

No. 17 - In the Village

The guard dogs are barking; they rattle their leashes
And deep in their slumbers are all the people.
Many will dream of what they have not done,
Dreaming of good gains and of gains ill-gotten.
Then morning comes and all their dreams vanish.

But still, but still, they still did enjoy their fancies.
And all of the fancies that they still have, they still hope
To find again at night upon their pillows.

Bark me away, your watchdogs guarding.
Let me not rest in these hours of darkness!
I'm done and finished with dreams and fancies.
Why should I here among sleepers tarry?

No. 18 - The Stormy Morning

The storm has torn to pieces
The heaven's dark gray robes!
The tattered clouds flap vainly.
They're trading washed-out blows.
And flames of fiery crimson
Burst out among the gray.
That's what I call a morning
That suits my mood today!

My heart looks at the heavens,
Finds its own image there,
The image of the Winter
That's savage, cold and bare.