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Printer

Luxembourg: Office for Official Publications
of the European Communities, 2008

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Printed in Belgium



KF-70-07-083-EN-C



Europe & Agriculture

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— together since 1957

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De maaier zingt

— Gezelle

Nachtgespräch mit
einer Flasche Brouilly

— Derwahl

Les récoltes

— Verhaeren

De maaier zingt een zomerliedje
 en snijdt, het staal in d'handen
 alwaar hij 't dikste
 en dweers deur 't zonnebranden;



Ungeöffnet wirkst du verschlossen
 wie eine vornehme ältere Dame
 mit animierenden
 sorry wie war noch ihr Name



Et dès l'aube, on partait ensemble au long des haies,
 Sarcler des champs de lin, entourés de saulaies,
 Couper, tasser, rentrer le foin par chariots.

Là-haut, chantaient pinsons, tarins et loriots,
 Les plaines embaumaient au loin ; et gars et gouges
 Tachaient les carrés



erts de camisoles rouges.

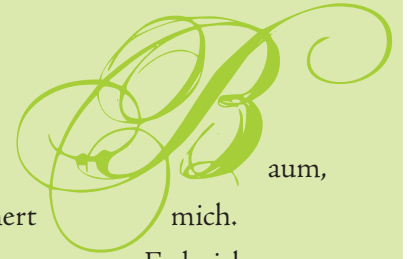




Oden an meinen Freund

— Goethe

Verpflanze den schönen Baum,
 Gärtner, er jammert mich.
 Glücklicheres Erdreich
 Verdiente der Stamm.




Noch hat seiner Natur Kraft
 Der Erde aussaugendem Geize,
 Der Luft verderbender Fäulnis,
 Ein Gegengift, widerstanden.






Les fleurs du mal : l'âme du vin

— Baudelaire



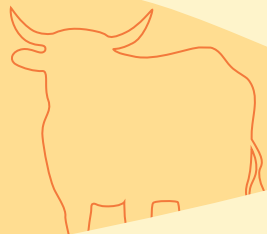
Je sais combien il faut, sur la colline en lamme,
De peine, de sueur et de Soleil cuisant
Pour engendrer ma vie et pour me donner l'âme ;
Mais je ne serai point ingrat ni malfaisant.





Il bove

— Carducci



T'amo, o pio
di vigore e di
o che solenne come un monumento
tu guardi i campi liberi e fecondi.


ove, e mite un sentimento
pace al cor m'infondi,



Notre patrie

— Lentz

Là où l'Alzette baigne les prairies,
Où la Sûre gronde à travers les rochers ;

Là où la  igne fleurit sur les rives de la Moselle,
Et où le ciel nous fait notre vin ;
Là est le Pays pour lequel
Nous exposerions tout dans ce monde.



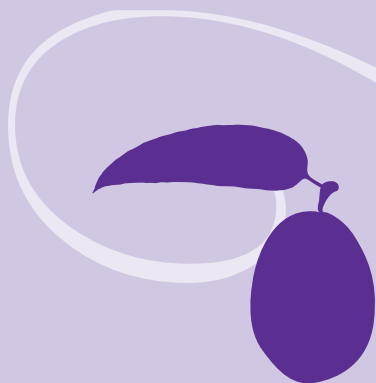



De pruimeboom

— Alphen

Jantje zag eens  ruimen hangen,
o! als eieren zo groot.

't Scheen, dat Jantje wou gaan plukken,
schoon zijn vader 't hem verbood.
Hier is, zei hij, noch mijn vader,
noch de tuinman, die het ziet:
Aan een boom, zo vol geladen,
mist men vijf zes pruimen niet.
Maar ik wil gehoorzaam wezen,
en niet plukken: ik loop heen.
Zou ik, om een hand vol pruimen,
ongehoorzaam wezen? Neen.



A stylized illustration in shades of green and yellow. The background features large, overlapping circular patterns resembling tree rings or ripples in water. In the foreground, there are several green stalks with serrated leaves and small, pointed seed heads, resembling wildflowers or grasses. The overall style is graphic and minimalist.

Jeg bærer med smil min byrde

— Aakjær

Jeg ser over tindrende *M*arker
og langt mod den blånende fjord,
jeg stirrer på sejlene arker,
men finder ej tolkende ord.





Táin bó cúailnge

— Loinsigh (aist.)

Chonaic gach arbh díobh a chéile
agus scríobh said an talamh agus chaith said an chré tharstu.
Réab said an talamh thar a nguailí agus a slinneáin agus dheargaigh said a súile
ina gcinn mar abheadh caora teanna tine.
Bholgaigh a bploic agus a sróna ar nós bhoilg ghabha i gceárta agus thug said araon
bloscbhéim mharfach i gcoinne a chéile.






To autumn

— Keats



Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With  ruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;



Ιλιάδα

— Ομηρος



Και όταν γυρίζαν κι έφθαναν στου χωραφιού την άκρη,
άνθρωπος τους επρόσφερε ποτήρι όλο γεμάτο γλυκό
κι εγύριζαν στες αυλακιές εκείνοι πρόθυμοι



ρασί,

του μεγάλου αγρού να φτάσουν εις την άκρη.

Μαυρίζει όπισθεν η γη και δείχνει αλετρισμένη
μόλον οπού' ναι ολόχρυση, της τέχνης μέγα θάμα.



Pueblo

— García Lorca



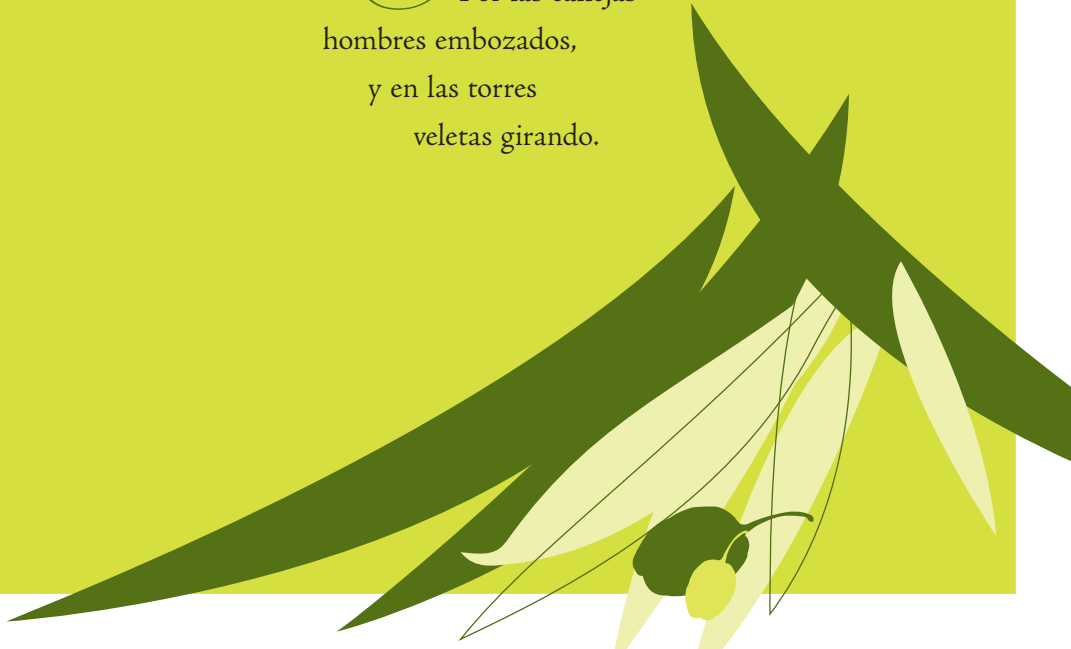
Sobre el monte pelado,
un calvario.

Agua clara



y livos centenarios.

Por las callejas
hombres embozados,
y en las torres
veletas girando.





Sonetos

— Camões

Alegres Campos, verdes arvoredos,
Claras e cas
Que em vós os debuxais ao natural,
Discorrendo da altura dos rochedos;



Silvestres montes, ásperos penedos
Compostos de concerto desigual;
Sabei que, sem licença de meu mal,
Já não podeis fazer meus olhos ledos.





Herbsttag

— Rilke



Befehl den letzten Früchten voll zu sein;
gib ihnen noch zwei südlichere Tage
dränge sie zur Vollendung hin und jage
die letzte Süße in den schweren




ein.



Rågen ryker

— Strindberg

Rågen  yker i morgonstund och på böljande axen
sunnan hon brisar så ljum, små kårar vattra på ytan;
liksom av mjöldamm en slöja där står och vaggar för vinden;
blommornas bröllop den blygsamt har dolt som Jupiters famntag
doldes i moln – och det årliga undret nu sker i det dolda.





Kalevala

— Lönnrot



Maj

— Mácha

Byl pozdní večer – první máj –
Večerní máj – byl lásky čas.
Hrdliččin zval ku lásce hlas,
Kde borový zaváněl háj.
O lásce šeptal tichý mech;
vetoucí strom lhal lásky žel,
Svou lásku slavík růži pěl,
Růžinu jevil vonný vzdech.





Ma teretan sind, hommik!

— Kreutzvald



Ma teretan sind, hommik,
sind, kaste, suveõhk!

Sind, vaikne metsa kohin,
sind, sinitaeva võlv!

Ma küsin, õrnad lilled,
kas mulle õitsete?

Ma küsin,



innukesed:

kas mulle laulate?





Latviešu
tautasdziesma

Kas kait man nedzīvot
 Liela meža maliņā?
 Atnāks silta vasariņa,
 Būs man daudz darbenieku:
 Briedis grūda, lācis mala,



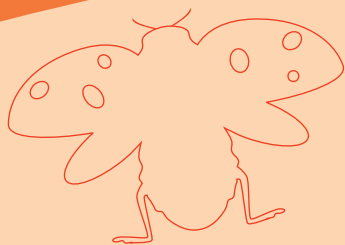
itī' maizi cepināja;
 Lapsiņai kupla aste,
 Tā istabas slaucītāja;
 Vanagam asi nagi,
 Tas bij gaļas kapātājs;
 Vārniņ' tāda puspelēka,
 Tā cepešu grozītāja;
 Cielaviņa viegla sieva,
 Tā bij rauga nesējiņa;
 Cīrulītis, gudris vīrs,
 Laukā alu darināja,
 Laukā alu darināja
 Kumeliņa pēdiņā;
 Žagatiņa baltu autu,
 Tā bij trauku mazgātāja.





Pavasario linksmybės

— Donelaitis



Žiurkės su šeškais iš šalto pašalio traukės.
 Varnos ir varnai su šarkoms irgi pelėdoms,
 Pelės su vaikais ir kurmiai šilumą gyrė.
 Musės ir vabalai, uodai su kaimene blusų
 Mus jau vargint vėl pulkais visur susirinko
 Ir ponus taip, kaip *B*ūrus, įgelt išsižiojo.
 Bet ir mitins jau šeimyną savo pabudint
 Ir prie darbo siųst bei ką pelnyt n' užsimiršo.
 Tuo pulkai jų pro plyšius išlįsti pagavo
 Ir lakstydami su birbynėmis žaisti pradėjo.





Az alföld

— Petőfi

... Délibábos ég alatt kolompol

Kis-Kunságnak száz kövér

Deleléskor hosszú gémü kútnál

Széles vályu kettős ága várja.



ulyája;

Méneseeknek nyargaló futása


Zúg a szélben, körmeik dobognak, ...






Sonetto

— Bonamico



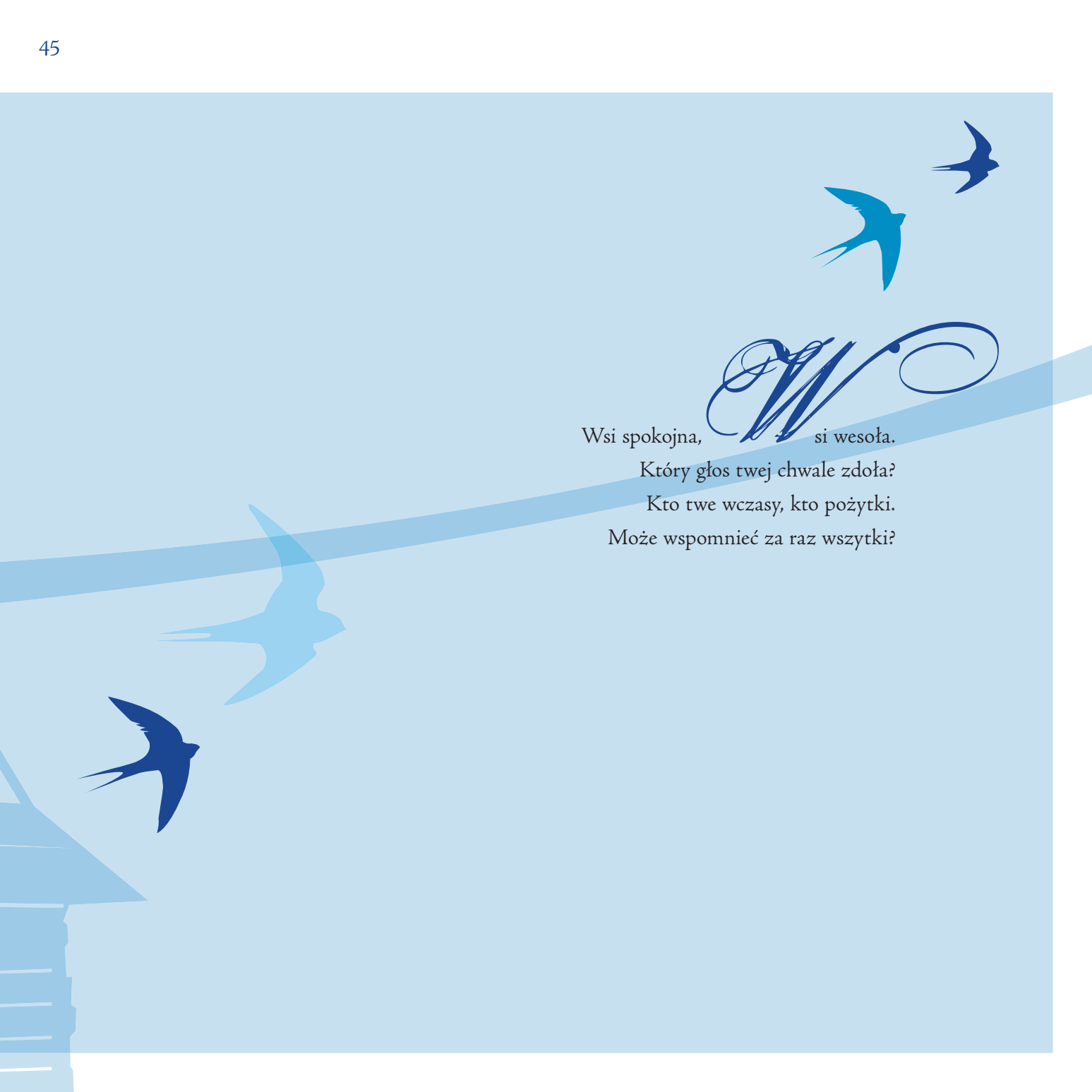
Mejju gie' bl'Uard, u
Aadda l bart, e Sceta, u ,l Beracq
T'ghattiet l'art be nuar u l'Uueracq
heda e riech, seket el Bachar
Tar e schab men nuece e'Sema
Sa f'l'e Gebiel neptet el chdura
Regeet t'ghanni col Aasfura
U' f' el fercol cqalb t'ertema





Panna XII

— Kochanowski

The background is a light blue gradient. In the upper right, two birds are flying. In the lower left, another bird is flying, and the corner of a building with a tiled roof is visible. A decorative flourish in a dark blue, calligraphic style is positioned above the text.

Wsi spokojna, *W*si wesola.
Który głos twej chwale zdoła?
Kto twe wczasy, kto pożytki.
Może wspomnieć za raz wszystkie?



Zdravljica

— Prešeren



Prijatljí, obrodíle

so trte ince nam sladkó,
ki nam oživlja žíle,
srcé razjásni in oko,
ki utopi
vse skrbi,
v potrthih prséh up budi!



Detvan

— Sládkovič

Prvý raz šuhaj oči roztvorí,
čo vidí? výsosť
a opachy nezvratných skál,
i spustí zraky prvé v doliny
čo vidí? hory zázračnej stíny
a krásnu slovenskú dial'.





Ο θέρος στο Παλαίκυθρο

— Στυλιανού

Τη



Πυκνά κοπάδια θεριστές έρχονται από την Πάφο,
Άντρες, γυναίκες, νιούτσικοι, μεσόκοποι και γέροι
Και πίνουν παρευτός δουλειά, μεσ' το φρυγμένο κάμπο
άνας γης της άπλερης, π'όταν καλοχρονίσει
Χορτάννει μάνες τζιαί παιδικιά, η καλομάνα Μεσαρκά.





Българи от старо време

— Каравелов



Обичам те от всичката си уша и сърце, ако ти и да си обречен на тежки страдания и неволи!
 Всичко, щото е останало досега в моята осиротяла душа, добро и свято – всичко е твое!
 Ти си оная благословена земя, която цъфти, която е пълна с нежности,
 със сияния и величие, следователно ти си ме научило да обичам и
 да плача над всяко едно човеческо нещастие – а това е вече много за един човек ...
 И досега още чувствавам възродението на твоя миризлив зеленчук, който изпълва всичкото
 пространство, на която страна и да хвърли човек окото си;
 аз и досега чуя песента на славеите и чуруликанието на ластавиците;
 най-последно, аз и досега слушам крехкия глас на българското момиченце, което мете двора си с
 бръскалката и пее си своята народна песенчица:

Обичам те, мое мило Отечество!
 Обичам твоите балкани,
 гори, сипеи, скали и
 техните бистри
 и студени извори!
 Обичам те, мой мили краю!

Черней, горо, черней, душе,
 двама да чернеем;
 ти за листе, горо,
 аз за първо либе ...





Semănătorul

— Vlahuta

Pășește-n țarină, emănătorul
Și-n brazda neagră, umedă de rouă,
Aruncă-ntr-un noroc viața nouă
Pe care va lega-o viitorul.

Trudește, făcătorule de bine,
Veni-vor, roiuri, alții după tine
Și vor culege rodul-bogăția.



1957 ☆ Belgium

The harvester sings

The harvester sings a summer song
and cuts, steel in hand
wherever he sees the thickest corn,
and straight through the sun's burning rays;

The harvest

And as of dawn we made our way along the rows,
Hoing the fields of flax, surrounded by willows,
Cutting, stacking, packing the hay in loads.

On high sang chaffinches, siskins, orioles,
Far off hung the scent of plains; gouges and youths
Staining the green fields with the red of their shirts.

A night chat with a bottle of Brouilly

unopened, you look closed in
like a distinguished elderly lady
with vivid freckles
sorry what was her name again

1957 ☆ Germany

First ode

Transplant the beautiful tree!
Gardener, it gives me pain.
Tree, thank the gardener
Who moves thee hence!

1957 ☆ France

The flowers of evil ... the soul of wine

I know the cost on the burning slopes,
In pain and sweat under a roasting sun
To generate my life and give me soul;
So I shall bear no ingratitude or malice.

1957 ☆ Italy

The ox

I love thee pious ox, who fills my heart
With a sweet sense of vigour and peace,

How majestic like a monument thou art
Watching over the free and fertile fields.

1957 ☆ Luxembourg

Our homeland

Where the Alzette slowly flows,
The Sura plays wild pranks,
Where fragrant vineyards amply grow on the Mosella's banks.

And where the sky above makes our wine,
There lies the land for which we would
do anything here below.

1957 ☆ The Netherlands

The plum tree

Johnny saw some fine plums hanging,
Oh! like eggs, so very large.
Johnny seemed about to pluck them,
Though against his father's charge.
Here is not, said he, my father,
Nor the gard'ner near the tree,
From those boughs so richly laden,
Five or six plums – who can see?
But I wish to be obedient,
I'll not pluck them; off I go.
Should I for a trifling handful
Disobedient be? Oh no.

1973 ☆ Denmark

I carry my burden with a smile

I gaze over twinkling fields
and far towards the bluing fjords,
I stare at the sailing arks
but find no fitting words.

1973 ☆ Ireland

Táin Bó Cúailnge

Each of the bulls sighted the other and there was a pawing and
digging up of the ground in their frenzy there, and they tossed
the earth over them. They threw up the earth over their withers

and shoulders, and their eyes blazed red in their heads like firm balls of fire. Their cheeks and their nostrils swelled like smith's bellows in a forge.

1973 ☆ The United Kingdom

To autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;

1981 ☆ Greece

Iliad

Each time they turned on reaching the headland
at the end of the furrow,
a man would come up to them offering a cup of sweet wine.
They would go back to their furrows,
looking forward to reaching the headland again
at the end of the field.
The part they had ploughed behind them was darkened,
so that the field, despite being gold, still looked
as if it were being ploughed, triumphant work of art.

1986 ☆ Spain

Village

Upon the bare mountain,
A calvary.
Clear water
And ancient olive trees.
In the alleyways
Cloaked men,
And on the towers
Weathervanes gyrating.

1986 ☆ Portugal

Sonnets

Bright meadows, green groves of trees,
Clear and cool crystalline waters,
That you draw from nature,
Contemplating from the height of the rocks;

Wild mountains, rough rocks
Composed of a dissonant harmony;
Know that, without allowance for my suffering,
You can no longer content my eyes.

1995 ☆ Austria

Autumn day

Request the last fruits to be plenteous;
Give them two other sunny days
Push them to achievement and drive
The last sweetness into the heavy wine.

1995 ☆ Sweden

The rye is smoking

The rye is smoking in the morning and on bending ears
the south wind is gently blowing warmth,
small ripples streak the surface;
like a floury vapour a veil there stands swaying before the wind;
the wedding of the flowers that the veil modestly
has concealed like Jupiter's embrace
was hidden in the cloud – and the annual miracle
is taking place out of sight.

1995 ☆ Finland

The Kalevala

Wainamoinen, wise and ancient,
Brings his magic grains of barley,
Brings he forth his seven seed grains,
Brings them from his trusty pouches,
Fashioned from the skin of squirrel,
Some were made from skin of marten.

Thence to sow his seeds he hastens,
Hastes the barley-grains to scatter,
Speaks unto himself these measures:
"I the seeds of life am sowing,
Sowing through my open fingers,
From the hand of my Creator,
In this soil enriched with ashes,
In this soil to sprout and flourish."

2004 ☆ The Czech Republic

May

It was late evening on the first of May
 In May's dusk – the time for love.
 The turtle-dove's voice called to love
 Where the sweet-smelling pine grove lay.
 The quiet moss whispered of love too.
 The blossoming tree lied of love's woes,
 The nightingale sang love to the rose
 Whose scented sigh replied thereto.

2004 ☆ Estonia

I greet you, morning!

I greet you, morning,
 you, morning dew, summer air!
 You, silent sough of forest,
 you, arch of blue sky!
 I ask you, fragile flowers:
 are you blooming for me?
 I ask you, little birds:
 are you singing to me?

2004 ☆ Latvia

Latvian folksong

Why not lead a happy life
 Living on the forest's edge?
 When the sun and summer comes
 I have many helpers:
 Deer the grinder, bear the miller,
 Honeybee bakes me bread;
 Little fox with bushy tail,
 She would sweep the floor;
 Hawk, the swift sharp-clawed bird,
 He would mince the meat;
 Little crow in greyish coat,
 She would roast the meat;
 Little wagtail, light of wing,
 She would bring me yeast;
 Little lark, clever chap,
 Can brew beer in the field

Can brew beer in the field,
 In a footstep of my steed;
 Magpie in her apron white,
 She would wash the dishes.

2004 ☆ Lithuania

Joys of spring

The rats and skunks came forth from secret holes and nooks
 Crows, ravens, magpies, owls sailed on from bough to bough.
 Mice, moldwarps and their young,
 Acclaimed the glowing warmth.
 The countless flies and bugs, mosquitos, gnats and fleas,
 In ever growing swarms were rallying each day
 And gaping all around to sting the rich and poor.
 The queen bee too called her subjects to the job.
 Commanding them to start their work again.
 Soon endless swarms of them began to buzz and zoom,
 Afifing merry tunes and flying far and wide.

2004 ☆ Hungary

The Alföld

... Beneath the sky of the mirage, the bells
 Of Kiskunság's hundred fat herds, at noon;
 While by the well with the long windlass, waits
 The double trough, and galloping, the steed
 Snorts in the wind and stamps the ground. ...

2004 ☆ Malta

Sonnet

May arrived with its flowers and orange blossoms,
 Gone are the cold, the rain and lightning,
 The ground is covered in fruit blossoms and leaves,
 The wind grew lighter and the sea has stilled,
 The sky is clear of clouds,
 As greenery springs forth even in the hills,
 And the bird sings anew
 And pleasure overflows from the heart

2004 ☆ Poland

Twelfth maiden (translated by Michael J. Mikoš)

Peaceful village, joyful village.
 Who can speak of your advantage?
 Who can recall your comforts, gain.
 Who can recall them all again?

2004 ☆ Slovenia

A toast

The vintage, friends, is over,
 And here sweet wine makes, once again,
 Sad eyes and hearts recover,
 Puts fire into every vein.
 Drowns dull care
 Everywhere
 And summons hope out of despair.

2004 ☆ Slovakia

Detvan

For the first time, the lad opens his eyes wide,
 what does he see? the loftiness of the Polány mountain
 and the steadfast outcrops looming as giants,
 and his eyes are first drawn down the valleys,
 what does he see? the shadows cast by the magical mountain
 and the magnificent Slovak vista unfolding into the distance.

2004 ☆ Cyprus

Harvest time in Palaikythro

Dense flocks of harvesters come in from Paphos,
 Men, women, young, middle-aged and old
 And they set to work immediately, in the scorched plain
 Of boundless mother earth, and when the year is good
 Good mother Mesarka feeds mothers and children to repletion.

2007 ☆ Bulgaria

I love you my cherished fatherland!

I love your mountains,
 forests, screes, rocks and their limpid and cold springs!
 I love you my cherished homeland!
 I love you with all my heart and soul, even if you are doomed
 to hard sufferings and woes!
 All that is left in my orphaned soul, all the good and sacred –
 it is all yours!
 You are the blessed land that blossoms, full of tenderness,
 of radiance and grandeur, thus you have taught me to love and
 cry over each and every human misfortune, and this is already
 much for a human being ...
 I still feel the revival of your fragrant verdure which fills the
 whole space, no matter to which side one casts one's glance;
 I still can hear the song of the nightingales and
 the chirrup of the sparrows;
 finally I can still listen to the tender voice of the Bulgarian girl
 who sweeps the yard with her broom and sings her folk song:

Grieve you forest, grieve, soul,
 Let us two grieve;
 You for leaves forest,
 Me for first beloved ...

2007 ☆ Romania

The sower (translated by Valentina Mihart)

He steps into the tillage, the sower
 And in the black, dew-wet furrow
 He randomly casts the new life for tomorrow
 Which Future will eventually deliver.

Toil thou well, benefactor,
 For swarming after thee, many a follower
 Will reap the crop – the wealth.



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