Roberto Di Marino

From Dewy Dreams

for mixed choir (SATB), harp or piano

2007

Harp or Piano

From Dewy Dreams

From dewy dreams, my soul, arise,
From love's deep slumber and from death,
For lo! the trees are full of sighs
Whose leaves the morn admonisheth.

Eastward the gradual dawn prevails
Where softly-burning fires appear,
Making to tremble all those veils
Of grey and golden gossamer.

While sweetly, gently, secretly,
The flowery bells of morn are stirred
And the wise choirs of faery
Begin (innumerous!) to be heard.

James Joyce

Da rugiadosi sogni, mia anima, sorgi,
da sonno profondo di amore e da morte.
Vedi! gli alberi sono pieni di sospiri
le cui foglie il giorno ammonisce.

Verso est l'alba lenta prevale
là dove appaiono deboli fuochi,
facendo tremare tutti quei veli
di ragnatela grigia e dorata.

Mentre soavi, gentili, segrete,
s'agitano le fiorite campane del giorno
e i saggi cori delle fate
si cominciano (innumerevoli!) a udire.

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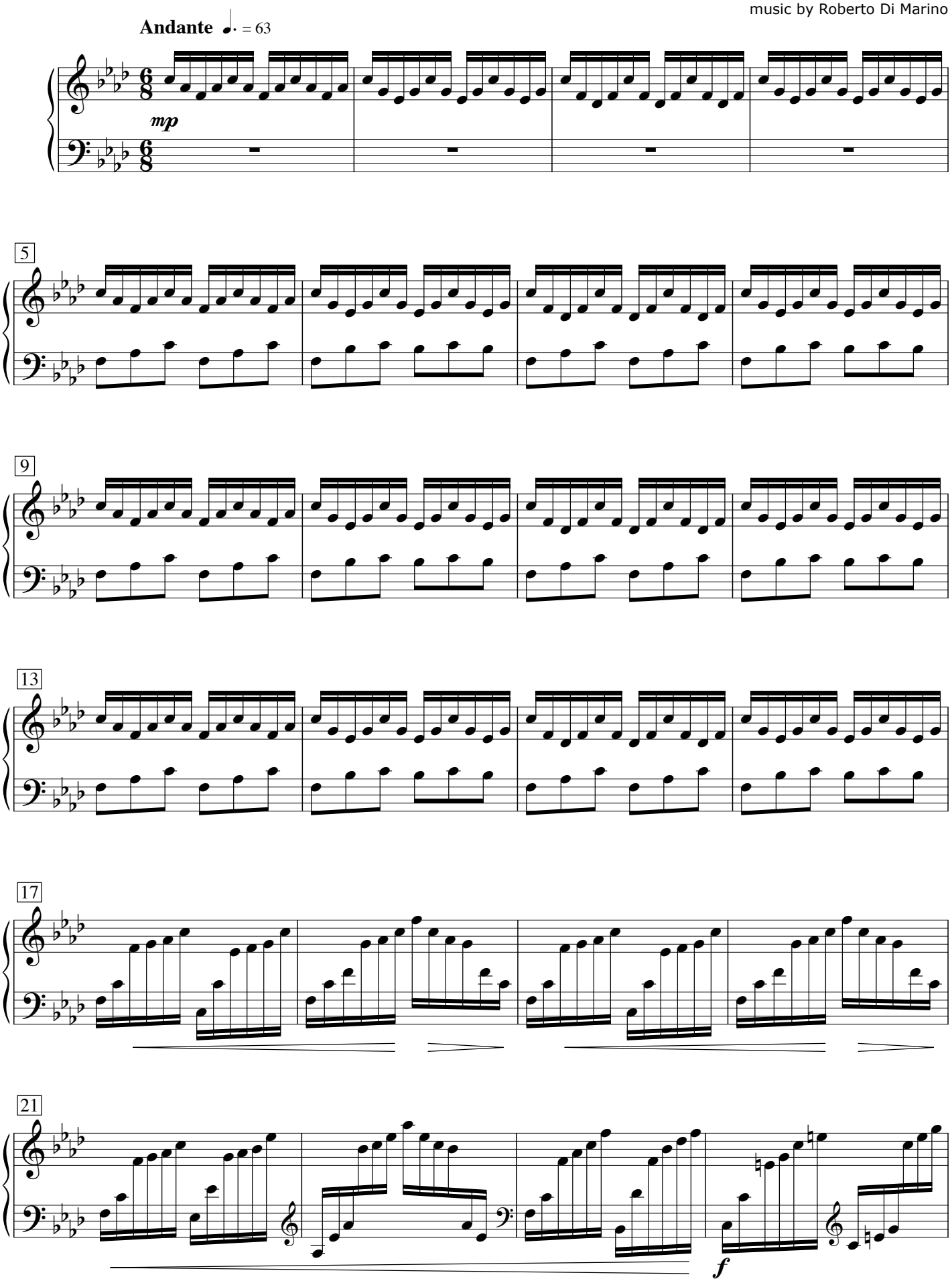
dem Chor Ars Cantandi gewidmet

words by James Joyce

music by Roberto Di Marino



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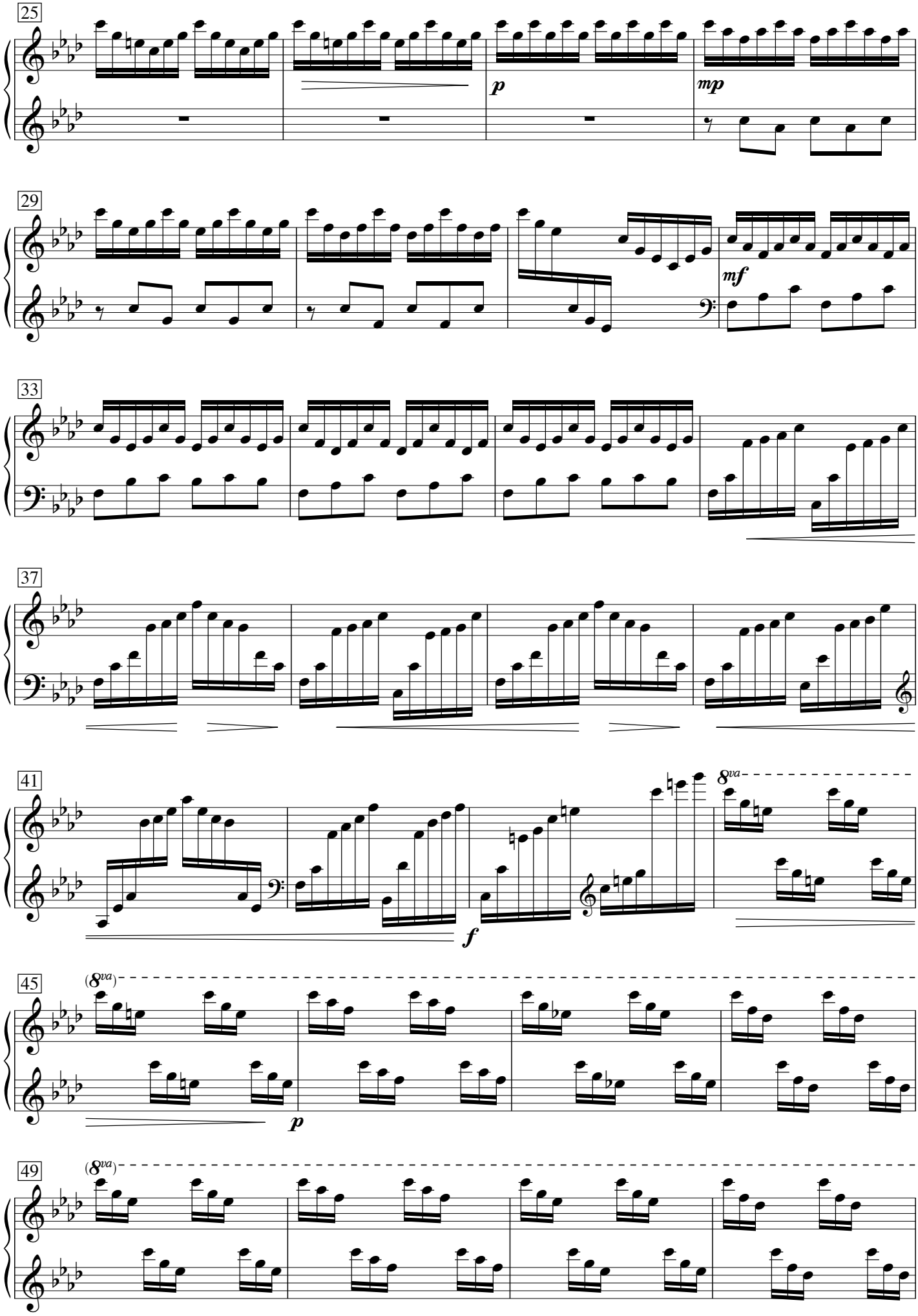
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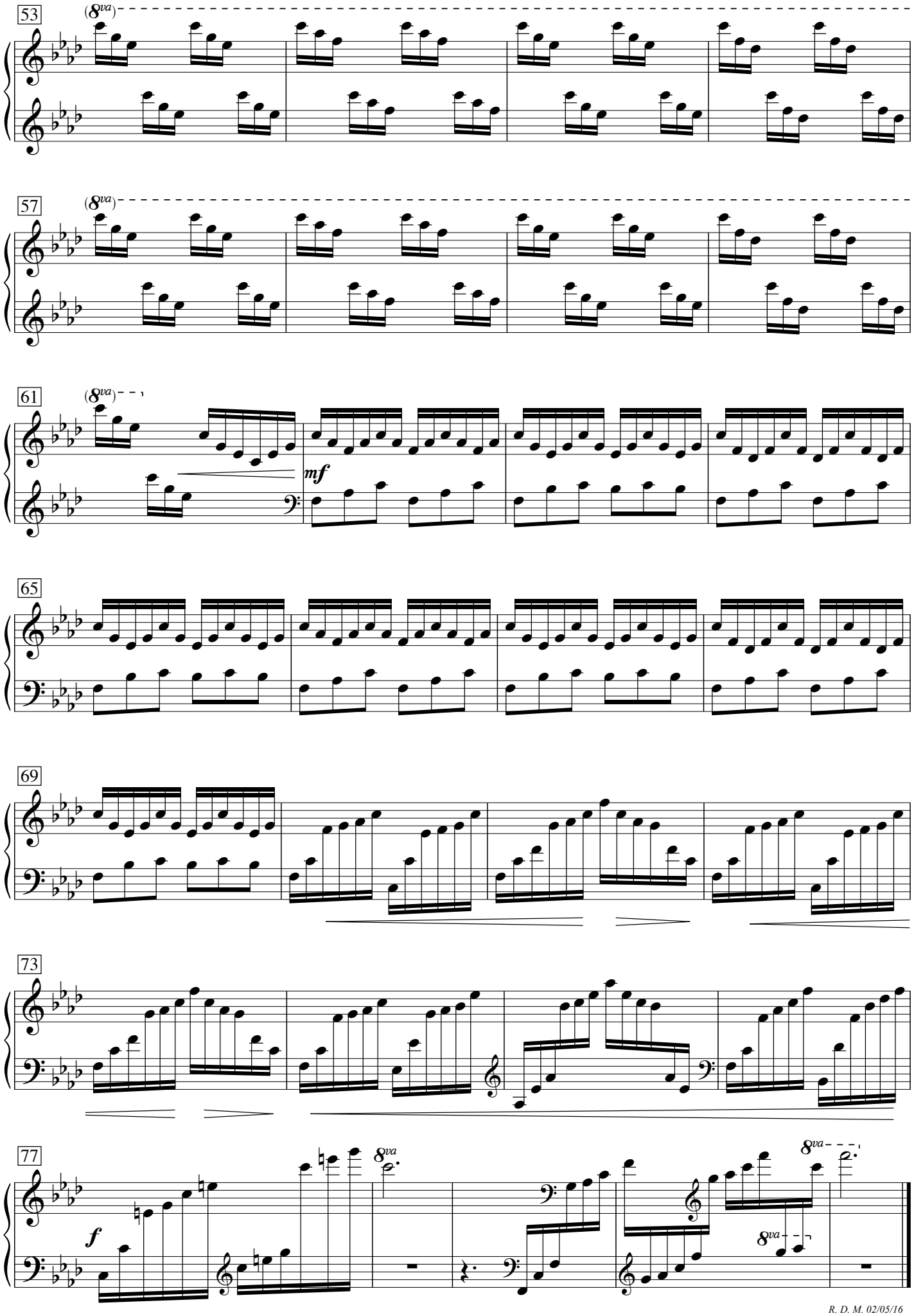

R. D. M. 02/05/16