

Three Poems by Eminescu

Mihai Eminescu (1850-1889) translated by Corneliu M. Popescu (1958-1977)

I. Of All the Ships

Dario Argentesi

Moderato molto (♩. = c. 45)

Voice

Piano

p

sempre legato

3

3

5

5

7

7

Pf.

Pf.

Pf.

Of all the ships
How many a bird
the leaves - cean its rolls - - - wer
how many the find sky un - ti - mely
and o'er ny the sky in au - tumn
gra - - - ves piled high by you
dra - - - ves you beat and blin - - -

I. Of All the Ships

9

u - pon the sho - als, o waves and winds,
dly o - ver po - wer, o winds and waves,

Pf.

11

o winds and wa winds? - ves? wa winds? - ves?
o waves and and winds? - ves? wa winds? - ves?

Pf.

14

Should ea - sy luck or high en - dea - vour be our

Pf.

17

aim it lit - tle saves, for you pur - sue our foot - steps

Pf.

20

e - ver, o waves and winds, o winds and waves.

Pf.

23

Still, it is past

Pf.

25

our com - pre - hen - ding slaves, _____

Pf.

28

rol - ling on un - til time's en - ding,

Pf.

I. Of All the Ships

30

o winds and waves, o waves and winds. _____

Pf.

33

Pf.

p

36

Pf.

II. Although the World

Allegretto (♩ = c. 100)

Voice

Piano

p

legato

ben marcato il canto

Al -
No

though the world would call me free each year the more
mat - ters what we speak, or do, the mo - ments in

5

Pf.

11

her slave am I, for in her ver - ry wa - y to be
sweet si - lence fly, for some - how there is mu - sic too

11

Pf.

II. Although the World

2

17

there's I don't know what, I don't know why. Al -
when she is mute, I _____ don't know why. So

Pf.

22

rea - dy from the day we met _____ was my _____ free-dom
li - kely to my dy - ing day _____ to fol - low her will

Pf.

27

mor - tal shot? _____ She's but a girl as they, and yet _____
be _____ my lot, _____ for in her sweet and can - did way _____

Pf.

33

there's some - thing more, I don't know what. I don't know
there's I don't know why, I don't know what, I

Pf.

38

why, I don't know what, I don't know why, I don't know
don't know why, I don't know what, I don't know why, I don't know

Pf.

44

1. 2.

what...
don't...

Pf.

III. Drowsy Birds

Dario Argentesi

Lullaby (♩ = c. 70)

Voice

Piano

p

Drow-sy birds at e - ven gli-ding, round a - bout their

masts a - light, in a - mong the bran-ches hi - ding... de - ar good _____

6

Pf.

11

night! Si - lence through the fo - rest cree - ping, lul - la - by the

11

Pf.

16

ri - ver sighs; in the gar - den flo - wers slee - ping...

Pf.

20

Shut — your eyes! Glides — the swan a - mong the ru - shes

Pf.

sempre p

25

to its rest where moon - light gleams, and the

Pf.

29 *rit.* *a tempo*

an - gels whi - sper hu - shes peace - ful dreams! O'er the sky stars

Pf.

34

wi - thout num - ber, on the earth a sil - ver light; all is har - mo - ny and slum - ber...

Pf.

39

de - ar, good ——— night!

Pf.

I. OF ALL THE SHIPS

Of all the ships the ocean rolls
How many find untimely graves
Piled high by you upon the shoals,
O waves and winds, o winds and waves?
How many a bird that leaves its bower
And o'er the sky in autumn draves
You beat and blindly overpower,
O winds and waves, o waves and winds?
Should easy luck or high endeavour
Be our aim it little saves,
For you pursue our footsteps ever,
O waves and winds, o winds and waves.
Still, it is past our comprehending
What design your song enslaves,
Rolling on until time's ending,
O winds and waves, o waves and winds.

II. ALTHOUGH THE WORLD

Although the world would call me free
Each year the more her slave am I,
For in her very way to be
There's I don't know what, I don't know why.
Already from the day we met
Was my freedom mortal shot ?
She's but a girl as they, and yet
There's something more, I don't know what.
No matter what we speak, or do,
The moments in sweet silence fly,
For somehow there is music too
When she is mute, I don't know why.
So likely to my dying day
To follow her will be my lot,
For in her sweet and candid way
There's I don't know why, I don't know what.

III. DROWSY BIRDS

Drowsy birds at even gliding,
Round about their nests alight,
In among the branches hiding . . . Dear, good night!
Silence through the forest creeping,
Lullaby the river sighs;
In the garden flowers sleeping. . . Shut your eyes!
Glides the swan among the rushes
To its rest where moonlight gleams,
And the angels' whisper hushes. . . Peaceful dreams!
O'er the sky stars without number,
On the earth a silver light;
All is harmony and slumber . . . Dear, good night!