

**LORD RANDAL**

Oh where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
And where have you been, my handsome young man?  
I have been at the greenwood, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie doon.

An' wha met you there, Lord Randal, my son?  
An' wha met you there, my handsome young man?  
Oh I met wi' my true-love, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie doon.

And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?  
Eels fried in a pan, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie doon.

An' wha got your leavings, Lord Randal, my son?  
An' wha got your leavings, my handsome young man?  
My hawks and my hounds, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie doon.

An' what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?  
An' what becam of them, my handsome young man?  
They died on the way, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie doon.

Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son  
Oh, I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man  
Oh yes I am poisoned, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie doon.

What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?  
Four and twenty milk kye, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie doon.

What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?  
My gold and my silver, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie doon.

What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?  
My houses and my lands, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie doon.

What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?  
I leave her hell and fire, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie doon.

Dove sei stato, Lord Randal, figlio mio? \ Dove sei stato mio bel giovanotto?

Sono stato nel bosco sacro, madre mia fammi il letto presto \ Che sono stanco di cacciare e volentieri mi stenderei.

E chi ti ha incontrato, Lord Randal, figlio mio? \ E chi ti ha incontrato, mio bel giovanotto? \ Mi sono incontrato con la mia innamorata, \ madre fammi il letto presto Che sono stanco di cacciare e volentieri mi stenderei.

Che cosa ti ha dato, Lord Randal, figlio mio? \ Che cosa ti ha dato, mio bel giovanotto? \ Anguille fritte in padella, madre etc

Chi si è preso i tuoi avanzi? Etc. I miei falchi e i miei cani

Che ne è stato di loro? Sono morti lungo la strada.

Temo tu sia avvelenato \ Oh si sono avvelenato, madre fammi il letto presto \ che ho male al cuore e volentieri mi stenderei.

Cosa lasci a tua madre? Ventiquattro mucche da latte.

Cosa lasci a tua sorella? Il mio oro e il mio argento.

Cosa lasci a tuo fratello? Il mio castello e le mie terre.

Cosa lasci alla tua dama? Le lascio inferno e fiamme.

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (part I)*

It is an ancient Mariner,  
and he stoppeth one of three,  
“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?”

The Bridegroom ‘s doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
“There was a ship” quoth he.  
“Hold off! Unhand me, grey beard loon!”  
Eftsoon his hands dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye -  
The Wedding -Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three(1) years’ child:  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk,(4) below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon -“  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding guest he beat his breast;  
Yet he cannot choose but hear  
And thus spake on, that Ancient Man.  
The bright-eyed Mariner

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong:  
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadows of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And thorough the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God’s name;

It ate the food it ne’er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through

And a good south wind sprung up behind:  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day for food or play,  
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine,”

“God save thee ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!  
Why look’st thou so? - With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross

## A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL

Oh, where have you been, my blue eyed son?  
And where have you been,  
my darling young one?

I've stumbled on the side  
of twelve misty mountains  
I've walked and I've crawled  
on six crooked highways  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans  
I've been ten thousand miles  
in the mouth of a graveyard  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard rain's gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a new born baby  
with wild wolves all around it,  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,  
I saw a black branch  
with blood that kept dripping,  
I saw a room full of men  
with their hammers a-bleeding,  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,  
I saw ten thousand talkers  
whose tongues were all broken  
I saw guns and sharp swords  
in the hands of young children.  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard rain's gonna fall.

And what did you hear , my blue eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the sound of a thunder,  
it roared out a warning,  
Heard the roar of a wave  
that could drown the whole world  
Heard one hundred drummers  
whose hands were a-blazing  
Heard ten thousand whispering  
and nobody listening,  
Heard one person starve,  
I heard many people laughing,  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,  
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard rain's gonna fall.

And who did you meet , my blue eyed son?  
And who did you meet, my darling young one?

I met a young child beside a dead pony,  
I met a white man who walked a black dog,  
I met a woman whose body was burning,  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,  
I met one man who was wounded in love,  
I met another man who  
was wounded with hatred.

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard rain's gonna fall.

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm going back out  
'fore the rain starts a-falling,  
I'll walk to the depth  
of the deepest black forest,  
Where the people are many  
and their hands are all empty,  
Where the pellets of poison  
are flooding their waters,  
Where the home in the valley  
meets the damp dirty prison.  
Where the executioner's face  
is always well hidden,  
Where hunger is ugly,  
where souls are forgotten,  
Where black is the color,  
where none is the number,  
And I'll tell it and think it  
and speak it and breath it,  
And reflect it from the mountains  
so all souls can see it,  
Then I'll stand on the ocean  
until I start sinking,  
But I'll know my song well  
before I start singing,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard rain's gonna fall.

*Una dura pioggia cadrà*

*E dove sei stato figlio dagli occhi azzurri, dove sei stato dolce mio figlio?*

*Ho inciampato nel fianco di dodici montagne nebbiose  
ho camminato e strisciato su sei strade contorte  
ho camminato nel mezzo di sette tristi foreste  
sono stato davanti dodici oceani morti  
sono stato diecimila miglia nella bocca di un cimitero  
e una dura, dura, dura pioggia cadrà.*

*E cosa hai visto figlio dagli occhi azzurri, cosa hai visto dolce mio figlio?*

*Ho visto un neonato e lupi selvatici lo circondavano; ho visto una strada di diamanti e nessuno vi camminava; ho visto un ramo nero che gocciolava sangue; ho visto una stanza piena di uomini e i loro martelli sanguinavano; ho visto una scala bianca tutta coperta di acqua; ho visto diecimila che parlavano e le loro parole erano un balbettio; ho visto fucili e spade affilate nelle mani di bambini.*

*E una dura, dura, dura pioggia cadrà.*

*E cosa hai sentito figlio dagli occhi azzurri, cosa hai sentito dolce mio figlio?*

*Ho sentito il fragore di un tuono e il suo rombo era un avvertimento; ho sentito il fragore di un'onda che potrebbe sommergere tutto il mondo; ho sentito cento tamburini e le loro mani erano in fiamme; ho sentito diecimila bisbigliare e nessuno ascoltare; ho sentito un uomo morire di fame ho sentito molti altri che ridevano; ho sentito la canzone di un poeta che e' morto nella strada; ho sentito il suono di un pagliaccio che piangeva nel cortile.*

*E una dura, dura, dura, pioggia cadrà.*

*E chi hai incontrato figlio dagli occhi azzurri, chi hai incontrato dolce mio figlio?*

*Ho incontrato un bambino vicino a un pony morto; ho incontrato un uomo bianco che portava a spasso un cane nero; ho incontrato una giovane donna il suo corpo era in fiamme; ho incontrato una ragazzina mi ha dato un arcobaleno; ho incontrato un uomo che era ferito in amore; ho incontrato un altro uomo che era ferito dall'odio e una dura, dura, dura, pioggia cadrà.*

*E cosa farai adesso figlio dagli occhi azzurri, cosa farai adesso dolce mio figlio?*

*Tornerò la' fuori prima che la pioggia cominci a cadere; camminerò nel profondo della più profonda nera foresta dove molti sono gli uomini e vuote sono le loro mani; dove pallottole di veleno contaminano le loro acque; dove la casa nella valle e' una sporca e fredda prigione e la faccia del boia è' sempre bene nascosta; dove la fame e' brutta dove le anime sono dimenticate; dove nero e' il colore dove zero e' il numero; e lo dirò e lo ripeterò e lo penserò e lo respirerò e rifletterò dalle montagne così che tutte le anime lo vedano; poi starò in piedi sull'oceano fino a quando comincerò ad affondare; ma saprò la mia canzone bene prima di cominciare a cantare.  
E una dura, dura, dura pioggia cadrà.*

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

1

Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

2

Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms.  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full.  
And the harvest's done.

3

I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew:  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

4

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful - a faery's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light.  
And her eyes were wild.

5

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

6

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.

7

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew.  
And sure in language strange she said  
"I love thee true."

8

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sighed full sore.  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

9

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dreamed - Ah! Woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill's side.

10

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:  
They cried - "La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

11

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

12

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

## LA BELLA SIGNORA SENZA PIETA'

Che cosa ti affligge cavaliere in armi  
Solo che indugi indeciso?  
Il carice dal lago è appassito  
E nessun uccello canta.

Che cosa ti affligge, cavaliere in armi,  
Così smunto e abbattuto?  
Il granaio dello scoiattolo è pieno  
E il raccolto è stato fatto.

Vedo un giglio sulla tua fronte,  
madida di angoscia e sudore febbrile.  
E sulle tue guancie una rosa scolorita  
Sta appassendo velocemente.

Ho incontrato una signora nei prati  
Bellissima, una figlia di fata,  
I suoi capelli erano lunghi, i piedi leggeri  
E i suoi occhi erano selvaggi.

Feci una ghirlanda per la sua testa,  
Bracciali e anche una cintura profumata;  
Mi guardava mentre veramente amava,  
E emetteva dolci lamenti.

La misi sul mio fiero destriero,  
E null'altro vidi in tutto il giorno  
perché sul fianco si sporgeva e cantava  
Una canzone fatata.

Mi trovò radici di sapore dolce,  
E miele selvatico e manna rugiadosa,  
E in una lingua strana mi disse:  
"Ti amo veramente."

Mi portò nella sua grotta fatata  
E là pianse e sospirò in modo angosciato,  
E là chiusi i suoi selvaggi, selvaggi occhi,  
Con quattro baci.

E là mi cullò fino a farmi addormentare  
E là sognai - Ahimè!  
L'ultimo sogno che mai sognai  
Sul lato freddo della collina.

Vidi anche re e principi pallidi,  
Pallidi guerrieri, tutti di un pallore mortale:  
Gridarono: "La bella dama senza pietà  
Ti ha in suo potere!"

Vidi le loro labbra affamate nel crepuscolo  
Con l'avvertimento orribile a bocca spalancata.  
E mi svegliai e mi trovai qui.  
Sul lato freddo della collina.

Ecco perché rimango qui,  
Solo e indugio indeciso,  
Sebbene il carice dal lago sia per sempre appassito  
E nessun uccello canti.