

LUX AETERNA (1997)

I. INTROITUS

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine:
et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus Deus in Zion,
et tibi redetur votum
in Jerusalem:
exaudi orationem meam,
ad te omnis caro veniet.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine:
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

*Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.
A hymn befits thee, O God in Zion,
and to thee a vow shall be fulfilled
in Jerusalem:
Hear my prayer,
unto thee all flesh shall come.
Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.*

II. IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem
non horruisti Virginis uterum.
Tu devicto mortis aculeo,
aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum.
Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis.
Miserere nostri, Domine,
miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos
quemadmodum speravimus in te.
In te Domine, speravi:
non confundar in aeternum.

*To deliver us, you became human,
and did not disdain the Virgin's womb.
Having blunted the sting of death, You
opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
A light has risen in the darkness for the upright.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord,
have mercy upon us.
Let thy mercy be upon us, O Lord,
as we have trusted in thee.
In thee, O Lord, I have trusted:
let me never be confounded.*

III. O NATA LUX

O nata lux de lumine,
Jesu redemptor saeculi,
dignare clemens supplicum
laudes preces que sumere.
Qui carne quondam contegi
dignatus es pro perditis.
Nos membra confer effici,
tui beati corporis.

*O born light of light,
Jesus, redeemer of the world,
mercifully deem worthy and accept
the praises and prayers of your supplicants.
Thou who once deigned to be clothed in flesh
for the sake of the lost ones,
grant us to be made members
of your holy body.*

IV. VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

*Come, Holy Spirit,
Send forth from heaven
The ray of thy light.
Come, Father of the poor,
Come, giver of gifts,
Come, light of hearts.*

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labore requies,

*Thou best of Consolers,
Sweet guest of the soul,
Sweet refreshment.
In labor, thou art rest,*

In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

*In heat, the tempering,
In grief, the consolation.*

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

*O Light most blessed,
Fill the inmost heart
Of all thy faithful.
Without your grace,
There is nothing in us,
Nothing that is not harmful.*

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

*Cleanse what is sordid,
Moisten what is arid,
Heal what is hurt.
Flex what is rigid,
Fire what is frigid,
Correct what goes astray.*

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,

*Grant to thy faithful,
Those trusting in thee,
Thy sacred seven-fold gifts.
Grant the reward of virtue,
Grant the deliverance of salvation,*

V. AGNUS DEI - LUX AETERNA

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem.

*Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
grant them rest.*

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem.

*Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
grant them rest.*

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem sempiternam.

*Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
grant them rest everlasting.*

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine:
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum:
quia pius es.

*May light eternal shine upon them, O
Lord, in the company of thy Saints for
ever and ever; for thou art merciful.*

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

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

Alleluia. Amen.

Alleluia. Amen.

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Les Chansons des Roses (1993)

En une seule fleur

C'est pourtant nous qui t'avons propose
de remplir ton calice.
Enchanté de cet artifice,
ton abondance l'avait osé.

*It is we, perhaps, who proposed
that you replenish your bloom.
Enchanted by this charade,
your abundance dared.*

Tu étais assez riche, pour devenir cent
fois toi-même en une seule fleur;
c'est l'état de celui qui aime...
Mais tu n'as pas pensé ailleurs.

*You were rich enough to fulfill
yourself a hundred times over in a single flower;
such is the state of one who loves...
But you never did think otherwise.*

Rainer Maria Rilke, from *Les Roses*

English translation by Barbara and Erica Muhl

Dirait-on

Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on;

*Abandon surrounding abandon,
tenderness touching tenderness...
Your oneness endlessly
caresses itself, so they say;*

se caress en soi-même,
par son proper reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le theme
du Narcisse exaucé.

*self-caressing
through its own clear reflection.
Thus you invent the theme
of Narcissus fulfilled.*

Rainer Maria Rilke, from *Les Roses*

English translation by Barbara and Erica Muhl

Se Per Havervi, Oime (1987) No. 6 from Madrigali: Six "Fire Songs" on Italian Renaissance Poems

Se per havervi, oime, donato il core,
Nasce in me quell'ardore,
Donna crudel, che m'arde in ogno loco,
Tal che son tutto foco,
E se per amar voi, l'aspro martire
Mi fa di duol morire,
Miser! che far debb'io
Privo di voi che sete ogni ben mio?

If, alas, when I gave you my heart,
There was born in me that passion,
Cruel Lady, which burns me everywhere
So that I am all aflame,
And if, loving you, bitter torment
Makes me die of sorrow,
Wretched me! What shall I do
Without you who are my every joy?

Prayer (2013)

Echo of the clocktower, footstep
in the alleyway, sweep
of the wind sifting the leaves.

Jeweller of the spiderweb, connoisseur
of autumn's opulence, blade of lightning
harvesting the sky.

Keeper of the small gate, choreographer
of entrances and exits, midnight
whisper traveling the wires.

Seducer, healer, deity or thief,
I will see you soon enough –
in the shadow of the rainfall,

in the brief violet darkening a sunset –
but until then I pray watch over him
as a mountain guards its covert ore

and the harsh falcon its flightless young.

– Dana Gioia

Ya eres mía (2016)

(Now You Are Mine)

Pablo Neruda: Soneto LXXXI/Sonnet 81

Ya eres mía. Reposa con tu sueño en mi sueño.

Amor, dolor, trabajos, deben dormir ahora.
Gira la noche sobre sus invisibles ruedas
y junto a mí eres pura como el ámbar dormido.

Ninguna más, amor, dormiré con mis sueños.
Irás, iremos juntos por las aguas del tiempo.
time.

Ninguna viajará por la sombra conmigo,
sólo tú, siempre viva, siempre sol, siempre luna.

Ya tus manos abrieron los puños delicados
y dejaron caer suaves signos sin rumbo,
tus ojos se cerraron como dos alas grises,

Now you are mine. Rest with your dream inside my
dream.

Love, sorrow, labor now must sleep as well.
The night revolves on its invisible wheels
And joined to me you are as pure as sleeping amber.

No one else, my love, will ever sleep in my dreams.
You go, we go together through the waters of

No one else will journey through the shadows with
me,
Only you, eternally alive, eternal sun, eternal moon.

Your hands unfold their delicate grip,
Their gentle gestures falling aimlessly,
Your eyes close on themselves like two gray wings,

mientras yo sigo el agua que llevas y me lleva:
la noche, el mundo, el viento devanan su destino,
y ya no soy sin ti sino sólo tu sueño.

While I follow the waters you bear which bear me
away:
The night, the world, and the wind unfold their
destiny,
No longer with you, I am nothing but your dream.

English translation by Dana Gioia

Sa Nuit d'Été

(Its Summer Night)

Si je pourrais avec mes mains brûlantes
fondre ton corps autour ton cœur d'amante,
ah que la nuit deviendrait transparente
le prenant pour un astre attardé
qui toujours dès le premier temps des mondes
était perdu et qui commence sa ronde
et tâtonnant de sa lumière blonde
sa première nuit, sa nuit, sa nuit d'été.

— Rainer Maria Rilke

If, with my burning hands, I could melt
the body surrounding your lover's heart,
ah! how the night would become translucent,
taking it for a late star,
which, from the first moments of the world,
was forever lost, and which begins its course
with its blonde light, trying to reach out towards
its first night, its night, its summer night.

Translated by Byron Adams

Soneto de la Noche

(Sonnet of the Night)

Cuando yo muero* quiero tus manos en mis ojos:
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas
pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.

Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido, te espero,
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,
que huelas el aroma del mar que amamos juntos
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos.

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas,
por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,

para que alcances todo lo que mi amor te ordena,
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto.

— Pablo Neruda

Soneto LXXXIX From "Cien Sonetos de Amor"
Administered in the U.S. by SADAIC (o/b/o SCD
Chile)

*Neruda uses muero instead of muera in this
poem.

When I die, I want your hands upon my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands
to pass their freshness over me one more time:
I want to feel the gentleness that changed my
destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want your ears to still hear the wind,
I want you to smell the scent of the sea we both
loved,
and to continue walking on the sand we walked on.

I want all that I love to keep on living,
and you whom I loved and sang above all things
to keep flowering into full bloom,

so that you can touch all that my love provides you,
so that my shadow may pass over your hair,
so that all may know the reason for my song.

Translated by Nicholas Lauridsen

Epilogue: Voici le soir - (Night has come)

Voici le soir;
pendant tout un jour encore je vous ai beaucoup aimées,
collines émues.

C'est beau de voir,
Mais: de sentir à la douleur des paupières fermées
la douceur d'avoir vu. . .

— Rainer Maria Rilke

Night has come:
for one whole day again I've loved you so much,
stirring hills.

It's beautiful to see.
But: to feel in the lining of closed eyelids
the sweetness of having seen. . .

Translated by Morten Lauridsen

O Magnum Mysterium

O magnum mysterium,
et admirabile sacramentum
ut animalia viderent Dominum
natum, jacentum in praesepio!
Beata Virgo, cujus viscera
meruerunt portare
Dominum Christum. Alleluia!

*O great mystery,
and wondrous sacrament,
that animals should see the newborn
Lord, lying in their manger!
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb
was worthy to bear the
Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluia!*

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