

There is no Rose of such vertu

As is the rose that bare Jesu;
Alleluia, Alleluia.

For in this rose contained was
Heav'n and earth in little space;
Res miranda, res miranda.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth:
Transeamus, transeamus.

Anonymous c1420

Nella Fantasia io vedo un mondo giusto,
Li tutti vivono in pace e in onest.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanit in fondo all'anima.

Nella Fantasia io vedo un mondo chiaro,
Li anche la notte meno oscura.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano.

Nella Fantasia esiste un vento caldo,
Che soffia sulle citt, come amico.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanit in fondo all'anima.

* * *

Four Songs in Praise of Spring

1) For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover,
Blossom by blossom, the spring begins.

A C Swinburne

3) Daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take
the winds of March with beauty: violets dim, but sweeter
than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath; pale
primroses, that die unmarried, ere they can behold bright
Phoebus in his strength, a malady most incident to maids;
bold oxlips and the crown imperial; lilies of all kinds, the
flower-de-luce being one.

O these I lack, to make you garlands of, and, my sweet
friend, to strew him o'er and o'er.

W Shakespeare

4) When daffodils begin to peer
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale. *[to page 2]*

Irish Blessing

May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be ever at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And the rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you, May God hold you
Ever in the palm of his hand.

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.
From the Sarum Primer, 1558

In my fantasy I see a fair world,
Where everyone lives in peace and honesty.
I dream of a place to live that is always free,
Like a cloud that floats,
Full of humanity in the depths of the soul.

In my fantasy I see a bright world
Where each night there is less darkness.
I dream of spirits that are always free,
Like the cloud that floats.

In my fantasy exists a warm wind,
That breathes into the city, like a friend.
I dream of souls that are always free,
Like the cloud that floats.

2) It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
These pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
How that life was but a flower
In springtime the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
For love is crownèd with love
In springtime the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

W Shakespeare

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, o how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirralirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
And summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

W Shakespeare

All'afflitto e dolce pianto...

È la gioia
che gli resta...
Una stella a me funesta
anche il pianto mi vietò.

Della tua più cruda, oh quanto,
Rosamonda, è la mia sorte!
Tu peristi d'una morte...
Io vivendo ognor morirò.
Libretto by Salvatore Cammarano

To the afflicted tears are sweet...

It is the only joy
which remains to them...
A star, deadly to me
forbids me even tears.

How much crueller, oh how much,
is my fate, Rosamund, than yours!
You persist of a death...
I, though living, will die continuously.
Aria for Sara, Roberto Devereux, Act I

Smanie implacabili

recit. Ah! scostati! Paventa il tristo effetto d'un disperato affetto! Chiudi quelle finestre; odio la luce, odio l'aria che spiro, odio me stessa. Chi schernisce il mio duol, chi mi consola? Deh, fuggi, per pietà! Fuggi, fuggi, per pietà! Lasciami sola!

aria Smanie implacabili, che m'agitare,
dentro quest'anima più non cessate,
finchè l'angoscia mi fa morir.
Esempio misero d'amor funesto
darò all'Eumenidi, se viva resto,
col suono orribile de' miei sospir.
Smanie implacabili, ecc.
Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

Ah! get out of my way! Beware the sad consequence of a desperate love! Close those windows; I hate the light, I hate the air I breathe, I hate myself. Who mocks my grief, who consoles me? Ah, flee, for mercy's sake! Flee, flee, for mercy's sake! Leave me alone!

Implacable desires, which are torturing me,
do not leave this soul of mine
until my anguish makes me die.
If I remain alive, I shall show the Furies
a miserable example of fatal love,
with the horrible sound of my sighing.
Implacable desires, etc.
Recitative and Aria for Dorabella, Così fan tutte, Act I

Dido's Lament

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest

When I am laid, am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create
No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, remember me, but ah! forget my fate.
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Recitative and Aria from the end of Dido and Aeneas, Libretto by Nahum Tate

Che farò senza Euridice

Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Euridice ... O Dio, rispondi!
Io son pure il tuo fedele.
Euridice! Ah, non m'avanza
Più soccorso, più speranza,
Né dal mondo, né dal ciel.
Libretto by Ranieri de' Calzabigi

What will I do without Euridice
Where will I go without my wonderul one?
Euridice ... Oh God, answer!
I am entirely your loyal one.
Euridice! Ah, it doesn't give me
Any help, any hope
Neither this world, nor heaven.
Aria for Orfeo from Orfeo ed Euridice, Act III

Even-song

Safe in its earth nest lying,
The bird is closing its eyes:
Dream! while the wind is flying
From its lair in the lofty skies!

Sweet in its earth nest lying
The flower is sinking to sleep:
Dream! while the waves are crying
On shores of the mighty deep!

For, dearest, thine eyelid closes,
Safe as the bird's in the bower;
Thy golden brow reposes,
Sweet as the head of the flower.

Night wind, murmur yonder!
Sea-wave break and scream!
Your voice can never wander
To the beautiful shores of Dream!

Christian Juul trans Robert Williams Buchanan

Voi che sapete

Che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete
Sio l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo
È per me nuovo,
Vi ridirò;
Capir nol so.
Sento un affetto
Pien di desir,
Ch'ora è diletto
Ch'ora è martir.
Gelo, e poi sento
L'alma avvampar,
E in un momento
Torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene
Fuori di me,
Non so chi'l tiene,
Non so cos'è
Sospiro e gemo
Senza voler,
Palpito e tremo
Senza saper.
Non trovo pace
Notte, né dí,
Ma pur mi piace
Languir cosí.
Voi che sapete
Che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete
Sio l'ho nel cor.

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

You ladies
You know what love is,
See if it is
What I have in my heart.
All that I feel
I will explain;
Since it is new to me,
I don't understand it.
I have a feeling
Full of desire,
Which now is pleasure,
Now is torment.
I freeze, then I feel
My spirit is ablaze,
And the next moment
Turn again to ice.
I seek for a treasure
Outside of myself;
I know not who holds it
Nor what it is.
I sigh and I groan
Without wishing to,
I flutter and tremble
Without knowing why.
I find no peace
By night or day,
But yet to languish thus
Is sheer delight.
You ladies
You know what love is,
See if it is
What I have in my heart.

Canzona for Cherubino, Le Nozze di Figaro, Act II

Three Sonnets to Orpheus

Da stieg ein Baum. O reine Übersteigung!
O Orpheus singt! O hoher Baum im Ohr!
Und alles schwieg. Doch selbst in der Verschweigung
ging neuer Anfang, Wink und Wandlung vor.

Tiere aus Stille drangen aus dem klaren
gelösten Wald von Lager und Genist;
und da ergab sich, daß sie nicht aus List
und nicht aus Angst in sich so leise waren,

sondern aus Hören. Brüllen, Schrei, Geröhr,
schien klein in ihren Herzen Und wo eben
kaum eine Hütte war, dies zu empfangen,

ein Unterschlupf aus dunkelstem Verlangen
mit einem Zugang, dessen Pfosten beben,—
da schufst du ihnen Tempel in Gehör.

Wartet..., das schmeckt... Schon ists auf der Flucht.
...Wenig Musik nur, ein Stampfen, ein Summen—:
Mädchen, ihr warmen, Mädchen, ihr stummen,
tanzt den Geschmack der erfahrenen Frucht!

Tanzt die Orange. Wer kann sie vergessen,
wie sie, ertrinkend in sich, sich wehrt
wider ihr Süßsein. Ihr habt sie besessen.
Sie hat sich köstlich zu euch bekehrt.

Tanzt die Orange. Die wärmere Landschaft,
werft sie aus euch, daß die reife erstrahle
in Lüften der Heimat! Ehrglühte, enthüllt

Düfte um Düfte! Schafft die Verwandtschaft
mit der reinen, sich weigernden Schale,
mit dem Saft, der die glückliche füllt!

Stiller Freund der vielen Fernen, fühle
wie dein Atem noch den Raum vermehrt.
Im Gebälk der finstern Glockenstühle
laß dich läuten. Das, was an dir zehrt,

wird ein Starkes über dieser Nahrung.
Geh in der Verwandlung aus und ein.
Was ist deine leidendste Erfahrung?
Ist der Trinken bitter, werde Wein.

Sei in dieser Nacht aus Übermaß
Zauberkraft am Kreuzweg deiner Sinne,
ihrer seltsamen Begegnung Sinn.

Und wenn dich das Irdische vergaß,
zu der stillen Erde sag: Ich rinne.
Zu dem raschen Wasser sprich: Ich bin.

Rainer Maria Rilke (Sonnets to Orpheus)

A tree ascending there. O pure transcension!
O Orpheus sings! O tall tree in the ear!
All noise suspended, yet in that suspension
what new beginning, beckoning, change, appear!

Creatures of silence pressing through the clear
disintricated wood from lair and nest;
and neither cunning, it grew manifest,
had made them breathe so quietly, nor fear,
but only hearing. Roar, cry, bell they found
within their hearts too small. And where before
less than a hut had harboured what came thronging,

a refuge tunnelled out of dimmest longing
with lowly entrance through a quivering door,
you built them temples in their sense of sound.

Stay,... this is good... But already it's flown.
...Murmurs of music, a footing, a humming:-
Maidens, so warm, so mute, are you coming
to dance the taste of this fruit we've known?

Dance the orange. Who can forget it,
the way it would drown in itself,—how, too,
it would struggle against its sweetness. And yet it
's been yours. Been deliciously changed into you.

Dance the orange. The landscape, create it
warm from yourselves, till its airs be enfolding
again the splendour they ripened! Loose

glowingly, fragrance on fragrance! Relate it
all to the peel, so chastely withholding,
all to the joyfully plentiful juice!

Silent friend of those far from us, feeling
how your breath is still enlarging space,
fill the sombre belfry with your pealing.
What consumes you now is growing apace

stronger than the feeding strength it borrows.
Be, as Change will have you, shade or shine.
Which has grieved you most of all your sorrows?
Turn, if drinking's bitter, into wine

Be, in this immeasurable night,
at your senses' cross-ways magic cunning,
be the sense of their mysterious tryst.

And, should earthliness forget you quite,
murmur to the quiet earth: I'm running.
Tell the running water: I exist.

Translation by J B Leishman

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The Angel and the Child

An angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.
“Dear Child! who we resemblest so,” it whispered
“Come, come, oh come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!
Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And e’en the happiest hours their sighs.
Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o’ershadowing tempest’s shock
Hath made the morrow’s dawn secure.

* * *

I dreamed of rain, and the rains came

Soft and easy, sweet and clear
I dreamed of rain, and the rains came, and peace spread over
the land

I dreamed of summer, and the winds changed
And the green was easy, and the rivers ran clear
I dreamed of summer, and the winds changed, and peace
spread over the land

And the flowers bloom in the desert,
And the air is fresh and clear
I dreamed of rain, and the rains came, and peace spread over
the land

I dreamed of freedom, and the moon rose
And the way was easy, and the path was clear
I dreamed of freedom, and the moon rose, and peace spread
over the land

And the guardian stars are shining
And the night is bright and clear
I dreamed of freedom, and the moon rose, and peace spread
over the land

I dreamed of heaven, and the earth sang
And the sound was easy, and the song was clear
I dreamed of heaven, and the earth sang, and peace spread
over the land

And the ancient pain is forgotten
And the father’s debts are clear
I dreamed of heaven, and the earth sang, and peace spread
over the land

I dreamed of rain, *etc.*

What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes so azure troubled grow?
Ah, no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And providence shall grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.
Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last.”
And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light!
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!
Jean Reboul trans H W Longfellow

A Hymn to the Virgin

Of one that is so fair and bright, *Velut maris stella*
Brighter than the day is light *Parens et puella*,
I cry to thee, thou see to me,
Lady, pray thy Son for me, *Tampia*,
That I may come to thee, *Maria*

All this world was forlorn, *Eva peccatrice*,
Till our Lord was y-born, *De te genetrix*,
With *ave* it went away,
Darkest night and come the day, *Salutis*;
The virtue springeth out of thee, *Virtutis*.
Anonymous c 1300

The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil,
Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil,
For you are with me,
You will comfort me
For you are with me,
You will comfort me,
Comfort me.
Surely goodness and mercy,
shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Forever
Forever
Forever

The Piper o' Dundee

The piper came to our toun, to our toun, to our toun
The piper came to our toun, and he played bonnielie
He play'd a spring the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae yont the seas
And then he gae his bags a squeeze
And play'd anither key

And wasna he a rogie, a rogie a rogie
And wasna he a rogie the piper o' Dundee
He play'd the welcome o'er the main
And 'ye see be fou', 'and I'se be fain'
And Auld Stewart's back again
Wi' muckle mirth and glee
He play'd 'The kirk' he play'd 'The Queen'
The 'Mull - in Dhu', and 'Chevalier',
And 'Lang a wa', but welcome here,
Sae sweet sae bonnie lie

Chorus

It's some gat swords and some gat nane
And some were dancing mad their lane
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh
And Struan, Keith md Ogilvie
And brave Carnegie, wha but he
The piper o' Dundee

Chorus

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona nobis pacem.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona nobis pacem.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona nobis pacem.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona nobis pacem.

Pacem, pacem.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world:
give us peace.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world:
give us peace.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world:
give us peace.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world:
give us peace.

Peace, peace.