



Waves III - Texts

Raffaele Marcellino - **A Strange Kind of Paradise** (2013)

The lyrics for movements I-III are a set of poems, *Ariadne's Lament* by Jordie Albiston, celebrated Melbourne-based poet. Movement IV uses a French translation of the lyrics from Monteverdi's original.

Ariadne's Lament

you were my love when you laid me on the sand my
blanket your body my pillow your tender hand ten
thousand kisses you whispered over my classical cretan
flesh ten thousand caresses before you rose and left

(and I awoke to your wake)

you were my love when I cleft from country and clan
my parents bereft my half-brother hewn by your hand
in the middle of the night in the middle of a dream you
left me to my fate sleeping on dia's shore to ever wait

(and I awoke to your wake)

you were my love when your ship curtailed you away
my sun-titan shattered pray tell me what happened!
pray send me breezes to sail me out from this broken
shoreline now! pray call out Ariadne! from your bow

(and I awoke to your wake)

Ariadne's Lament II

sand in my ears sand in my eyes
sand in my helios heart I cannot
hear if you're calling to me I am
too far apart o theseus my love



my man whose husband are you
now which ocean do you tremble
above what future waves before
your vanishing prow sand in my

hair sand in my soul sand in
my hellenic head you've wound
and wound yourself into me but
now I've lost the thread sand in

my sunsand in my night sand
in my indian crown I toss it sky-
wards into the stars and one by one
the stars come tumbling back down.

Ariadne's Lament III

throw me among the bright constellations
tow me out to sea I have nought but loss
to station me here no nothing! is left of

me o! bring me generals and battleships
o! hand me bludgeon and blade and lay
my lover low in this lap of vengeance that

he made yes! enter me into the labyrinth
grant me my funeral then o! forgive me
gods but I'm done with mere mortal men

Ariadne's Lament IV

Laissez-moi mourir!

Et que voulez-vous

Qui me conforte

Dans un sort si dur,

Dans un martyre si grand,

Laissez-moi mourir!

(Original Italian by Ottavio Rinuccini, translated into French)



Nigel Butterley - **Orphei Mysteria** (2008)

Poetry by Patricia Excell

I

Prologue

A child of Earth am I
A child of Earth and of the Starry Heaven
A child of Earth, but my race is of Heaven

The Head of Orpheus

When to the lily unborn
You offer a lily unknown
The goddess bows her head.

Her hand on the nape of your neck
Quivers with arrows of bitter
Light, each point tipped

With barbarous foam. You hold
The shell-encrusted ear
In which all sound is born.

Waves of inexorable onyx
Darken the courts of silence
Where the naked lily

Rests on the monochord.
The clear night gives back
A single resonating note.

The head of Orpheus floats on the wave.

The Lemon Tree

Haunted by lemons, the poet
Imaged forth the tree
Freighted with glossy fruit -

There, among the leaves,
He climbed the ladder of Being
(But firmly held from below)



Each rung, high and higher -

Sum Es Est

II

The Lyre of Orpheus

Ripe stars fall
From the arms of the moon
Outstretched in the silent light.

The deep-browed goddess
Embraces the lily's secret
Words rippling under

Green lucent waves.
You hold the shell of harmony
Wherein the stars are tuned.

The lily unfolds to the night.
A hand dipped in dream
Sweeps the glowing strings -

Each note glides
To its appointed place
Above the fractured earth.

The lyre of Orpheus floats on the wave.

III

The Lemon Tree

Above his head lemons

Were dancing in Orphic harmony.
Higher still, the meeting point
Where tree and sky are still.

The poet reaches for, plucks
The glowing fruit; each one drops,
A flash, into the golden Kálathos.

Ser Estar Esse



The Song of Orpheus

Darkness deeper than dark
Dismembers night - waves
Of bitter radiance break

At the feet of the goddess where
She stands, oblivious to all
But the lily's luminous song.

The chord recedes - archaic
Hands pluck from the sea
The seven-stringed shell

Of beaten sound, dripping
With stars. Pallid lips
Rehearse the lily's monotone.

Through the bronze portal
Of diminished night the goddess
Steps into darkness.

The song of Orpheus floats on the wave.

Epilogue

A child of Earth am I
A child of Earth and of the Starry Heaven
A child of Earth, but my race is of Heaven alone.