

# WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 15 May 2024  
7.30pm

## Scattered Rhymes

### Dunedin Consort

Nicholas Mulroy director  
Claire Evans soprano  
Helena Moore soprano  
Elspeth Mairwen Piggott soprano  
Joanna Songi soprano  
Catherine Backhouse alto

Sarah Anne Champion alto  
Caitlin Mackenzie alto  
Rosie Parker alto  
Malcolm Bennett tenor  
Tim Burton tenor  
Euan McDonald tenor

Peter di Toro tenor  
Robert Davies bass  
Timothy Dickinson bass  
Jon Stainsby bass  
Isaac Tolley bass

James MacMillan (b.1959)  
Gavin Bryars (b.1943)  
Biancamaria Furgeri (b.1935)  
Stephanie Martin (b.1962)  
Tarik O'Regan (b.1978)

Behold, you are beautiful, my love (2018)  
A la dolce ombra de le belle frondi (2006)  
Ego flos campi (2003)  
Rise up, my Love (2012)  
Scattered Rhymes (2006)  
*Scattered Rhymes I • Scattered Rhymes II •  
Scattered Rhymes III*

### Interval

Raffaella Aleotti (c.1575-1646)  
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c.1525-1594)  
Adrian Willaert (c.1490-1562)  
Jacobus Clemens non Papa (c.1510-1555)  
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina  
Guillaume Bouzignac (c.1587-1643)  
Caroline Shaw (b.1982)  
Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Surge, propera amica mea (pub. 1593)  
Duo ubera tua (pub. 1584)  
Lasso, ch'i ardo (pub. 1559)  
Ego flos campi a7 (pub. 1555)  
Surge, amica mea, speciosa mea (pub. 1584)  
Vulnerasti cor meum  
Companion Planting (2024)  
Vadam et circuibo (pub. 1572)

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The *Song of Songs* plunges us into a lush world of ripe fruits, deep waters, scorching heats and cooling shades. This intense imagery – the Hebrew Bible’s richest and most succulent – drives poetry that is both straightforwardly erotic and tantalisingly allegorical in its exploration of love both human and divine. As we will hear this evening, this heady combination invites a huge range of responses.

We begin with something relatively chaste. **James MacMillan** wrote *Behold, you are beautiful, my love* for his son’s wedding, a repeated tolling note for the soprano soloist conjuring the steadfastness promised by the couple’s vows. Next, we move from the cool of the stone church to the sweet shade offered by the first of this evening’s settings of Petrarch’s *Rime Sparse* or 'Scattered Rhymes' in **Gavin Bryars**’s *A la dolce ombra de belle frondi*. Popular with 16th Century madrigalists, the text celebrates Petrarch’s love for Laura, someone he glimpsed in Avignon in 1327. So captivating a sight, it remains unclear throughout his writings whether she was real or a mirage. As part of Petrarch’s virtuosic dexterity of rhyme, metre and sound, he takes every opportunity to play on her name – *l’aura* is breath, *l’aurora* the dawn and *lauro* a laurel tree. As we will keep hearing this evening, every limb of a tree could equally be that of a lover and every coo of a dove an intimate murmur.

Biancamaria Furgeri and Stephanie Martin set some of the *Song of Songs*’s most famous passages. **Furgeri** uses just upper voices in her three-part *Ego flos campi*, achieving a remarkable range of textures from this reduced palette. Through careful selections from the text, she focuses particularly on the lily, the beloved coming to rest on a bed of them in the final bars. **Martin** breaks *Rise up, my Love* into three contrasting sections. The middle, with its spirited and pouncing foxes, is particularly striking in a programme that invites longer and more languorous lines. The first half closes with **Tarik O’Regan**’s *Scattered Rhymes*. A substantial work, it gives the text of three poems from across Petrarch’s Laura-obsessed life to a solo quartet, while the main body of the choir sings three anonymous stanzas from a 14th Century English collection of love poetry. The piece interlaces these texts and is built on fragmentary, cellular musical ideas, many coming directly from Guillaume de Machaut’s *Messe de Notre Dame*, yet another 14th-century source. Together, the effect is of a dense thicket of textures and rhythms, with the two groups and texts each taking turns to break or provide cover.

The second half begins with **Raffaella Aleotti**’s insistent *Surge, propera amica mea*. An Augustinian

nun in Ferrara, she rose to run the music as Maestra of the convent – one of a seemingly endless supply of such institutions across Italy that fostered remarkable musical opportunities for women in the 17th Century. The poetry set in **Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina**’s *Duo ubera tua* is startlingly direct. Written down it is hard to imagine how it could be made sacred rather than profane for a liturgical context. Nonetheless, much as Renaissance sculptors somehow cooled their more heartthrob Biblical subjects with marble, Palestrina’s polyphony retains a sensual quality while taking some of the heat out of the text.

The same cannot be said of **Adrian Willaert**’s *Lasso, ch’i ardo*, which puts the choir’s lower voices in the spotlight. Another Petrarch setting, here he laments how obviously he burns with desire and yet remains unacknowledged by the one person whose attention he wants. Still, the poet takes comfort from the idea that his verse will endure and perhaps ignite the hearts of thousands of later readers.

Next comes **Jacobus Clemens non Papa**’s *Ego flos campi*. This elegant setting in seven parts responds to the fountains and streams of the text with flowing, limpid lines. It is now one of his most famous works and has become a stalwart of church, chapel and cathedral music lists around the world.

As with the Aleotti, Palestrina’s *Surge, amica mea* sets off at an eager pace. Inspired by the text’s command to ‘rise up’, the phrases race upwards in their enthusiasm. By contrast, *Vulnerasti cor meum*, attributed to **Guillaume Bouzignac**, is a return to longer and more closely entwined lines in which the wounds of love are laid bare by an intense and surprising chromaticism.

**Caroline Shaw** has written both the text and music for her new commission for Dunedin Consort, *Companion Planting*. Like a nature documentary’s time lapse of plants growing towards the light, the piece curls chromatic tendrils across the parts as they grow together and apart.

Our programme concludes with **Tomás Luis de Victoria**’s *Vadam et circuibō*. A master of Iberian polyphony, Victoria seems to take the opening words of the piece to heart in this epic setting. Although full of moments of remarkable millpond stillness, there is still an inexorable and fundamental sense of forward momentum as the speaker seeks their beloved, describing their beauty and enlisting help along the way. Finally, the piece ends with one last image of trees and fruit.

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**James MacMillan** (b.1959)

**Behold, you are beautiful, my love** (2018)

*Liturgical text*

Behold, you are beautiful, my love,  
Behold, you are beautiful!  
Your eyes are doves behind your veil.  
Your lips are like a scarlet thread,  
And your mouth is lovely.  
Your neck is like the tow'r of David,  
Until the day breathes, and the shadows flee.

**Gavin Bryars** (b.1943)

**A la dolce ombra de le belle frondi** (2006)

*Petrarch*

A la dolce ombra de le belle frondi  
Corsi fuggendo un dispietato lume  
Che 'n fin qua giù m'ardea dal terzo cielo;  
Et disgombrava già di neve i poggi  
L'aura amorosa che rinnova il tempo,  
Et fiorian per le piagge l'erbe e i rami.

Non vide il mondo sì leggiadri rami  
Né mosse il vento mai sì verdi frondi  
Come a me si mostrar quel primo tempo,  
Tal che temendo de l'ardente lume  
Non volsi al mio refugio ombra di poggi,  
Ma de la pianta più gradita in cielo.

Un lauro mi difese allor dal cielo,  
Onde più volte, vago de' bei rami,  
Da po' son gito per selve et per poggi;

**To the sweet shade of those beautiful leaves**

To the sweet shade of those beautiful leaves  
I ran, fleeing a pitiless light  
that was burning down upon me from the third heaven;  
and already the snow was disappearing from the hills  
thanks to the loving breeze that renews the season,  
and through the meadows the grass bloomed and the branches.

The world never saw such graceful branches  
nor did the wind ever move such green leaves  
as showed themselves to me in that first season;  
so that, fearing the burning light,  
I chose for my refuge no shade of hills  
but that of the tree most favoured in Heaven.

A laurel defended me then from the heavens;  
wherefore often, desirous of its lovely branches,  
since then I have gone through woods and across hills:

Né giamai ritrovai tronco né frondi  
Tanto onorate dal superno lume  
Che non mutasser qualitate a tempo.

Però più fermo ogni or di tempo in tempo,  
Seguendo ove chiamar m'udia dal cielo  
E scorto d'un soave et chiaro lume,  
Tornai sempre devoto ai primi rami  
Et quando a terra son sparte le frondi  
Et quando il sol fa verdeggiare i poggi.

Selve, sassi, campagne, fiumi, et poggi,  
Quanto è creato, vince et cangia il tempo;  
Ond' io cheggio perdono a queste frondi  
Se rivolgendo poi molt'anni il cielo  
Fuggir disposi gl'invescati rami  
Tosto ch' i' ncominciai di veder lume.

Tanto mi piacque prima il dolce lume  
Ch' i' passai con diletto assai gran poggi  
Per poter appressar gli amati rami;  
Ora la vita breve e 'l loco e 'l tempo  
Mostranmi altro sentier di gire al cielo  
Et di far frutto, non pur fior et frondi.

nor have I ever again found trunk or leaves  
so honoured by the supernal light  
that they did not change their quality according to the season.

Therefore, more and more firm from season to season,  
following where I heard myself called from Heaven  
and guided by a mild and clear light,  
I have come back always devoted to the first branches,  
both when on earth are scattered their leaves  
and when the sun turns green the hills.

Woods, rocks, fields, rivers, and hills –  
all that is made – are vanquished and changed by time;  
wherefore I ask pardon of these leaves  
if, the heavens turning many years,  
I have made ready to flee the enlived branches  
as soon as I began to see the light.

So pleasing to me at first was that sweet light  
that joyfully I traversed great hills  
in order to approach the beloved branches.  
Now the shortness of life and the place and the season  
show me another pathway to go to Heaven  
and bear fruit, not merely flowers and leaves.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Altr'amor, altre frondi, et altro lume, Altro salir al ciel per altri poggi Cerco (che n'è ben tempo), et altri rami.	Another love, other leaves, and another light, another climbing to Heaven by other hills I seek (for it is indeed time), and other branches.
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## Biancamaria Furgeri (b.1935)

<b>Ego flos campi</b> (2003) <i>Liturgical text</i>	<b>I am the rose of Sharon</b>
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Ego flos campi, et liliium convallium.	I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.
Sicut liliium inter spinas, sic amica mea inter filias.	As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum, sic dilectus meus inter filios.	As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons.
Sub umbra illius, quem desideraveram, sedi,	I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
Et fructus eius dulcis gutturi meo.	and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
Introduxit me Rex in cellam vinariam ordinavit in me charitatem.	He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.
Fulcite me floribus, stipate me malis quia amore languo.	Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.
Laeva eius sub capite meo, et dextera illius amplexabitur me.	His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.
Vox dilecti mei, ecce iste venit, saliens in montibus, transiliens colles.	The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
En dilectus meus loquitur mihi.	My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Surge, propera, amica mea,	Rise up, my love, my fair one,
Columba mea, formosa mea, et veni:	and come away.
Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi,	My beloved is mine, and I am his:
Qui pascitur inter lilia.	he feedeth among the lilies.

## Stephanie Martin (b.1962)

**Rise up, my Love** (2012)

*Liturgical text*

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my  
love, my fair one, and come away.  
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;  
The flow'rs appear on the earth; the time of the  
singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle  
is heard in our land;  
Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines:  
for our vines have tender grapes.  
My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among  
the lilies.  
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn,  
my beloved, and be thou like a deer upon the  
mountains.

## Tarik O'Regan (b.1978)

**Scattered Rhymes** (2006)

*Petrarch*

*Anonymous*

## Scattered Rhymes I

QUARTET: Que' ch' infinita providentia et arte Mostrò nel suo mirabil magistero, Che criò questo et quell'altro hemispero, Et mansueto piú Giove che Marte,	QUARTET: He who showed endless providence and art, the master craftsman of this shining world, who made the hemispheres, this one and that, and proved a Jove, more mild than Mars,
Vegnendo in terra a 'lluminar le carte Ch' avean molt'anni già celato il vero, Tolse Giovanni da la rete et Piero, Et nel regno del ciel fece lor parte;	Who came here to illuminate the leaves that had concealed the truth for many years, took John and Peter from their fishing nets and gave them portions of his Paradise;
Di sé nascendo a Roma non fe' grazia, A Giudea sí, tanto sovr' ogni stato Umiltate esaltar sempre gli piacque.	He, for his birth, did not bestow himself on Rome, but chose Judea, since he cared among all states to elevate the humblest.

Ed or di picciol borgo un sol  
n' à dato,  
Tal che natura o 'l luogo si  
ringrazia  
Onde sì bella donna al  
mondo nacque.

And now he's given us a  
sun from one  
small village, so that we  
thank Nature and  
the place that gave the  
world this fairest lady.

CHORUS:  
Ipsa vivere mihi  
reddidit!  
Cessit prospere, spe plus  
accidit  
Menti  
misere:  
Que dum temere totam  
tradidit  
Se sub  
Venere,  
Venus ethere risus  
edidit  
Leto sidere.

CHORUS:  
She herself has restored  
life to me!  
It has turned out well,  
more than I hoped for  
has fallen to my poor  
understanding:  
and when heedlessly she  
surrendered  
herself wholly under  
Venus,  
in the upper air Venus  
smiled  
from her joyful star.

## Scattered Rhymes II

QUARTET:  
Se mai foco per foco non si  
spense  
Né fiume fu giamai secco per  
pioggia,  
Ma sempre l'un per l'altro  
simil poggia  
Et spesso l'un contrario  
l'altro accense,

QUARTET:  
If fire never puts a fire out,  
nor river can grow dry  
receiving rain,  
but things increase by  
contact with their ilk,  
and even oppositions  
spur each other;

Amor, tu che' pensier  
nostri  
dispense,  
Al qual un'alma in duo corpi  
s'appoggia,  
Perché fai in lei con disusata  
foggia  
Men per molto voler le voglie  
intense?

Then you who rule our  
thinking, oh, great  
Love,  
you who have made me  
one soul in two bodies,  
why do you come in an  
outmoded shape  
and make desire shrink  
by its own surplus?

Forse sì come 'l Nil d'alto  
caggendero  
Col gran suono i vicin  
d'intorno assorda,  
E'l sole abbaglia chi ben fiso  
'l guarda,

Perhaps the way the Nile,  
thundering down,  
makes deaf all those who  
live too near its noise,  
the way the sun blinds  
those who stare into it,

Così 'l desio che seco non  
s'accorda,  
Ne lo sfrenato obiecto  
vien  
perdendo,  
Et per troppo spronar la fuga  
è tarda.

The way desire, with no  
sense of limits,  
is lost when its objective's  
too immense,  
flies fast, flies hard, and is  
by that made slow.

CHORUS:  
Desiderio nimis  
officit,  
Dum vix gaudio pectus  
sufficit,  
Quod  
concupio  
Dum Venerio Flora reficit  
Me colloquio,  
Dum, quem  
haurio, favus  
allicit  
Dato basio.

CHORUS:  
By desire much is  
hindered  
while force suffuses my  
breast with joy,  
which I take in completely  
while Flora restores me  
to converse with Venus,  
while I drain what the  
honeycomb has  
nourished  
in the kiss she gave.

## Scattered Rhymes III

QUARTET:  
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.

QUARTET:  
If I hear birds lamenting,  
or green leaves  
that summer breeze is  
stirring very softly,  
or the faint murmur of the  
lucid waters  
that run along beside a  
flowery bank

Là 'v io seggia d'amor  
pensoso et scriva,  
Lei che 'l Ciel ne  
mostrò, terra  
n'asconde  
Veggio et odo et intendo, ch'  
ancor viva  
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei  
risponde.

Where I am sitting, lost in  
thought and writing,  
I see her, then, whom  
Heaven reveals, earth  
hides,  
I see her and I hear and  
understand her,  
as from afar she answers  
to my sighing:

'Deh, perché inanzi  
'l tempo ti  
consume?'  
Mi dice con pietate. 'A che  
pur versi  
Degli occhi tristi un doloroso  
fiume?'

'Why do you waste  
yourself before your  
time?'  
she asks me, full of pity.  
'Why pour out  
this river of affliction from  
your eyes?'

'Di me non pianger tu, ch' é'  
miei di fersi,  
Morendo eterni; et ne  
l'interno lume,  
Quando mostrai de chiuder,  
gli occhi apersi.'

'Don't weep for me, for  
dying made my day  
an endless one, and when  
I closed my eyes  
I opened them to one  
great inner light.'

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

CHORUS: Sepe refero cursum liberum Sinu tenero: sic me superum Addens numero. Cunctis impero, felix iterum Si tetigero quem desidero, sinum tenerum Tactu libero.	CHORUS: Often I turn back my wandering thoughts to her tender bosom; thus adding myself to the number of the gods above. I command all things if I touched what I desire, her tender bosom, with a free touch.
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## Interval

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### Raffaella Aleotti (c.1575-1646)

<b>Surge, propera amica mea</b> (pub. 1593) <i>Liturgical text</i>	<b>Arise, my love</b>
Surge, propera amica mea, speciosa mea, et veni.	Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
Columba mea, in foraminibus petrae, caverna maceriæ, Ostende mihi faciem tuam, Sonet vox tua in auribus meis: Vox enim tua dulcis, et facies tua decora.	O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

### Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

(c.1525-1594)

<b>Duo ubera tua</b> (pub. 1584) <i>Liturgical text</i>	<b>Thy two breasts</b>
Duo ubera tua sicut duo hinnuli, gemelli capreae.	Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.
Collum tuum sicut turris eburnea; Oculi tui sicut piscinæ in Hesebon Quæ sunt in porta filiae multitudinis. Nasus tuus sicut turris Libani, Quæ respicit contra Damascum.	Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Caput tuum ut Carmelus; Et comae capitis tui sicut purpura regis Vincta canalibus.	Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.
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### Adrian Willaert (c.1490-1562)

#### Lasso, ch'i ardo (pub. 1559)

*Petrarch*

Lasso, ch'i' ardo, et altri non me 'l crede; Sì crede ogni uom, se non sola colei Chè sov'ogni altra, et ch'i' sola, vorrei: Ella non par che 'l creda, et sì sel vede. Infinita bellezza et poca fede, Non vedete voi 'l cor ne gli occhi mei? Se non fusse mia stella, i' pur devrei Al fonte di pietà trovar mercede.	Alas, I burn, and others will not believe me: if all believed she who's above all others still does not, she who alone I wish to do so: she does not seem to believe, and yet she sees. Infinite beauty, yet of such little faith, do you not see my heart in my eyes? If my fate were not otherwise, I surely must find mercy at the fountain of pity.
Quest'arder mio, di che vi cal sì poco, E i vostri honori, in mie rime diffusi, Ne porian infiammar fors'anchor mille: Ch'i' veggio nel penser, dolce mio foco, Freda una lingua et duo belli occhi chiusi Rimaner, dopo noi, pien' di faville.	My passion, for which you care so little, and your praises that pervade my verses, may yet perhaps set thousands on fire: since, my sweet flame, in my thoughts, I see, long after us, this tongue, grown cold, yet your two lovely closed eyes, there, glowing still.

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

<b>Ego flos campi a7</b> (pub. 1555) <i>Liturgical text</i>	<b>I am the rose of Sharon</b>
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Ego flos campi, et liliū convalium. Sicut liliū inter spinas, sic amica mea inter filias.	I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
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Fons hortorum, puteus  
aquarum viventium,  
Quae fluunt impetu de  
Libano.

A fountain of gardens, a  
well of living waters,  
and streams from  
Lebanon.

## Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

**Surge, amica mea,  
speciosa mea** (pub.  
1584)  
*Liturgical text*

**Arise, my love, my  
fair one**

Surge, amica mea, speciosa  
mea, et veni.

Arise, my love, my fair  
one, and come away.

Columba mea, in foraminibus  
petrae, in caverna  
maceriae,

O my dove, that art in the  
clefts of the rock, in the  
secret places of the  
stairs,

Ostende mihi  
faciem tuam,

let me see thy  
countenance,

Sonet vox tua in auribus  
meis:

let me hear thy  
voice;

Vox enim tua dulcis,  
et facies  
tua decora.

for sweet is thy voice, and  
thy countenance is  
comely.

## Guillaume Bouzignac (c.1587-1643)

**Vulnerasti cor meum**  
*Liturgical text*

**Thou hast ravished  
my heart**

Vulnerasti cor meum,  
soror mea,  
sponsa;

Thou hast ravished my  
heart, my sister, my  
spouse;

Vulnerasti cor meum in uno  
oculorum tuorum,  
et in uno crine  
colli tui.

thou hast ravished my  
heart with one of thine  
eyes, with one chain of  
thy neck.

Quam pulchrae sunt  
mammas tuae, soror mea  
sponsa.

How fair is thy love,  
my sister,  
my spouse!

Pulchriora sunt ubera tua  
vino,

How much better is thy  
love than wine!

Et odor unguentorum  
tuorum super omnia  
aromata.

And the smell of thine  
ointments than all  
spices!

## Caroline Shaw (b.1982)

**Companion Planting** (2024)  
*Caroline Shaw*

The first spring,  
not yet knowing

the path of the summer sun  
and how bare limbs  
would roar to life  
and mediate the sky  
through leaves unfurling,  
born to amplify  
each shade and shadow's  
incantation.

I heard about companion planting –  
brassica with allium,  
limonene and solanum,  
microplitis mediation –  
patient reconciliation.

Next year we'll plant another garden.  
Then I'll know the arc of your summer sun,  
the shades and shadows of the sweetgum,  
the patterns of the bees  
and solanum lycopersicum,  
with lavender by each one.  
And the shape of things to come.

And when we deeply know and love  
the ground beneath and light above,  
we will have only just begun  
the ancient recollection.

Every spring reminds me  
to look up and through  
the slivered shadows of the tree –  
its semi-quavering entropy –  
hearing every shade of you.

## Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

**Vadam et circuibo** (pub. 1572)  
*Liturgical text*

**I will arise and go**

Vadam et circuibo  
civitatem,

I will arise and go about  
the city,

Per vicos et  
plateas,

through the streets and  
the squares;

Quaeram quem diligit anima  
mea:

I will seek him whom my  
soul loves.

Quaesivi illum, et non  
inveni.

I sought him but I did not  
find him.

Adiuro vos, filiae  
Ierusalem,

I adjure you, O daughters  
of Jerusalem,

Si inveneritis dilectum  
meum,

if you find my  
beloved,

Ut annuntietis ei quia amore  
languo.

that you tell him I am sick  
with love.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Qualis est dilectus tuus, quia sic adiurasti nos?	What is your beloved more than another beloved, that you adjure us so?
Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus; electus ex milibus. Talis est dilectus meus et amicus meus, filiae Ierusalem.	My beloved is radiant and ruddy, distinguished amongst ten thousand: this is my beloved and friend, daughters of Jerusalem.
Quo abiit dilectus tuus, o pulcherrima mulierum?	Where has your beloved gone, O fairest amongst women?
Quo declinavit, et quaeremus eum tecum?	Where has your beloved turned, that we may seek him with you?
Ascendit in palmam, Et apprehendit fructus eius.	He has gone up to the palm tree, and has taken of its fruit.

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