

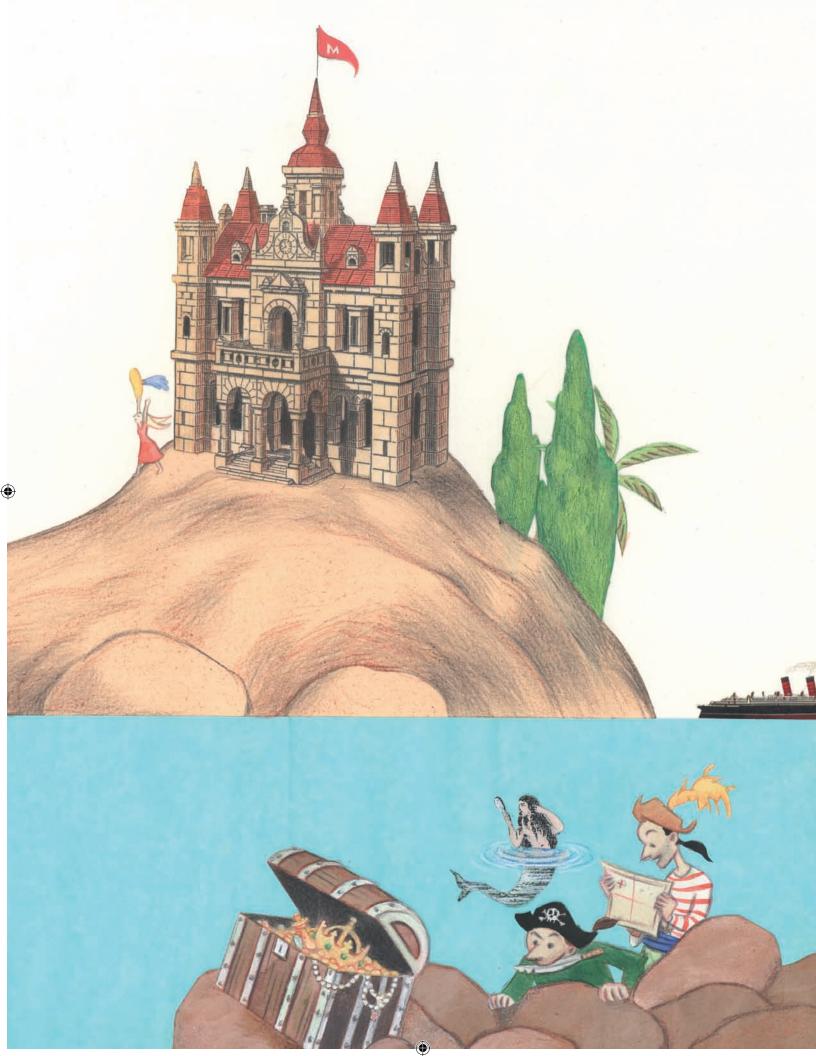
Translated extract from

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Karen Holländer / Thilo Krapp If only I had – could – were

Translated by Richard Goddard



If Only...

Poor Julie's hair is in a shocking state Unruly locks have made her quite irate:

"If only I had shiny silken hair Like Princess Clara's - oh, it's so unfair!"

Meanwhile, the Princess Clara, it would seem, Is not greatly amused by haute cuisine:

To put it bluntly, she won't eat her dinner, And so her arms and legs are getting thinner.

Soon there'll be nothing left but hair and bones: If only she could be as big as Jones.

Old Cookie Jones has set his heart on something: If only he could make the perfect dumpling.

He seethes that, though he's praised for his risotto, The dumpling prizes always go to Otto.

Yet, prizes don't make Otto proud at all: He's bothered that his house is far too small.

If only he'd the sort of modest palace, That meets the simple needs of Countess Alice.

The Countess has grown rather bored of flowers, But finds that dancing wiles away the hours.

She'd gladly leave and give it all away, If only she could dance like Prince José.

The acrobatic Prince can dance all day On legs that bend like wire, so they say. If only José's handstands were a patch
On Anna's – she's the star and that's the catch.

Although, for handstands, Anna doesn't care To Prince José it's all too much to bear.

To play the trumpet is Anna's new passion: If only she could play in Margaret's fashion.

Now, if you sometimes hear a distant rumbling, It's very probably just Margaret grumbling,

Because she's envious beyond belief, Of Lilly's brand-new, shining swan-white teeth.

Throughout the land, we've grown quite used to reading, Of Lilly's world-class skill at poodle breeding.

And yet, the champion poodle best-in-show, Is always owned by old Miss Weston-Hoe

Now, she has lived more than a hundred years; To anybody else, that calls for cheers.

And yet, she never will acknowledge Bill; Perhaps because he's even older still.

Old prankster Bill just likes to fool around He'll laugh until he's rolling on the ground.

If only he could find the perfect jest: For jokes made up by Fred are always best.

Poor Fred has just a few hairs on his head And yet, at night he sometimes dreams instead Of flowing locks and many a tangled tress, Like those that cause poor Julia distress.

Despite the hairy nightmares, Fred can bear, Without unduly grieving, loss of hair.

In fact, he sees no cause for great alarm, And thinks a bald patch adds a certain charm.

He's much too busy with big celebrations, With cakes and games and coloured decorations.

He likes to see his guests laugh and get dancing; If only hosts could all be so entrancing.