

SAPPHO FRAGMENT 1: ORCHARD SONG

Ἐν δ' ἕδωρ ψῦχρον κελάδει δι' ἕσδων
μαλῶων, βρόδοισι δὲ παῖς ὁ χῶρος
ἔσκιαστ', αἰθυσσομένων δὲ φύλλων
κῶμα κατέρρει.

Cool murmur of water through apple-wood
Troughs without number.
The whole orchard fills, whilst the leaves
Lend their music to slumber.

HERACLITUS

Εἰπέ τις Ἡράκλειτε τεὸν μόνον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθη δ' ὄσάκις ἀμφότεροι
ἦλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν που
ξείν' Ἀλικαρνησεῦ τετράπαλαι σποδιή·
αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσαι ἀηδόνες, ἦσαν ὁ πάντων
ἄρπακτῆς Ἀίδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.
(Erigr. ii)

They told me, Heraclitus,
They told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear
and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered
How often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking
And sent him down the sky.
And now that thou art lying,
my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes,
Long, long ago at rest.
Still are thy pleasant voices,
Thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away,
But them he cannot take.

SONG FOR ATHENE

Alleluia. May flights of angels sing thee to
thy rest.
Alleluia. Remember me, O Lord, when you
come into your kingdom.
Alleluia. Give rest, O Lord, to your
handmaid who has fallen asleep.
Alleluia. The Choir of Saints have found the
well-spring of life and door of paradise.
Alleluia.
Life: a shadow and a dream.
Alleluia. Weeping at the grave creates the
song: Alleluia.

Alleluia. Come, enjoy rewards and crowns I
have prepared for you.

SAPPHO FRAGMENT 2: MOONLIGHT

Ἄστερες μὲν ἀμφὶ κάλαν σελάωναν
ἂψ ἀπυκρύπτοισι φάεννον εἶδος,
ὄπποτα πλήθουσα μάλιστα λάμπη
γᾶν ἐπὶ παῖσαν
. . . . ἀργυρία.

Stars around the fair moon fade
Against the night,
When gazing full she fills the glade
And spreads the seas with silvery light.

THE LEAVES OF LIFE

Wake, for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes the Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of
Light.

*Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
TODAY of past regrets and future Fears:*

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling;
The bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter – and the Bird is on the Wing.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot –
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!
A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread – and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness –
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

*Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
TODAY of past regrets and future Fears:
Tomorrow – Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand years.*

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

Of threat of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain – This life flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

*Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
TODAY of past regrets and future Fears:
Tomorrow – Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.
For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.*

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account,
and mine, should know the like no more;
The eternal Saki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are past
Ohm but the long, long while the World shall
last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

*Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
TODAY of past regrets and future Fears:
Tomorrow – Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.*

*For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.*

*And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend – ourselves to make a Couch – for whom?*

*Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, Sans Singers, and – sans
End!*

I sent my Soul through the Invisible
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered "I myself and Heav'n and
Hell:"

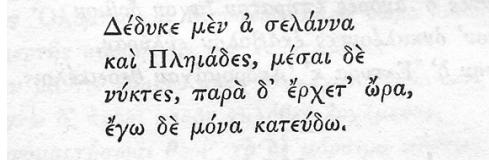
Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.
We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shades that come and go.
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

*Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits – and then
Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!*

*Yon rising Moon that looks for us again –
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden – and for one in vain!*

*And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one – turn down and empty Glass!*

SAPPHO FRAGMENT 3: LONELINESS



Δέδυκε μὲν ἅ σελάννα
καὶ Πληιάδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὄρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.

Set are the Pleiades; the Moon is down.
And midnight dark on high, the moon is
down.

The hours drift by
And here I lie, alone.

TaReKiTa – no words!

RIG VEDA: HYMN TO THE DAWN

Hear our hymn, O Goddess,
Rich in wealth and wisdom,
Ever young yet ancient, True to Law Eternal.
Wak'ner of the songbirds, Ensign of
th'Eternal,
Draw thou near, O Fair one,
In thy radiant Chariot.
Bring to her your off'ring,
Humbly bow before her,
Raise your songs of welcome,

As she comes in splendour.

RIG VEDA: HYMN TO THE WATERS

Flowing from the firmament forth to the ocean.

Healing all in earth and air, never halting.
Indra, Lord of Heav'n formed their courses,
Indra's mighty laws can never be broken.
Cleansing waters flow ye on,
hasten and help us.
Lo, in the waters, dwelleth One,
Knower of all on earth and sea,
Whose dread command no man may shun.,
Varuna, sov'ran Lord is He.
Onward ye waters, onward hie
Dance in the bright beams of the sun.
Obey the ruler of the sky who dug the path
for you to run.

RIG VEDA: HYMN OF THE TRAVELLERS

Go thou on before us, Guide us on our way,
Mighty one.
Make our journey pleasant, never let us stray.
Wonder-worker hearken
Come in thy splendour, Come in thy mighty
power.

Trample on the wicked, All who would
oppose,
Mighty one.
Drive away the robber, Drive away our foes.
Wonder-worker hearken
Come in thy splendour, Come in thy mighty
power.

As we journey onward, Songs to thee we
raise,
Mighty One.
Thou didst aid our fathers, Guard us all our
days.
Wonder-worker hearken
Come in thy splendour, Come in thy mighty
power.

Feed us and inspire us, keep us in thy care,
Mighty One.
Lead us past pursuers unto meadows fair.

Wonder-worker hearken
Come in thy splendour, Come in thy mighty
power.

SALUTATION

In one salutation to thee, my God,
Let all my senses spread out and touch this
world at thy feet.
Like a raincloud of July hung low with its
burden of unshed showers
Let all my mind bend down at thy door
in one salutation to thee.
Let all my songs gather together their diverse
strains
Into a single current and flow to a sea of
silence,
in one salutation to thee.
Like a flock of home-sick cranes flying night
and day
Back to their mountain nests
Let all my life take its voyage to its eternal
home
In one salutation to thee.

SAPPHO FRAGMENT 4: THE LYRE

Ἄγε δὴ χέλυ διὰ μοι φωνάεσσα γένοιο.

Come lyre, come heavenly lyre
Come now, my heavenly shell,
Come lyre and sing to me
And become my voice.

MY SONG

This song of mine will wind its music
Around you like the fond arms of love.
This song of mine will carry your sight
into the heart of things like a faithful star in
the dark night over your road.
My song will be like a pair of wide wings to
your dreams,
Like the fond arms of love it will wind its
music around you.
My song will take you to the verge of
unknown.

When you are in a crowd it will surround
you with its strength.

When you are alone it will stay by your side
like a faithful star in the dark night over your
road.

My song will be like a pair of wide wings to
your dreams,

Like the fond arms of love it will wind its
music around you.

Oh! My song will be like a pair of wide wings
to your dreams,

Like the fond arms of love it will wind its
music around you.

My song of love!

SAPPHO FRAGMENT 5: WORDS

Although they are only breath,
Words which I command are immortal.