

TEXTOS

Orlando Lasso (ca.1532-1594)
Musica Dei donum

Musica Dei donum optimi trahit homines, trahit deos;
Musica truces mollit animos tristesque mentes erigit.
Musica vel ipsas arbores et horridas movet feras.

Sebastián de Vivanco (ca.1551-1622)
Versa est in luctum

Versa est in luctum cithara mea,
Et organum meum in vocem flentium.
Parce mihi Domine,
Nihil enim sunt dies mei.

Diogo Dias Melgás (1638-1700)
In ieiunio et fletu

In ieiunio et fletu, plorabant sacerdotes dicentes:
Parce Domine parce populo tuo et ne des
haereditatem tuam in perditionem.

Rey Juan IV de Portugal (1604-1656)
Crux fidelis

Crux fidelis, inter omnes, arbor una nobilis.
Nulla silva talem profert fronde, flore, germine.
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, dulce pondus sustinet.

Alonso Lobo (1555-1617)
Versa est in luctum

Versa est in luctum cithara mea,
et organum meum in vocem flentium.
Parce mihi Domine,
nihil enim sunt dies mei.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Quatre petites prières de Saint Francois d'Assise

Salut, Dame sainte

Salut, Dame Sainte, reine très sainte, Mère de Dieu,
ô Marie qui êtes vierge perpétuellement, élue par le
très Saint Père du Ciel,
consacrée par Lui, avec son très saint Fils bien aimé

Sebastián de Vivanco (ca.1551-1622)
Versa est in luctum

My harp is tuned to mourning,
and my music to the voice of those who weep.
Spare me, O Lord,
for my days are nothing.

Diogo Dias Melgás (1638-1700)
In ieiunio et fletu

In fasting and tears the priests were weeping,
saying: O Lord, spare your people and do not
give your heritage to destruction.

Alonso Lobo (1555-1617)
Versa est in luctum

My harp is tuned for lamentation,
and my flute to the voice of those who weep.
Spare me, O Lord,
for my days are as nothing.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Quatre petites prières de Saint Francois d'Assise

Salut, Dame sainte

Hail Holy Lady, most holy queen, mother of God,
Mary for ever a virgin, chosen by the most holy
Father of Heaven,
consecrated by Him with his most holy and most

et l'esprit Paraclet,
Vous en qui fut et demeure toute plénitude de grâce
et tout bien!
Salut, palais; salut, tabernacle; salut,
maison;
Salut, vêtement; salut, servante; salut, mère de
Dieu!
Et salut à vous toutes, saintes vertus qui par la
grâce
et l'illumination du Saint Esprit, êtes versées dans
les coeurs des fidèles et, d'infidèles que nous
sommes, nous rendez fidèles à
Dieu.

Tout puissant, très saint

Tout puissant, très saint, très haut et souverain
Dieu;
souverain bien, bien universel,
bien total; toi qui seul est bon;
puissions-nous te rendre toute louange, toute gloire,
toute reconnaissance, tout honneur, toute
bénédictio;
puissions-nous te rapporter toujours à toi tous les
biens.
Amen

Seigneur, je vous en prie

Seigneur, je vous en prie,
que la force brûlante et douce de votre amour
absorbe mon âme
et la retire de tout ce qui est sous le ciel,
afin que je meure par amour de votre amour
puisque vous avez daigné mourir par amour de
mon amour.

O mes très chers frères

O mes très chers frères
et mes enfants bénis pour toute l'éternité,
écoutez-moi, écoutez la voix de votre Père:
Nous avons promis de grandes choses,
on nous a promis de plus grandes;
gardons les unes et soupignons après les autres.
Le plaisir est court, la peine éternelle.
La souffrance est légère, la gloire infinie.
Beaucoup sont appelés, peu sont élus,
tous recevront ce qu'ils auront mérité. Ainsi soit-il.

beloved Son and the Holy Ghost,
You in whom lies the fullness of grace and all
goodness!
Hail, palace; hail, tabernacle, hail, dwelling-
place;
Hail, vestment, hail, handmaid, hail, mother of
God!
And hail to all your holy virtues who, by the
grace
And illumination of the Holy Spirit, are poured
into the hearts of the faithful,
And, faithless though we are, make us faithful to
God!

Tout puissant, très saint

Almighty, most holy, most high and sovereign
God,
Sovereign, universal and good;
You who alone are good,
may we offer you praise, glory,
gratitude, honour,
blessing;
May we always bring to you everything that is
good.
Amen.

Seigneur, je vous en prie

Lord, I beg you,
Let the burning and gentle force of your love
pervade my soul
And withdraw it from all that is below Heaven,
That I might die for love of your love,
Since you died for love of
my love.

O mes très chers frères

O my dear brothers,
Children blest for all eternity,
Listen to me, listen to your Father's voice:
We have promised great things,
We have been promised greater things;
Let us preserve one and long for the other.
Pleasure is short-lived, pain eternal.
Suffering is light, glory infinite.
Many are called but few are chosen,
And all will receive what they merit. Amen.

Joby Talbotm (1971) / Arr. Philip Lawson (1957)
De Path of Miracles: Leon, nº 3

*Li soleus qui en moi luist est mes deduis,
Et Dieus est mon conduis.ⁱ*

We have walked
In Jakobsland:

Over river and sheep track,
By hospice and hermit's cave.

We sleep on the earth and dream of the road,
We wake to the road and we walk.

Wind from the hills
Dry as the road,

Sun overhead,
Too bright for the eye

*Li soleus qui en moi luist est mes deduis,
Et Dieus est mon conduis.ⁱⁱ*

Rumours of grace on the road,
Of wonders:

The miracles of Villasirga,
The Virgin in the apple tree.

The Apostle on horseback –
A journey of days in one night.

God knows we have walked
In Jakobsland:

Through the Gothic Fields,
From Castrogeriz to Calzadilla,

Calzadilla to Sahagun,
Each day the same road, the same sun.

Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Dominum virtutem.ⁱⁱⁱ

Here is a miracle.
That we are here is a miracle.

Here daylight gives an image of
The heaven promised by His love.

*Beate, qui habitant in domo tua, Domine;
In saecula saeculorum laudabant te.^{iv}*

ⁱ The sun that shines within me is my joy, and God is my guide. Anon, C.13th

ⁱⁱ The sun that shines within me is my joy, and God is my guide. Anon, C.13th

ⁱⁱⁱ How admirable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. Psalm 84

^{iv} Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will still be praising be. Ibid

György Ligeti (1923-2006) **Nonsense Madrigals**

The Lobster Quadrille

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.
"There's a porpoise right behind us and he's treading on my tail!
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle - will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance,
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The farther off from England, the nearer is to France
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"
(Text: Lewis Carroll)

Flying Robert

The Story of Flying Robert
When the rain comes tumbling down,
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys
Stay at home and mind their toys, Robert though: "No!"
Rain it did!
And in a minute, Robert was in it; Here you see him, silly fellow, Underneath his red umbrella!
What a wind!
Oh! How it whistles through the trees
And flow'rs and thistles!
Oh! It has caught the red umbrella!

Now look at him, silly fellow,
Up he flies to the skies!
No one heard his screams and cries!
Through the clouds the rude wind bore him, And his hat flew on before him;
Soon they got to such a height, They were nearly out of sight!
And his hat went up so high, That it nearly touch'd the sky. No one every yet could tell,
Where they stopp'd or where they fell?
Only this one thing is plain,
Bob was never seen again.

From the "Struwelpeter," translated by Dr. Heinrich Hoffman (1845)

A Long, Sad Tale

"Off with her head!"
Head, heal, teal, tell, tall, tail...

"Mine is a long and a sad tale."
"It *is* a long tail, certainly,
but why do you call it sad?"
Turn witch into fairy.
Witch, winch, wench, tench, tenth, tents, tints,
tilts, tills, fills, falls, fails, fairs, fairy!

Fury said to a mouse,
That he met in the house,
"Let us both go to law:
I will prosecute *you*. -- Come,
I'll take no denial;
We must have a trial:
For really this morning
I've nothing to do."

Furies, buries, buried, burked, barked, barred, barrel...

Said the mouse to the cur,
"Such a trial, dear Sir,
With no jury or judge,
would be wasting our breath."
"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
Said cunning old Fury:
"I'll try the whole cause,
and condemn you to death."
Quilt, guilt, guile, guide, glide, slide, slice, spice,
spine, spins, shins, shies, shier, sheer, sheet...

(Text: Lewis Carroll)