Autumn Airs



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1.	Autumn - A Dirge After the poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley	8.33
2.	Sonnet d'automne After the poem by Charles Baudelaire	5.20
3.	Autumn After the poem by John Clare	7.12
4.	Sonnet XVIII. To The Autumnal Moon After the poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge	9.07
5.	Sonnet 73 After the poem by William Shakespeare	6.36
6.	Ich sah den Wald sich färben After the poem by Emanuel Geibel	5.25
7.	Lines Written In The Autumn Of 1818 After the poem by Joanna Baillie	6.01
8.	En septembre After the poem by Paul Verlaine	7.10
9.	October After the poem by Mary Weston Fordham	4.54
10.	Herbstlied After the poem by Luise Büchner	5.24
11.	Chanson d'automne After the poem by Paul Verlaine	5.12
12.	Autumn - A Dirge (reprise) After the poem by Percy Bisshe Shelley	4.03
13.	Autumn (single mix) After the poem by John Clare	5.59

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Autumn – A Dirge
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,

And the Year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.

Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black and gray;
Let your light sisters play--
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.



Sonnet d'automne
Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Ils me disent, tes yeux, clairs comme le cristal:
» Pour toi, bizarre amant, quel est donc mon mérite? «
– Sois charmante et tais-toi! Mon cœur, que tout irrite,
Excepté la candeur de l'antique animal,

Ne veut pas te montrer son secret infernal,
Berceuse dont la main aux longs sommeils m'invite,
Ni sa noire légende avec la flamme écrite.
Je hais la passion et l'esprit me fait mal!

Aimons-nous doucement. L'Amour dans sa guérite,
Ténébreux, embusqué, bande son arc fatal.
Je connais les engins de son vieil arsenal:

Crime, horreur et folie! – Ô pâle marguerite!
Comme moi n'es-tu pas un soleil automnal,
Ô ma si blanche, ô ma si froide Marguerite?



Autumn
John Clare (1793-1864)

I love the fitful gust that shakes
The casement all the day,
And from the glossy elm tree takes
The faded leaves away,
Twirling them by the window pane
With thousand others down the lane.

I love to see the shaking twig
Dance till the shut of eve,
The sparrow on the cottage rig,
Whose chirp would make believe
That Spring was just now flirting by
In Summer's lap with flowers to lie.

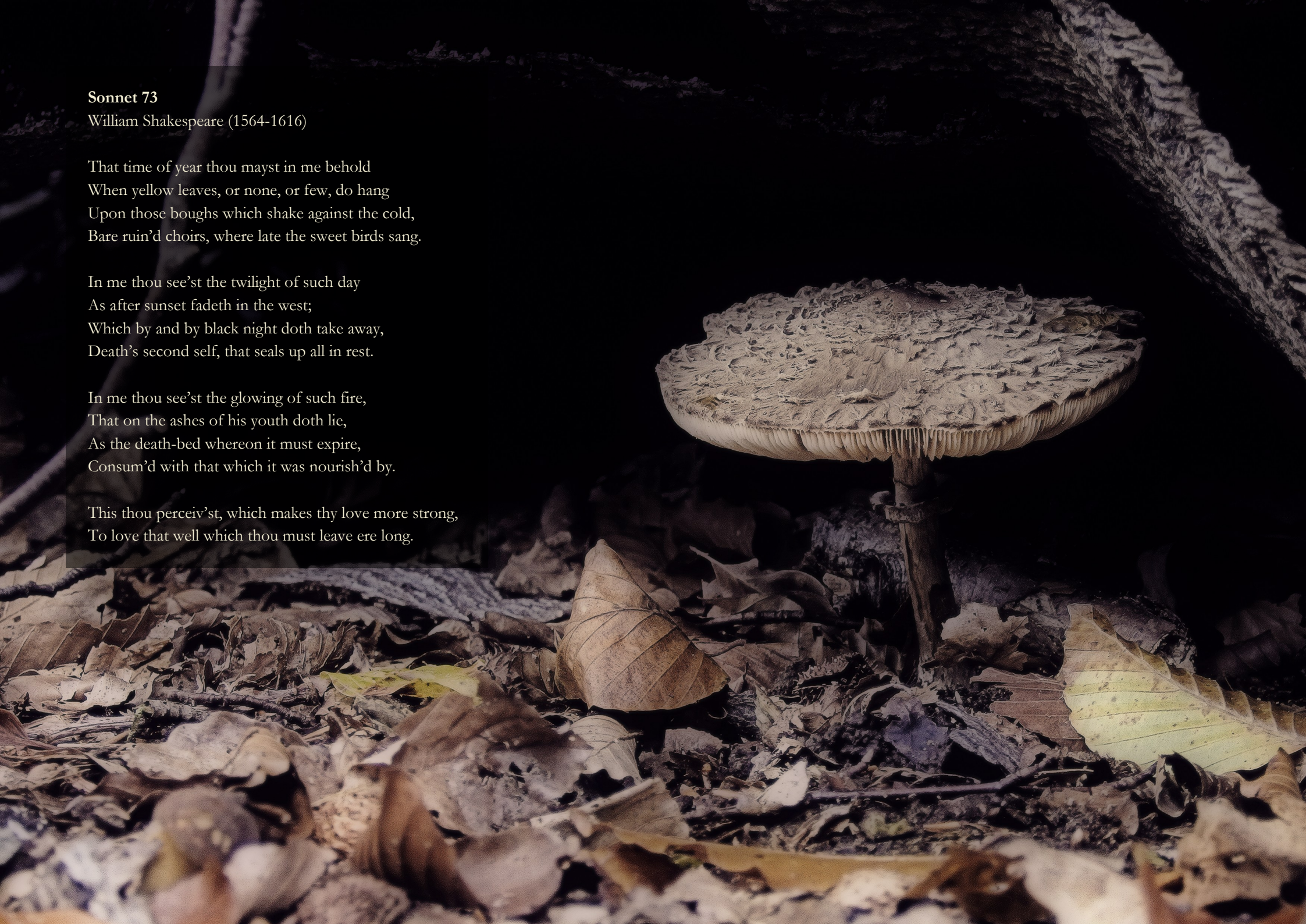
I love to see the cottage smoke
Curl upwards through the trees,
The pigeons nestled round the cote
On November days like these;
The cock upon the dunghill crowing,
The mill sails on the heath a-going.

The feather from the raven's breast
Falls on the stubble lea,
The acorns near the old crow's nest
Drop pattering down the tree;
The grunting pigs, that wait for all,
Scramble and hurry where they fall.



Sonnet XVIII. To The Autumnal Moon
Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

Mild Splendor of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er th' awakened sky.
Ah, such is Hope! As changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.



Sonnet 73
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.



Ich sah den Wald sich färben
Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)

Ich sah den Wald sich färben,
Die Luft war grau und stumm;
Mir war betrübt zum Sterben,
Und wußt' es kaum, warum.

Durchs Feld vom Herbstgestäude
Hertrieb das dürre Laub;
Da dacht' ich: Deine Freude
Ward so des Windes Raub.

Dein Lenz, der blütenvolle,
Dein reicher Sommer schwand;
An die gefrorne Scholle
Bist du nun festgebannt.

Da plötzlich floß ein klares
Getön in Lüften hoch:
Ein Wandervogel war es,
Der nach dem Süden zog.

Ach, wie der Schlag der Schwingen,
Das Lied ins Ohr mir kam,
Fühlt' ich's wie Trost mir dringen
Zum Herzen wundersam.

Es mahnt' aus heller Kehle
Mich ja der flücht'ge Gast:
Vergiß, o Menschenseele,
Nicht, daß du Flügel hast!



Lines Written In The Autumn Of 1818
Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

Summer still lingers, though its glories fade,
Still soft and fragrant are the gales that blow;
The yellow foliage now adorns the glade,
And paler skies succeed the summer's glow.
The drooping flowers fade, and all around
Their scatter'd blossoms wither and decay;
But still bright verdure decorates the ground,
And the sun sheds a soft and silver ray.
So gently pass we on to wintry days,
Through all the changes that the scene deform;
And still, O still the Being let us praise
Who sent the sunshine, and who sends the storm!
And so, when dreams of happiness are fled,
Vanish'd like summer suns and nature's bloom,
O'er the sad heart some ling'ring joys are shed,
To cheer the way that leads us to the tomb.



En septembre
Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Parmi la chaleur accablante
Dont nous torréfia l'été,
Voici se glisser, encor lente
Et timide, à la vérité,

Sur les eaux et parmi les feuilles,
Jusque dans ta rue, ô Paris,
La rue aride où tu t'endeuilles
De tels parfums jamais taris,

Pantin, Aubervilliers, prodige
De la Chimie et de ses jeux,
Voici venir la brise, dis-je,
La brise aux sursauts courageux…

La brise purificatrice
Des langueurs morbides d'antan,
La brise revendicatrice
Qui dit à la peste: va-t'en!

Et qui gourmande la paresse
Du poëte et de l'ouvrier,
Qui les encourage et les presse…
» Vive la brise! » il faut crier:

» Vive la brise, enfin, d'automne
Après tous ces simouns d'enfer,
La bonne brise qui nous donne
Ce sain premier frisson d'hiver! «



October
Mary Weston Fordham (1862-1905)

Bright and beautiful art thou,
Autumn flowers crown thy brow,
Golden-rod and Aster blue,
Russet leaf with crimson hue.
Half stripped branches waving by,
Softly as a lullaby,
Tell of summer's days gone by,
Tell that winter's very nigh.

In the forest cool and chill,
Sadly moans the Whippoorwill,
Not as in the summer days,
When he gloried in his lays,
Lower-toned, but sweet and clear,
Like thy crisp and fragrant air,
Warbling forth with voice sublime,
This is nature's harvest time.

Crickets chirp amid the leaves,
Squirrels hop among the trees,
Brown nuts falling thick and fast,
On the dewy, dying grass,
Glowing sun with softer rays,
Harbinger of wintry days,
Tell the year is going by,
Sighing forth its lullaby.



Herbstlied
Luise Büchner (1821-1877)

Es liegt der Herbst auf allen Wegen,
In hundert Farben prangt sein Kleid,
Wie seine Trauer, seinen Segen
Er um sich streut zu gleicher Zeit.

Es rauscht der Fuß im welken Laube,
Was blüht' und grünte, ward ein Traum -
Allein am Stocke winkt die Traube
Und goldne Frucht schmückt rings den Baum.

So nimmt und gibt mit vollen Händen
Der Herbst, ein Dieb und eine Fee;
Erfüllung kann allein er spenden,
Doch sie umfängt ein tiefes Weh! -

O, Herbst der Seele! deine Früchte,
Sind auch Gewinn sie, oder Raub?
Der Wünsche Blüte ist zunichte,
Der Hoffnung Grün ein welkes Laub.

Zu schwer erkauft, um zu beglücken,
O, Seelenherbst, ist deine Zier!
Der Saft der Traube kann entzücken,
Doch keine Wonne strömt aus dir.



Chanson d'Automne
Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.