

Klaus Ib Jørgensen: Moon-pain (2003-8)
Vocal text

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1 Moon-bound

Weep, violin and viol,
Low flute and fine bassoon.
Lo, an enchanted isle
Moon-bound beneath the moon!
My dream-feet rustle through it
Chequered by shade and beam.
Oh, could my soul but woo it
From being but a dream!

Violin, viol and flute,
Lo, the isle hangs in the air!
Through it I wander, mute
With too much loss of care.
And the air where't doth float
No air's, but light of moon.
Its paths are known to each note
Of viol and bassoon.

Yet is it real, that isle,
As our clear islands mortal?
Do flute, bassoon and viol
But ope with sound a portal,
And show, somehow, somewhere,
To what looks out from me
The pendulous island rare
In a moon-woven sea?

Maybe 'tis truer than ours.
How true are these? But lo!
That isle that knows no hours
Nor needeth hours to know,
And that hath truth and root
Somewhere known of the moon,
Fades in the fading of flute,
Violin and bassoon.

(Original title of the poem is "The Island")

2 Moonlit

Somewhere dreams will be true.
There is a lonely lake
Moonlit for me and you
And like none for our sake.

There the dark white sail spread
To a vague wind unfelt
Shall make our sleep-life led
Towards where the waters melt

Into the black-tree'd shore,
Where the unknown woods meet
The lake's wish to be more,
And make the dream complete.

There we will hide and fade
Emptily moon-bound all,
Feeling that what we are made
Was sometime musical.

(Original title of the poem is "Lycantrophy")

3 In Silence and Moon

It was somewhere secluded
In silence and moon.
All like a lagoon.
No cares there intruded
Save the vague wind's swoon.

Landscape intermediate
Between dreams and land.
This wind slept, calm-fanned.
The waters were weedy at
Where we plunged our hand.

We let the hand wander
In the water unseen.
Our eyes were with th' sheen
Of the moonlit meander
Of the forest scene.

There we lost the spirit
Of our still being we.
We were fairy-free,
Having to inherit
Nothing from to be.

The fairies there and the elves
Damasked their moonlit train.
There we shall awhile gain
All the elusive selves
We never can obtain.

(Original title of the poem is "Dream")

4 Spirit Beams

From the moonlit brinks of dreams
I stretch foiled hands to thee,
O borne downe other streams
Than eye can think to see!
O crowned with spirit beams!
O veiled spiritually!

My dreams and thoughts abate
Their pennons at thy feet.
O angel born too late
For fallen man to meet!
In what new sensual state
Could our twined lives feel sweet?

What new emotion must
I dream to think thee mine?
What purity of lust?
O tendrilled as a vine
Around my caressed trust!
O dream-pressed spirit-wine!

(Original title of the poem is "Spell")

5 Lunar Land

I feel pale and I shiver.
What power of the moonlight
Tremulous under the river
Thus pains me with delight?

What spell told by the moon
Unlooses all my soul?
O speak to me! I swoon!
I fade from life's control!

I am a far spirit, een
In the felt place of me.
O river too serene
For my tranquility!

O ache somehow of living!
O sorrow for something!
O moon-pain for the sense-giving
That I am vainly king

In some spell-bound realm mute,
In a lunar land lone!
O ache as of a dying flute
When we would have't played on!
(Original title of the poem is "Not myself")

For much more information about the composer, the music, and Fernando Pessoa, please visit the composer's website www.antiphony.dk, the record company's website www.dacapo-records.dk or the dedicated *Moon-pain* site www.moonpain.nu

The *Moon-pain* project is supported by *The Danish Arts Council*, *The Danish Youth Council*, *The Danish Composers' Society / KODA's National Funds*, *KODA's Blank Tape Remuneration Funds*, *Turismo de Portugal*, *TAP Portugal*, *Magister Jürgen Balzers Fond* and *The Embassy of Portugal, Copenhagen – Instituto Camões*

