Falconieri, *Occhietti Amati*

*Occhietti amati che m’incenfete*  
Eyes beloved that me-inflame,

*Perche spietati ormai piu siete?*  
Why pitiless now more you-are?

*Splendn serene, di gioia pieni,*  
Shine serenely, with joy full,

*Vostri splendori, fiamme dei cori.*  
Your splendors, flames of-the heart.

*Bocca vermiglia ch’hai per confine,*  
(Red mouth bordered)

*O meraviglia, perle e rubini,*  
Oh wonder, pearls and rubies,

*Quando ridente, quando clement,*  
when smiling, when merciful,

*Dirai: ben mio ardo anch’io?*  
(will you say: My beloved, I also burn?)

Weelkes, “As Vesta Was From Latmos Hill Descending” from *The Triumps of Oriana*

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,

She spied a maiden queen the same ascending.

Attended on by all the shepherds swain,

To whom Diana's darlings came running down amain.

First two by two, then three by three together

Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither,

And mingling with the shepherds of her train

With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,

Long live fair Oriana!
Tallis, If Ye Love Me

If ye love me keep my commandments,
And I will pray the father,
And he shall give you another comforter.
That he may bide with you forever,
E’en the spirit of truth.

Victoria, Ave Maria

Ave maria, gratia plena, Hail Mary, of grace full.
Dominus tecum, Lord with you,
Benedicta tu in mulieribus, blessed you among women,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus. And blessed fruit of womb your, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus, pray for us sinners,

Dowland, Flow my Tears

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs.
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.
Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.
Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.
From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.
Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to condemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

**Chaminade, *Tu me Dirais***

*Tu me dirais que l'on entend le soufflé,*
You to-me were-to say that one hears the breathing,

*Qu’au sein des fleurs exhale un papillon,*
that-in the bosom of-the flowers exhales a butterfly,

*Et que l’on a retrouve la pantoufle*
and that it-one has found the slipper

*Qu’en s’enfuyant laissa choir Cendrillon.*
That-while fleeing let fall Cinderella.

*Tu me dirais que ces vers sont en prose,*
You to-me were-to-say that these lines are in prose,

*Et qu’une femme a garde des secrets,*
and that-a woman has kept some secrets,

*Que le lys parle et que l’azur est rose,*
that the lily speaks and that azure is pink,

*Vois ma folie, ami, je te croirais.*
See my foolishness, friend, I you would-believe.

*Tu me dirais que l’astre qui scintilla,*
You to-me were-to-say that the (sun) that shines

*Au ver luisant doit son éclat joyeux,*
to-the worm glowing owes its radiance joyous,
Et que la nuit accroche a sa mantilla
Comme un bijou le soleil radieux;
Tu me dirais qu’il n’est plus une fraise
Dans les recoins tout mousses des forets,
Et qu’une plume de Bengali pese
Plus qu’un chargin au coeur, je te croirais.
En t’ecoutant tous mes doutes d’eux-memes
Tombent soudain, vaincus;
Tu me dirais
Que le bonheus exi
Vois ma folie, ami, je te croirais!

Barber, A Slumber Song of the Madonna

Sleep little baby, I love thee.
Sleep little king, I am bending above thee.
How should I know what to sing?
Here in my arms as I sing thee to sleep;
Hush-a-by low, rock-a-by so.
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring.
Mother has only a kiss for her king.
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
One I know that I love thee,
Love thee my little one, sleep.
Britten, “Sonetto XXXII” from *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo*

*S’un casto amor, s’una pieta superna,*

(if love be chaste, if pity heavenly)

*S’una fortuna infra dua amanti equale,*

(if fortune equal between two lovers,)

*S’un aspra sorte all’un dell’altro cale,*

(if a bitter fate is shared by both and)

*S’un spirto s’un voler duo cor governa,*

(if one spirit, one will rules two hearts;)

*S’un anima in duo corpie fatta eternal,*

(if in two bodies one soul is made eternal)

*Ambo levando al cielo e con pari ale;*

(raising both heaven on the same wings;)

*S’amor d’un colpo e d’un do ra-to stra-le*

(if at one stroke and with a gilded arrow)

*Le viscierdì duo petti arda e discierna;*

(Love burns and pierces two hearts to the core;)

*S’amas l’un l’altro nessun se medesmo*

(if in loving one another, forgetting one’s self)

*D’un gus-to e d’un diletto, a tal mercede,*

(with one pleasure and one delight)

*C’aunfin voglia l’uno e l’altro pore;*

(there is such reward that both wills strive for the same end,)

*Se mille e mille non sarien centesmo*

(if thousands and thousands do not make one hundredth part)

*A tal nodo d’amore, a tanta fede.*

(to such a bond of love, to such constancy,)

*E sol l’isdegnio il puo rompere e sciorre?*

(can, then, mere anger break and dissolve it?)

Webber, “Pie Jesu” from *Requiem*

*Pie Jesu,*

Merciful Jesus,

*Qui tollis peccata mundi*

Who takes away the sins of the world,

*Dona eis requiem.*

Grant them rest.

*Agnus Dei,*

Lamb of God,

*Qui tollis peccata mundi,*

Who takes away the sins of the world,

*Dona eis requiem*  
Grant them rest

*Sempiternam.*

Everlasting.
Berger, *In Time of Silver Rain*

In time of silver rain, the earth puts forth new life again.

Green grasses grow and flowers lift their heads,

And over all the plain the wonder spreads of life.

In time of silver rain, the butterflies lift silken wings

To catch a rainbow cry,

And trees put forth new leaves to sing,

In joy beneath the sky,

As down the roadway passing boys and girls go singing too.

In time of silver rain, when spring and life are new.