L'ÉTANG

PLEIN de très vieux poissons frappées de cécité, L'étang, sous un ciel bas roulant de sourds tonnerres, Étale entre ses joncs plusieurs fois centenaires La clapotante horreur de son opacité.

Là-bas, des farfadets servent de luminaires A plus d'un marais noir, sinistre et redouté; Mais lui ne se révèle en ce lieu déserté Que par ses bruits affreux de crapauds poitrinaires.

Or, la lune qui point tout juste en ce moment, Semble s'y regarder si fantastiquement, Que l'on dirait, à voir sa spectrale figure,

Son nez plat et le vague étrange de ses dents, Une tête de mort éclairée en dedans Qui viendrait se mirer dans une glace obscure.

MAURICE ROLLINAT

II

LA CORNEMUSE

SA cornemuse dans les bois Geignait comme le vent qui brame, Et jamais le cerf aux abois, Jamais le saule ni la rame, N'ont pleuré comme cette voix.

Ces sons de flûte et de hautbois Semblaient râlés par une femme. Oh! près du carrefour des croix, Sa cornemuse!

Il est mort. Mais sous les cieux froids, Aussitôt que la nuit se trame, Toujours, tout au fond de mon âme, Là, dans le coin des vieux effrois, J'entends gémir, comme autrefois, Sa cornemuse.

MAURICE ROLLINAT

I. L'Étang.



Hautbois.























II. La Cornemuse.













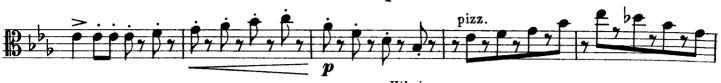
Alto.































Alto.









THE POOL

FULL of old fish, blind-stricken long ago, the pool, under a near sky rumbling dull thunder, bares between centuries-old rushes the splashing horror of its gloom.

Over yonder, goblins light up more than one marsh that is black, sinister, unbearable; but the pool is revealed in this lonely place only by the croakings of consumptive frogs.

Now the moon, piercing at this very moment, seems to look here at herself fantastically; as though, one might say, to see her spectral face, her flat nose, the strange vacuity of teeth—a death's-head lighted from within, about to peer into a dull mirror.

PHILIP HALE

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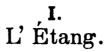
THE BAGPIPE

His bagpipe groaned in the woods as the wind that belleth; and never has stag at bay, nor willow, nor oar, wept as that voice wept.

Those sounds of flute and hautboy seemed like the death-rattle of a woman. Oh! his bagpipe, near the cross-roads of the crucifix!

He is dead. But under cold skies, as soon as night weaves her mesh, down deep in my soul, there in the nook of old fears, I always hear his bagpipe groaning as of yore.

PHILIP HALE

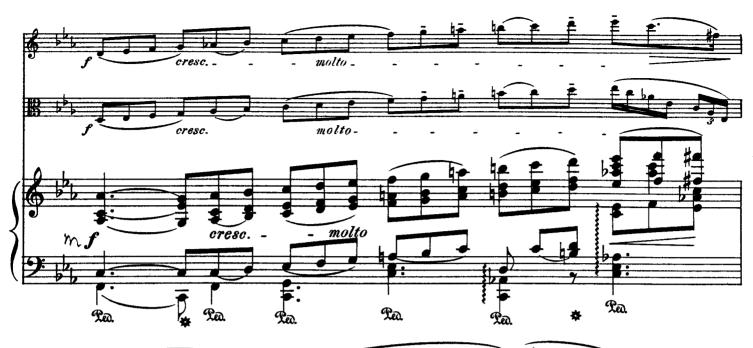










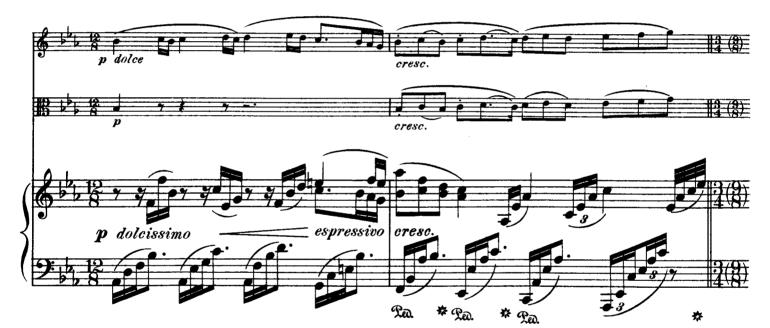


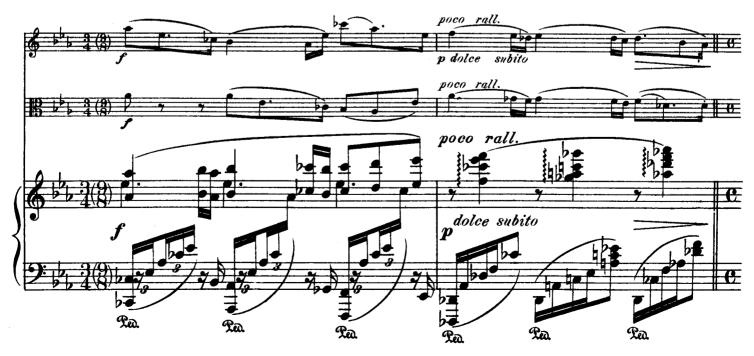








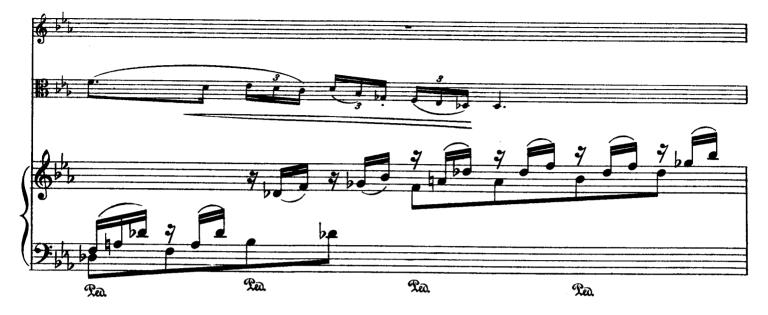














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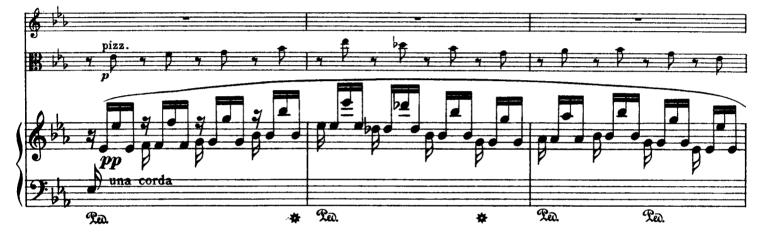


Pédale à chaque temps





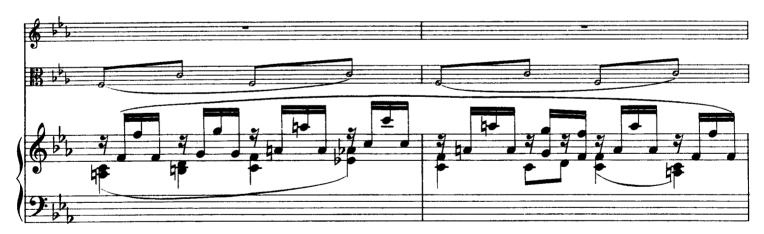








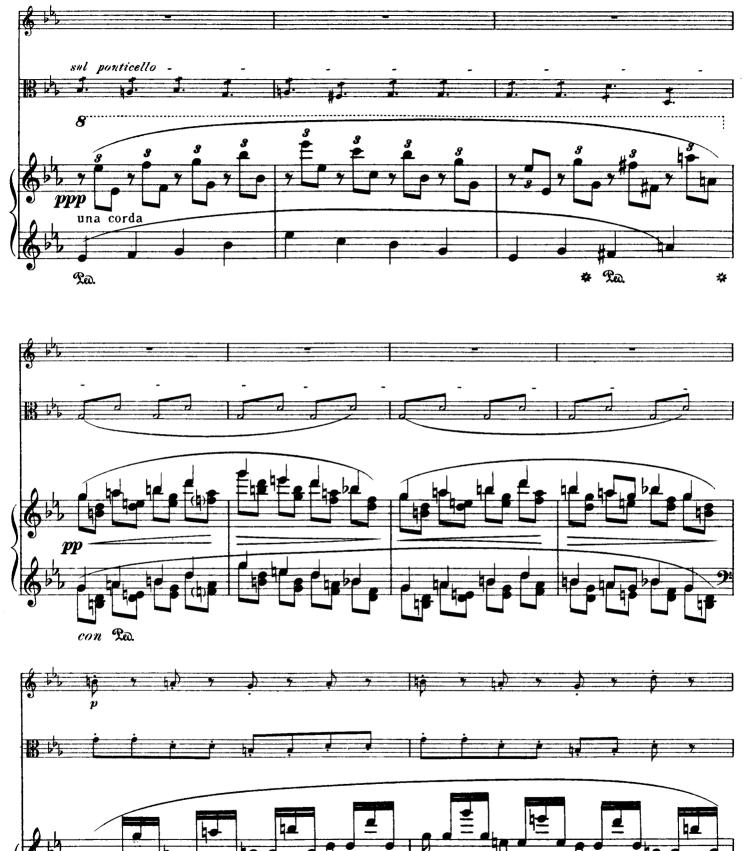














La.

18

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à M.Georges Longy. II. La Cornemuse.

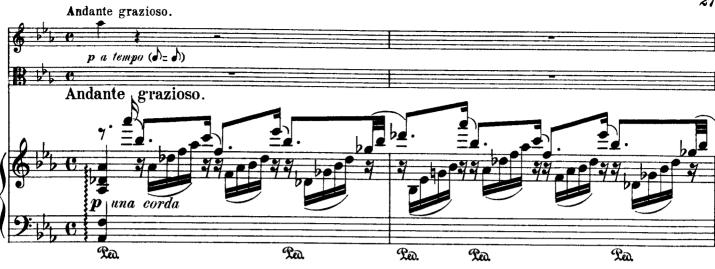


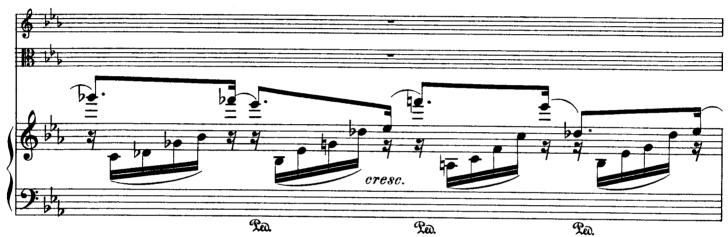


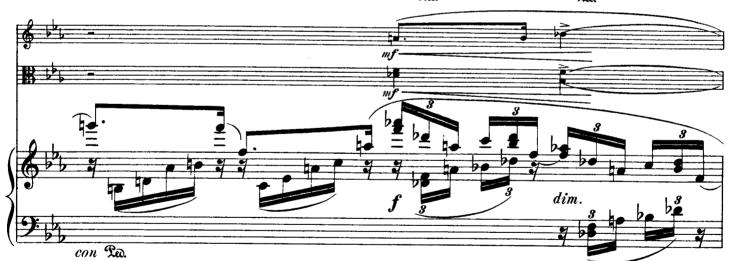


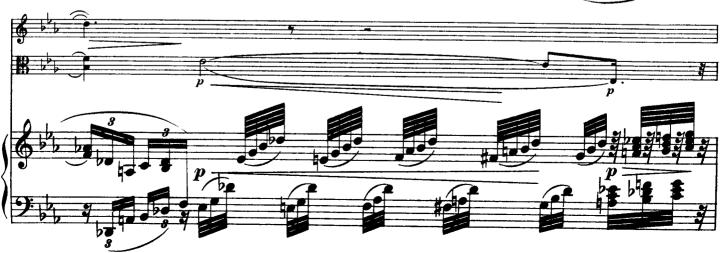


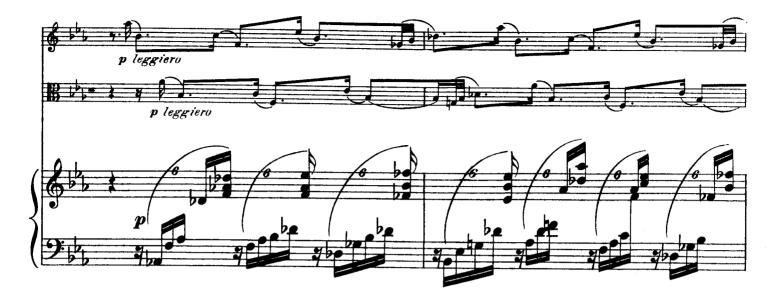


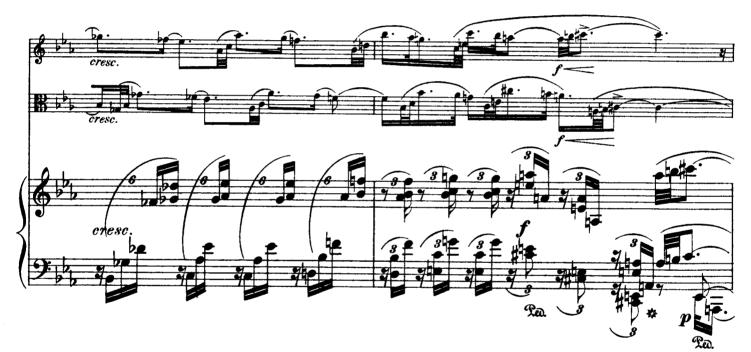


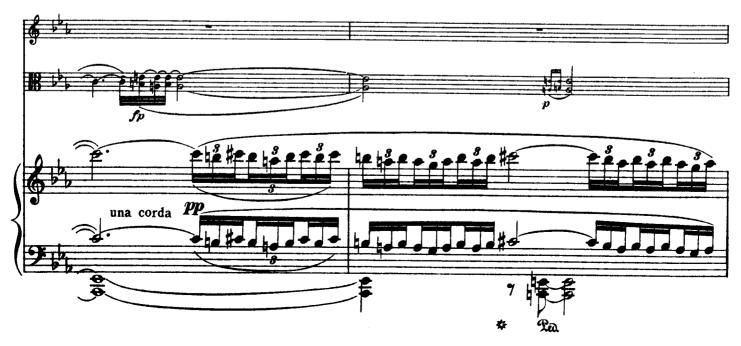




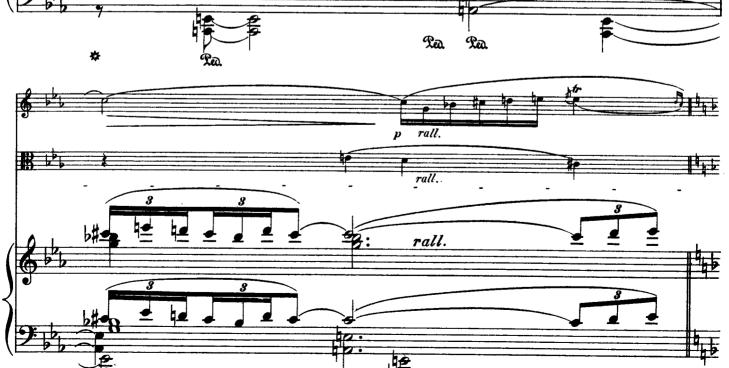












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