

György Ligeti: 'SÍPPAL, DOBBAL, NÁDIHEGEDÚVEL'
('With Pipes, Drums, Fiddles')
(2000)

poems by Sándor Weöres

I. Fable

A
mountain
walks.

The other mountain comes toward it.
The wolves howl:
Do not crush us!

I, a mountain,
you, too, a mountain,
we are indifferent to that.

II. Dance Song

(This text cannot be translated.)

III. Chinese Temple

Saint	high	Four	hence
field	down	bronze	deep
broad	far	ring:	Still
leaves:	fair	Night,	swings
full	comes,	Good,	like
green	blue	News,	cool
wings	shade.	Rank,	sound.

IV. Coolie

Coolie stick cut.
Coolie walk
 walk
 just rolling and rolling
 Rickshaw
 Car
 Dragon-coach
Coolie pull rickshaw.
Coolie pull car.
Coolie pull dragon-coach.
 just rolling and rolling
Coolie go on foot.
Coolie beard white.
Coolie sleepy.

Coolie hungry.
Coolie old.
Coolie bean-sized poppy-seed-crumb-sized little child
Little coolie beat big bad people.
 just rolling and rolling
 Rickshaw
 Car
 Dragon-coach
Who pull rickshaw?
Who pull car?
Who pull dragon-coach?
If coolie die.
Coolie die?
Coolie can nooooooot die!
Coolie forever.
 just rolling and rolling

V. Dream (Twelfth symphony)

An apple on the branch
an apple swings on the branch
an apple swings
on the leafy branch
swings-swings
on the brown branch
swinging
rocking
pendulum
swing (hinta)
palinta*
a dream of an apple
the mind's dream an apple
dream dream
motionlessly swinging
in the cool wind in the shadows
dream
on the branch
dream of the branches
swinging
rocking
swaying
staying in this spot it casts off
to India to Africa to the moonlight
dream
-apple, are you sleeping?

* "Hinta" means swing; "hinta palinta" is a series of nonsense syllables said to children while swinging.

VI. Bitter-sweet (67th Hungarian etude)

I plowed, I plowed with seven fiery dragons,
Heigh-hu, I sowed nothing but lilies of the valley.

I plowed, I plowed with a beautiful diamond plow,
Heigh-ho, everywhere I sowed my tears.
In the forest, I dreamed of a hundred blossoming roses,
Heigh-ho, I slept no longer, was half awake,
In the early morning I got up, counted the cuckoo calls,
Heigh-ho, they are taking me to be wed to my sweetheart.

VII. Parakeet

(This text cannot be translated.)

Translation: @ Sharon Krebs