

REQUIEM

I. Introit

Wer

From Rainer Maria Rilke: *Duino Elegies*

Requiem aeternam

*Elskede, så er det altså hendt. Hele livet vårt,
smilet, tårene og motet. Reisene våre tilslutt:
- under sneen. Under den brune kransen.*

*Kjæreste venn, hvor er vår glede nu,
de gode hendene, det unge smilet,
- under sneen. Under den brune kransen.*

*Her er så ødslig nu og tiden mørkner.
Ordene blir så få og ingen hører mer.
Kjæreste, du som sover. [Ta meg ned med deg,]
Evrydike.
- under sneen.*

From Suddenly: In December. Used with permission from Rolf Jacobsen's descendants

Tu se' morta, mia vita

From Monteverdi: *L'Orfeo*

*(Requiem aeternam) dona eis,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

II. Eleison

a slow nightmarish
stumble to the bed,
he almost slipping free.

Never so powerless,
exchanging that one glance.

as he lay back, *Thanks boy,*

REST

Introduction

Who

Eternal rest

Beloved, so it has finally happened. Our whole life,
The smile, the tears, the courage. Our journey in
the end:
- under the snow. Under the brown wreath.

Dearest friend, where is our joy now,
The good hands, the young smile,
- under the snow. Under the brown wreath.

So desolate here now, and the hour darkens.
The words are so few, and no one is listening.
Dearest, you who sleep. [Take me down with you,]
Eurydice.
- under the snow.

You are dead, my life

Grant them (eternal rest),
and let perpetual light shine on them.

Have Mercy

No other words beside the pulsing,
mortal, mortal, mortal, mortal.

From *Natal Command* by Peter Sacks. Used by permission of University of Chicago Press.

Eleison

Wer, wenn ich schriee, hörte mich denn aus der
Engel Ordnungen? ...das Schöne ist nichts
als des Schrecklichen Anfang, den wir noch grade
ertragen...

From Rainer Maria Rilke: *Duino Elegies*

III. Dies irae

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla

Kjente jeg deg
egentlig. Noe
du aldri fikk sagt eller
vi lot ligge. Halv-
tenkte tanker. En skygge
som strøk over ansiktet.
Noe i øynene. Nei
jeg vil ikke tro det.
Men det kommer igjen. Natten
har ingen lyd,
bare rare tanker. Ord
som stiger opp av søvnen:
Kjente jeg deg?

From *Kjente jeg deg?* Used with permission from Rolf
Jacobsen's descendants

IV. Sanctus

Det var her. Akkurat her
ved bekken og det gamle nypekjerret.
Sen vår i år, rosene er bleke ennå,
nesten som kinnnet ditt
den første morgenen bak døden.
Men det kommer,
bare lyset, bare duften, bare gleden
kommer ikke.

Have mercy

Who, if I cried out, would hear me among the
orders of Angels? ... beauty is really nothing
but the beginning of terror we are only just able to
bear...

Day of wrath

Day of wrath, that day
Will dissolve the earth in ashes

Did I know you
really. Something
you never said or
we let lie. Half-
thought thoughts. A shadow
that passed over the face.
Something in the eyes. No,
I don't want to believe that.
But it comes again. The night
has no sound,
only alien thoughts. Words
that well up in sleep:
Did I know you?

Holy

It was here. Right here
by the brook and the old rose hip bush.
Late spring this year, the roses are still pale,
Almost like your cheek
that first morning after death.
But it's coming -
just the light, just the fragrance, just the joy
won't be coming.

Men det var her
og det var kveld og måne,
bekkesidr
sånn som nå. Ta hånden min,
legg armen der.
Så går vi da
sammen i sommernatten, tause
mot det som
ikke er.

From *Det var her*. Used with permission from Rolf Jacobsen's descendants

But it was here,
and it was evening, with a moon,
trickling brook -
just like now. Take my hand,
put your arm there.
Then we'll go
together in the summer night, silent,
towards what
isn't.

V. Lux aeterna

*Ein Mal jedes, nur ein Mal. Ein Mal und nichtmehr.
Und wir auch ein mal. Nie wieder. Aber dieses ein
Mal gewesen zu sein, wenn auch nur ein Mal:
irdisch gewesen zu sein, scheint nicht widerrufbar.*

From Rainer Maria Rilke: *Duino Elegies*

Light eternal

Everyone once, only once. Once and no more. And
we too, only once. Never again. But this having
been once, if only once, this having been of the
earth, seems irrevocable.

VI. Libera me

his face, unwrapped,
already yellowed,
papery, recovered
with a small white cloth

then lowered away
and shut to the earth;

So pierced,
so mute,
these words
re-opening:

*Before. Not yet.
Not this.*

From *Natal Command*, by Peter Sacks. Used by permission of University of Chicago Press.

Release me

VII. In Paradisum

Into Paradise

*To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it to your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.*

*You must be able
To let it go, must let it go.
When the time comes,
You let it go, let go.
Your life depends on it:
Hold it close, then let it go.
When the time comes, let go.
Don't go, let go.
Don't go, let go.*

Adapted from *In Blackwater Woods*, by Mary Oliver