

[1] Requiem aeternam I

Text: Latin Mass for the dead

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Ierusalem:
exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

*Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.
A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Sion, and a vow shall be paid to Thee in
Jerusalem: O hear my prayer, all flesh shall come to Thee.
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.*

[2] Epitaph

*Text: Kevin Gilbert (Wiradjuri poet) (1933-1993), from Black from the Edge
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Weep not for me for Death is but the vehicle that unites my soul with the Creative Essence, God.
My spiritual Being, my love is still with you, where ever you are until forever. You will find me in the quiet moments in
the trees, amidst the rocks, the cloud and beams of sunshine indeed, everywhere for I, too, am a part of the total
essence of creation that radiates everywhere about you, eternally. Life, after all, is just a passing phase.

[3] Requiem aeternam II

Text: Latin Mass for the dead

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.
In memoria aeterna erit iustus: ab auditione mala non timebit.

*Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.
The just shall be in everlasting remembrance: and shall not fear the evil hearing.*

[4] Autumn wind of eve

*Text: Hôjô Ujimasa (1538-1590)
English translation by Arthur Lindsay Sadler (1882-1970)
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Autumn wind of eve,
blow away the clouds that mass
over the moon's pure light
and the mists that cloud our mind,
do thou sweep away as well.

Now we disappear,
well, what must we think of it?
From the sky we came.
Now we may go back again.
That's at least one point of view.

[5] Sanctus and Benedictus

Text: Latin Mass for the dead / Walt Whitman (1819-1892), from When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

*Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.*

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

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...Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when you have taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

...I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

*Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.*

[6] Peace, my heart

*Text: Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), from The Gardener
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Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.
Let it not be a death but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the wings over the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the flower of the night.
Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say your last text in silence.
I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your way.

[7] Lux aeterna

Text: Latin Mass for the dead / Chief Aupumut (Mohican) c. 1725

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine:
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis:
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es.

*May light eternal shine upon them, O Lord:
With Thy saints for ever, for Thou art merciful.
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them:
With Thy saints for ever, for Thou art merciful.*

When it comes time to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with
the fear of death, so when their time comes they weep and pray for a little
more time to live their lives over again in a different way. Sing your death song, and die like a hero going home.

*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.*

[8] In all his works

Text: Ecclesiasticus 47: 8-10

In all his works he praised the Holy One most high with glory,
With his whole heart he sung songs and loved him that made him.
He set singers also before the altar and by their voices they might make sweet melody
And daily sing praises in their songs.
He beautified their feasts and set in order the solemn times until the end
That they might praise his Holy name and the temple might sound from morning.

[9] I am the voice of the wind

Text: Geraldine Atkinson (1984-2009)

I am the voice of the wind on your cheek,
I am the warmth of fire between fingers.
I am the smell of spring in the air,
I am the stars to lead you home.
I am the echoes in the caves of loneliness,
I am the rain to cool your skin.

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I may be gone from this life my friend,
But remember I am not yet dead.

[10] Canon (Rosa Mystica)

Text: Oscar Wilde (1854-1900), from Poems 1881

Requiescat

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

[11] Song for Athene

Text: William Shakespeare (1564-1616), from Hamlet / Orthodox Funeral Service

Alleluia. May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Alleluia. Remember me, O Lord, when you come into your kingdom.
Alleluia. Give rest, O Lord, to your handmaid who has fallen asleep.
Alleluia. The Choir of Saints have found the well-spring of life and door of paradise.
Alleluia. Life: a shadow and a dream.
Alleluia. Weeping at the grave creates the song: Alleluia.
Alleluia. Come, enjoy the rewards and crowns I have prepared for you.
Alleluia.

[12] When David heard

Words adapted from the King James Bible; II Samuel, 18:33

When David heard that Absalom was slain, he went up to his chamber over the gate, and wept: and thus he said:
Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!