**TRANSLATIONS**

*Quand je fus pris au pavillon* (Charles, duc d’Orléans)
When I was lured to the pavilion of my fair and charming lady, I was singed by a burning heat, a butterfly caught in a flame. I blushed red as crimson in the brilliant light of the spark when I was lured to the pavilion of my fair and charming lady. If I were as swift as a falcon, or if I had strong wings, I would have shielded myself from the one whose dart stung me when I was lured to the pavilion.

*Lamento* (Théophile Gautier)
Do you know the white tomb where with a plaintive sound floats the shadow of a yew tree? On the yew a pale dove, sad and alone in the setting sun, sings its song. As though the awakened soul weeps under the earth, in unison with the song, and from the unhappiness of being forgotten moans in cooing sounds very softly. Ah! nevermore near the tomb shall I go when night descends in its black cloak to hear the pale dove sing on the branch of a yew its plaintive song.

*Noël des enfants qui n’ont plus de maisons* — Christmas Carol for Homeless Children (Claude Debussy)
We have no homes! The enemy has taken everything, even our little beds! They have burned the school and our schoolmaster, too. They have burned the church and Mr. Jesus Christ and the poor old man who could not get away! We have no homes! The enemy has taken everything, even our little beds! Of course! Papa is away at war. Poor Mama is dead — before she could see all of that! What are we to do now? Christmas! Little Father Christmas! Never visit their homes, never go to their homes again. Punish them! Avenge the children of France! The little Belgians, the little Serbs, and the little Poles, too! If we’ve forgotten any, forgive us. Christmas! Father Christmas! Above all no toys for us, try to give us again our daily bread. Christmas! Hear us, we have no little shoes left: but give victory to the children of France!

*Lydia* (Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle)
Lydia, onto your rosy cheeks and onto your neck so fresh and white there rolls down gleaming the flowing gold that you loosen. The day that is dawning is the best; let us forget the eternal tomb. Let your kisses, your dove-like kisses sing on your blossoming lips. A hidden lily ceaselessly spreads a divine scent in your bosom. Delights, like swarming bees emanate from you, young goddess! I love you and die, oh my love, my soul is ravished in kisses! O Lydia, give me back my life, that I may die, die forever!

*Sylvie* (Paul de Choudens)
Do you wish to know, my sweet, whither flies straight like an arrow the bird that sang in the young elm? I shall tell you, my sweet, it flies to the one who calls it, to the one who will love it! Do you wish to know, my fair one, why on earth and on the sea, by night all things enliven and pair? I shall tell you, my fair one! There is an hour in the universe where, far away from daylight, love is waking! Do you wish to know, Sylvia, why I love to distraction your eyes, sparkling and languid? I shall tell you, Sylvia — because without you in life everything to my heart is but sorrow!

*Chansons de Bilitis* — Songs of Bilitis (Pierre Louÿs)
*La flûte de Pan* — The Flute of Pan
On this day of Hyacinthus, he has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds, joined together with the white wax that is as sweet as honey on my lips. He teaches me to play while I sit on his knees; but I tremble just a little. He plays it after me, so softly that I can hardly hear him. We have nothing to say, so close are we to one another; but our songs want to harmonize, and gradually our lips are united on the flute. It is late; here is the chant of the green frogs that begins with the night. My mother will never believe that I stayed out so long in search of my lost belt.
La chevelure — The Tresses
He told me: “Last night I dreamed. I had your tresses around my neck. I wore your locks like a dark chain around my neck and on my breast. I caressed them and they were my own; and we were thus forever united, by the same tresses, lips upon lips, as two laurels often have but one root. And gradually, it seemed to me, so much were our limbs entwined, that I became you, or that you entered into me, like my dream.” When he had finished, he gently laid his hands upon my shoulders, and he looked at me with a glance so tender that I cast down my eyes and trembled.

Le tombeau des Naïades — The Tomb of the Naiads
I wandered along the frost-covered woods; my hair, blowing before my mouth, was adorned with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with soiled clods of snow. He asked me: “What are you looking for?” I follow the tracks of the satyr. His little hoofprints alternate like holes in a white coat. He told me: “The satyrs are dead, the satyrs and also the nymphs. In thirty years there has been no winter as terrible as this. The hoofprint which you see is that of a buck. But let us stay here, on the site of their tomb.” And with the iron of his hatchet he broke through the ice of the spring where the Naiads once had laughed. He took large frozen pieces, and, holding them toward the pale sky, he peered through them.

Le bestiaire — The Bestiary (Guillaume Apollinaire)

Le dromadaire — The Dromedary
With his four dromedaries Don Pedro d’Alfaroubeira traveled the world over and admired it. He did what I would like to do if I had four dromedaries.

La chèvre du Thibet — The Tibetan Goat
The hair of this goat and even the golden hair for which such pains were taken by Jason are worth nothing compared to the hair of the one I love.

La sauterelle — The Grasshopper
Here is the delicate grasshopper, the nourishment of Saint John, may my verses likewise be a feast for superior people.

Le dauphin — The Dolphin
Dolphins, you play in the sea, but the waves are always briny. Does my joy burst forth at times? Life is still cruel.

L’écrevisse — The Crayfish
Uncertainty, oh! my delights, you and I, we progress as crayfish do, backwards, backwards.

La carpe — The Carp
In your pools, in your ponds, carp, you live such a long time! Is it that death has passed you by, fish of melancholy?

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques — Five Popular Greek Songs
(Traditional Greek folk songs, translated into French by Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi)

Le réveil de la mariée — The Bride’s Awakening
Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge. Open your wings to the morning. Three beauty spots have set my heart on fire. See the ribbon, the golden ribbon I bring you to tie ’round your hair. If you want, my beauty, come let’s be married: in our two families, all are kindred.

La-bâs, vers l’église — Over There, Near the Church
Over there, near the church of Saint Sideros, O Holy Virgin, and the church of Saint Constantine they are gathered, assembled in infinite number, O Holy Virgin! All the bravest in the world!

Quel galant! — What Gallant!
What gallant can compare with me among those seen passing by? Tell me, Lady Vassiliki? See, hung on my belt, pistols and a sharp sword … and it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques — Song of the Lentisk Gatherers
O joy of my soul, joy of my heart, treasure so dear to me; joy of the soul and of the heart. You whom I love passionately, you are lovelier than an angel. O when you appear, angel so sweet, before our eyes like a beautiful blonde angel in the bright sunlight, alas! All our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai! — All Merry!
All merry, ha! All merry; beautiful legs, tireli that dance, beautiful legs, the pottery dances, tra-la-la.