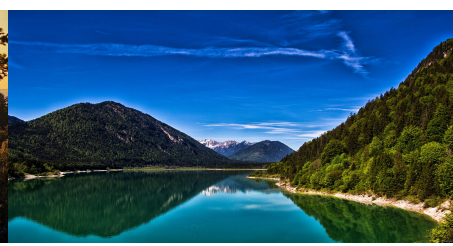




Poems about Nature



German version

Barthold Heinrich Brockes

Die Welt ist allezeit schön

Im Frühling prangt die schöne Welt

In einem fast Smaragden Schein.

Im Sommer glänzt das reife Feld,

Und scheint dem Golde gleich zu sein.

Im Herbste sieht man, als Opalen,

Der Bäume bunte Blätter strahlen.

Im Winter schmückt ein Schein, wie Diamant

Und reines Silber, Flut und Land.

Ja kurz, wenn wir die Welt aufmerksam sehn,

Ist sie zu allen Zeit schön.

English version

The world is always beautiful

In spring the beautiful world displays
an almost emerald light.

In summer the ripe field shines
and seems to be made of gold.

In autumn one can see the trees'
colourful leaves glitter like opals.

In winter a light like diamonds
and pure silver adorns water and land.

In short, if we look at it carefully
the world is beautiful at all times.



German version

Natur und Kunst, sie scheinen sich zu fliehen

JW von Goethe

Natur und Kunst, sie scheinen sich zu fliehen
Und haben sich, eh man es denkt, gefunden;
Der Widerwille ist auch mir verschwunden,
Und beide scheinen gleich mich anzuziehen.

Es gilt wohl nur ein redliches Bemühen!
Und wenn wir erst in abgemeßnen Stunden
Mit Geist und Fleiß uns an die Kunst gebunden,
Mag frei Natur im Herzen wieder glühen.

So ists mit aller Bildung auch beschaffen:
Vergebens werden ungebundne Geister
Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben.

Wer Großes will, muß sich zusammenraffen;
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.

English version

Nature and art, they seem to shun each other

Nature and art, they seem to shun each other
Yet in a trice can draw back close once more;
The aversion's gone too that I felt before,
Both equally attract me, I discover.

An honest effort's all that we require!
Only when we've assigned art clear-cut hours,
With full exertion of our mental powers,
Is nature free our hearts once more to inspire.

Such is the case with all forms of refinement:
In vain will spirits lacking due constraint
Seek the perfection of pure elevation.

He who'd do great things must display restraint;
The master shows himself first in confinement,
And law alone can grant us liberation.



Greek version

Οδυσσεΐας Ελύτης

Αξιον Εστί

Γένεσις

ΣΤΗΝ ΑΡΧΗ τὸ φῶς Καὶ ἡ ὥρα ἡ πρώτη

ποὺ τὰ χεῖλη ἀκόμη στὸν πηλὸ

δοκιμάζουν τὰ πράγματα τοῦ κόσμου

Αἷμα πράσινο καὶ βολβοὶ στῆ γῆ χρυσοί

Πανωραία στὸν ὕπνο της ἄπλωσε καὶ ἡ θάλασσα

γάζες αἰθέρος τὶς ἀλεύκαντες

κάτω ἀπὸ τὶς χαρουπιές καὶ τοὺς μεγάλους ὄρθιους φοίνικες

Ἐκεῖ μόνος ἀντίκρυσα

τὸν κόσμο

κλαίγοντας γοερά.

English version

Odysseas Elytis

Axion Esti

The Genesis

In the beginning the light And the first hour

when lips still in clay

try out the things of the world

Green blood and bulbs golden in the earth

And the sea, so exquisite in her sleep,
spreading

unbleached gauze of sky

under the carob trees and the great upright
palms

There alone I faced the world

wailing loudly...



Greek version

Γιώργος Σεφέρης

Λίγο ακόμα

Λίγο ακόμα θα ιδούμε

τις αμυγδαλιές ν' ανθίζουν

Λίγο ακόμα θα ιδούμε

τα μάρμαρα να λάμπουν

να λάμπουν στον ήλιο

κι η θάλασσα να κυματίζει

Λίγο ακόμα, να σηκωθούμε

λίγο ψηλότερα.

English version

Giorgos Seferis

Just a little more

Just a little more and we will see

the almonds in bloom.

Just a little more and we will see

the marbles glitter,

glitter in the sun

and the waves of the sea.

Just a little more, so we can rise

a little higher.



Poet: Rosalía de Castro

Book: "Cantares Gallegos" (excerpt of a longer poem)

Translation: Ainhara Bouzada Forján (student)

Galician version

Pasa río, pasa río,
co teu maino rebulir,
pasa, pasa entre as froliñas
cor d'ouro e de marfil,
a quen cos teus doces labios
tan doces cousas lles dis.
Pasa, pasa, mais non vexan
que te vas ó mar sin fin
porque entonces ¡ai, probiñas,
canto chorarán por ti!

English version

Flow river, flow river
with your soft movement
flow, flow by the flowers
gold and ivory colour,
to whom with your sweet lips
such sweet things you say.
Flow, flow, and don't let them see
you're leaving to an endless sea
because therefore, oh, poor them!
they'll cry over you!



Poet: Uxío Novoneyra

Book: “Os Eidos: libro do Courel”

(The Uplands: the book of the Courel)

Translation: Amalia Blanco Pose (student)



Galician version

TRONOU vento e choveo.

Bicouse a terra co ceo.

A noite que onte caíu

sólo foi pre quen’a oíu.

Ameteo o río. Ameteron as fontes

i os fontegallos dos montes.

Naz’a auga a golforón.

Regan os prados a cachón.

English version

IT THUNDERED wind and it rained.

Earth kissed the sky

The night that yesterday fell

it only was for those who listened

The river flooded, the springs flooded

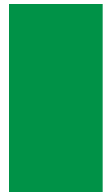
As well as the mountain streams

Water grows in droves.

Cover the fields in torrents.

Italian version

English version



Poet Salvatore Quasimodo

S'ODE ANCORA IL MARE

Già da più notti s'ode ancora il mare,
lieve, su e giù, lungo le sabbie lisce.

Eco d'una voce chiusa nella mente
che risale dal tempo; ed anche questo
lamento assiduo di gabbiani:
forse d'uccelli delle torri, che l'aprile
sospinge verso la pianura.

Già m'eri vicina tu con quella voce;
ed io vorrei che pure a te venisse,
ora, di me
un'eco di memoria,
come quel buio murmure di mare

THE SEA STILL SOUNDS

Even more so at night the sea still sounds,
Lightly, up and down, along the smooth sands.

Echo of an enclosed voice in the mind,
that returns in time;
and also that assiduous lament of the gulls; birds
perhaps of the summits that April
drives towards the plain;
already you are near to me in that voice;
and I wish there might yet come to you
from me, an echo of memory,
like this dark murmur of the sea.

Italian version

Giuseppe Ungaretti **SERENO**

Dopo tanta

nebbia

a una

ad una

si svelano le stelle

respiro il foresco

che mi lascia il colore del cielo

mi riconosco immagine passeggera

presa in un giro

immortale

English version

Giuseppe Ungaretti

CLEAR SKIES

After so much

fog

one

by one

the stars

unveil themselves.

I breathe in the freshness

that the color of the sky passes on to me.

I recognize myself as a passing image

caught in an immortal

orbit.



Polish version

Adam Mickiewicz 'Burza'

Zdarto żagle, ster prysnął, ryk wód, szum zawiei,
Głosy trwożnej gromady, pomp złowieszcze jęki,
Ostatnie liny majtkom wyrwały się z ręki,
Słońce krwawo zachodzi, z niem reszta nadziei.
Wicher z tryumfem zawył; a na mokre góry,
Wznoszące się piętrami z morskiego odmętu,
Wstąpił geniusz śmierci i szedł do okrętu,
Jak żołnierz, szturmujący w połamane mury.
Ci leżą na pół martwi, ów załamał dłonie,
Ten w objęcia przyjaciół żegnając się pada,
Ci modlą się przed śmiercią, aby śmierć odegnać.
Jeden podróżny siedział w milczeniu na stronie
I pomyślił: szczęśliwy, kto siły postrada,
Albo modlić się umie, lub ma z kim się żegnać.

English version

'Storm' by Adam Mickiewicz *(translation: Filip Zięcina)*

The sails were scuffed, the wheel splashed, roar of water, wind noise,
Voices of a fearful crowd, pumps sinister groans,
The last lines broke away from hands of sailors,
The sun bloody goes down ,and with it the rest of hope.
The whirlwind howled loudly; for wet mountains,
rising from the whirlpool of the sea,
The genius of the dead entered, and went to the ship,
Like the soldier, which is storming broken walls.
They are lying half dead, he wrung his hands,
That one in embrace of his friends is saying goodbye and falls,
They are praying before dying, to chase dead away.
One traveler was sitting in silence beside,
And he thought: lucky is that one who will lost his strengths,
or he knows how to pray, or he has someone to say goodbye to.

Polish version

Jan Kochanowski 'Na lipę'

Gościu, siądź pod mym liściem, a odpoczni sobie!

Nie dojdzie cię tu słońce, przyrzekam ja tobie,

Choć się nawysszej wzbije, a proste promienie

Ściągną pod swoje drzewa rozstrzelane cienie.

Tu zawsze chłodne wiatry z pola zawiewają,

Tu słowicy, tu szpacy wdzięcznie narzekają.

Z mego wonnego kwiatu pracowite pszczoły

Biorą miód, który potym szlachci pańskie stoły.

A ja swym cichym szeptem sprawić umiem snadnie,

Że człowiekowi łącno słodki sen przypadnie.

Jabłek wprawdzie nie rodę, lecz mię pan tak kładzie

Jako szcep najpłodniejszy w hesperyskim sadzie.

English version

'Na lipę' by Jan Kochanowski

(translation: Maksymilian Gosztyła)

Guest, sit under my leaf and he'll rest!

The sun won't get you here, I promise you

Though it will soar, the rays are straight

They will draw shadows under their trees.

Here always cool winds from the field blow,

Nightingales here, starlings here gratefully complain.

From my fragrant flower, busy bees

They take the honey that the noblemen have on your tables.

And with my quiet whisper I can make

That a man will fall asleep sweetly.

I do not bear apples, but the master lays me down

As the most fertile strain in the Hesperian orchard.



Romanian version

Primăvara
de Alexandru Macedonski

Sub flori de măr
Ce mi se scutură în păr
Se umple sufletul de soare;
Pe orice frunți suferitoare,
Oh! ningeți, albe flori de măr.

Sub liliac
Sunt pasări dulci ce nu mai tac,
Concert de voci mângâietoare
Sărmani cu inimi gemătoare,
Uitați, dormiți sub liliac.

English version

Spring by Alexandru Macedonski

Beneath apple flowers
That snow on my hair
The soul is filled with sunlight;
On any suffering foreheads
Oh! Snow, white apple flowers!

Under the lilac
There are sweet birds that always
sing
A concert of soothing voices
Poor souls with moaning hearts,
Forget, sleep under the lilac.



Translation by Stroie Oana

Romanian version

Ajutorul de la munte
Autor:Eugenia Calancea

La munte găsești refugiul sfânt,
Păsări, animale, culoare și cânt,
Liniște și pace pe piscuri-n sus,
Fără lacrimi, durere cu sprijin adus.

Domnul e acolo și te-așteaptă pe tine,
Privești în zare la clipa care vine,
E locul curat unde poți să plângi acum,
Tu ne întinzi mâna de când suntem pe drum.

English version

The help from the mountains
Author:Eugenia Calancea

In the mountain you find the holy shelter
Birds, animals, color and music,
Peace and quiet up on the peaks,
Pain with reliance brought without tears.

God is there and He awaits for you,
You stare in the distance at the upcoming
moment,
It's the clear place where you can cry now,
And you reach out to us on the way.



Translation by Ion Ianysa



Sustain our Souls



Erasmus+