yey pri dvore dana, Ha, ha!  
 Ha, ha, ha ,ha, ha! Blokhe! Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Korol' yey san ministra  
 I s nim zvezdu dayot,  
 Za neyu i drugiyе poshli vse blokhi v khod. Ha, ha!  
 I samoy koroleve, i freylinam yeyo,  
 Ot blokh ne stalo mochi  
 Ne stalo i zhit'ya, Ha, ha!  
 I tronut-to boyatsa, ne to shtoby ikh bit'.  
 A my, kto stal kusat'sa, totchas davay dushit'  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! .....

...  
*A Struguschikov / Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

### Song of the flea

There was once a king  
 Who kept a flea, a flea...a flea!  
 He loved him dearly, more than his own son:  
 A flea...ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea?  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A flea!  
 So the king called in his tailor:  
 "Listen, you blockhead! For my dear friend,  
 Make a velvet kaftan!"  
 A kaftan for a flea? Ha, ha, For a flea?  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Kaftan?  
 A kaftan for a flea?  
 Thus in gold and velvet the flea was dressed  
 And gained full freedom of the court. Ha, ha!  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a flea! Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 The king promoted him to the post of minister  
 And gave him a star.  
 And with him, the others were promoted too.  
 But the queen and her courtiers,  
 Could not endure the fleas  
 Who made their lives intolerable, Ha, ha!  
 They were afraid to touch them, or kill them.  
 But if one of them bites us, we squash it right away!  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!.....

*English: M H Rolle*

**Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)**

**Жил на свете таракан**

Жил на свете таракан,  
Таракан от детства,  
И потом попал в стакан  
Полны мухоедства --

Господи! Что такое?  
То есть, когда летом в стакан  
налезут мухи, то происходит  
мухоедство, всякий дурак поимёт,  
не перебивайте, не перебивайте,  
вы увидите, вы увидите!

Пожалуйста, сначала!

Жил на свете таракан,  
Таракан от детства,  
И потом попал в стакан  
Полны мухоедства.

Место занял таракан,  
Мухи возроптали,  
„Полон очень наш стакан``, --  
К Юпитеру закричали.

Но пока у них шёл крик,  
Подошёл Никифор,  
Бла-го-роднейший старик ... ..

Тут у меня ещё не dokonчено,  
но всё равно, словами!  
Никифор берёт стакан и, несмотря на крик,  
выплёскивает в лохань всю комедию,  
и мух и таракана, что давно надо было сделать.

Но заметьте, но заметьте,  
сударыня, таракан не ропщёт!  
„Таракан не ропщёт.``  
Что же касается до Никифора,  
то он изображает природу.

*Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky (1821 - 1881)*

**Once there lived a cockroach**

Lived a cockroach in the world  
Such was his condition,  
In a glass he chanced to fall  
Full of fly-perdition.

Heavens! What does it mean?  
That's when flies get into a glass in the summer-time  
then it is perdition to the flies,  
any fool can understand.  
Don't interrupt, don't interrupt.  
You'll see, you'll see.

Please, start again!

Lived a cockroach in the world  
Such was his condition,  
In a glass he chanced to fall  
Full of fly-perdition.

But he squeezed against the flies,  
They woke up and cursed him,  
Raised to Jove their angry cries;  
'The glass is full to bursting!'

In the middle of the din  
Came along Nikifor,  
Fine old man, and looking in...

I haven't quite finished it.  
But no matter, I'll tell it in words,  
Nikifor takes the glass, and in spite of their outcry  
empties away the whole stew, flies, and beetles and all,  
into the pig pail, which ought to have been done long ago.

But observe, madam, observe,  
the cockroach doesn't complain.  
'The cockroach does not complain.'  
As for Nikifor  
he typifies nature.

*Trans: Constance Clara Garnett (1861 - 1946)*

**John Ireland (1879-1962)**

**The three ravens**

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
Down a down hey down hey down.  
They were as black as they might be,  
With a down.  
Then one of them said to his mate:  
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"  
With a down derry derry down down.

Down in yonder greenfield,  
Down a down hey down hey down.  
There lies a knight slain under his shield;  
With a down.  
His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well they [can]<sup>1</sup> their master keep.  
With a down derry derry down down.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
Down a down hey down hey down.  
There is no fowl dare him come nigh  
With a down.  
But down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might go.  
With a down derry derry down down.

She lifted up his bloody head,  
Down a down hey down hey down.  
And kissed his wounds that were so red.  
With a down.  
She got him up upon her back  
And carried him to an earthen lake.  
With a down derry derry down down.

She buried him before the prime,  
Down a down hey down hey down.  
She was dead herself ere evensong time.  
With a down.  
Now God send every gentleman  
Such hounds, such hawks and such a  
leman.  
With a down derry derry down down.

*Folksong*

**Herbert Howells** (1892-1983)

**King David**

King David was a sorrowful man:  
No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:  
Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David  
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden  
Walked by the moon alone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree --  
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.

*Walter De la Mare (1873 - 1956)*

**Samuel Barber** (1910-1981)

**The Monk and his Cat**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.

*Anon: trans - W. H. Auden (1907-1973)*

You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.

**Vernon Duke** (1903-1969)

*Ogden Nash's Musical Zoo*

**The Duck**

Behold the duck.  
It does not cluck.  
A cluck it lacks,  
It quacks.  
It is specially fond  
Of a puddle or pond,  
When it dives or sups  
It bottoms up.

**The Ant**

The ant has made himself illustrious  
Through constant industry industrious.  
So what? Would you be calm and placid  
If you were full of formic acid?

**The Cow**

The cow is of the bovine ilk,  
One end is Moo, the other Milk.  
I'm growing thirsty from this pow-wow.  
Let's all go out and milk the cow-wow.

**Our Dog**

I have a little dog.  
Her name is Spangle.  
And when she eats  
I think she'll strangle.  
She's darker than Hamlet.  
Lighter than Porgy;  
Her heart is gold,  
Her odor Dorgy.  
Like liquid gens,  
Her eyes burn clearly;  
She's five years old  
And house-trained nearly.  
I wonder how such small ribs as these  
Can cage such vast desire to please.

### **The Frog**

The frog is slick,  
The frog is slippery.  
The frog's career is hoppity hippery  
He catches flies through housepokery,  
His tights are green, his song is croakery.  
The little frog goes  
Pinkle-tink.  
The big frog goes  
Ker-chonk, I think.

### **The Turkey**

There is nothing more perky  
Than a masculine turkey.  
When he struts he struts  
With no ifs or buts.  
When his face is apoplectic  
His harem grows hectic,  
And when he gobbles  
Their universe wobbles.

### **The Mouse**

A mouse twice  
Is mice.  
We have twice a mouse.  
Indeed our household  
Is plentifully mouseholed.  
We encourage our mice  
To sing Waltzes of Strauss's.  
When they sing Strauss twice  
We call it Strice.

### **The Kitten**

The kitten's face is soft and furry.  
The kitten's voice is soft and purry.  
The trouble with the kitten is that  
Eventually it becomes a cat.

### **The Pig**

The pig, if I am not mistaken,  
Supplies us sausage, ham and bacon.  
Let others say his heart is big.  
I call it stupid of the pig.