

St Cecilia's Day 2020 - *Sing Your Patronesses Praise – Texts & Translations*

Singing Mungo Lady

This is the land of the Mutthi Mutthi, Paakantji, Ngiyampaa,
Gundiyura – a long, long time ago, 40,000 years ago,
A queen is mourned, her people grieve,
Lovingly with ceremony, lovingly with song,
Mutthi Mutthi, Paakantji, Ngiyampaa,

She summons the wind, to scatter the sand,
She takes the risk, to reveal herself.
She's hundreds of fragments, ancient splinters, ochred yellow
Ritual slivers, resonating songlines,
Vibrating dreaming stories, wanting to be found
Not taken out of Country, not stolen in a suitcase.

Can you hear the whispering? Saying something very softly,
Can you hear what they are saying? "Bring her home!"
Her spirit cries, Aching to return to her Country to rest.
Mutthi Mutthi, Paakantji, Ngiyampaa,

Journeys to Nganbra (*Canberra*), Round table discussions,
Jumping the hoops and the red tape,
Finally it's happening, The Day of the Hand-back
She's coming back to Country, They're bringing her home.

High up on the lunette a little whirly dances,
Spinning while she dances on the sacred ground,
Dances while she spins around,
A big whirly, A roaring whirly
Spinning while she barrels down the road!

Singing Mungo Lady, Mutthi Mutthi, Paakantji, Ngiyampaa,
Mungo Lady Singing, Back on Country, Mungo Lady sings!
(Brooke Green)

Isabel, you lost your sash! Alas! Where is it? Swimming in the water.
Isabel, so lovely! (Anon).

Dum aurora

As dawn was fading into day, Cecilia cried: "Arise, soldiers of Christ! Cast away the works of darkness and put on the armour of light".

(Last Responsory from the Matins for St Cecilia's Day)

Ego flos campi

I am the flower of the field, the lily of the valley. Like a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among sons.
(Song of Solomon 2:1-3a)

Surge, propera amica mea

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. O my dove, who is in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see your countenance, let me hear your voice; For sweet is your voice, and your countenance is comely. (Song of Solomon 2:10b; 14)

The Dream

All trembling in my arms Aminta lay,
Defending of the bliss I strove to take;
Raising my rapture by her kind delay,
Her force so charming was and weak.
The soft resistance did betray the grant,
While I pressed on the heaven of my desires;
Her rising breasts with nimbler motions pant;
Her dying eyes assume new fires.
Now to the height of languishment she grows,
And still her looks new charms put on;
Now the last mystery of Love she knows,
We sigh, and kiss: I waked, and all was done.
'Twas but a dream, yet by my heart I knew,
Which still was panting, part of it was true:
Oh how I strove the rest to have believed;
Ashamed and angry to be undeceived!

(Aphra Behn)

Ashokan Farewell

The sun is sinking low in the sky above Ashokan
The pines and the willows know soon we will part
There's a whisper in the wind of promises unspoken
And a love that will always remain in my heart
My thoughts will return to the sound of your laughter
The magic of moving as one, and a time we'll remember long ever after
The moonlight and music and dancing are done.

(Jay A. Ungar)

Strike the Viol, Touch the Lute, Wake the Harp, Inspire the Flute,
Sing your Patronesses Praise, Sing in cheerfull and Harmonious Lays.

(Nahum Tate)