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TEXTS

I. Kyrie eleison I

Liturgical text from the Catholic Mass

Kyrie eleison [Lord have mercy]

II. Nay, Lord, not thus!

by Oscar Wilde (1854–1900). From *Poems* (1882 version).

Sonnet on hearing the Dies Iræ sung in the Sistine Chapel

NAY, Lord, not thus! white lilies in the spring,
 Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted dove,
 Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love
 Than terrors of red flame and thundering.

The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring:
 A bird at evening flying to its nest,
 Tells me of One who had no place of rest:
 I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.

Come rather on some autumn afternoon,
 When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,
 And the fields echo to the gleaner's song,

Come when the splendid fulness of the moon
 Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,
 And reap Thy harvest: we have waited long.

III. Nebeltag

by Frida Schanz (1859-1944)

Nebeltag

Der graue Herbst geht um.
Das Lachen scheint verdorben;
die Welt liegt heut so stumm,
als sei sie nachts gestorben.
Im golden roten Hag
brauen die Nebeldrachen;
und schlummernd liegt der Tag.
Der Tag will nicht erwachen.

Foggy Day

[Grey autumn haunts us.
Laughter seems tainted;
the world is as silent today
as though it had died last night.
In the red-gold hedge
fog monsters are brewing;
and the day lies asleep.
The day will not awaken.]

IV. Di me non pianger tu

by Petrarch (1304-1374). *Canzone*.

Canzona no. 279

Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
mover soavemente a l'aura estiva,
o roco mormorar di lucide onde
s'ode d'una fiorita et fresca riva,

là 'v'io seggia d'amor pensoso et scriva,
lei che 'l ciel ne mostrò, terra n'asconde,
veggio, et odo, et intendo ch'anchor viva
di sí lontano a' sospir' miei risponde.

«Deh, perché inanzi 'l tempo ti consume?
- mi dice con pietate - a che pur versi
degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?»

Di me non pianger tu, ché' miei dí fersi
morendo eterni, et ne l'interno lume,
quando mostrai de chiuder, gli occhi apersi».

[If the birds lament, or the green leaves
move gently in the summer breeze,
or soft murmurs of the clear waves
are heard from a fresh flowering river-bank,

where I sit thinking of love and writing,
then I see her whom heaven shows, earth hides,
and I hear and understand that she still lives,
though far away, responding to my sighs.

‘Ah, why are you so aged before your time?’
she asks with pity, ‘why does a sad stream
always flow from your grieving eyes?’

Don’t weep for me, my days, in dying,
became eternal ones, and when the light
within seemed to darken, my eyes opened.]

VI. Christe eleison*Liturgical text from the Catholic Mass*

Christe eleison [Christ have mercy]

VII. Pagtulog na, Nene*Filipino (Visayan) Folk Song*

Pagtulog na, Nene; akon ka ambahan	[Go to sleep, child; I'll sing for you
Malinong nga langit masadya ang bulan	The sky is calm, the moon is bright
Nene patamisa imong katulogon	My child, sleep sweetly
Nene lupad sa pakpak sang dalamgunanon	My child, fly on the wings of dream]

VIII. Go and Die

by Jalâluddîn Rumi (1207-1273)

*interpolated from several translations by the composer**Ghazal 636*

Go and die, go and die
 In this Love die
 Recieve the other side

Be the sky, be the sky
 Fear no death
 Soar up high

Break the tie, break the tie
 Unchain yourself from carnal binds

Break through the walls, break through the walls

Go and die, go and die
 As clouds pass by
 A full moon shines

Silence try, silence try
 Your death arrives
 Silence do not deny

IX. Kyrie eleison II*Liturgical text from the Catholic Mass*

Kyrie eleison [Lord have mercy]

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Ma Vie

by Henri Michaux

Tu t'en vas sans moi, ma vie.
 Tu roules.
 Et moi j'attends encore de faire un pas.
 Tu portes ailleurs la bataille.
 Tu me désertes ainsi.
 Je ne t'ai jamais suivie.

Je ne vois pas clair dans tes offres.
 Le petit peu que je veux, jamais tu ne l'apportes.
 A cause de ce manque, j'aspire à tant.
 A tant de choses, à presque l'infini...
 A cause de ce peu qui manque, que jamais tu n'apportes.

[You're going someplace without me, my life.
 You're rolling away.
 And I'm still waiting to make my move.
 You've taken the battle somewhere
 Abandoning me on the way.
 I never followed, I stay.
 Where you are leading me,

I can't plainly see.
 The very little that I want,
 you never bring to me.
 Because of this emptiness, I want
 So many things, almost the infinite...
 Because of this emptiness, that you never fill.]

(translated by Valerie Smith and James Bushnik; *Ma Vie* is used with permission)

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Requiem aeternam*from the Catholic Requiem Mass*

Requiem aeternam [Eternal rest]