

Poetry

Dimcho Debelyanov (1887-1916)

THE ORPHAN'S SONG

If I die in a war
No one will be sad –
I lost my mother
I didn't find a wife,
I have no friends.

But my heart is calm
I lived with orphan's troubles
And as an award maybe
I'll meet the death in victory...

I know my unhappy way,
My wealths are with me –
I am so rich with sorrows
And with unshared joys.

I will leave this world
As I had come, homeless,
As calm as the song
Invoking needless memory.

СИРОТНА ПЕСЕН

Ако загина на война,
жал никого не ще попари –
изгубих майка, а жена
не наидох, нямам и другари.

Ала сърце ми не скърби –
приневолен живя сирака
и за утеха може би
смъртта в победа ще дочака.

Познавам своя път нерад,
богатствата ми са у мене,
че аз съм с горести богат
и с радости несподелени.

Ще си отида от света –
тъй както съм дошъл, бездомен,
спокоен като песента,
навяваща ненужен спомен.

Poem read by Anton N. Antonov on 26 June 2013

Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837)

L'infinito

Sempre caro mi fu quest'ermo colle,
E questa siepe, che da tanta parte
Dell'ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
Spazi di lá da quella, e sovrumani
Silenzi, e profondissima quiete
Io nel pensier mi fingo; ove per poco
Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
Infinito silenzio a questa voce
Vo comparando: e mi sovvien l'eterno,
E le morte stagioni, e la presente
E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
Immensità s'annega il pensier mio:
E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.

English translation:

The Infinite

Always dear to me was this lonely hill,
And this hedge, which from me so great a part
Of the farthest horizon excludes the gaze.
But as I sit and watch, I invent in my mind
endless spaces beyond, and superhuman
silences, and profoundest quiet;
wherefore my heart
almost loses itself in fear. And as I hear the wind
rustle through these plants, I compare
that infinite silence to this voice:
and I recall to mind eternity,
And the dead seasons, and the one present
And alive, and the sound of it. So in this
Immensity my thinking drowns:
And to shipwreck is sweet for me in this sea.

Poem read by Carlotta Giusti on 26 June 2013

English folksong

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

“Remember the vows that you made to me so truly?
Remember how tenderly you nestled close to me?
Gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I’ve culled from the garden to bind over you”

“Here I now wander alone as I wonder
Why did you leave me to sigh and complain?
I ask of the roses why must I be forsaken
Why must I here in sorrow remain?”

sung by Paul Stevenson on 26 June 2013