

Lagrima d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata *text by Sipiione Agnelli*

Incenerite spoglie, avara tomba

Incenerite spoglie, avara tomba,
fatta del mio bel Sol, terreno cielo!
Ahi, lasso! I' vegno ad inchinarvi in terra
con voi chius'è il mio cor' a marmi in seno
e notte e giorno vive in pianto in foco,
in duol' in ira il tormentato Glauco.

Ditelo, o fiumi, e voi ch'udiste Glauco

Ditelo, o fiumi, e voi ch'udiste Glauco,
l'aria ferir di grida in su la tomba,
Erme campagne, e'l san le Ninfe e'l Cielo:
A me fu cibo il duol, bevanda il pianto,
Poi ch'il mio ben copri gelida terra,
letto, o sasso felice, il tuo bel seno.

Darà la notte il sol lume alla terra

Darà la notte il sol lume alla terra,
splenderà Cintia il dì, prima che Glauco
di baci, d'honorar lasci quel seno
che nido fu d'amor, che dura tomba
preme. Né sol d'alti sospir, di pianto,
prodighe a lui saran le fere e'l Cielo.

Ma te raccoglie, o ninfa, in grembo'l cielo

Ma te raccoglie, o ninfa, in grembo'l cielo
Io per te miro vedova la terra
deserti i boschi e correr fiumi il pianto;
e Driade e Napee del mesto Glauco
ridicono i lamenti, e su la tomba
cantano i pregi de l'amato seno.

Incinerated remains, greedy tomb

Incinerated remains, greedy tomb
made of my beautiful earthly sun, now my heaven.
Ah alas, I come to bow before you on earth.
Enclosed with you in marble is my heart
and night and day he lives in tears, in fire, in grief and in wrath, the tormented
Glauco.

Speak, O rivers—and you, lonely fields, who heard Glauco

Speak, O rivers—and you, lonely fields, who heard Glauco
pierce the air with cries above the tomb,
as the Nymphs and Heaven know full well:
Grief was my food, and weeping was my drink,
once the frozen earth had covered my beloved—
whose bed, O happy stone, was your fair bosom.

The night will give the earth its only light

The night will give the earth its only light
Cynthia (the moon) will shine by day, before Glauco
to kiss, to honor the bosom you leave, that breast which was a nest of love, which a
lasting tomb presses.
Nor only the deep sighs of weeping, The beasts and sky will be generous to him.

But you gather them, o nymphs, into the lap of heaven

But you gather them, o nymphs, into the lap of heaven.
for you I gaze upon the earth,
the deserted woods and streams that flow with my tears.
And Driads and nymphs of the vale mourning Glauco echoing the laments over
her tomb
they sing the praises of her beloved bosom.

O chiome d'or, neve gentil del seno

O chiome d'or, neve gentil del seno

o gigli de la man, ch'invido il cielo

ne rapì, quando chiuse in cieca tomba,

chi vi nasconde? Ohimè! Povera terra!

Il fior d'ogni bellezza, il sol di Glauco.

Nasconde? Ah, muse! Qui sgorgate il pianto!

Dunque, amate reliquie, un mar di pianto

Dunque, amate reliquie, un mar di pianto

non daran questi lumi al nobil seno

d'un freddo sasso? Ecco! L'afflitto Glauco

fa rissonar Corinna: il mar e'l cielo!

Dicano i venti ogn'hor, dica la terra.

Ahi, Corinna! Ahi, morte! Ahi, tomba!

Cedano al pianto i detti! Amato seno a te dia pace il ciel,

pace a te, Glauco. Prega honorata, tomba e sacra terra.

O golden hair, gentle snow of the breast

O golden hair, gentle snow of the breast

O lilies of the hand, I envy the sky

kidnapped, when closed in a blind tomb,

who hides you? Alas! Poor earth!

The flower of all beauty, the sun of Glauco.

Does he hide? Ah, muses! Here let the tears flow!

Thus, beloved relics, a sea of tears

Thus, beloved relics, a sea of tears

will not give warmth to the bosom

in a cold stone? Here is the wounded Glauco

let the sea and heaven resound, "Corinna";

let the winds and the earth say it every hour.

"Ah, Corinna! Ah, Death! Ah, Grave!"

Let the words yield to tears, beloved bosom; may heaven

grant you peace; peace to you Glauco; honored tomb, in the sacred earth.

Sing Me To Heaven *text by Jane Griner*

In my heart's sequestered chambers

Lie truths stripped of poet's gloss

Words alone are vain and vacant

And my heart is mute

In response to aching silence

Memory summons half-heard voices

And my soul finds primal eloquence

And wraps me in song

Wraps me, in song

If you would comfort me, sing me a lullaby

If you would win my heart, sing me a love song

If you would mourn me and bring me to God

Sing me a requiem, sing me to Heaven

Touch in me all love and passion

Pain and pleasure, touch in me

Touch in me, grief and comfort

Love and passion, pain and pleasure

Sing me a lullaby

A love song

A requiem

Love me, comfort me

Sing me to God

Sing me a love song

Sing me to Heaven

Tambur *text from Hungarian folk music*

Tambur, andandoritam
Sweetheart, come along with me to the music so entrancing. Gay and lively
melodies, they will set your feet a dancing. O Come with me dear, come to the
dance and the singing.

Come, o come to the dance fair maiden and dance, gleeful singing our heart will
gladden. Joy is ours my darling. Come, o come... Join with me and dance to the
music and joy is ours my darling.
Strike the cimbalon so merry.

Dance and turn to the music lively, step and toss to the measure sprightly, more
and more never ending.

I Will Be Earth *text by May Swenson*

I will be earth, you be the flower.
You have found my root, you are the rain.
I will be boat, and you the rower.
You rock me and toss me, you are the sea.

The Music of Living *text anonymous*

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to sing the words to your song.

I want to feel the music of living;
And not fear the sad songs
But from them make new songs
Composed of both laughter and tears.

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to dance to the sounds of your world.

Hear the piper pipe his ditty to the merry thrumming.

Bending, bowing gracefully like a gently swaying flower, heaven sent you to be
mine. There was ne'er so prized a dower.

Your sweet face does my heart beguile, you are more fair when you blushing smile
than roses fresh in a garden.

Heed my sighs and clasp my hand, I am ever for you yearning! Hark to the singing.
Other swains come to court and woo you. Be mine only, my one love true, and joy
will be ours forever.

How be steady earth that is now a flood.
The root is the oar afloat where has blown our bud.
We will be desert, pure salt the seed.
Burn radiant love, born scorpion need.

I want to move in rhythm with your plan.
Help me to follow your leading,
To risk even falling,
To rise and keep trying,
For you are leading the dance.

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to sing the words to your song.

Cloudburst *text by Octavio Paz*

La lluvia...

Ojos de agua de sombra,
ojos de agua de pozo,
ojos de agua de sueño.

Soles azules, verdes remolinos,
picos de luz que abren astros
como granadas.

Dime, tierra quemada, no hay agua?
hay sólo sangre, sólo hay polvo,
sólo pisadas de pies desnudos sobre la espina?

La lluvia despierta...

Hay que dormir con los ojos abiertos,
hay que soñar con las manos,
soñemos sueños activos de río buscando su cauce,
sueños de sol soñando sus mundos,
hay que soñar en voz alta,
hay que cantar hasta que el canto eche,
raíces, tronco, ramas, pájaros, astros,
hay que desenterrar la palabra perdida,
recordar lo que dicen la sangre y la marea,
le tierra y el cuerpo,
volver al punto de partida...

The rain...

Eyes of shadow-water,
eyes of well-water,
eyes of dream-water.

Blue suns, green whirlwinds,
birdbeaks of light pecking open
pomegranate stars.

But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?
Only blood, only dust,
Only naked footsteps on the thorns?

The rain awakens...

We must sleep with open eyes,
we must dream with our hands,
we must dream the dreams of a river seeking its course,
of the sun dreaming its worlds,
we must dream aloud,
we must sing till the song puts forth roots,
trunk, branches, birds, stars,
we must find the lost word,
and remember what the blood,
the tides, the earth, and the body say,
and return to the point of departure...

Requiem Aeterna *Missa pro defunctis*

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Ierusalem;
exaudi orationem meam,
ad te omnis caro veniet.

A hymn befits thee, O God in Zion,
and to thee a vow shall be fulfilled in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer, for to thee
all flesh will come.

Kyrie, eleison.
Christe, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Out Of The Deep *psalm 130*

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord:
Lord, hear my voice

O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint
If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss:

O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared

I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him:

In his word is my trust

My soul fleeth unto the Lord; before the morning watch, I say,
before the morning watch

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and
with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins

Pie Jesu *from 'Dies Irae', Missa pro defunctis*

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis sempiternam requiem.

Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest.
Merciful Lord Jesus, grant the eternal rest.

Sanctus, *Missa pro defunctis*

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth:
pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei *Missa pro defunctis*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.
dona eis requiem

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world:
in thy mercy, grant them rest.

Man that is born of a woman
hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower;
he fleeth as it were a shadow.

Agnus Dei...

In the midst of life we are in death:
of whom may we seek for succour?

Agnus Dei...

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord:
he that believeth in me, though he were dead,
yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth in me shall never die.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts:
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

The Lord Is My Shepherd *Psalms 23*

The lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff

He shall feed me in a green pasture:
and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of
righteousness, for his Name's sake

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble
me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Lux Aeterna *Missa pro defunctis*

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: blessed are the dead
who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours: even
so saith the Spirit.

Even so saith the Spirit

Lux aeterna, luceat eis
Domine: cum sanctis tuis
in aeternum, quia pius es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis

May light eternal shine upon them,
O Lord, in the company of the saints
Forever and ever; for thou art merciful.
Rest eternal grant to them O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.