





(1490-1562)

IN MEMORIAM  
ADRIAEN WILLAERT

ADRIANO **5**



*“Long live Adriaen,  
glory of the Muses!”*

## *‘Vive Adriane, decus Musarum!’*

### **Tore Tom Denys**

It has long been my desire to compile a single album of all the many elegies and songs of praise in which Maestro Adriaen Willaert is musically immortalized. In recent years, various musicological articles have been published that shed light on the music that pays tribute to Adriaen Willaert, composed in the period following his death on December 7, 1562. However, recordings and especially performances of most of these works have been lacking until now. All the more reason to fill this ‘vacuum’—which, for some works, spans over 400 years—with Dionysos Now! In my research, I rediscovered a six-part composition by the (until now unknown to me) composer Floriano Canale (c.1550-1616?), who sets to music the same text Willaert’s “poulin” Cipriano De Rore (1515/16-1565) used in the ode to his teacher and mentor: ***Concordes adhibite animos.*** An ideal opportunity to start and end the recording with these two works, especially since they do not sound like typical ‘deplorations’ on the composer (*deplorer* = to mourn) but rather as “ceremonial motets” such as those written for emperors and cardinals, full of praise and honor, in Latin, with the typical reference to Greek mythology.

The madrigal ***Sassi, palae*** by Andrea Gabrieli (c.1533–1583) is an imaginative invocation that calls upon everything that grows and swims in the canals of Venice—from the smallest plants to the mermaids (whether they be unmarried or married!)—to join in mourning. This appeal is based on the writings of one of the Commedia dell’Arte’s leading figures, Antonio Molino, also known as Manoli Blessi. Similarly, ***Pianza’l Grego Pueta*** by Alvis Willaert (fl.1560, Adriaen’s nephew) is based on a personal lamentation of Blessi on the great loss of the “Màstora della Musica.”

A true discovery for me was the madrigal ***Giunto Adrian*** by Lorenzo Benvenuti. The lyrics (by an unknown author) are less personal compared to the other elegies, but no less intense: daring harmonies accompany this beautiful example of mystical poetry, demonstrating that—even though we know almost nothing about this composer—he knows perfectly how to imitate the composition style of Willaert and the way he set text to music, indeed even developing it further.

Giovanni Battista Conforti's (fl. 1550–1570) *S'hoggi son senz'honor* has similarly allegorical lyrics, but they contrast with the added music. The rhythm of the vocal lines feels like a kind of undisturbed rippling in the calm waters of the lagoon. Only in the last line does it become clear that this sonnet is about the death of Adriaen.

*Dulce Padrun* is Adriaen Willaert's opus ultimum, set to a text by Antonio Molino. In this work, Willaert announces his departure from this (music) world. After the first part, in which his (deceased) dog boasts (in the first person) from heaven how it cured him of his many ailments (by making the summer heat disappear at night), Adriaen decides to join his dog on the "other side."

This madrigal could be a "musical reply" to an earlier work by Daniele Grisonio, also on a text by Antonio Molino, *Vu hà ben casun*. The two madrigals were published one after the other in the same print in 1564. In the lyrics of Grisonio's composition, the same deceased pet comforts its owner (Willaert) from heaven by assuring him that he will greet him every year in August in the form of the brightest star in the night sky, referring to the "dog star" Sirius.

I added the triptych ***Parce mihi Domine/Taedet Animam meam/Manus tuae***\*, three “readings for the dead” by Willaert’s student—and later maestro di cappella at the San Marco Basilica—Giuseffo Zarlino (1517-1590), to this recording after reading the article “Deep mourning in Cinquecento Venice” by musicologists Antonio Chemotti and Katelijne Schiltz, which suggests that Zarlino could have composed this music for Adriaen Willaert’s funeral mass.

The madrigal ***Dove sei tu*** is by Adriaen Willaert himself, written after the death of an unnamed young man.

\* Thanks to Katelijne Schiltz and Cristle Collins Judd for making their music editions available.

Special thank to Angela Ammodio, Benno Kalechyts and Antonio Chemotti.

*'Leve Adriaen,  
sieraad der Muzen!'*

## *'Vive Adriane, decus Musarum!'*

### **Tore Tom Denys**

Het was al langere tijd mijn wens om de veelvoud aan treur- en lofgezangen waarin de Maestro Adriaen Willaert muzikaal vereeuwigd wordt, te bundelen in één opname. In de voorbije jaren verschenen immers verschillende interessante musicologische artikels over de muziek die hulde brengt aan Adriaen Willaert en die gecomponeerd werd in de periode na zijn dood op 7 december 1562.

Opmnames en vooral uitvoeringen van de meeste van die werken bleven echter tot nu toe uit. Reden temeer om met Dionysos Now! dit - voor sommige werken - meer dan 400 jaar oude 'vacuum' te vullen.

Bij mijn onderzoek herontdekte ik een zes-stemmig werk van de (tot nu toe voor mij onbekende) componist Floriano Canale (c.1550-1616?), waarbij dezelfde tekst op toon wordt gezet die Willaerts 'poulin' Cipriano De Rore (1515/16-1565) in de ode aan zijn leraar en mentor gebruikt: ***Concordes adhibite animos***. Een ideale gelegenheid om de opname te beginnen en te eindigen met deze twee werken, temeer daar ze geen typische 'deploraties'

op de componist zijn (*déplorer* = bewenen) maar eerder als 'staatsmotetten' klinken zoals ze voor keizers en kardinalen werden geschreven, vol lof en eer, in het Latijn, met de typische referentie naar de Griekse mythologie.

Het madrigaal **Sassi, palae** van Andrea Gabrieli (c.1533-1583) is een fantasierijke oproep tot weeklagen aan alles wat in de kanalen van Venetië groeit en zwemt - tot zelfs de zeemeerminnen toe (ongetrouwd of getrouwd!) - op tekst van een van de leidinggevende figuren van de Commedia del Arte: Antonio Molino alias Manoli Blessi. Ook **Pianza'l Grego Pueta** van Alvise Willaert (fl.1560, de neef van Adriaen) is een persoonlijke klaagzang van Blessi op het grote verlies van de 'Màstora della Musica'.

Een ware ontdekking was voor mij het madrigaal **Giunto Adrian** van Lorenzo Benvenuti. De tekst (van een onbekende auteur) is vergeleken met de andere treurzangen onpersoonlijker, maar daarom niet minder intensief: gewaagde harmonieën begeleiden dit prachtige staaltje mystieke poëzie en toont aan dat - alhoewel we van deze componist zo goed als niets weten - hij de compositiestijl van Willaert en de manier waarop hij teksten toonzette, perfect weet te imiteren, ja zelfs verder te ontwikkelen.

Giovanni Battista Conforti's (fl. 1550–1570) *S'hoggi son senz'honor* heeft een gelijkaardige allegorische tekst, maar die staat in contrast met de toegevoegde muziek. Het ritme van de zangstemmen voelt aan als een soort ongestoord kabbelen in het rustige water van de lagune. Pas in de laatste zin wordt duidelijk dat het in dit sonnet over de dood van Adriaen gaat.

*Dulce Padrun* is het opus ultimum van Adriaen Willaert, op tekst van Antonio Molino. Willaert kondigt daarin zijn afscheid aan van deze (muziek-)wereld. Nadat in het eerste deel zijn (gestorven) hondje (in de ik-vorm) vanuit de hemel pocht hoe het hem heeft genezen van zijn vele kwalen (door de zomerhitte 's nachts te laten verdwijnen), besluit Adriaen zijn hondje te vergezellen naar de 'overzijde'.

Dit madrigaal zou een 'muzikale repliek' kunnen zijn op een eerder verschenen werk van Daniele Grisonio, ook op tekst van Antonio Molino, *Vu hà ben casun*. De twee madrigalen verschenen na elkaar in dezelfde druk van 1564. In de tekst van Grisonio's compositie troost hetzelfde gestorven huisdier vanuit de hemel zijn baasje (Willaert) door hem te verzekeren dat hij hem ieder jaar in augustus terug zal begroeten in de vorm van de meest heldere ster aan de sterrenhemel, verwijzend naar de 'hondsster' Sirius.

Het drieluik ***Parce mihi Domine/Taedet Animam meam/Manus tuae***\*, drie 'lezingen voor de doden' van Willaerts leerling – en later kapelmeester aan de San Marco Basiliek – Gioseffo Zarlino (1517-1590), heb ik aan deze opname toegevoegd na het lezen van het artikel van de musicologen Antonio Chemotti en Katelijne Schiltz *Deep mourning in Cinquecento Venice*, waarbij wordt aangetoond dat Zarlino deze muziek gecomponeerd zou kunnen hebben voor de dodenmis van Adriaen Willaert.

Het madrigaal ***Dove sei tu*** is van de hand van Adriaen Willaert zelf, geschreven na het overlijden van een niet nader genoemde jongeman.

\* Met dank aan Katelijne Schiltz en Cristle Collins Judd voor het ter beschikking stellen van hun muzikedities.

Een speciale dank aan Angela Ammodio, Benno Kalechtyts en Antonio Chemotti.



*Concordes adhibete animos*

Cipriano de Rore 3:06

*Sassi, palae*

Andrea Gabrieli 4:12

*Giunto Adrian*

Lorenzo Benvenuti 5:42

*Vu hà ben casun*

Daniele Grisonio 4:00

*Dulce Padrun*

Adriaen Willaert 4:46

*Pianza'l Grego Pueta*

Alvise Willaert 5:25

<i>S'hoggi son senz'honor</i>	
Giovanni Battista Conforti	4:18
<i>Parce mihi Domine</i>	
Gioseffo Zarlino	4:28
<i>Taedet Animam meam</i>	
Gioseffo Zarlino	5:04
<i>Manus tuae</i>	
Gioseffo Zarlino	3:27
<i>Dove sei tu, mio caro</i>	
Adriaen Willaert	4:28
<i>Concordes adhibete animos</i>	
Floriano Canale	3:41

## *Concordes adhibete animos*

Concordes adhibete animos Musae  
inclita turba

Aetheri Patris sacra propago Jovis:  
Laude Panopheum summa decorate  
Adrianum

Intulit ut vestro munera summa choro.  
Harmonicis magis ac suaves nemo  
edidit unquam

Cantus, per quem nunc musica vera viget.  
Ergo aetas omnis colat hunc laudetur origo:  
Felix quae hunc genuit Flandria in  
orbe virum.

C.F.: Vive Adriane, decus Musarum,  
vive Adriane!

Unite in harmonious spirit, O illustrious  
throng of Muses,  
holy offspring of the heavenly father,  
Jupiter:  
adorn Adrian with the highest praise,  
for he has conferred the greatest gifts  
on your choir.

No one ever produced a song more  
harmonious and sweet  
than he, through whom true music  
now flourishes.

Therefore, let every age honor him  
and let his origin be praised:  
blessed is Flanders, which brought him  
into the world of men.  
Long live Adrian, glory of the muses!

Pebbles, rocks, sands of the Adriatic shore,  
 Seaweed, reeds, and grasses that  
 grow there,  
 Mudflats, marshes, and cays that  
 are home to  
 Oysters, cockles, amiable flounders,  
 And you, fish in the tidewaters and in  
 every stream,  
 And of the sea, whether large or small:  
 Mackerels, cuttlefish, sardines,  
 that swim behind  
 Mermaids, both maiden and married.  
  
 And you, rivers that pay tribute to the sea,  
 Piave, Adige, Po, Sil, Brenta and Ogio,  
 Come, so that all may lament  
 The death of Adrian, who I regret  
 Will never again set my verses  
 To sweet song, breaking apart every  
 rock on the shore.  
 O what great sorrow!  
 In the whole world, who could ever  
 Rival him in beautiful harmony?

## *Sassi, palae*

Sassi, Palae, sabbion, del Adrian lio;  
 Alleghe, Zoncchi, Herbazi chie la stèu;  
 Velme, Barene, chie scundèu  
 l'Ostregha, 'l cappa, e 'l Passarin polio;  
 E vui del valle pesci e d'ogni rio,  
 E del mar grandi e puzili chie sèu;  
 Sombri, Chieppe, Sardun, chie drio tirèu  
 Le Syrene dunnell'e ch'a mario.

E vu fiumi chie dèu tributo al Mari,  
 Piavi, Ladese, Po, Sil, Brenta et Ogio,  
 Vegni, vegni cha tutti canti a lagrimari  
 La morte d'Adrian, del chal me dogio  
 Che nol porà mie versi plio lustrari  
 Cul dulce canto chie rumpe ogni scogio  
 O megàlos cordogio!  
 Del mundo tutto chy sarà mo chello  
 Chie in armonia del par vaga cun ello.

## *Giunto Adrian*

Giunto Adrian fra l'anime beate  
 Si raddoppiar nel ciel novi concenti  
 Et in suo honor le sfere e gli elementi  
 Fer sentir armonie più non usate  
 Cadde un nembo di fior da le dorate stelle  
 nel suo passar tacquero i venti  
 Temprò Febo gli aurati raggi ardenti  
 E l'ornò de le frond'un tempo amate  
 Di qua i grandi del mondo pianser tutti  
 E la Regina d'Adria a chiome sciolte  
 l'accompagnò con mille ninfe a canto  
 Nè la limpida Scalda tenne asciuti  
 Gl'occhi fra soni christalli chè sepolte  
 Vide insieme con lui le voci e'l canto

When Adrian joined the realm  
 of blessed spirits,  
 new songs suddenly multiplied,  
 and in his honor, the heavenly spheres  
 mused in harmony as they had never  
 sounded before.  
 Flowers tumbled down from the gilded  
 starry sky; the winds fell silent.  
 Phoebus tempered his golden, fiery rays  
 and adorned him with the laurel wreath  
 he once so loved.  
 Here on Earth, the world's greats wept,  
 and the Queen of the Adriatic,  
 with flowing hair,  
 accompanied him in song with  
 a thousand nymphs.  
 Even the clear Scheldt shed tears  
 from her eyes,  
 for along with Adrian, his voice and  
 songs were also buried.

You have good reason to mourn my death,  
 Dear Master. In addition to being a rare dog,  
 I loved you as much as you cared for me  
 Until it pleased my harsh fate.  
 This should strengthen your heart  
 And cheer you up, for Jupiter gave  
     a new form  
 To me, visible in August but less in January,  
 Thus taking me into his court,

So that I am transformed among those  
     bright stars,  
 to render that beast of a dog,  
 who makes people sweat this time of year.  
 Do not be heartbroken, for I find myself  
 Alive and healthy. And here is the truth:  
 Up here, one does not live on bread and  
     water alone.  
 I will be so very humane, for you with  
     that naughty little dog,  
 never letting your face get flushed.

### *Vu hà ben casun*

Vu hà ben casun del pianzer la mio morte,  
 Dulce Padrun oldr'esser cagnol raro,  
 Ve amava tando, canto ve fu caro  
 Fin c'hà piasesto alla mia dura sorte.  
 Sta cosa sulle cor vel diè far forte e rallegrar,  
 Chie giov'un aldro paro  
 A mi d'Augusto e mango de Zenaro  
 Nol visto, e si m'hà tulto in la so corte.

Undo de stral uso fra chel chiare stelle,  
 a rende chella bestia de chel can,  
 chie à chesti tembi far suar la pelle.  
 No stè plio de mal cor, chie vivo e san  
     mel trovo,  
 e cheste se vero novelle:  
 chie cha su no sel vive d'acheè pan.  
 Mil sarò tanto human per vui chun  
     chel canicula ribaldo,  
 chie mai no lassarò, vel fazza caldo.

## *Dulce Padrun*

Dulce Padrun, mi ho cognosuo cha in celo  
 Chie un caldo ti l'habuo frevuso in panza  
 Chal te punzeva, co fa 'l spad'e lanza  
 Si ben chie tel suava 'l carne 'l pelo.  
 Mo mi, chie t'ho amà sempre del bun zelo  
 Cul canicula ho fado mio pusanza  
 Tando chiel caldo fora del so usanza  
 La xe anda via currand'a remi'a velo.  
 Nol creder chie sia cassia o 'l mendesina,  
 Cure e syropii, pirule ò bursette  
 Chie dal fevre fogusa t'ha gario.

Mi xe stà chel c'ha fado dulceghina  
 Vegnir so bucca al can cul carezzette.  
 Va pia mo dal giatròs to sold'in drio.  
 Padrun resta cun Dio.  
 Mi no tel porrò dir plio veritae  
 Per fin chie no la turna l'aldro istae;  
 Via da cheste cundrae  
 Andemo all'aldro polo cun sto can.  
 Me recumando a vui, te baso'l man.

Dear Master, I have realized here in heaven,  
 That a feverish heat struck you in your belly,  
 And pierced you like a sword or a lance,  
 So that your body and skin were bathed  
 in sweat.

But I, who have always loved you with  
 great dedication,  
 Have exercised the power of the dog star.  
 So much so that the heat, unusual in  
 its intensity,  
 Hurried off, with oars and with sail.  
 And so, do not believe that it was  
 the cassia or medicine,  
 Salves or syrups, pills or teas,  
 That cured you of this blazing fever.

It was I who made a gentle bow  
 And with my mouth kissed the dog.  
 Now, go get your money back from  
 the doctor.

Master, God be with you.  
 I cannot tell you any more truths,  
 At least not until summer returns again.  
 My dog and I are going to that other pole,  
 Far away from this land.  
 I wish you well,  
 And kiss your hand.

Let the Greek Poet, the Mantuan,  
 The Florentine, and all the world weep,  
 Since that profound  
 Master of Music, Adrian, has died;  
 He drew from earth, mountain, and plain,  
 That heavenly harmony that circles round.  
 With beautiful ways, he showed everyone  
 his depth,  
 So much so that every sick heart was  
 turned healthy.

Among the many who mourn him,  
 I mourn him too.  
 I, Blessi, am now deprived  
 Of one who honors my verse in song.  
 He is in heaven, and sees the sun close by,  
 And I am on earth, away from any light.  
 Ah, why did I not go with him?  
 When will it be granted,  
 To see in this life someone equal of him,  
 Which no man ever was and none ever  
 shall be?

### *Pianza'l Grego Pueta*

Pianza'l Grego Pueta e'l Mantuan,  
 La Fiorentin e tutto canto'l mundo,  
 Da puo chie la xe morto chel profundo  
 Màstora della Musica, Adrian.  
 Chie la tirà cha in terra, in munte in pian,  
 Chell'armonia del cel chia zira in tundo.  
 Cul modo bel à tutti ha mustra'l fundo  
 Tal ch'ogni cor malao xe turnà san.

Fra tandi che lo pianze, el pianzo angora;  
 Mi Blessi, chie privao la sun adesso  
 D'un chie cul canto la mio verso honora.  
 Esso xe in celo, e vede'l sol appresso,  
 E mi xe in terra d'ogni luse fora.  
 Ah'perchie no xe andà anga mi cun esso?  
 Cando sarà concesso  
 Veder in chesta vita un'aldro lu,  
 Chie no la xe sta mai ghel sarà piui.

*S'hoggi son senz'honor*

S'hoggi son senz'honor le nostre sponde  
 Gia si fiorite, fortunate et belle,  
 S'hoggi contro di noi sono le stelle  
 Rivolte e'l lor favor si muov'al tronde

S'hoggi del nostro mar si vengon l'onde  
 Andar fremendo in questa parte e in quella  
 Con viso che minacci atre procelle  
 Senz'aiuto sperar d'aure seconde

S'hoggi s'achete ogni amoros'accento  
 Ne s'ode più ch'èprim'in dolce note  
 Gli effetti ch'ogni cor facean beato  
 S'hoggi si ferman le celesti rote  
 E tace l'armonia per ogni lato  
 E che'l grand'ADRIAN di vit'è spento.

If today our shores are without honor,  
 Once flourishing, fortunate, and beautiful,  
 If today the stars are against us,  
 Turned away, having moved their favor  
 to others,

If today waves come from our sea  
 That tremble from this side to that,  
 With faces that threatens dreadful storms,  
 Without hope of aid from favorable winds,

If today every tender word ceases,  
 And no longer do we hear the sweet notes  
 That once made every heart rejoice,  
 If today the celestial wheels come to a halt,  
 And harmony on each side falls silent,  
 It is because the great ADRIAN has departed  
 this life.

Spare me, Lord, for my days are nothing.  
 What is man, that you elevate him so?  
 And why do you set your heart upon him?  
 You visit him every morning, and test him  
 at every moment.  
 How long will you not leave me alone,  
 nor let me go, so that I may swallow  
 my saliva?  
 I have sinned. What then shall I do for you,  
 O protector of men?  
 Why have you set me as your target,  
 when I am a burden to myself?  
 Why do you not forgive my sin, and why  
 do you not take away my iniquity?  
 For soon I will sleep in the dust;  
 and if you come looking for me in the  
 morning, I will be no more.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

### *Parce mihi Domine*

Parce mihi Domine, nihil enim sunt dies mei.  
 Quid est homo, quia magnificas eum?  
 Aut quid apponis erga eum cor tuum?  
 Visitas cum diluculo, et subito probas illum.  
 Usquequo non parcis mihi, nec dimittis me,  
 ut glutiam salivam meam? Peccavi.  
 Quid faciam tibi, o custos hominum?  
 Quare posuisti me contrarium tibi,  
 et factus sum mihi met ipsi gravis?  
 Cur non tollis peccatum meum,  
 et quare non auferis iniquitatem meam?  
 Ecce nunc in pulvere dormio;  
 et si mane me quesieris, non subsistam.  
 Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.

## *Taedet Animam meam*

Taedet Animam meam vitae meae;  
 dimittam adversum me eloquium meum,  
 loquar in amaritudine animae meae.  
 Dicam Deo: Noli me condemnare;  
 indica mihi cur me ita iudices.  
 Numquid bonum tibi videtur,  
     si calumnieris me,  
 et opprimas me opus manuum tuarum,  
 et consilium impiorum adjuves?  
 Numquid oculi carnei tibi sunt?  
 aut sicut videt homo, et tu videbis?  
 Numquid sicut dies hominis dies tui,  
 et anni tui sicut humana sunt tempora,  
 ut quaeras iniquitatem meam,  
     et peccatum meum scruteris?  
 et scias quia nihil impium fecerim, cum  
     nemo sit qui de manu tua possit eruere.

Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.

My soul is weary of my life;  
 I will let my complaint fall upon myself;  
 I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.  
 I will say unto God, Do not condemn me;  
 tell me why you judge me so.  
 Do you think it is right to slander me,  
 to oppress me, the work of your own hands,  
 and to aid the counsel of the wicked?  
 Do you have eyes of flesh?  
 or do you see as man sees?  
 Are your days like the days of man,  
 and your years as man's years,  
 that you should seek out my iniquity,  
     and search after my sin?  
 Know that I would do nothing wicked,  
 since there is no man that can deliver  
 out of your hand.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Your hands, Lord, shaped me and  
 fashioned me  
 thoroughly, yet now you suddenly  
 cast me down?  
 Remember, I beseech you, that you  
 made me like clay,  
 and you will turn me back into dust.  
 Did you not pour me out like milk,  
 and curdle me like cheese?  
 You clothed me with skin and flesh,  
 you assembled me with bones  
 and tendons.  
 You granted me life and mercy,  
 and your presence has preserved my spirit.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

## *Manus tuae*

Manus tuae plasmaverunt me et fecerunt me  
 Totum in circuitu et sic repente praecipitas me  
 Memento quaeso quod sicut lutum feceris me  
 et in pulverem reduces me  
 nonne sicut lac mulsisti me et sicut caseum  
     me coagulasti  
 pelle et carnibus vestisti me  
 et ossibus et nervis conpegisti me  
 vitam et misericordiam tribuisti mihi  
 et visitatio tua custodivit spiritum meum

Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.

## *Dove sei tu, mio caro*

Dove sei tu, mio caro e mio gentile,  
 Da me sì tosto per mio mal fuggito,  
 Che portando il mio ben te ne sei gito  
 Là dov'hor godi un sempitern'aprile.

Mira, ti prego, il viver nostr'humile,  
 Dov'io mi resto solè sbigottito;  
 Lasso, per chè non sei meco partito.  
 Comèri meco in questo secol vile?

Chi mi ti tols'oimè? forse fu il cielo  
 Ch'invidia havea de le tue voci accorte.  
 Che'l celeste cantar facean men degno.  
 Deh, perchè sì repente ha tronco morte  
 il caro stame? fors'acciò ch'un gelo  
 Ne sembr'al sol il viver nostr'indegno.

Where are you,  
 my dear and gentle one,  
 who fled so quickly from me  
     to my sorrow?  
 Carrying away my joy,  
 you have departed  
 to where now you enjoy an  
     everlasting spring.

Look, I beseech you,  
 at our humble existence,  
 Where I am left alone and terrified;  
 Alas, why did you not leave with me,  
 As you were with me in this vile world?

Who took you from me, alas?  
 Perhaps it was the heavens,  
 Jealous of your clever voice,  
 Which made the song of the heavens  
     seem less noble.  
 Alas, why has death so abruptly severed  
 Our precious bond?  
 Perhaps so that,  
 Compared to the sun, our unworthy life  
     seems like ice.

© photo covers and p.13 : Mirjam Devriendt

© photo p.4 : Stephan Vanfleteren

