

RONALD CORP

And all the Trumpets Sounded (1989)

Dies irae

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

*The day of wrath, that day
will dissolve the world in ashes
as foretold by David and the sibyl.
How much tremor there will be,
when the judge will come,
investigating everything strictly!*

The Trumpet (Rise up, rise up)

Rise up, rise up,
And, as the trumpet blowing
Chases the dreams of men,
As the dawn glowing
The stars that left unlit
The land and water,
Rise up and scatter
The dew that covers
The print of last night's lovers —
Scatter it, scatter it!
While you are listening
To the clear horn,
Forget, men, everything
On this earth newborn,
Except that it is lovelier
Than any mysteries.
Open your eyes to the air
That has washed the eyes of the stars
Through all the dewy night:
Up with the light,
To the old wars;
Arise, arise!
Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

Tuba mirum

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

*The trumpet, scattering a wondrous sound
through the sepulchres of the regions,*

*will summon all before the throne.
Death and nature will marvel,
when the creature arises,
to respond to the Judge.*

The Dead (Blow out, you bugles)

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of
old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have
been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our
dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.
Rupert Brooke (1887-1915)

Vigil Strange

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night:
When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at
my side that day,
One look I but gave, which your dear eyes
return'd, with a look I shall never forget;
One touch of your hand to mine, O boy,
reach'd up as you lay on the ground;
Then onward I sped in the battle, the evencontested
battle;
Till late in the night reliev'd, to the place at
last again I made my way;
Found you in death so cold, dear comrade—
found your body, son of responding kisses,
(never again on earth responding;)
Bared your face in the starlight—curious the
scene—cool blew the moderate night-wind;
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly
around me the battlefield spreading;
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in the
fragrant silent night;
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn
sigh—long, long I gazed;
Then on the earth partially reclining, sat by
your side, leaning my chin in my hands;
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic

hours with you, dearest comrade—not a tear,
not a word;
Vigil of silence, love and death—vigil for you
my son and my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new
ones upward stole;
Vigil final for you, brave boy, (I could not save
you, swift was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you
living—I think we shall surely meet again;))
Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just
as the dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd
well his form,
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully
over head, and carefully under feet;
And there and then, and bathed by the rising
sun, my son in his grave, in his rude-dug
grave I deposited;
Ending my vigil strange with that—vigil of
night and battlefield dim;
Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never
again on earth responding;))
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain—vigil I never
forget, how as day brighten'd,
I rose from the chill ground, and folded my
soldier well in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.
Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Rex tremendae

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

*King of tremendous majesty,
who freely saves those that have to be saved,
save me, source of mercy.*

Such, such is death

Such, such is Death: no triumph: no defeat:
Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,
A merciful putting away of what has been.
And this we know: Death is not Life, effete,
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have
seen
So marvellous things know well the end not
yet.
Victor and vanquished are a-one in death:
Coward and brave: friend, foe. Ghosts do not
say,
“Come, what was your record when you drew
breath?”
But a big blot has hid each yesterday

So poor, so manifestly incomplete.
And your bright Promise, withered long and
sped,
Is touched, stirs, rises, opens and grows
sweet
And blossoms and is you, when you are dead.
Charles Hamilton Sorley (1895-1915)

Lacrimosa

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

*Tearful will be that day,
on which from the ashes arises
the guilty man who is to be judged.
Spare him therefore, God.*

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

*Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest.*

Asleep (Under his helmet)

Under his helmet, up against his pack,
After so many days of work and waking,
Sleep took him by the brow and laid him back.
There, in the happy no-time of his sleeping,
Death took him by the heart. There heaved a
quaking
Of the aborted life within him leaping ...
Then chest and sleepy arms once more fell
slack.
And soon the slow, stray blood came
creeping
From the intruding lead, like ants on track.
Whether his deeper sleep lie shaded by the
shaking
Of great wings, and the thoughts that hung
the stars,
High-pillowed on calm pillows of God's
making
Above these clouds, these rains, these sleets
of lead,
And these winds' scimitars;
– Or whether yet his thin and sodden head
Confuses more and more with the low mould,
His hair being one with the grey grass
And finished fields, and wire-scrags rusty-old,
Who knows? Who hopes? Who troubles? Let

it pass!
He sleeps. He sleeps less tremulous, less
cold
Than we who wake, and waking say Alas!
Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

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Teste David cum Sibylla.

*The day of wrath, that day
will dissolve the world in ashes
as foretold by David and the sibyl.*

MICHAEL HURD

The Shepherd's Calendar (1975)

Choral Symphony for baritone, SATB chorus and orchestra

“With’ring and keen the winter comes” – *Lento*

With’ring and keen the Winter comes.
While Comfort flies to close-shut rooms,
And sees the snow in feathers pass
Winnowing by the window-glass.
In clouds the starnels daily fly,
Blackening through the ev’ning sky,
Whilst many a mingled swarthy crowd.
Rook, crow and jackdaw, noising loud.
Fly to and fro to dreary fen,
Dull Winter’s weary flight again;
They flop on heavy wings away
As soon as morning wakens grey,
And, when the sun is round and red,
Return to naked woods to bed.

The sun is creeping out of sight
Behind the woods — whilst running Night
Hastens to shut the Day’s dull eye,
And grizzle o’er the chilly sky,
Dark, deep and thick, by day forsook.

Now maidens, fresh as summer roses,
Haste home with yokes and swinging pail:
The thresher, too, sets by his flail.
And leaves the mice at peace again
To fill their holes with stolen grain;
Whilst owlets, glad his toils are o’er,
Swoop by him as he shuts the door.

Bearing his hook upon his arm,
The shepherd seeks the cottage warm;
And, weary in the cold to roam,
Scenting the track that leads him home,
His dog goes swifter o’er the mead,
Barking to urge his master’s speed;
Then turns, and looks him in the face
And trots before with mending pace,
Till, out of whistle from the swain,
He sits him down and barks again,
Anxious to greet the open’d door,
And meet the cottage fire once more.

The shutter closed, the lamp alight,
The faggot chop’t and blazing bright —
The shepherd now, from labour free,
Dances his children on his knee;
While, underneath his master’s seat,
The tired dog lies in slumber sweet.

Oh! Spirit of the days gone by!
Sweet childhood’s fearful ecstasy!
The witching spells of winter nights!
Where are they gone with their delights?

When listening on the corner seat,
The winter evening’s length to cheat,
I heard my mother’s memory tell
Tales Superstition loves so well:
Things said or sung a thousand times,
In simple prose or simpler rhymes!

Ah! where is page of poesy
So sweet as this was wont to be?
The magic wonders that deceived,
When fictions were as truth believed!
The fairy feats that once prevailed,
Told to delight, and never failed:
Where are they now?

“Come, Queen of Months!” – *Allegro giocoso*

Come, Queen of Months! in company
With all thy merry minstrelsy:

The restless cuckoo, absent long.
And twittering swallows’ chimney-song;
With hedgerow crickets’ notes, that run
From every bank that fronts the sun;
And swarthy bees, about the grass,
That stop with every bloom they pass,
And every minute, every hour.
Keep teasing weeds that wear a flower;
And Toil, and Childhood’s humming joys!
For there is music in the noise
When village children, wild for sport,
In schooltime’s leisure, ever short,
Alternate catch the bounding ball,
Or run along the churchyard wall.
Or race around the nooky church,
Or raise loud echoes in the porch;
Or leap o’er gravestones’ leaning heights,
Unchecked by melancholy sights.
They think not, in their jovial cry.
The time will come when they shall lie
As lowly and as still as they,
While other boys above them play.
Heedless, as they are now, to know
The unconscious dust that lies below.

The driving boy, beside his team,
Of May-month’s beauty now will dream.

And cock his hat, and turn his eye
On flower, and tree, and deepening sky;
And oft burst loud in fits of song,
And whistle as he reels along,
And cracks his whip in starts of joy —
A happy, dirty, driving boy.

Now young girls whisper things of love,
And from the old dames' hearing move;
Oft making 'love-knots' in the shade,
Of blue-green oat or wheaten blade;
Or, trying simple charms and spells
Which rural Superstition tells,
They pull the little blossom threads
From out the knotweed's button heads,
And put the husk, with many a smile.
In their white bosoms for a while —
Then if they guess aright the swain
Their loves' sweet fancies try to gain,
'Tis said, that ere it lies an hour,
'Twill blossom with a second flower.
And from their bosom's handkerchief
Bloom as it ne'er had lost a leaf.

The daisy and the buttercup,
For which the laughing children stoop
A hundred times throughout the day,
In their rude romping Summer play.
So thickly now the pasture crowd,
In gold and silver sheeted cloud,
As if the drops of April showers
Had woo'd the sun, and changed to flowers.
The brook resumes her Summer dresses,
Purling 'neath grass and water-cresses;
The Summer tracks about its brink
Are fresh again where cattle drink;
And on its sunny bank the swain
Stretches his idle length again.
While all that lives enjoys the birth
Of frolic Summer's laughing mirth.

“O Love is so deceiving!” – *Largo, sostenuto*

O Love is so deceiving!
Like bees it wears a sting!
I thought it true believing,
But it's no such thing.

They smile but to deceive you.
They kiss, and then they leave you.
Speak truth, and they won't believe you —
Their honey wears a sting.

O what's the use of pretty faces,
Ruby lips and cheeks so red?
Flowers grow in pleasant places —
So does a maidenhead.

The fairest won't believe you.
The foulest all deceive you.
The many laugh and grieve you,
Until your coffin dead.

“Harvest awakes the morning still” – *Andante* –
Allegro – *Andante*

Harvest awakes the morning still,
And toil's rude groups the valleys fill:
Deserted is each cottage hearth
To all life, save the cricket's mirth,
Nor walks a gossip in the streets;
The bench beneath the eldern bough
... is empty now:
All haunt the thronged fields, to share
The harvest's lingering bounty there.

Soon as the dew is off the ground,
Rumbling like distant thunder round,
The wagons haste the corn to load
And hurry down the dusty road.
While driving boy with eager eye,
Watches the church clock passing by,
To see how far the hours have run;
Right happy, in the breathless day,
To see the time wearing, fast away.
But now and then a sudden shower
Will bring to toil a resting hour;
Then, under sheltering shocks, a crowd
Of merry voices mingle loud;
Draining, with leisure's laughing eye,
Each welcome, bubbling bottle dry.
Till peeping suns dry up the rain,
Then off they start to toils again.
Anon the fields are getting clear,
And glad sounds hum in labour's ear;
When children halloo 'Here they come!'
And run to meet the Harvest Home,
Covered with boughs and thronged with boys,
Who mingle loud a merry noise,
While Mirth, that at the scene abides,
Laughs, till she almost cracks her sides.

O Love is so deceiving!
Like bees it wears a sting!
I thought it true believing,
But it's no such thing.

Thus harvest ends its busy reign,
And leaves the fields their peace again.
John Clare (1793-1864)