

**1 December**

Last, for December, houses on the plain,  
 Ground-floors to live on, logs heaped mountain-high,  
 Carpets stretched, and newest games to try,  
 Torches lit, and gifts from man to man:  
 (Your host, a drunkard and a Catalan);  
 And whole dead pigs, and cunning cooks to ply  
 Each throat with tit-bits that satisfy;  
 And wine-butts of Saint Galganus' brave span.  
 And be your coats well lined and tightly bound,  
 And wrap yourselves in cloaks of strength and weight,  
 With gallant hoods to put your faces through.  
 And make your game of abject vagabond  
 Abandoned miserable reprobate Misers;  
 don't let them have a chance with you.

*Folgore da San Gimignano (ca. 1275-before 1332),  
 translation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)*

**4 Dreams**

When twilight comes with shadows drear,  
 I dream of thee, dear one;  
 And grows my soul so dark and sad,  
 Sad as shadows drear.  
 They tell me not to grieve, love,  
 For thou wilt come;  
 But Oh! I cannot tell why  
 I fear their words are false:  
 I dream of thee, love!  
 And thou art near till I awake.  
 When I look back on happier days,  
 My eyes are filled with tears;  
 I see thee then in visions plain,  
 So true, so full of love.  
 But now I fear to ask them  
 If thou art alive;  
 They tell me not to grieve, love!  
 For thou wilt come at last:  
 I dream of thee, love!  
 And thou art near till I awake.

*Translation from Baroness Porteous via Anton Strelezki (1859-1907)*

**5 Du alte Mutter**

Du alte Mutter bist so arm  
 und schaffst im Schweiss wie Blut,  
 doch immer noch ist's Herz dir warm  
 und du gabst mir den starken Arm,  
 und diesen wilden Muth.  
 Du wischtest ab die Thräne mein,  
 war's mir im Herzen bang,

und küsstest mich,  
den Knaben dein,  
und hauchtest in die Brust hinein  
den siegesfrohen Sang.

*Aasmund Olafsson Vinje (1818-1870)*

**6 Du bist wie eine Blume**

Heinrich Heine  
Du bist wie eine Blume  
So hold und schön und rein:  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz,  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
Betend, Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schön,  
So rein und schön und hold.

*Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)*

**7 Élégie**

O doux printemps d'autrefois,  
Vertes saisons,  
Vous avez fui pour toujours!

Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu,  
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux,  
En emportant mon bonheur.

O bien aimé, tu t'en es allé,  
Et c'est en vain que le printemps revient!  
Oui, sans retour, avec toi le gai soleil,

Les jours riants sont partis!  
Comme en mon cœur tout est sombre  
et glacé! Tout est flétri! Pour toujours!

*Louis Gallet (1835-1898)*

**8 The Ending Year**

Frail autumn lights on the leaves  
Beacon the ending year, the ending year,  
Winds and rain are here,  
Bleak nights are here, blowing winds are here,  
Bleak nights are here, blowing winds are here,  
blowing winds about the eaves, about the eaves.  
Here in the valley mists begin

To breathe about the riverside  
 The breath of Autumn-tide;  
 And dark fields now wait to take the harvest in.  
 And you, and you are far away,  
 Ah! this it is,  
 Ah! this it is,  
 Ah! This takes the light from the day,  
 Ah! This takes the light from the day.

*Unknown author*

**9** Evening

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
 Silence accompanied, for the beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were slunk, but the wakeful nightingale;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
 Silence is pleased. . . .

*John Milton (1608-1674)*

**11** Weiß auf mir (Eyes so dark)

Weiß' auf mir, du dunkles Auge,  
 übe deine ganze Macht, Ernste, milde, träumerische,  
 unergründlich süsse Nacht. Nimm mit deinem Zauber dunkel  
 diese Welt von hinnen mir, Dass du über meinem Leben  
 einsam schwebest für und für.

*Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)*

**12** Far From My Heav'nly Home

Far from my heav'nly home, Far from my Father's breast,  
 Fainting, I cry, blest Spirit, come, blest Spirit, come  
 Blest Spirit come And guide me to my rest, and guide me to my rest.  
 My spirit homeward turns, And fain would thither flee;  
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns When I remember thee.  
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns, When I remember thee,  
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns, When I remember thee.  
 To thee I press A dark and toilsome road.  
 When shall I pass, when shall I pass the wilderness, the wilderness  
 And reach the saints' abode, and reach the saints' abode?  
 God of my life, be near: On Thee my hopes I cast.  
 O guide me through the desert here And bring me home at last!  
 O guide me through the desert here And bring me home at last!  
 O guide me thro' the desert here And bring me home at last!

*Rev. H.F. Lyte (1793-1847)*

**13 Far in the Wood**

Far in the wood where the pine trees grow,  
 The noonday sun is beating, is beating,  
 When lo, a little wind doth blow  
 With soft caresses on my brow  
 Like thy kiss so cool and fleeting.  
 In the heart of the wood where pine trees grow,  
 I dream of thee, I dream of thee, of thee, of thee.

Far in the wood the pine trees grow,  
 When lo, a little breeze doth blow,  
 I croon my lay to the wand'ring breeze  
 That steals the scent from balsam trees  
 To waft thee with my greeting.

*Unknown author*

**14 A Farewell to Land**

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue; The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
 We follow In his flight; Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
 My native Land—Good Night!

*George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)*

**15 La Fede**

La fede mai non debbe esser corrotta,  
 O data a un sol o data ancor a cento,  
 Data in palese o data in una grotta.

*Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533)*

**16 Feldeinsamkeit**

Ich ruhe still im hohen, grünen Gras  
 Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,  
 Von Grillen rings um schwirrt ohn Unterlass,  
 Vom Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.  
 Und schöne, weisse Wolken ziehn dahin  
 Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;  
 Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,  
 Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

*Hermann Allmers (1821-1902)*

**17 Flag Song**

Accept you these emblems at starting,  
 When you face to the west or the east,  
 When the coast a shadow departing  
 Slowly fades till its presence has ceased.  
 May the flag which grants protection  
 Ever linger in recollection;  
 For the land of our flag may affection  
 Only be by long absence increased;  
 For the land of our flag may affection  
 Ever be, ever be increased.  
 For we know that the selfish and cruel  
 Shall be bowed at the touch of the rod,  
 When these flames we set to the fuel  
 In the love and the goodness of God;  
 When the red blood of the nation  
 And the white of the pure of creation  
 With our Yale's deepest blue in relation  
 Shall be waved in the flag of our sod;  
 With our Yale's deepest blue, with our Yale's deepest blue,  
 Shall be waved in the flag of our sod.

*Henry Strong Durand (1861-1923)*

#### **18 Forward into Light**

Forward, flock of Jesus,  
 Salt of all the earth;  
 Till each yearning purpose  
 Spring to glorious birth:  
 Sick, they ask for healing;  
 Blind, they grope for day;  
 Pour on nations  
 Wisdom's loving ray.  
 Forward, out of error,  
 Leave behind the night;  
 Forward, out of darkness,  
 Forward into light!  
 Forward, when in childhood  
 Buds the infant mind;  
 All through youth and manhood,  
 Forward till the veil be lifted;  
 Climb height to height!  
 Forward out of darkness:  
 On! on! ever onward,  
 Climbing till our faith,  
 Until our faith be sight!

*Henry Alford (1810-1871)*

#### **19 Friendship**

All love that has not friendship for its base  
 Is like a mansion built upon the sand.

Though brave its walls as any in the land,  
 And its tall turrets lift their heads in grace,  
 Though skillful and accomplished artists trace  
 Most beautiful, most beautiful designs on ev'ry hand,  
 Gleaming statues in dime corners stand,  
 Fountains play in some flow'r-hidden place;  
 All love that has not friendship for its base  
 Is like a mansion built upon the sand.

When from the frowning east, when from the frowning east a sudden gust  
 Of adverse fate is blown, or sad rains fall, or sad rains fall,  
 Day in, day out, day in, day out, against its yielding wall  
 Lo! The fair structure crumbles to the dust.  
 All love that has not friendship for its base  
 Is like a mansion built upon the sand.  
 Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,  
 Must have friendship's solid mason-work below.

*Unknown author*

**20** Frühlingslied

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen schau'n aus dem Gras hervor;  
 Das sind Das lieben, lieben Velichen, die ich zum Strauss erkor,  
 Die ich zum Strauss erkor.

Ich pflücke sie und denke, und die Gedanken all,  
 Die mir im Herzen seufzen, singt laut die Nactigall.

Ja, was ich denke, singt sie lautschmetternd, dass es schallt;  
 Mein zärtliches Geheimnis weiss schon der ganze Wald.  
 Ja, was ich denke, singt sie, lautschmetternd, dass es schallt;  
 Mein zärtliches Geheimnis weiss schon der ganze Wald.

*Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)*

**21** General William Booth Enters into Heaven

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) [Hallelujah!]  
 Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,  
 Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank,  
 Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—  
 Minds still passion-ridden, soul powers frail:—  
 Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,  
 Unwashed legions with the ways of death—  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 Every slum had sent its half a score  
 The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)  
 Every banner that the wide world flies  
 Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.  
 Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang;  
 Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:—

"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" [Hallelujah!]  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah, [Lord]  
 Hallelujah, Lord, Hallelujah!  
 It was queer to see  
 Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.  
 Loons with trumpets blowed a blare.  
 On, on upward thro' the golden air!  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 Jesus came from the courthouse door,  
 Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
 Booth saw not, but led his queer ones  
 Round and round the mighty courthouse square.  
 Yet! in an instant all that blear review  
 Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.  
 The lame were straightened, [Hallelujah!] withered limbs uncurled,  
 And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.  
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

*Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931)*

**22** **God Bless and Keep Thee**

I know not if thy love be as a flower in autumn, and has faded now from me  
 I know not, if I came now as of yore,  
 You would greet me  
 I can but pray: "God bless and keep thee,  
 God bless and keep thee, keep thee, my love, for e'er and e'er."  
 I know not if thy love be as a fortress and has withstood all other loves for me  
 I only know my love for thee is changeless I still love thee  
 Each day I pray: "God bless and keep thee,  
 God bless and keep thee, keep thee, for e'er and e'er."

*Unknown author*

**23** **Grace**

Sweetheart, sweetheart,  
 We in this world today  
 Know what God and Angels say, Angels say –  
 This I send the Thrice Divine,  
 Holding both your hands in mine,  
 And looking in those pools of blue,  
 "How good God is to give me you!  
 How good God is to give me you!"

*Unknown author*

**24** **Grantchester**

...Would I were  
 In Grantchester, in Grantchester!  
 Some, it may be, can get in touch  
 With Nature there, or

Earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low:  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day-long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester...

*Rupert Brooke (1887-1915)*

**26** **Gruss**

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth liebliches Geläute.  
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied, kling'hinaus, in's Weite.  
Kling' hinaus, bis andas Haus, wo die Blumen spriessen.  
Wenn du eine Rose schaust, Sag'ich lass' sie grüssen.

*Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)*