

All texts & translations kindly provided by *The Gesualdo Six*

## Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

### Te lucis ante terminum

(pub.1575)

Te lucis ante terminum,  
Rerum Creator, poscimus,  
Ut pro tua clementia,  
Sis praesul et custodia.

Thee, Lord, before the close of day,  
Maker of all things, Thee we pray  
For Thy dear loving kindness' sake  
To guard and guide us in Thy way.

Procul recedant somnia,  
Et noctium phantasmata:  
Hostemque nostrum comprime,  
Ne polluantur corpora.

Banish the dreams that terrify,  
And night's fantastic company:  
Keep us from Satan's tyranny:  
Defend us from unchastity.

Praesta, Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar Unice,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
Regnans per omne saeculum.  
Amen.

Protect us, Father, God adored,  
Thou too, co-equal Son and Lord,  
Thou, Holy Ghost, our Advocate,  
Whose reign can know nor bound nor date.  
Amen.

## William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

### Miserere mihi, Domine

(pub.1575)

Miserere mihi Domine, et exaudi  
orationem meam.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and  
hearken unto my prayer.

## Jonathan Seers (b.1954)

### Look down, O Lord

Look down, O Lord, from thy heavenly throne,  
illuminate the darkness of this night  
with thy perpetual brightness  
and from the sons of light banish the deeds of darkness;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.

## Carlo Gesualdo (c.1561-1613)

### Illumina faciem tuam

(pub.1603)

Illumina faciem tuam super servum  
tuum,  
salvum me fac in misericordia tua:  
Domine, non confundar, quoniam  
invocavi te.

Shew thy servant the light of thy  
countenance:  
save me for thy mercy's sake.  
Let me not be confounded, O Lord, for  
I have called upon thee.

## Joanna Marsh (b.1970)

### Fading

Imagine where this dove will go;  
Imagine when her wings turn grey,  
When her call grows old.

Will she turn to the mirrors of young sparrows  
Who slide into delusion?  
Or will a deaf sparrow offer her  
A perch to sing?  
How will she apologise to a traveller  
Wanting to stroke her feathers  
When the flock scatters?  
How will she strut through the courtyard  
Or impress the grass?  
Will she look for a kind boy to grind her  
A grain of wheat,  
Or an old flame to relight ageing passions?  
Perhaps she will divide her sadness  
Between a window and a metal cage.  
Perhaps she'll become a professional mourner  
At the funerals of birds.  
Imagine where this dove will go  
When the trees donate their lowest branch.  
Imagine when neighbours  
Are indifferent to her past, fading.

## William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

### Lullaby (1580)

Lulla, la-lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
My sweet little Baby, what meanest  
Thou to cry?

## Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

### Marjal aega magada

Maka, maka, marjaken,  
uinu, uinu, ul'liken!  
Marjal aigu magada,  
ul'lil aigu uinuda

Sleep, sleep, little berry,  
doze, doze, deary!  
Time for the little berry to sleep,  
time for my deary to doze.

Kunas sii kud'u kodo tulõ,  
kunas sii tibu tüühle lät,  
kunas sii mari magama jääs,  
kunas sii ul'li uinus jo?

When will the cock come home,  
when will the chick go to work,  
when will the little very go to sleep,  
when will deary doze off?

## Nicolas Gombert (c.1495-1560)

### Media vita

Media vita in morte sumus  
Quem quaerimus adiutorem nisi te,  
Domine?  
Qui pro peccatis nostris juste  
irasceris  
Sancte Deus, Sancte fortis,  
Sancte et misericors Salvator,  
Amaræ morti ne tradas nos.

In the midst of life we are in death:  
Of whom may we seek for succour,  
but of Thee,  
O Lord, who for our sins art justly  
displeased?  
Holy God, Holy and strong,  
Holy and our most merciful Saviour,  
Deliver us not into the bitter pains of death.

## Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179)

### O ecclesia oculi tui

O Ecclesia,  
oculi tui similes saphiro sunt,

O Ecclesia,  
your eyes are like sapphire:

et aures tue monti Bethel,  
et nasus tuus est  
sicut mons mirre et thuris,  
et os tuum quasi sonus  
aquarum multarum.

your ears the mount of Bethel,  
your nose  
like a mountain of myrrh and incense,  
and your mouth is like the sound  
of many waters.

## Owain Park (b.1993)

### Phos hilaron (2018)

Hail, gladdening Light, of his pure glory poured  
who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,  
holiest of holies, Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,  
the lights of evening round us shine,  
we hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine.  
Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung  
with undefiled tongue,  
Son of our God, giver of life, alone:  
therefore in all the world thy glories, Lord, they own.

## Alison Willis (b.1971)

### The Wind's Warning (2019)

*Ivor Gurney*

All night the fierce wind blew –  
All night I knew  
Time, like a dark wind, blowing  
All days, all lives, all memories  
Down empty endless skies –  
A blind wind, strowing  
Bright leaves of life's torn tree  
through blank eternity:  
Dreadfully swift, Time blew.  
All night I knew  
the outrush of its going.

At dawn a thin rain wept.  
Worn out, I slept  
And woke to a fair morning.  
My days were amply long, and I  
content  
In their accomplishment –  
Lost the wind's warning.

## Sarah Rimkus (b.1990)

### My heart is like a singing bird (2016)

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;  
My heart is like an apple-tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,

And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

## Jacobus Clemens non Papa (c.1510-1555)

### O Maria vernans rosa

(pub.1554)

O Maria, vernans rosa,  
Porta coeli speciosa,  
Clarior sideribus,  
Me gubernata, me supportata,  
Me defende, me conforta  
Ne vincat ab hostibus.

O Mary, rose of spring,  
fair gate to Heaven,  
brighter than the stars!  
Support and direct me,  
sustain and protect me,  
lest the foe vanquish me.

## Gerda Blok-Wilson (b.1955)

### O Little Rose

O little rose, O dark rose,  
With smouldering petals curled,  
I am the wind that comes for you  
From the other side of the world.

O little rose, O dark rose,  
With the hushed and golden heart,  
I am your bee with burdened wings,  
Too laden to depart.

O little rose, O dark rose,  
Your soul a seed of fire,  
I am the dew that dies in you,  
In the flame of your desire.

O little rose, O dark rose,  
The madness of your breath!  
I am the moth to drain your sweet,  
Even though the dregs be death.

O little rose, O dark rose,  
When the garden day is done  
I am the dusk that broods o'er you  
Until the morrow's sun.

## Luca Marenzio (1553-1599)

### Potrò viver io più se senza

luce (pub.1581)

Potrò viver io più se senza luce  
Rimasto son e se altrove  
riluce  
Del mio bel sol la sua lucente luce?  
Ahi, non fia ver, ma copri d'ogni  
intorno  
Oscure nubbi il giorno  
E a me la luce cara di questa vita sia  
per sempre amara,

Would I be able to live any longer  
if I were left without light, and the  
shining light  
of my beautiful sun were to shine  
elsewhere?  
Ah, let it not be true, but cover  
the day with dark clouds,  
and the dear light  
of this life will be forever bitter to me,

Finche d'un giorno più serena luce      until one day a more serene light  
Non meni a gli occhi miei la vera luce.      will open my eyes to the real light.

## Joanna Marsh (b.1970)

### I take thee

*Imtiaz Dharker*

I take  
    your body where love takes place  
I take  
    your mouth where my life takes shape  
I take  
    your breath which makes my space  
I take  
    you as you are for good  
I take  
    you with open arms to have  
I take  
    you to have and to hold but not to hold  
    too hard  
I take  
    you for farther for closer  
    for sooner for later  
till  
till  
    death tries to get us  
    and we laugh and we stall  
    and we tell it to call some other  
    fine day because we are busy today  
    taking our tea with buttered  
    hope and  
I take  
    thee  
I take  
    thee.

## Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901)

### 3 Geistliche Gesänge Op. 69

(pub.1873)

#### No. 3 Abendlied

Bleib bei uns,  
denn es will Abend werden,  
und der Tag hat sich geneiget.

Bide with us,  
for evening shadows darken,  
And the day will soon be over.