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FOR MY WIFE

ANTONÍN TUČAPSKÝ

THE MARRIAGE OF PSYCHE

TWO ARIAS FOR SOPRANO AND PIANO

VERSES BY
KATHLEEN RAINE

Kathleen Raine: The Marriage of Psyche

2. THE RING

He has married me with a ring, a ring of bright water
Whose ripples travel from the heart of the sea,
He has married me with a ring of light, the glitter
Broadcast on the swift river.

He has married me with the sun's circle
Too dazzling to see, traced in the summer sky.
He has crowned me with the wreath of white cloud
That gathers on the snowy summit of the mountain,
Ringed me round with the world-circling wind,
Bound me to the whirlwind's centre.
He has married me with the orbit of the moon
And with the boundless circle of stars,

With the orbits that measure years, months, days and nights,
Set the tides flowing,
Command the winds to travel or be at rest.

At the ring's centre,
Spirit, or angel troubling the still pool
Causality not in nature,
Finger's touch that summons at a point, a moment
Stars and planets, life and light
Or gathers cloud about an apex of cold
Transcendent touch of love summons my world to being.

1. THE HOUSE

In my love's house
There are hills and pastures carpeted with flowers,
His roof is the blue sky, his lamp the evening star,
The doors of his house are the winds, and the rain his curtain.
In his house are many mountains, each alone,
And islands where sea-birds home.

In my love's house
There is a waterfall that flows all night
Down from the mountain summit where the snow lies,
White in the shimmering blue of everlasting summer,
Down from the high crag where the eagle flies.
At his threshold the tides of ocean rise,
And the porpoise follows the shoals into still bays
Where starfish gleam on brown weed under still water.

In sleep I was borne here
And waking found rivers and waves my servants,
Sun and cloud and winds, bird messengers,
And all the flocks of his hills and shoals of his seas.
I rest, in the heat of the day, in the light shadow of leaves
And voices of air and water speak to me.
All this he has given me, whose face I have never seen,
But into whose all-enfolding arms I sink in sleep.

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(♩ ± 56)

liberamente

Voice

SENZA MISURA

(♩ ± 56) *Sra*
SENZA MISURA

In my love's house! there are hills and pastures carpeted with flowers.

Piano

mp *marc.*

colla voce

Sra

sim.

Ped

His roof is the blue sky, his lamp the

Sra

mf

evening star,

f

acc. *non triola* *Sra*

molto *sfz*

sfz *PED*

ANDANTE (♩ ± 84)

The doors of his house

rit.

ANDANTE (♩ ± 84)

p

-- grad. release

una 6^a CORDA

are the winds, And the rain his cur

mf

mp

tre corde

rain. *mf* In his house are many po-co

mountains, each a lone, each a lone, *And*
a po-co *cresc.*

is-lands where the sea birds home. *Ped*

MENO MOSSO (♩±72)

MENO MOSSO (♩±72)
Sospirante

(grad.)*

In my love's house *mp* *Siu.* *Imp* *tra*

p ³
 There is a waterfall that flows all night down from the mountain summit where the

poco f snow lies white *mp* in the shimmering blue of

overlasting summer, down,

down from the high crag where the eagle
ac - ce - le - ran
ac - ce - le - ran

f flies. At his threshold the tides of ocean rise, and the

PIU MOSSO ($\text{♩} \approx 96$)

por-poise fol-lows the shoals into still bays where starfish gleam on brown weed

ritard. *mf* MENO MOSSO ($\text{♩} \pm 72$)
 under still wa-ter. *mf* MENO MOSSO ($\text{♩} \pm 72$)

In sleep I was born here

acc. *mf* PIU MOSSO ($\text{♩} \pm 86$)
 And wa-king found ri-vers and waves my ser-vants

mf Sun and cloud and winds, bird-messengers