

Texts and Translations

Sacred and Profane - Benjamin Britten

1. St. Godric's Hymn

<p>Sainte Marye Virgine, Moder Jesu Christes Nazarene, Info, schild, help thin Godric, Onfang, bring heyilich with thee in Godes Riche.</p> <p>Sainte Marye, Christes bur, Maidenes clenhad, moderes flur, Dillie min sinne, rix in min mod, Bring me to winne with the self God.</p>	<p>St. Mary, the Virgin, Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth Receive, defend and help thy Godric, (and), having received (him), bring (him), on high with thee in God's Kingdom.</p> <p>St. Mary, Christ's bower, Virgin among maidens, flower of motherhood, Blot out my sin, reign in my heart, (and) bring me to bliss with that selfsame God.</p>
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2. I mon waxe wod

<p>Foweles in the frith, The fisses in the flod, And I mon waxe wod: Mulch sore I walke with For beste of bon and blod.</p>	<p>Birds in the wood, The fish in the river, And I must go mad: Much sorrow I live with For the best of creatures alive.</p>
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3. Lenten is come

<p>Lenten is come with love to toune, With blosmen and with briddes roune, That all this bjisse bringeth. Dayeseyes in this dales, Notes swete of nightegales, Uch fowl song singeth. The threstelcok him threteth oo. Away is huere winter wo When woderofe springeth. This fowles singeth ferly fele, And wliteth on huere wyne wele, That all the wode ringeth.</p>	<p>Spring has come with love among us, With flowers and with the song of birds, That brings all this happiness. Daisies in these valleys, The sweet notes of nightingales, Each bird sings a song. The thrush wrangles all the time. Gone is their winter woe WHen the woodruff springs. These birds sing, wonderfully merry, And warble in their abounding joy, So that all the wood rings.</p>
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4. The long night

<p>Mirie it is, while summer ilast, With fugheles song. Oc nu necheth windes blast And weder strong Ey! ey! what this night is long! And ich, with well michel wrong, Soregh and murne and fast.</p>	<p>Pleasant it is, while summer lasts, With the bird's song. But now the blast of the wind draws night, and strong weather. Alas! How long this night is, And I, with very great wrong Sorrow and mourn and fast.</p>
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5. Yif ic of luve can

<p>Whanne ic se on Rode Jesu, my lemman, And besiden him stonden Marye and Johan, And his rig iswongen,</p>	<p>When I see on the Cross Jesus, my lover, and beside him stand Mary and John, and his back scourged,</p>
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<p>And his side istungen, For the luve of man: Well ou ic to wepen, And sinnes for to leten, Yif ic of luve can.</p>	<p>and his side pierced, for the love of man, well ought I to weep and sins to abandon, if I know of love.</p>
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6. Carol

<p>Maiden in the mor lay, In the more lay; Sevenight full, Sevenight full, Maiden in the mor lay; In the more lay, Sevenightes full and a day.</p> <p>Welle was hire mete. What was hire mete? The primerole and the- The primerole and the- Welle was hire mete. What was hire mete? The primerole and the violet.</p> <p>Welle was hire dring. What was hire dring? The chelde water of the- The celde water of the- Welle was hire dring. What was hire dring? The chelde water of the well-spring. Well was hire bowr. What was hire bowr? The rede rose and the- The rede rose and the- Welle was hire bowr. What was hire bowr? The rede rose and the lilye flour.</p>	<p>A maiden lay on the moor, Lay on the moor; A full week, A full week, A maiden lay on the moor; Lay on the moor, A full week and a day.</p> <p>Good was her food. What was her food? The primrose and the- The primrose and the- Good was her food. What was her food? The primrose and the violet.</p> <p>Good was her drink. What was her drink? The cold water of the- The cold water of the- Good was her drink. What was her drink? The cold water of the well-spring. Good was her bower. What was her bower? The red rose and the- The red rose and the- Good was her bower. What was her bower? The red rose and the lilyflower.</p>
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7. Ye that pasen by

<p>Ye that pasen by the weiye, Abidet a little stounde. Beholdet, all my felawes, Yef any me lik is founde. To the Tre with nailles thre Wol fast I hange bounde; With a spere all thoru my side To mine herte is mad a wounde.</p>	<p>You that pass by the way, Stay a little while. Behold, all my fellows, If any like me is found. To the Tree with three nails Most fast I hang bound; With a spear all through my side To my heart is made a wound.</p>
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8. A death

<p>Wanne mine eyhnen misten, And mine heren sissen, And my nose coldet, And my tunge foldet,</p>	<p>When my eyes get misty, And my ears are full of hissing, And my nose gets cold, And my tongue folds,</p>
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<p>And my rude slaket, And mine lippes blaken, And my muth grennet, And my spotel rennet, And mine her riset, And mine herte grisiet, And mine honden bivien, And mine fet stivien - All to late! all to late! Wanne the bere is ate gate. Thanne I schel flutte, From bedde to flore, From flore to here, From here to bere, From bere to putte, And the putt fordut. Thanne lyd mine hus uppe mine nose. Of al this world ne give I it a pese!</p>	<p>And my face goes slack, And my lips blacken, And my mouth grins, And my spittle runs, And my hair rises, And my heart trembles, And my hands shake, And my feet stiffen - All too late! All too late! When the bier is at the gate. Then I shall pass From bed to floor, From floor to shroud, From shoud to bier, From bier to grave, And the grave will be closed up. Then rests my house upon my nose. For the whole world, I don't care one jot!</p>
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Tre motetti a quattro voci miste - Bruno Bettinelli

Bone Pastor

<p>Bone Pastor, panis vere, Jesu, nostri miserere. Tu nos pasce, tuere; Tu nos bona, fac videre In terra viventium Amen.</p>	<p>Good shepherd, true bread, Jesus, have mercy on us: Feed and protect us: Make us see good things in the land of the living. Amen.</p>
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Respice in me

<p>Respice in me, et miserere mei, Domine: quoniam unicus et pauper sum ego: vide humilitatem meam, et laborem meum: et dimitte omnia peccata mea Deus meus. Ad te, Domine, levavi animam meam: Deus meus, in te confido, non erubescam</p>	<p>Look Thou upon me, O Lord, and have mercy on me: for I am alone and poor. See my abjection and my labor: and forgive me all my sins, O my God. To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul: In Thee, my God, I put my trust, let me not be ashamed.</p>
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Ave verum

<p>Ave verum Corpus natum De Maria Virgine, Vere passum, immolatum In Cruce pro homine, Cuius latus perforatum Vero fluxit et sanguine, Esto nobis praegustatum, Mortis in examine. O clemens, O pie, O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariae.</p>	<p>Hail, true Body, truly born Of the Virgin Mary mild, Truly offered, racked and torn, On the Cross, for man defiled, From whose love-pierced, sacred side Flowed Thy true Blood's saving tide: Be a foretaste sweet to me In my death's great agony. O Thou loving, gentle One, Sweetest Jesus, Mary's son.</p>
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Trois Chansons - Maurice Ravel

1. Nicolette

<p>Nicolette, à la vesprée, S'allait promener au pré, Cueillir la pâquerette, la jonquille et la muguet, Toute sautillante, toute guillerette, Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés.</p> <p>Rencontra vieux loup grognant, Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant; Hé là! ma Nicolette, viens tu pas chez Mère Grand? A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette, Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.</p> <p>Rencontra page joli, Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris, "Hé là! ma Nicolette, veux tu pas d'un doux ami? Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement, le cœur bien marri.</p> <p>Rencontra seigneur chenu, Tors, laid, puant et ventru "Hé là! ma Nicolette, veux tu pas tous ces écus? Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.</p>	<p>Nicolette, at twilight, Went for a walk through the fields, To pick daisies, daffodils, and lilies of the valley. Skipping around, completely jolly, Spying here, there, and everywhere.</p> <p>She met an old, growling wolf, On alert, eyes a-sparkle: "Hey there! Nicolette, my dear, won't you come to Grandmother's house?" Out of breath, Nicolette fled, Leaving behind her cornette and white clogs.</p> <p>She met a cute page, Blue shoes and gray doublet: "Hey there! Nicolette dear, wouldn't you like a sweetheart?" Wisely, she turned 'round, poor Nicolette, very slowly, with a contrite heart.</p> <p>She met an old gentleman, Twisted, ugly, smelly and pot-bellied: "Hey there! Nicolette dear, don't you want all this money?" She ran straight into his arms, good Nicolette, Never to return to the fields again.</p>
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2. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

<p>Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis Mon ami z-il est à la guerre Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis Ont passé par ici.</p> <p>Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel, (Mon ami z-il est à la guerre) Le second était couleur de neige, Le troisième rouge vermeil.</p> <p>"Beaux oiselets du Paradis, (Mon ami z-il est à la guerre) Beaux oiselets du Paradis, Qu'apportez par ici?"</p> <p>"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur (Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)" "Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige, Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur."</p> <p>Oiseau vermeil du Paradis, (Mon ami z-il est à la guerre) Oiseau vermeil du Paradis, Que portez vous ainsi?</p> <p>"Un joli cœur tout cramoisi" Ton ami z-il est à la guerre</p>	<p>Three beautiful birds of paradise (My love is gone to the war) Three beautiful birds of paradise Have passed this way.</p> <p>The first was bluer than the sky (My love has gone to the war) The second was the color of snow The third was red as vermillion.</p> <p>"Beautiful little birds of paradise (My love has gone to the war) Beautiful little birds of paradise What do you bring here?"</p> <p>"I carry an azure glance (Your love has gone to the war) And I must leave on a snow-white brow A kiss, even purer."</p> <p>"You red bird of paradise (My love has gone to the war) You red bird of paradise What are you bringing me?"</p> <p>"A loving heart, flushing crimson." (Your love has gone to the war)</p>
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"Ha! je sens mon coeur qui froidit...
Emportez le aussi."

"Ah, I feel my heart growing cold . . .
Take that with you as well."

3. Ronde

Les Vieilles:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de satyres,
de centaures, de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,
Diables, diablots, diabolins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs es des mages,
des stryges, des sylphes,
des moines-bourus,
des cyclopes, des djinns,
gobelins, korrigans,
nécromants, kobolds ...
Ah!
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Les vieux:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de faunes,
de bacchantes et de males fées,
garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

Des satyresses,
des ogresses,
Et des babaïagas,
Des centaures et des diablasses,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes et des démons,
Des larves, des nymphes,
des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démons,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
naiades,
ménades, thyades,
follettes, lémures,
gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelines ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

Les filles / Les garçons:

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,

The old women:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young maidens, do not go into the forest:
It is full of satyrs,
Of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,
Of sprites and incubuses,
Ogres, pixies,
Fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,
Devils, imps, and fiends,
Cloven-foot, gnomes,
Of demons,
Of werewolves, elves,
Warriors,
Enchanters and conjurers,
Of fairies, sylphs
Of surly hermits,
Cyclopes, Djinns,
Spirits, gremlins,
Necromancers, trolls ...
Ah!
Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.

The old men:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young men, do not go into the forest:
It is full of female fauns,
Of Bacchae and evil spirits,
Lads, do not go into the forests.

Of female satyrs,
Ogresses,
And Baba Yagas,
Of female centaurs and devils,
Ghouls emerging from sabbath,
Of sprites and demons,
Of larvae, of nymphs,
Of warriors,
It is full of demons,
Tree spirits and dryads,
Naiads,
Bacchantes, oreads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts,
Gnomes, succubuses,
Gorgons, monsters,
Do not go into Ormonde forest.

The maids / The lads:

We won't to into Ormonde forest any more,
Alas! Never more we'll go into the forest.

There are no more satyrs there,
No more nymphs or evil spirits.
No more sprites, no more incubuses,
No ogres, no pixies,

<p>Plus d'ogresses, De faunes, de follets, de lamies, Diables, diablots, diabolins, De satyresses, non. De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes, de démons, Plus de faunesses, non! De loups-garous, ni d'elfes, de myrmidons Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages, de stryges, de sylphes, de moines-bourus, De centaresses, de naiades, de thyades, Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades, dryades, folletes, lémures, gnomides, succubes, gorgones, gobelines, de cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux, d'éfrits, d'aegypan, de sylvains, gobelins, korrigans, nécromans, kobolds ... Ah!</p> <p>N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde, N'allez pas au bois.</p> <p>Les malavisées vieilles, Les malavisés vieux les ont effarouchés -- Ah!</p>	<p>No more ogresses, No more fauns, hobgoblins or spooks, Devils, imps, or fiends, No female satyrs, no. No more goat-footed, no gnomes, No demons. No more female fauns, no! Nor werewolves, nor elves, No warriors, No more enchanters or conjurers, No fairies, no sylphs, No surly hermits, No female centaurs or naiads, No more oreads, No more Bacchantes or tree spirits, No dryads, Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes, succubuses, gorgons, goblins, No cyclops, nor djinns, nor fiends, no ifrits, no Aegipan, No tree spirits, goblins, gremlins, necromancers, trolls.. Ah!</p> <p>Do not go into the Ormonde forest, Do not go into the forest.</p> <p>The misguided old women, The misguided old men Have chased them all away -- Ah!</p>
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Five motets (selections) - Pablo Ortiz

1. In Monte Oliveti

<p>In monte Oliveti oravit ad Patrem: Pater si fieri potest transeat a me calix iste. Spiritus quidem promptus est caro autem infirma. Fiat voluntas tua.</p>	<p>On the Mount of Olives he prayed to his Father: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Let your will be done.</p>
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2. O vos omnes

<p>O vos omnes qui transitis per viam: attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.</p>	<p>O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.</p>
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3. Epithalamica

<p>Epithalamic dic Sponsa, cantica, Intus quae conspicis dic foris gaudia Et nos laetificans, de Sponso nuntia Cuius te refovet semper praesentia. Adulescentulae, vos chorum ducite, Cum haec praecinerit, et vos succinite. Amici Sponsi vos vocarunt nuptiae, Et novae modulus optamus Dominae. Epithalamica dic Sponsa, cantica, Intus quae conspicis dic foris gaudia.</p>	<p>Tell forth, O bride, your bridal canticle. Tell outwardly the joys you gaze upon from within, And, gladdening us, give tidings of the bridegroom, Whose presence means new life for you, forever. Young maidens, sing, dance! When she, the bride, begins her song, join in. The bridegroom's friends have called you to the nuptials. And we wait to hear the songs sung by the new liege Lady. Tell forth, O bride, your bridal canticle.</p>
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Tell outwardly the joys you gaze upon from within.
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The Unicorn, The Gordon and the Manticore (selections) - Gian Carlo Menotti

Summary

The prologue describes a strange man living in a castle above a seaside town who shuns the town's social life and the Contessa's parties and refuses to go to church on Sundays. One Sunday, he parades his pet unicorn through town. The Contessa insists she must have a unicorn as well and persuades her husband to get one for her. The citizens of the town then buy unicorns as well. On the next Sunday, the poet is seen with a gorgon. The Contessa and townspeople assume he has killed his unicorn and promptly kill theirs to replace them with gorgons. On the third Sunday, he appears with a manticore. They once again follow suit by killing their gorgons and buying manticores. When the poet fails to appear on the fourth Sunday, the townspeople assume he has killed his manticore too. Scandalized, they march to his castle to attack him. When they arrive, they find the poet dying surrounded by his three pets, all of whom are alive. In the twelfth and final madrigal he berates the townspeople for slavishly following fashion. Unlike them, he had kept all his pets: "You, not I, are the indifferent killers of the poet's dreams. How could I destroy the pain wrought children of my fancy?" The poet then bids farewell to each of his creatures in turn and tells them "Not even death I fear as in your arms I die."

Introduction

There once lived a Man in a Castle,
and a strange man was he.
He shunned the Countess' parties;
he yawned at town meetings;
he would not let the doctor take his pulse;
he did not go to church on Sundays.
Oh what a strange man is the Man in the Castle!

Second Madrigal

(Enter the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn)

One Sunday afternoon the proud Man in the Castle
joined the crowd in the promenade by the sea. He
walked slowly down the quai
leading by a silver chain a captive unicorn.
The townsfolk stopped to stare at the ill-assorted pair.
Thinking the man insane some laughed with pity,
some laughed with scorn:
"What a scandalous sight to see a grown-up man
promenade a unicorn in plain daylight
all through the city"
"If one can stroke the cat and kick the dog;
if one can pluck the peacock and flee the bee;
if one can ride the horse and hook the hog;
if one can tempt the mouse and swat the fly,
Why, why would a man both rich and
well-born raise a unicorn?"
"If one can strike the boar with the spear
and pierce the lark with an arrow;
if one can hunt the fox and the deer,
and net the butterfly and eat the sparrow;
if one can bid the falcon fly and let the robin die;

Why, why would a man both rich and
well-born raise a unicorn?"
"If one can skin the mole and crush the snake;
if one can tame the swan on the lake
and harpoon the dolphin in the sea;
if one can chain the bear and train the flea;
if one can sport with the monkey
and chatter with the magpie,
Why, why would a man both rich and
well-born raise a unicorn?"

Sixth Madrigal

(The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle)

Townsfolk "And what is that?
A Bloody-Nun, a were-wolf?"
Man "This is a Gorgon."
Townsfolk "And what did you do
with the Unicorn, please?"
Man "He only liked to gambol and tease.
I quickly grew tired of the fun,
so I peppered and grilled him."
Townsfolk "Do you mean?"
Man "Yes, I killed him."
Townsfolk "Oh but the man must be out of his mind.
How ungrateful of him, to wilfully destroy
the pretty Unicorn so gentle and coy.
and had he found something prettier at least,
but look at the Gorgon the horrible beast."
Wicked is Man, Patient is God,
All He gives Man to enjoy Man will destroy.
Banish all sleep, weep for the dead.
Cover my head with a black veil.

Muffle the horn and the lute, silence the nightingale.
For the Unicorn, slain by Man,
will not leap ever again.

Seventh Madrigal

(The Count and the Countess. The latter has secretly poisoned her Unicorn)

Count: "Why are you sad, my darling? Gone is the swallow from your limpid eyes, gone is the silver from your clarion voice."

Countess: "Ah, my Unicorn. Whether he grazed on mandrake or hellebore or only caught a chill I very much fear, my Unicorn is done for, he is so very ill."

Count: "Do not grieve, my dear, once he's dead and gone we shall buy a younger one."

Countess: "Ah, my Unicorn, no younger one can take his place. Besides, they have grown too commonplace. The Mayor's wife has one, so does the doctor's wife. Now that my Unicorn is gone I want a Gorgon."

Count "A Gorgon! Ha, God forbid!"

Countess "Ah, you no longer love me. You must love another. Ah me, that's clear: I must go back to mother."

Count "Bon voyage, my dear."

Countess "Ah, abandoned and betrayed, I shall take the veil and die a nun."

Count "Why not an abbess? I couldn't care less."

Countess "Think of our son who has done no wrong."

Count "The little monster, take him along."

Countess, crying "Ho, ho, Oh! No! Not that, I pray, not that, I pray!"

Count "Calm yourself, my dear. I shall find a Gorgon this very day."

Ninth Madrigal

(The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle)

Townsfolk: "And who is that? Methuselah or Beelzebub?"

Man: "This is the Manticore."

Townsfolk: "And what of the Gorgon? How is he these days?"

Man: "He was so proud and pompous and loud I quickly grew tired of his ways. First I warned him and then I caged him. Fin'ly he died."

Townsfolk: "He died? of what?"

Man: "Of murder."

Townsfolk: "Oh, but the man must be out of his mind. How ungrateful of him, to slaughter in a cage the gorgeous Gorgon, the pride of his age. Had he found something prettier at least, but this Manticore is a horrible beast."

Eleventh Madrigal

(The Townsfolk)

Have you noticed the Man in the Castle is seen no more Walking on Sundays his Manticore. I have a suspicion. Do you suppose? Do you? The Manticore too? We must form a committee to stop all these crimes. We should arrest him, we should splice his tongue and triturate his bones. He should be tortured with water and fire, with pulleys and stones (He should be put on the rack, on the wheel, on the stake.) in molten lead, in the Iron Maiden. Let us all go to explore the inner courts of the Castle and find out what he has done with the rare Manticore.

Twelfth Madrigal

(The Man in the Castle on his death-bed, surrounded by the Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore.)

Oh foolish people who feign to feel what other men have suffered. You, not I, are the indifferent killers of the poet's dreams. How could I destroy the pain wrought children of my fancy? What would my life have been without their faithful and harmonious company? Unicorn, My youthful foolish Unicorn, please do not hide, come close to me. And you, my Gorgon, behind whose splendor I hid the doubts of my midday, you, too, stand by. And here is my shy and lonely Manticore, who gracefully leads me to my grave. Farewell. Equally well I loved you all. Although the world may not suspect it, all remains intact within the Poet's heart. Farewell. Not even death I fear as in your arms I die. Farewell.