

## **HYMN OF PAN**

Percy Shelley

*From the forests and highlands  
We come, we come  
From the river-girt islands,  
Where loud waves are dumb  
Listen to my sweet pipings!*

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
The bees on the bells of thyme,  
The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
And the cicale above in the lime,  
The Sileni, Sylvans, and Fauns,  
The Nymphs of the woods and waves,  
And to the edge of the moist river-lawns, folks,  
And the brink of the dewy caves

I sang of the dancing stars,  
I sang of the daedal earth,  
Of heaven, and giant wars,  
And love, and death, and birth,  
And then I chang'd my pipings.

*From the forests and highlands  
We come, we come ...*

I pursu'd a maid and clasp'd a reed.  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.  
All wept, as I think ye now would,  
If not envy or age had frozen your blood,  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

*From the forests and highlands  
We come, we come ...*

## **CITY OF SLEEP**

Rudyard Kipling

Over the edge of the purple down,  
Lamplight gleams  
Know the road to the town –  
Your Dreams

*Poor lay their wrongs away, the sick forget to weep.  
But we – pity us! – but we must go back from the city of sleep!*

Weary they turn from the scroll and crown,  
Pray and plough  
They go up to the town –  
Closed now.

*And in the baths of night the sick forget to weep.  
But we ...*

Over the edge of the purple down  
Dreams begin  
Look at the town –  
Oh, we – oh, we

*Outcasts all from her wall back to our watch we creep.  
We – pity us! – oh, we, that go back with policeman day!  
We – pity us! – oh, we, that go back from the city of sleep!*

## **PRETTY HOUSE & PRETTY BOY**

Lewis Carroll (Alice in Wonderland) & James M. Barrie (Peter Pan)

*I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneez's;  
So that he can enjoy  
The pepper when he –  
Please – speak roughly to your boy,  
And beat him when he sneez's:  
He does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teas's.*

I wish I had a pretty house, the littlest ever seen,  
With funny little red walls and roof of mossy green.  
We've built the little walls and roof and made a lovely door,  
So tell us, mother, please, what do you want more?

*I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneez's ...*

Oh, really next I think I'll have gay windows all about,  
With roses peeping in, you know, and babies peeping out.  
We've made the roses peeping out, the babes are at the door,  
We cannot make ourselves, we've been made before.

## **SONG OF THE WRECK, PT. 1**

Charles Dickens

*A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,  
Stood out from all the rest, and gently laid  
The lonely head, the lonely head  
Upon his honest breast, upon his breast.  
And travelling o'er the desert wide  
It was a solemn joy to see them ever  
Side by side by side by side,  
The sailor and the boy.*

The wind blew high, the waters raved  
A ship drove on the land  
A hundred human creatures saved  
Kneel'd down upon the sand  
Three-score were drown'd, three-score were thrown  
Upon the black rocks wild  
And thus among them, left alone  
They found one helpless child.

*A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,  
Stood out from all the rest, and gently laid ...*

## **SONG OF THE WRECK, PT. 2**

Charles Dickens

*A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,  
Stood out from all the rest, and gently laid ...*

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst  
The two were still but one  
Until the strong man droop'd the first  
And felt his labours done  
Then to a trusty friend he spake:  
"Across the desert wide,  
O take this poor boy for my sake!"  
And kiss'd the child and died.

*A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,  
Stood out from all the rest, and gently laid ...*

Toiling along in weary plight  
These two came later every night

Until the captain said one day,  
"O seaman good and kind,  
O leave the boy behind!"  
They watch'd the whiten'd ashy heap,  
They did not leave him there asleep.

*A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,  
Stood out from all the rest, and gently laid  
The lonely head, the lonely head  
Upon his honest breast, upon his breast.*

*He never woke again.*

## **ADIEU TO THE CITY IN MY DREAMS**

Robert Louis Stevenson (Adieu To The City) & Mary Shelley (Come To Me In My Dreams)

Whole year is sweat and the whole year is study  
And the whole year's sowing time  
Comes now to the harvest  
And ripens now into rhyme.

For we that sow in autumn,  
We reap our grain in spring,  
And we that sow and weep  
Return to reap and sing:

Here is adieu to the city  
And hurrah for the country again.  
The broad road lies before me  
Watered with last night's rain.

Timbered the country woos me  
With many a high and bough;  
And again in the shining fallows  
The ploughman follows the plough.

*Come to me in dreams, my love!  
I won't ask a dearer bliss;  
Come with the starry beams, my love,  
Press mine eyelids with thy kiss.*

'twas thus, as ancient fables tell,  
Love visited a Grecian maid,  
Till she disturbed the sacred spell,  
And woke to find her hopes betrayed.

Gentle sleep shall veil my sight,  
Psyche's lamp shall darkling be,  
When, in the visions of the night,  
Thou dost renew thy vows to me.

## **SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY**

Lord Byron

*She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.*

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens over her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

*She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies*

...

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

*She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies*

...

## **FABLE OF A PRISONER**

Lord Byron (The Prisoner of Chillon)

A light broke in upon my brain –  
The carol of a bird;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
Again, it came again  
That sweet song!

*My eyes that moment could not see  
No partner in my misery;  
My eyes that moment could not see –  
I was the mate of mystery.*

And I had buried one and all,  
Who loved my human shape;  
And all the world would henceforth be  
A prison unto me.  
No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
No kin had I to sing  
That sweet song!

*My eyes that moment could not see  
No partner in my misery;  
...*

It might be months, or years, or days –  
I kept no count, no note,  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
Clear off their dreary mote.  
At least they set me free.

*My eyes that moment could not see  
No partner in my misery;  
...*

## THE STORY OF FLYING ROBERT

Heinrich Hoffmann (Die Geschichte vom fliegenden Robert) in der Übersetzung von Mark Twain

When the rain comes tumbling down  
In the country or the town  
All good little girls and boys  
Stay at home and mind their toys.  
Robert thought: „No, when it pours,  
it is better out of doors.“

Rain it did,  
And in a minute  
Bob was in it.

*Silly fella!*  
*Underneath his umbrella.*  
*What a wind!*  
*Silly fella!*  
*It has caught his umbrella.*  
*Up he flies to the skies.*

Through the clouds the rude wind bore him,  
And his hat flew before him.  
Soon they got to such height,  
They were nearly out of sight!  
And the hat went up so high,  
That it almost touch's the sky.

*Silly fella!*  
*Underneath his umbrella.*

...

No one ever yet could tell  
Where they stopp'd or where they fell  
Only this one thing is plain,  
Rob was never seen again.

*Silly fella!*  
*Underneath his umbrella.*

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