

My dove, my beautiful one

*My dove, my beautiful one,
Arise, arise!
The night-dew lies
Upon my lips and eyes.*

*The odorous winds are weaving
A music of sighs:
Arise, arise,
My dove, my beautiful one!*

*I wait by the cedar tree,
My sister, my love,
White breast of the dove,
My breast shall be your bed.*

*The pale dew lies
Like a veil on my head.
My fair one, my fair dove,
Arise, arise!*

Colomba, splendore mio,
alzati, alzati!
Rugiada notturna
ho sulle labbra e gli occhi.

I venti odorosi tessono
musica di sospiri:
alzati, alzati,
colomba, splendore mio!

Aspetto vicino al cedro,
sorella, amore.
Petto bianco di colomba,
sul mio petto dormirai.

Rugiada pallida
ho come un velo sul capo.
Mia bella, bella colomba,
alzati, alzati!

My dove, my beautiful one

dem Chor Ars Cantandi gewidmet

words by James Joyce

music by Roberto Di Marino

Harp

mf

8

mf My dove, — my beau-ti-ful one, a rise, — a rise! — The night-dew lies up - on my lips and

15

eyes. — The o - dor - ous winds are weav - ing a mu - sic of sighs: — a rise, a - rise, my

22

dove, my beau-ti-ful one! — I

29

wait by the ce-dar tree, my sis - ter, my love,

36

white breast of the dove, — my breast shall be your bed. The pale dew

42

lies — like a veil on my head. — My fair one, my fair dove, a rise, — a rise!

49

rit.