

[1] Suvine Vihm (Summer Rain)

Text: Toivo Tulev, based on the hymn Rorate caeli and St John's Gospel

Rorate caeli desuper
et nubes pluant justum.
*[Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above
and let the clouds rain the Just One.]*

The arithmetic of pain,
calculation of destruction.
Rorate caeli desuper
et nubes pluant justum.
*[Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above
and let the clouds rain the Just One.]*

The arithmetic of pain,
of death, of children killed,
of endless hatred.

Rorate caeli desuper
et nubes pluant justum.
*[Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above
and let the clouds rain the Just One.]*

Calculation of destruction,
of buried and of the unburied,
of rain, endless rain,
of death, of destruction,
of pain, of pain, of pain,
pain of the born and of the unborn.

Be not angry, O Lord,

and remember no longer our iniquity:
behold the city of thy sanctuary / Sitio
[I thirst]
is become a desert.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem is desolate.

Rorate caeli desuper
et nubes pluant justum / Sitio
*[Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above
and let the clouds rain the Just One / I thirst]*

Be not angry, O Lord,
and remember no longer our iniquity:
behold we have sinned
and we are become as one unclean,
and we have all fallen as a leaf;
and our iniquities, like the wind,
have taken us away.
Thou hast hid thy face from us,
and hast crushed us
by the hand of our iniquity. / et nubes
[and clouds]

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, / pluant justum
[rain the Just One]
and let the clouds rain the Just One.
Sitio, sitio, sitio.
[I thirst, I thirst, I thirst.]
Pain, pain,
pain of the born and of the unborn.

Drop down dew, ye heavens,
drop down dew.

[3] Tanto gentile

Text: Dante Alighieri (c. 1265–1332), *La vita nuova*

Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare
la donna mia quand'ella altrui saluta,
ch'ogne lingua deven tremando muta,
e li occhi no l'ardiscon di guardare.

Ella si va, sentendosi laudare,
benignamente d'umiltà vestuta;
E par che sia una cosa venuta
da cielo in terra a miracolo mostrare

Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira,
che dà per li occhi una dolcezza al core,
che 'ntender no la può chi no la prova;

E par che de la sua labbia si mova
un spirito soave pien d'amore,
che va dicendo a l'anima: 'Sospira'.

So noble and modest does my lady
appear whenever she greets anyone,
that all tongues in awe fall silent,
all eyes fear to gaze upon her.

She goes forth, hearing her praises sung,
benignly clothed in humility;
it is as if she were a being sent
from heaven to earth as proof of the miraculous.

So pleasing is she to all who see her
that she sends from eyes to heart a sweetness
knowable only by those who have felt it;

and from her lips there seems
to float a gentle spirit, full of love,
that speaks to the soul, saying: 'Sigh'.

English translation: Susannah Howe

[4] I said, Who are You? – He said, You

Text: Toivo Tulev, based on the utterances of and the verses of Mansur Al-Hallaj (c. 858–922) and T.S. Eliot (1888–1965)

I said, Who are You? – He said, You...

Now stands no more between Truth and me... Truth...
For your sake, for your sake, for your sake,
For your sake I cross the desert and split the mountain in
two... two...
And turn my face from all... All...

Ana al-Haqq, ana al-Haqq, ana al-Haqq...
[I am Truth, I am Truth, I am Truth...]

Now stands no more between Truth and me... me,
Now... kill me my faithful,
Kill me my faithful friends,
For in being killed is my life.

For your sake, for your sake I cross the desert...
For your sake.

Ana al-Haqq, ana al-Haqq,
[I am Truth, I am Truth,]
For your sake...

I said, Who are You?
He said... come upon me, come, come...

I said to my soul, be still and let the dark come upon You,
I said, Who are You?
He said... You,
He said, You... You,
He said...
You.

English translations: Andrew Harvey

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[5] Flow, my tears

Text: Toivo Tulev, based on John Dowland and Improperias from the Holy Week

Flow, my tears,
fall from your springs,
flow my tears, fall from your...
Flow my tears,
fall from your springs,
fall, fall, fall,
flow, flow, my tears, flow.
Down, vain lights,
shine no more,
no nights are dark enough,
no lights,
shine no more,
flow no more,
no more.
Flow down vain lights,
shine no more,
shine you no more.
I led you in a pillar of cloud
but you led me to...
I gave you saving water,
but you gave me gall
and you gave vinegar.
My people what have I done to you?
What have I done to you, answer me.
How have I offended you, you, you?
I opened the sea before you,
I opened the sea,
but you opened my side with a spear.
Flow, flow, flow down.
Rain, drop down,
cover the ground,
drop down, my blood,
flow, flow down,
drop down,

drop down, drop,
flow, flow, flow,
shine, flow, flow, shine!
Flow, my blood, flow,
flow, drop, flow down.
My blood spills from your wounds,
drop, drop, drop,
your wounds,
flow, flow, flow down,
flow, shine, drop, flow.
Flow my tears, fall from your springs,
flow, my blood.
My blood, my blood spills from your wounds,
my wounds,
my blood,
flow, blood, flow, flow,
shine!
Spills from your wounds
my blood, shine!
My wounds, my wounds,
drop down, shine!
From your, from my wounds,
shine!
Flow, drop down,
shine!
Flow, shine!
my, your blood,
shine!
my blood,
flow, shine, flow,
shine! shine!
fall, shine, fall, shine
fall from your...
flow, fall...
Shine!
Shine!

[6] Magnificat

Text: St Luke's Gospel

Magnificat anima mea Dominum,
et exsultavit spiritus meus in Deo salvatore meo,
quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae.
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes,
quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est,
et sanctum nomen eius, et misericordia eius
in progenies et progenies timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo,
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui;
deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles;
esurientes implevit bonis
et divites dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum,
recordatus misericordiae,
sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,
Abraham et semini eius in saecula.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,
for he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed,
for he that is mighty hath magnified me,
and holy is his name, and his mercy is on them
that fear him throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with his arm,
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts;
He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble
and meek;
He hath filled the hungry with good things
and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He, remembering his mercy,
hath holpen his servant Israel,
as he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his seed for ever.

English translation: Keith Anderson