

Thousand Languages Project

Special Project: Translating Poetry into Song

1. Project Introduction

This project delves deeply into a multifaceted, creative process, one that unfolds across three distinct realms of communication: intersemiotic, interlingual, and intralingual. Through this exploration, it navigates the intricate interplay between words and sounds, unearths the nuanced connections and demarcations between poetry and music, and identifies the delicate line between translation and adaptation. This endeavor involves deciphering both the implicit and explicit meanings embedded within verbal expressions, experimenting with the auditory attributes of poetic compositions, and orchestrating a transformation of textual messages into melodic phrases.

In his seminal 1959 article titled “On Linguistic Aspects of Translation,” Roman Jakobson posits a compelling notion: that every cognitive experience finds expression through language. He categorizes translation into three distinct dimensions: intersemiotic, interlingual, and intralingual translation. In the realm of poetry-music translation, all three categories intertwine seamlessly.

Firstly, intersemiotic translation, often termed “transmutation,” involves the interpretation and transference of words from a verbal sign system into melodies within a non-verbal sign system. This dynamic process engenders the fusion of linguistic essence with melodic form. Furthermore, the convergence of poetry and music has long been acknowledged as a universal language that resonates with all sentient beings, traversing centuries, borders, and cultures. This places poetry-music conversion firmly within the realm of interlingual translation, wherein verbal signs from one language are transposed into musical signs in another language. This bridge between spoken and musical languages connects diverse worlds through shared emotional chords. Lastly, the intrinsic oral and aural attributes that poetry and music share—such as meter, accent, duration, tempo, pitch, and tone—alongside their sonic devices like rhythm, rhyme, repetition, and more, render these two art forms harmoniously blended. This symbiosis establishes them as agents of a shared language. Consequently, the translation from poetry to music finds its place within the realm of intralingual translation, akin to rewording, where verbal signs are artfully reimagined through different signs of the same language. In embracing all three dimensions of translation, poetry-music translation transcends the mere confines of linguistic transfer, emerging as a multidimensional art that bridges the realms of language, sound, and emotion.

The art of translating poetry into music has traversed the annals of time, with countless instances spanning classical opuses to modern pop and rock adaptations. Some examples are listed as follows.

Art Song Tradition (classical music)

Poet	Poem	Musician	Music
Goethe	Das Veilchen	Mozart	Das Veilchen (The Violet)
Ludwig Rellstab	Ständchen	Schubert	Ständchen (Serenade)
Shakespeare	O Mistress Mine	Theodore Chanler	O Mistress Mine
W. B. Yeats	The Secrets of the Old	Samuel Barber	The Secrets of the Old
Walt Whitman	One Thought Ever at the Fore	Ernst Bacon	One Thought Ever at the Fore
E. E. Cummings	The Mountains are Dancing	John Duke	The Mountains are Dancing

Modern Rendition (contemporary music)

Poet	Poem	Musician	Music
Edgar Ellen Poe	The Raven	Lou Reed	The Raven
Federico García Lorca	Pequeno Vals Vienés	Leonard Cohen	Take This Waltz
William Blake	The Chimney Sweepers	Allen Ginsberg	The Chimney Sweepers
Emily Dickinson	Hope Is The Thing With Feathers	Trailer Bride	Hope Is The Thing With Feathers
Alfred Tennyson	The Lady of Shalott	Loreena McKennitt	The Lady of Shalott
Rudyard Kipling	If	Joni Mitchell	If

This project endeavors to unveil the enigmatic connections that lie beneath the surface of poetry and music, exploring uncharted territories within the interplay of author-reader relationships. It serves as a conduit for sharing not only creative and compositional revelations but also for fostering a dialogue between different genres and disciplines. By doing so, it sparks fresh perspectives on the realms of literary and artistic translation, uncovering hidden potentials and ushering in innovative avenues of expression.

2. Project Example

Song Title: The Tulips

Words by Eric Schlich & Zhongxing Zeng

Music by Zhongxing Zeng

Song Links

YOUTUBE: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DC3OefWe_A4

SPOTIFY: <https://open.spotify.com/album/77PSQgG9kIh718ayQvRjIn>

APPLE MUSIC: <https://music.apple.com/us/album/the-tulips/1676803737?i=1676803738>

Song Lyrics

The Tulips

I wait for you in the dawning rays
when you are old and I am gray

dying over the lip of the vase, the tulips
you said how lovely they look, their sloping grace
as if the night has lost its way to the day
as if time has stopped for them to celebrate
as if they will stay here and never fade away

Oh so long ago,
It is a time I can barely remember
a time before you

All that I need to know
is you love this flower and I love you
when you are old and I am gray

dying over the lip of the vase, the tulips
you said how lovely they look, their sloping grace
as if the night has lost its way to the day
as if time has stopped for them to celebrate
as if they will stay here and never fade away

I wait for you in the dawning rays
when you are old and I am gray
I wait for you in the dawning rays
when you are old and I am gray

The song adaptation titled “The Tulips” draws its inspiration from Eric Schlich's evocative flash fiction piece, “When You Are Old and I Am Gray,” which was published in Issue 59 of ASU's esteemed literary journal, *Hayden's Ferry Review*. This transformational journey exemplifies the synergy between poetic resonance and musical cadence, culminating in a song that amplifies the raw emotional beauty of the original prose. The upcoming sections intricately unravel the step-by-step evolution of this translation, shedding light on the organic interplay of poetic and musical elements, a fusion that impeccably enhances the profound sentiments embedded within Schlich's work.

ERIC SCHLICH

*2016 Flash Fiction Contest Winner

WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND I AM GRAY

The kitchen windowsill is lined with prescription bottles. I count out your pills and set them on the counter. Pour you a glass of orange juice. Put the coffee on. I can hear you in the bathroom, performing your daily beauty chores. Faucet running, dryer blowing, the clatter of makeup in the sink. On the table, there are the tulips from our anniversary. Already, their heads are too heavy for their stems. You once told me they are the loveliest of flowers to watch die. Long ago, a tulip was just a tulip. This is so long ago, it is a time I can barely remember, a time before you. Before your love for this flower spilled over into my life. This is how something simple, something in this world, something that just *is*, takes on meaning. I know many facts about tulips, but I will not recite them now. I can feel them elbowing each other, grasping for purchase in my head—competition for a metaphor—but really all that matters is you love this flower and I love you. Always I thought I'd keep books for company. While that is still true—they cover our mantel, they clutter our bedroom, they fill the walls, our books—it became, somehow, a lesser truth. And I am happy for it. You are making your way down the hall now, I can hear you. You will make a fuss about taking the pills, as you do every morning. You will shake your head in that way when you drink the juice. And you will sit at the table, where I will be drinking my coffee, eating my banana, reading my book. If there were a signature pose, a moment I'm most myself, it is this one: reading, but not reading, anticipating your entrance into the room, looking up from the page too soon. It is not so much that we have *spent* our lives in this way—our time together cannot be weighed in the currency of bananas or books or even tulips—but that after all these years, it still brings me pleasure, your comment upon entering the kitchen, on how lovely they look, there, on the table, dying over the lip of the vase: the tulips, their sloping grace.

The inspiration for this song stems from my literary translation of the original text from English to Mandarin Chinese.

Flash Fiction - by Eric Schlich

When You Are Old and I Am Gray

The kitchen windowsill is lined with prescription bottles. I count out your pills and set them on the counter. Pour you a glass of orange juice. Put the coffee on. I can hear you in the bathroom, performing your daily beauty chores. Faucet running, dryer blowing, the clatter of makeup in the sink. On the table, there are the tulips from our anniversary. Already, their heads are too heavy for their stems. You once told me they are the loveliest of flowers to watch die. Long ago, a tulip was just a tulip. This is so long ago, it is a time I can barely remember, a time before you. Before your love for this flower spilled over into my life. This is how something simple, something in this world, something that just is, takes on meaning. I know many facts about tulips, but I will not recite them now. I can feel them elbowing each other, grasping for purchase in my head—competition for a metaphor—but really all that matters is you love this flower and I love you. Always I thought I'd keep books for company. While that is still true—they cover our mantel, they clutter our bedroom, they fill the walls, our books—it became, somehow, a lesser truth. And I am happy for it. You are making your way down the hall now, I can hear you. You will make a fuss about taking the pills, as you do every morning. You will shake your head in that way when you drink the juice. And you will sit at the table, where I will be drinking my coffee, eating my banana, reading my book. If there were a signature pose, a moment I'm most myself, it is this one: reading, but not reading, anticipating your entrance into the room, looking up from the page too soon. It is not so much that we have spent our lives in this way—our time together cannot be weighed in the currency of bananas or books or even tulips—but that after all these years, it still brings me pleasure, your comment upon entering the kitchen, on how lovely they look, there, on the table, dying over the lip of the vase: the tulips, their sloping grace.

你我沐黄昏

厨房的窗台上摆着一排处方药的药瓶。我数好你的药片把它们放在柜台上。给你倒一杯橙汁。打开咖啡机。我能听见你在洗手间开始了日常的梳妆。水龙头流着水，吹风机吹着风，洗手池里的化妆品叮当作响。桌子上的郁金香是我们周年纪念日的饰物。花儿们的枝干已无力支撑起沉重的头。你曾告诉我百花凋零之景中数它们可爱至极。很久以前，郁金香只是郁金香而已。时光如此遥远，游离记忆之外，你还未曾出现。在你的郁金香之爱洒入我的生命之前。这便是简单之事，世上之物，原本之貌，变得意义非凡的方式。我知道许多郁金香的事实，但此刻不想逐一赘述。我可以感觉到它们互相推挤，在我脑中抢占位置——争夺一个隐喻——可真正重要的是你爱这花而我爱你。一直以为我会与书籍形影不离。事实的确如此——壁炉架上，卧室里，墙上，满目皆是我们的书——可这爱书之心似乎不再那么真切了。我因此而欣慰。你正从走廊里过来，我能听见你。你会为吃药而发点牢骚，作为每日早晨的惯例。喝果汁的时候，你会那样摇摇头。你会坐在桌子旁，我也会坐在那儿，喝咖啡，吃香蕉，读读书。如果说有一个标志性的姿势，一个最自在的时刻，那便是如此：在阅读，又没在阅读，期待着你走进房间，等不及地抬眼望去。与其说，我们的人生已如此度过——我们相伴的光阴不能用香蕉、书籍、甚或郁金香的价值来衡量——不如说，多年之后，这一切仍让我欢喜，你进厨房时的话语，说着它们甚是可爱，在那儿，在桌子上，慢慢凋谢于花瓶的边沿：郁金香，它们优雅的曲线。

I found in some of the original lines distinct musical qualities that are typical of lyrical poetry, such as rhymes, repetitions of words and phrases, and the direct expression of personal feelings.

[ASSONANCE] vase-grace-gray

Example Sentence 1:

**dying over the lip of the VASE:
the tulips, their sloping GRACE.**

慢慢凋谢于花瓶的边沿(yán):
郁金香, 它们优雅的曲线(xiàn)。

title line: When You Are Old and I Am GRAY

an ending rhyme pattern based on the diphthong |ei|: GRAY – VASE – GRACE

The initial musical characteristic I explore is assonance. In the concluding sentence of the source text, it reads, “dying over the lip of the vase, the tulips, their sloping grace.” An observant ear would discern the interwoven vowel pairings such as “over” and “slope,” “lip” and “tulip,” and “vase” and “grace.” These pairings delicately mold the two clauses of the sentence into a harmonious rhyming couplet. Notably, the words “vase” and “grace” resound with the concluding word of the original title – “gray.” This hints at a poetic symmetry rooted in the |ei| diphthong sound. This phonetic motif, originating from the title's word “gray,” finds its return in the words “vase” and “grace,” establishing a compelling resonance that mirrors the rhyming cadence.

[REPETITION]

Example Sentence 2:

Long ago, a tulip was just a tulip.

This is so long ago, it is a time I can barely remember, a time before you.

很久以前, 郁金香只是郁金香而已。
那是很久以前, 游离记忆之外, 在你出现之前。

Example Sentence 3:

This is how something simple, something in this world, something that just is, takes on meaning.

这便是简单之事, 世上之物, 本真之貌, 变得意义非凡的方式。

Another prominent musical attribute is the deliberate repetition of specific words and phrases. In the opening sentence, the term “tulip” emerges twice, accompanied by the repetition of “long ago” and “a time.” The subsequent sentence echoes the word “something” thrice. This repetition serves a purpose beyond mere linguistic recurrence – it guides us into a mental realm where the words transition from conveying distinct meanings to generating a heightened focus on their rhythmic sounds and cadences. As we encounter these reiterated words, our cognitive

attention to their semantic content wanes, while our awareness of the melodic syllabic patterns intensifies.

This auditory transformation shifts the very nature of these words from conventional speech to a musical symphony. This psychological phenomenon, known as semantic satiation, demonstrates the gradual detachment of the words' semantic significance, enabling the musical facets to wield a stronger emotional and physical influence over us.

The inherent musicality of the original text ignited my creative drive, propelling me to fashion these sentences into a dynamic verse-chorus song arrangement. Aiming to forge a fresh fusion between language and melody, I started an improvised exploration, strumming various chord progressions on my acoustic guitar. As each set of chords resonated, I carefully wove melodies that suit the flow of the chosen sentences. This process not only paid homage to the text's emotive cadence but also breathed new life into its essence, culminating in a harmonious marriage of words and sounds.

Building an Ending Rhyme in a Song Form

**dying over the lip of the vase,
the tulips
you said how lovely they look, their sloping grace**

**as if the night has lost its way to the day
as if time has stopped for them to celebrate
as if they will stay here and never fade away**

To shape the song's structure, I initially crafted a core ending rhyme scheme, interweaving words from the original text that feature the resonant diphthong [ei]. This diphthong, heralded by the final word in the title, "When You Are Old and I Am Gray," anchors an evolving pattern of musical rhyme. It harmoniously navigates through concluding phrases such as "way," "page," "weighed," "table," and "vase." Ultimately, it crescendos to a fulfilling culmination in the word "grace," akin to a musical piece that commences and concludes with the tonic, offering stability and a sense of closure, a melodic home.

In pursuit of constructing the main verse segment, a need emerged for additional rhyming sentences that culminate with words housing the diphthong [ei]. Thus, I penned three more sentences that echo the sentiment encapsulated within the original text's final sentence: "our time together cannot be weighed in the currency of bananas or books or even tulips." These supplementary lines maintain the conversational cadence while deepening the narrator's assertion that the love shared transcends temporal constraints. Concurrently, each of these added sentences culminates in a word boasting the [ei] diphthong, enhancing the coherence of the Verse I section's rhyming schema.

Creating a refrain

CHORUS:

I wait for you in the dawning rays
when you are old and I am gray

VERSE I:

dying over the lip of the vase, the tulips
you said how lovely they look, their sloping grace
as if the night has lost its way to the day
as if time has stopped for them to celebrate
as if they will stay here and never fade away

VERSE II:

O so long ago,
It is a time I can barely remember
a time before you

All that I need to know
is you love this flower and I love you
when you are old and I am gray

The Verse II section serves as a vital link between the first occurrence of Verse I and its repetition. All the lines in Verse II are directly extracted from the original text. The first three lines condense Example Sentence 2, capturing the essence of “This is so long ago, it is a time I can barely remember, a time before you.” Lines 4 through 6 amalgamate elements from the original sentence (“–but really all that matters is you love this flower and I love you”) with the refrain (“when you are old and I am gray”). In doing so, Verse II enhances the overarching theme of love versus the passage of time and contributes to the song's structural dynamics.

Additionally, I incorporated the original title as a recurring refrain throughout the entire song. It appears at the conclusion of both the chorus and Verse II, reinforcing the central message of the original text: that the love shared between the couple grows stronger despite their advancing age and diminishing physical vigor.

When I adapted the original sentences into lyrics, my approach was always guided by the musical context. The words in a song hold a distinct role compared to those in prose or poetry. Lyrics thrive when complemented by the musical backdrop, whereas the latter often stands independently to convey the complete narrative, employing a combination of storytelling, imagery, and emotional resonance. Lyrics, rooted in a poem, may occasionally seem incomplete as they intentionally leave room for the musical arrangement to fill in the expressive gaps. This complementary relationship between lyrics and music results in a deeper semantic and structural unity within the song.

The Tulips

based on Eric Schlich's flash fiction "When You Are Old and I Am Gray"
Words by Eric Schlich & Zhongxing Zeng
Music by Zhongxing Zeng

Standard tuning

♩ = 100

Chord diagrams: Cmaj7 (x x 0 3 3 3), D6 (x x 0 2 3 1), Asus2 (x x 0 0 3 0), E (0 x x 0 0 0), D6 (x x 0 2 3 1), Asus2 (x x 0 0 3 0), Cmaj7 (x x 0 3 3 3).

Capo. fret 1

guitar TAB 4/4

1 3 3 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 3 0 0 0 0 0

3 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

3 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

4 0 0 0 0 0 5 3 3 3 3 6 2 2 2 2

3 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

3 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

7 0 0 0 0 0 8 0 0 0 0 0 9 3 3 3 3

0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

I wait for you


10 2 2 2 2 11 0 0 0 0 12 0 0 0 0

0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4


in the dawning rays

Cmaj7




13 3 0 3 3 3 3 3 0 4

14 D6




15 E




16 3 0 3 3 3 3 3 0 4


17 Cmaj7



18 D6




19 E




20 3 0 3 3 3 3 3 0 4


21 Cmaj7



22 D6




23 Asus2




24 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 4


25 Cmaj7



26 D6



27 Cmaj7



TAB

when you are old and I am gray

dying over the lip of the vase the

tulips you said how lovely they look

their sloping grace as if the

night has lost its way to the day as if time has stopped for them

D6 Cmaj7 D6

28 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 29 3 0 3 3 3 3 30 2 0 2 2 2 2

TAB 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

to celebrate as if they will stay here and never fade away

E

31 0 0 0 0 0 32 0 0 0 0 33 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

TAB 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

let ring *let ring*

34 0 0 0 0 35 0 0 0 0 36 0 0 0 0

TAB 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2

B 0

37 0 0 0 0 38 0 0 0 0 39 0 0 0 0

TAB 0 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2

B 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

Oh so long ago It is a time I can

40 0 0 0 0 41 2 2 2 2 42 4 4 4 4

TAB 3 3 3 3 0 0 0 0 2 2 2 2 4 4 4 4

B 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

barely remember a time before

43 0 0 0 0 44 0 0 0 0 45 0 0 0 0

TAB 0 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2

B 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4 0 4

you All that I

Chord Progression

Progression 1. [Chorus; Verse I; Solo]

Cmaj7 - D6 - Asus2 - Asus2

Cmaj7 - D6 - E - E

Progression 2. [Verse II]

a half-step descending line cliché

E-D-#C-C-A-B-E-E

In crafting this song, I incorporated two distinct sets of chord progressions. The first progression contains eight bars and comprises the chords C major 7th, D 6th, A suspended 2nd, and E. This particular sequence finds its place in the Chorus section, the Verse I section, and the Solo section. The second eight-bar progression centers around the E chord and features a descending half-note bass line to guide its movement. This second progression comes to life in the Verse II section.

The image displays guitar tablature for the song "I Wait for You". It is divided into two sections. The first section covers measures 7 to 12, with lyrics "I wait for you" under measures 9-10 and "in the dawning rays" under measures 11-12. The second section covers measures 13 to 15, with lyrics "when you are old" under measure 13 and "and I am gray" under measures 14-15. Each section includes chord diagrams for E, Cmaj7, D6, and Asus2, and a TAB line with fret numbers and picking notation (0, 4, 3).

The rhythmic pattern in this song maintains a deliberate simplicity and consistency. To convey the chords, I opted for a right-hand finger-picking technique. The song adheres to a 4/4 time signature, featuring a continuous eighth-note progression in each bar. This rhythmic structure harks back to the characteristic style of 1960s and 1970s folk songs, reminiscent of tracks like The Beatles' "Yesterday," Paul Simon's "Scarborough Fair," and The Who's "Behind Blue Eyes." The choice of this eighth-note rhythmic pattern serves a dual purpose. Firstly, it aims to evoke a sense of nostalgia akin to the original speaker's voice in the source material. Secondly, it directs the listener's focus towards the vocal dynamics of the singer-storyteller, as opposed to the guitar accompaniment's shifting rhythms.

The Tulips

based on Eric Schlich's flash fiction "When You Are Old and I Am Gray"

Words by Eric Schlich & Zhongxing Zeng

Music by Zhongxing Zeng

Standard tuning

♩ = 100

melody

1 2 3

4 5 6

7 8 9

mf
I wait for you

10 11 12

in the dawning rays

13 14 15

when you are old and I am gray

16 17 18

dying over the lip of the vase the

19 20 21

tulips you said how lovely they look

22 23 24

their sloping grace as if the

25 26 27

night has lost its way to the day as if time has stopped for them

28 to celebrate as if they will stay here and never fade away

31

32

33

34

35

36

37 *mf* Oh so long ago It is a time I can

40 barely remember a time before

41

42

43 you All that I

44

45

46 need to know is you love this flower and I love you

47

48

49 when you are old and I am gray

50

51

52 *mf* dying over the lip of the vase the

53

54

55 tulips you said how lovely they look

56

57

58 their sloping grace as if the

59

60

Once the lyrics found their rightful places within the rhythmic structure dictated by the ebb and flow of chord progressions, I proceeded to craft the primary melodic lines. With my guitar, I played a specific chord progression on a continuous loop, simultaneously allowing the words to flow naturally from me as I hummed them in an improvised manner. I permitted various melodic lines to organically merge with the chord progression's natural cadence. I patiently awaited those ephemeral yet unforgettable moments when words and melodies harmoniously converged, capturing these spontaneous impulses and combinations in recorded form.

Subsequently, I reviewed these recordings, selecting those that evoked intense emotions, giving me goosebumps or even bringing tears to my eyes. I then revisited these chosen melodic lines, singing them aloud alongside my guitar to ensure each note achieved a more precise pitch, duration, and emphasis. These refined renditions were documented within computer music software soundtracks, where final editing and mixing took place.

In the realm of poetry, I've always perceived a profound poetic force within the silences that reside between words, following words, and lingering behind words. These silences possess a potency that rivals the words themselves, as they often serve as moments when readers actively engage in the artistic process. It's during these pauses that their thoughts stir, memories awaken, emotions are shared, and imaginations are ignited. When translating a poem into a song, it becomes imperative to faithfully represent and preserve these silences through thoughtful arrangements of rests, extended notes, and stress patterns.

I had the incredible opportunity to perform and refine this song through my participation in several events, including Thousand Languages' 2022 Fall Spotlight, ASU's 2023 Spring "Change the World" event, and Thousand Languages' translation panel at the Northern Arizona Book Festival in April 2023. I hope that you have discovered something inspiring, resonating, and promising in my exploration of how a literary text can be translated into a song and how a song can unlock the emotional power of a poetic work. If you come across any errors or issues in my explanations, please don't hesitate to reach out to me. And if you share a similar interest or are eager to learn more about this poetry-music translation project, I warmly invite you to join us.

