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# Programme

Hosanna to the Son of David	Thomas Weelkes (c. 1576-1623)
When David Heard	Thomas Tomkins (1573-1656)
Lasciatemi morire from <i>Lamento d'Arianna</i>	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Lasciatemi Fly to Death	Luciano Lunkes (b. 1917)
Vox in Rama	Giaches de Wert (c. 1535-1596)
Le Campane di Leopardi	Yehuda Yannay (b. 1937)
Ecco l'Aurora	Andrea Gabrieli (c. 1533-1585)
Ecco mormorar l'onde	Claudio Monteverdi
Dawn	Eric William Barnum (b. 1979)
Dare alla Luce	Larry Nickel (b. 1952)
Si ch'io vorrei morire	Claudio Monteverdi
Two Hands or Wings	Gerardo Dirié (b. 1958)
Pomegranate Friends (premiere) <i>Louise Prickett, soprano</i>	Gerardo Dirié
O nata lux	Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

*Thank you for attending this afternoon's performance, which is held in conjunction with the exhibition of the Sisters of Mercy. You are invited to wander through the exhibition space and then join us outside for refreshments following the concert.*

# Texts & Translations

## Hosanna to the Son of David

*Matthew 21:9*

Hosanna to the Son of David!

Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna!

Thou that sittest in the highest heav'ns, Hosanna!

Hosanna in the highest!

## When David Heard

*2 Samuel 18:33*

When David heard that Absalom was slain

He went up to his chamber over the gate and wept; and thus he said:

O my son! Absalom my son! Would God I had died for thee!

## Lasciatemi morire

*Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)*

Leave me to die; whom do you wish to comfort me  
in such a hard fate, in such great suffering?

## Lasciatemi Fly to Death

Leave me to die!

Whom do you wish to comfort me,  
in such hard fate and suffering.

Oh, let me die! To death I'll fly, fly away, away!

The death must come!

I cannot shun, I will fly away!

Tonight thou must forsake this land.

The angry god will brook no longer stay: go fly away!

## Vox in Rama

*Jeremiah 31:15*

A voice is heard in Ramah of weeping and great lamentation.

Rachel is weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are no more.

## Le Campane di Leopardi

*Excerpt from Le Ricordanze (Memories) by Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837)*

The tolling of the hour is carried by the wind from the town-belfry.

It was the sound that comforted me,

As I remember, during those terribly nights of boyhood,

When I lay awake in my dark room,

Filled with fright, longing for the dawn.

## Ecco l'Aurora

Alas, the dawn with its golden semblance.

Alas, the dawn which, step by step, brings the day.

Alas, it appears over the horizon, adorned with the white of snow.

Alas, the night, on the opposite side of the mountain, which is escaping into its ancient abode.

And I, here, crying, upon the coming of dawn surrounded by the air of dawn.

## Ecco mormorar l'onde

*Torquato Tasso (1544-1595)*

Here the waves are murmuring,

and the foliage quivering in the morning breeze.

And on the green boughs the pretty birds sing gently;

and the Orient laughs.

Here dawn appears and is reflected in the sea.

The sky becomes light, making pearls of the dew drops and gilding the high mountains.

O beautiful, gentle dawn, the breeze is your herald and you its herald,

Which comforts every burning heart.

## Dawn

*Robert Bode*

From the door's soft opening  
And the day's first sigh, filling the room,  
I see before me a life of doors, one opening on another:  
Doors upon doors, and doors upon doors,  
And sighs, sighs upon sighs,  
Rising in a tide of mornings,  
Rising, until that final sigh.  
And the last morning,  
And the last holy breath,  
Whispering "this".

## Dare alla Luce

*Matthew 6:22-23*

*Dare alla Luce, which literally means 'give to the light', is an Italian saying for 'giving birth'.*

Give to the light,  
The eye is the window to the soul.  
Dear Jesus, You are the Light of the World  
I desire to be full of Your Light.  
Give to the light,  
Do not hide your light.  
If your eye is full of light  
The the whole body is full of light.  
But if your eye is full of darkness  
Then the whole body is full of darkness.  
The eye is the window to the soul,  
Give to the light.  
Hold your light up high  
Let your light shine for all people.  
Dear Jesus, You are the Light of the World  
I desire to be full of Your Light, Light Eternal.

## Si ch'io vorrei morire

*Maurizio Moro (16<sup>th</sup> century)*

Yes, I would like to die.

Love, now that I kiss the beautiful lips of my beloved sweetheart.

Ah, dear sweet tongue,

Give me kisses so moist that I perish from their sweetness upon her breast!

Ah, my life, please crush me to your white bosom until I faint!

Ah lips, ah kisses, ah tongue, I say once more:

“Yes, I would like to die.”

## Two Hands or Wings

*Gerardo Dirie, inspired by Matteo Ricci's On Friendship*

My looking went on and found you looking for the same gold.

The light that makes me guides me into the horizon,

and into the voices of another others who find me.

If gone I hold their absence as if they would return.

## Pomegranate Friends

*Gerardo Dirie, inspired by Matteo Ricci's On Friendship*

Pomegranate friends

in a dream of numbers and virtue.

A raven steals my hours

and makes a nest

in the watchtower.

Another stole days

in a mess of beaks

and unrecognizable moments.

But these, so many seeds

in the pomegranate's dream...

all are good in the dream

—a treasure of ruby virtue

and constancy.

“See my faults, see my faults  
and do protest.

(Steal not my time).

The red in time will sink in.”

## O Nata Lux

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.