Gerald
Finzi

Dies Natalis op 8

Cantata for tenor or soprano solo & string orchestra

Voice & piano reduction

Words by Thomas Traherne

BOOSEY & HAWKES

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Note :—

Although the work is designed as a whole, the first three movements and the last two can be performed as separate units. The Intrada and also the last movement can be performed as separate movements.

Duration approx. 25 minutes

2.

RHAPSODY

(Recitativo Stromentato)

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? I was a stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys; my knowledge was Divine I was entertain'd like an Angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory. Heaven and Earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I. All appear'd new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. All things were spotless and pure and glorious. The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reap'd nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The green trees, when I saw them first, transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. O what venerable creatures did the agéd seem! Immortal Cherubims! And the young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally. I knew not that there were sins or complaints or laws. I dream'd not of poverties, contentions or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. I saw all in the peace of Eden. Everything was at rest, free and immortal.

Thomas Traherne.

Adapted from " Centuries of Meditation "
Third century; Med: 1, 2, 3.

3.

THE RAPTURE

(Danza)

Sweet Infancy !
O Hevenly Fire ! O Sacred Light !
How Fair and bright !
How Great am I
Whom the whol World doth magnify !

O hevenly Joy !
O Great and Sacred Blessedness
Which I possess !
So great a Joy
Who did into my Arms convey ?

From God abov
Being sent, the Gift doth me enflame
To prais his Name ;
The Stars do mov,
The Sun doth shine, to shew his Lov.

O how Divine
Am I ! To all this Sacred Wealth,
This Life and Health,
Who rais'd ? Who mine
Did make the same ! What hand divine !

Thomas Traherne.

4.

WONDER

(Arioso)

How like an Angel came I down !
How bright are all things here !
When first among his Works I did appear
O how their Glory did me crown !
The World resembled his ETERNITY,
In which my Soul did walk ;
And evry tning that I did see
Did with me talk.

The Skies in their Magnificence,
The lovly lively Air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair !
The Stars did entertain my Sense ;
And all the Works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great, did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my Esteem.

A Nativ Health and Innocence
Within my Bones did grow,
And while my God did all his Glories show
I felt a vigor in my Sense
That was all SPIRIT : I within did flow
With Seas of Life like Wine ;
I nothing in the World did know
But 'twas Divine.

Thomas Traherne.

5.

THE SALUTATION

(Aria)

These little Limbs,
These Eys and Hands which here I find,
This panting Heart wherwith my Life begins ;
Where have ye been ? Behind
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long !
Where was, in what Abyss, my new-made Tongue ?

When silent I
So many thousand thousand Years
Beneath the Dust did in a *Chaos* ly,
How could I *Smiles*, or *Tears*,
Or *Lips*, or *Hands*, or *Eys*, or *Ears* perceiv ?
Welcom ye Treasures which I now receiv.

From Dust I rise
And out of Nothing now awake ;
These brighter Regions which salute mine Eys
A Gift from God I take :
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the lofty Skies,
The Sun and Stars are mine ; if these I prize.

A Stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange Glory see,
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,
Strange all and New to me :
But that they *mine* should be who Nothing was,
That Strangest is of all ; yet brought to pass.

Thomas Traherne.

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A slightly "modernized" version of numbers 3, 4 *and* 5 *appears in the vocal score.*

DIES NATALIS

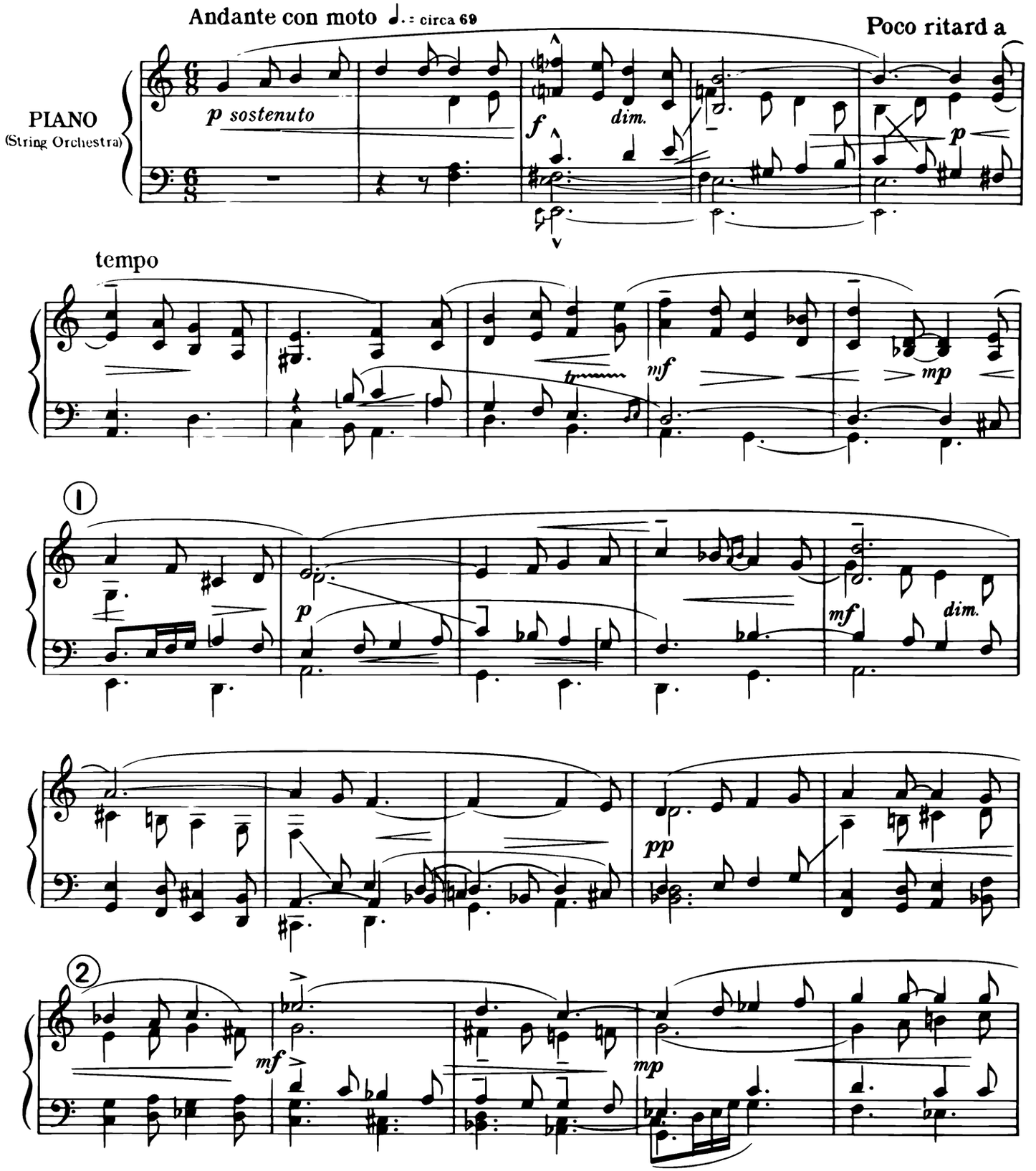
DURATION
approx. 25 mins.

Words by
THOMAS TRAHERNE

Music by
GERALD FINZI

I. Intrada

Andante con moto ♩. = circa 69



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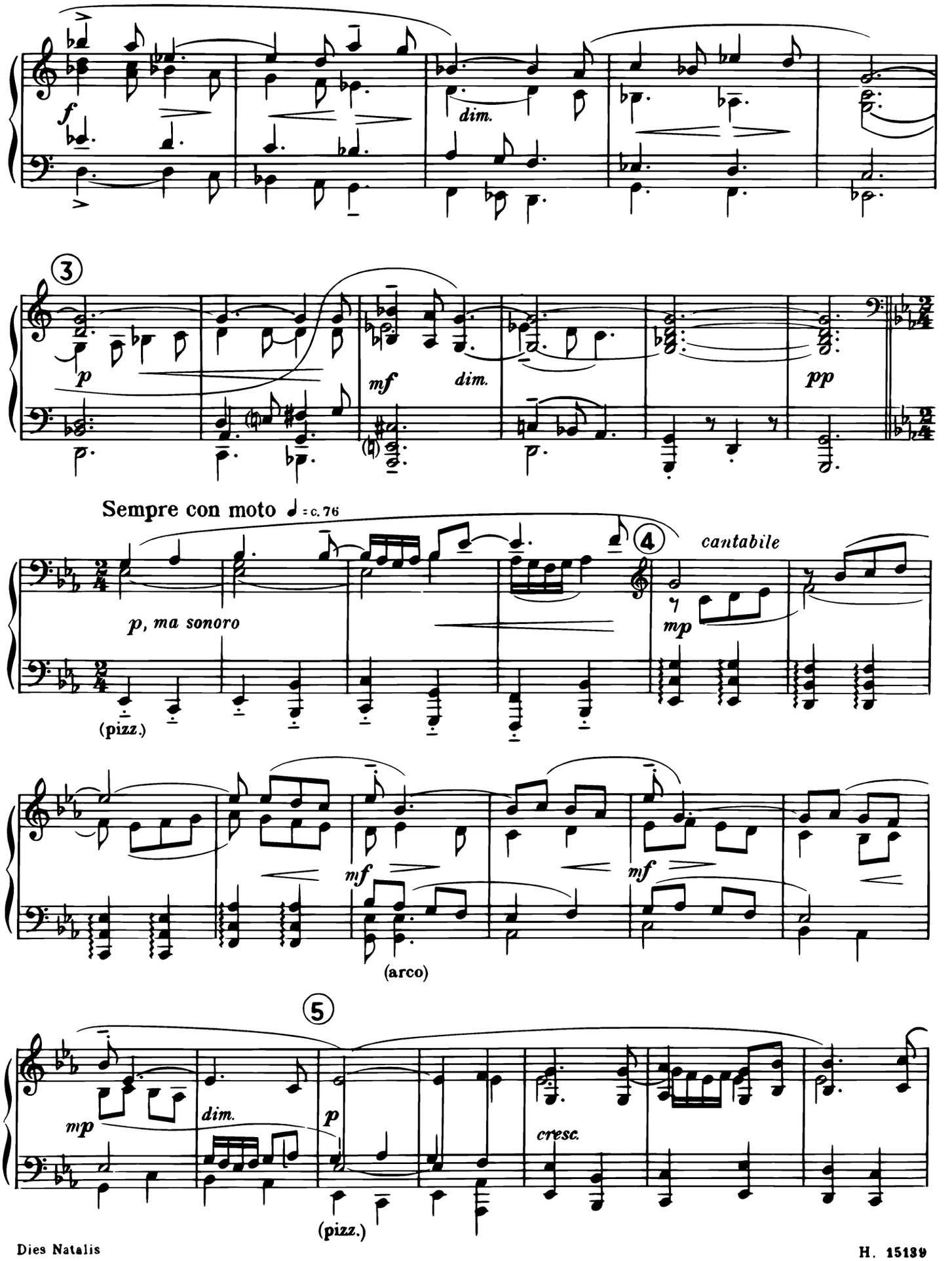
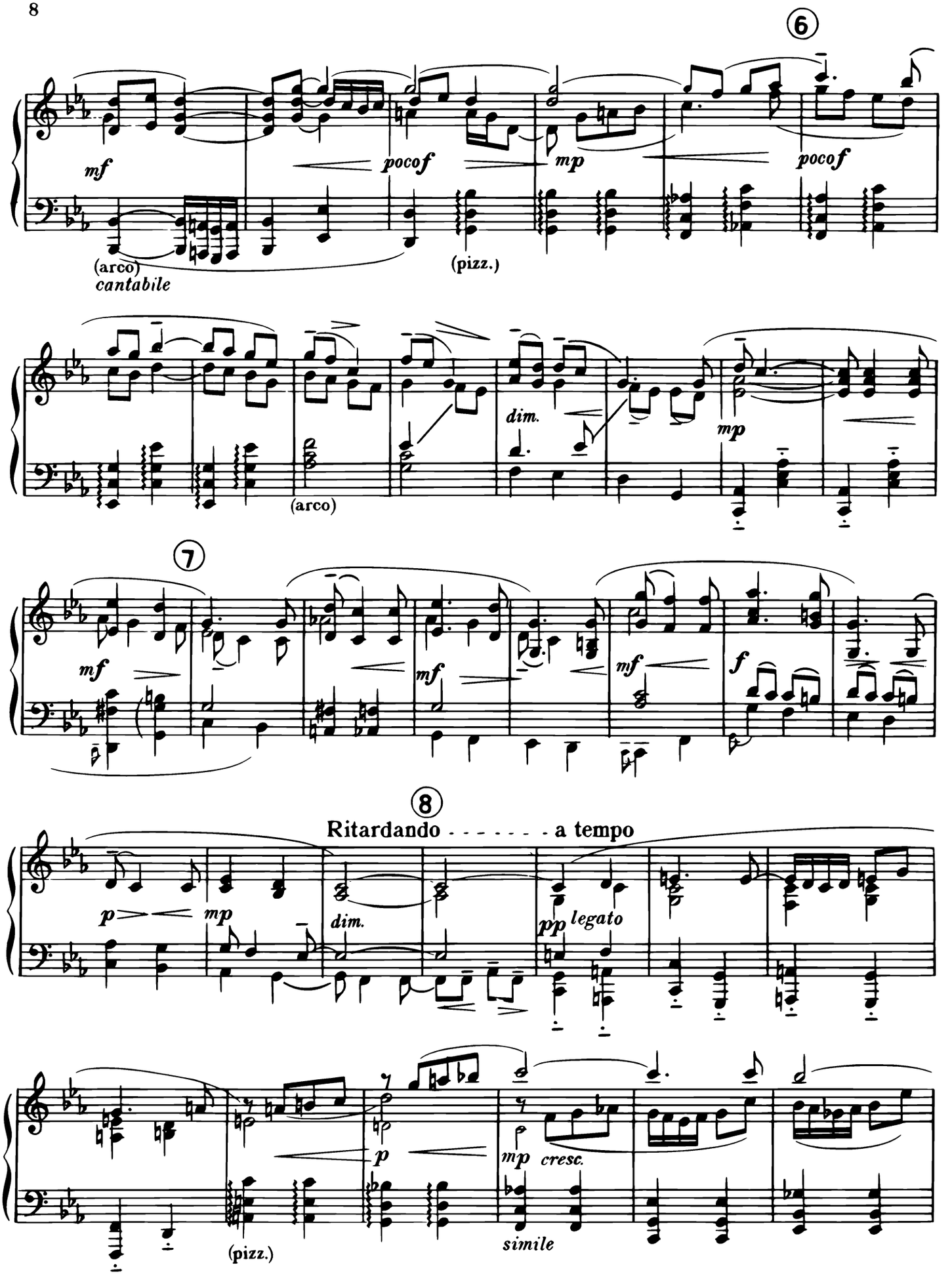
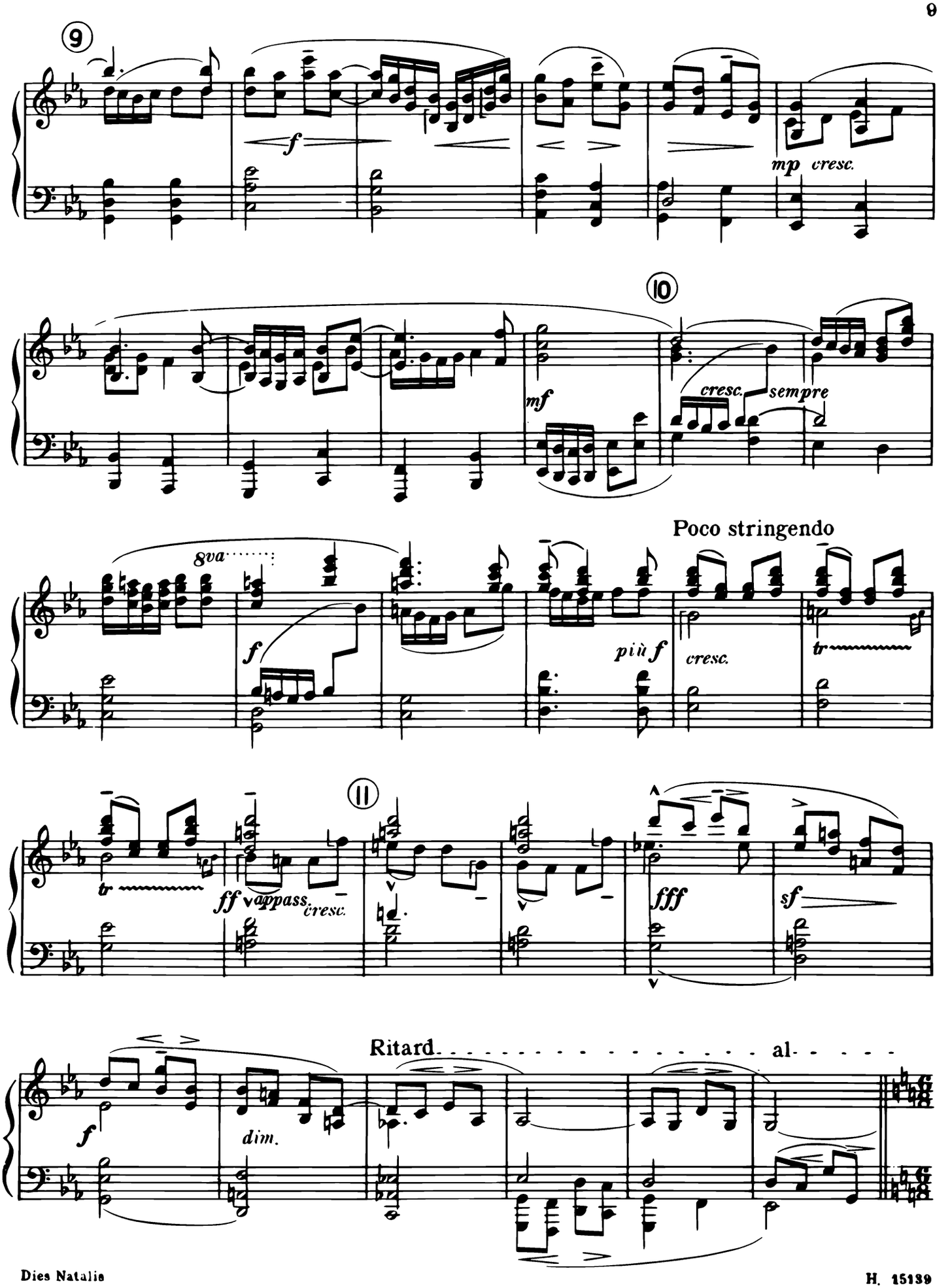
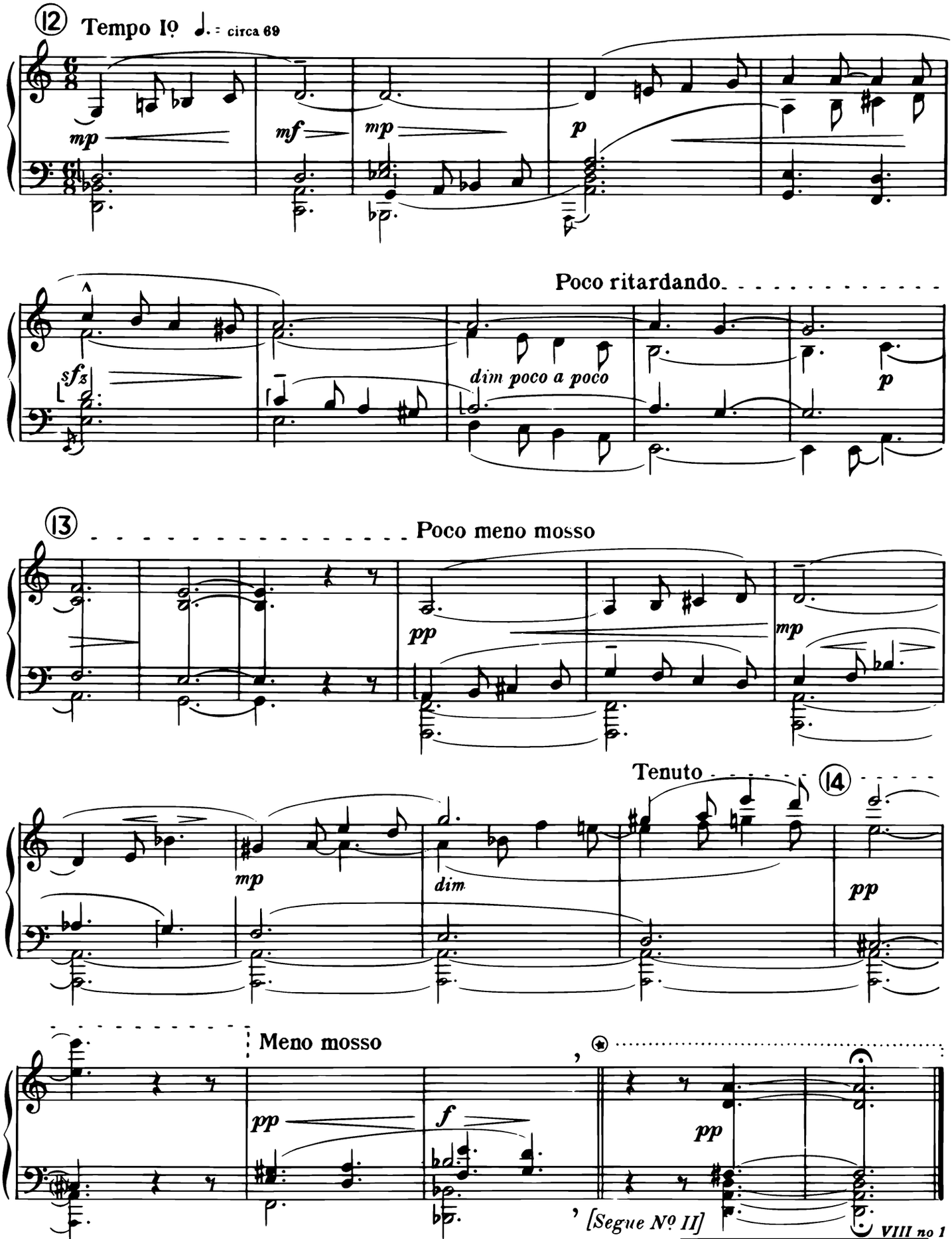

f
dim.
3
p
mf
dim.
pp
Sempre con moto ♩ = c. 76
p, ma sonoro
(pizz.)
4
cantabile
mp
mf
mf
(arco)
5
mp
dim.
p
(pizz.)
cresc.


6
mf
pocof
mp
pocof
(arco)
cantabile
(pizz.)
dim.
mp
(arco)
7
mf
mf
mf
f
8
Ritardando - - - - - - - a tempo
p
mp
dim.
pp
legato
p
mp
cresc.
(pizz.)
simile


9
f
mp cresc.
10
mf
cresc. sempre
Poco stringendo
8va
f
più f
cresc.
tr
11
tr
ff appass. cresc.
fff
sf
Ritard. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - al - - - -
f
dim.

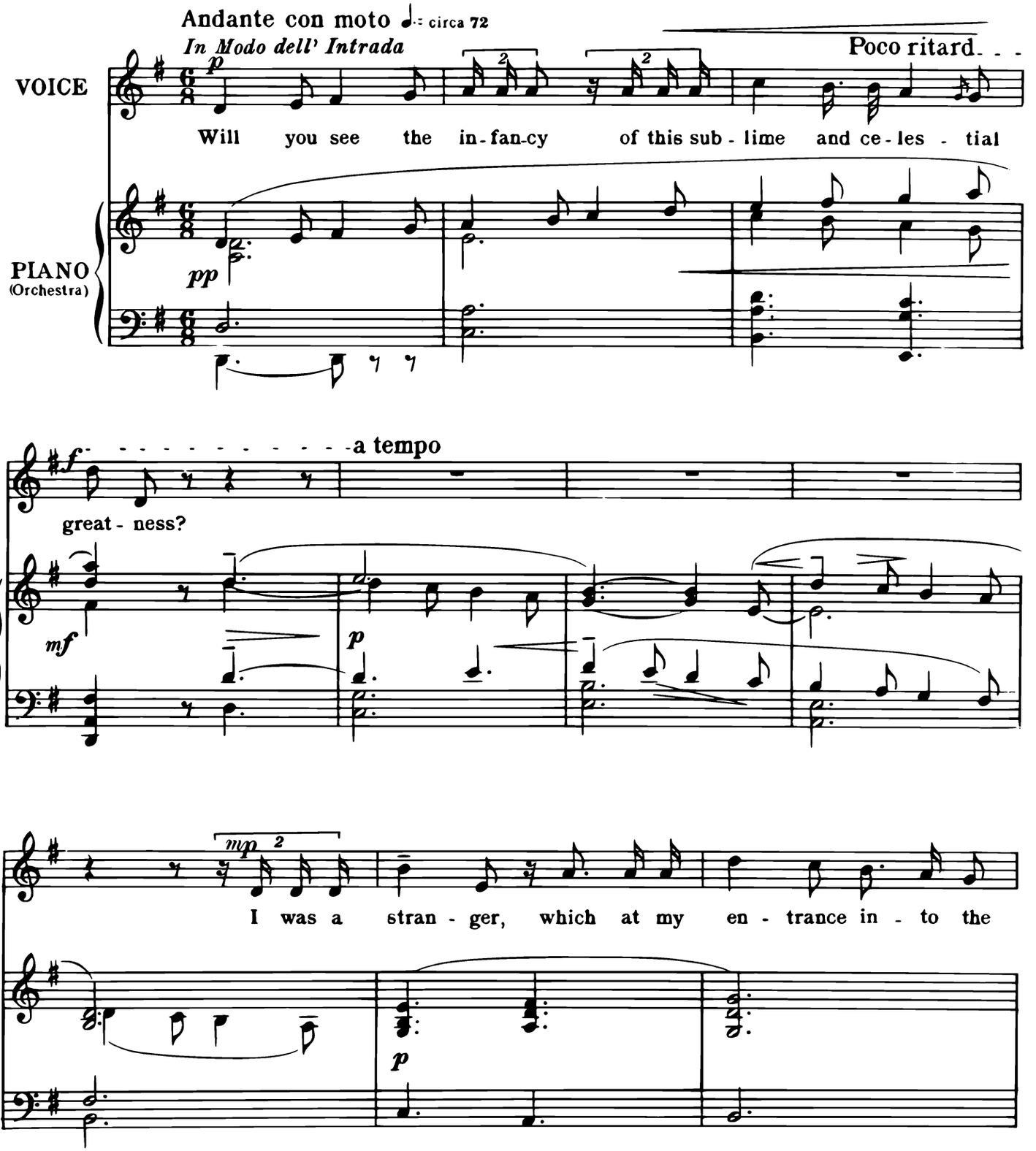

12
Tempo Iº ♩. = circa 69
mp
mf
mp
p
Poco ritardando
sfz
dim poco a poco
p
13
Poco meno mosso
pp
mp
Tenuto
14
mp
dim
pp
Meno mosso
pp
f
pp
[Segue Nº II]
VIII no 1
These bars to be played only when the Intrada is performed separately.

II. Rhapsody

(Recitativo stromentato)

*Words by
THOMAS TRAHERNE

Music by
GERALD FINZI



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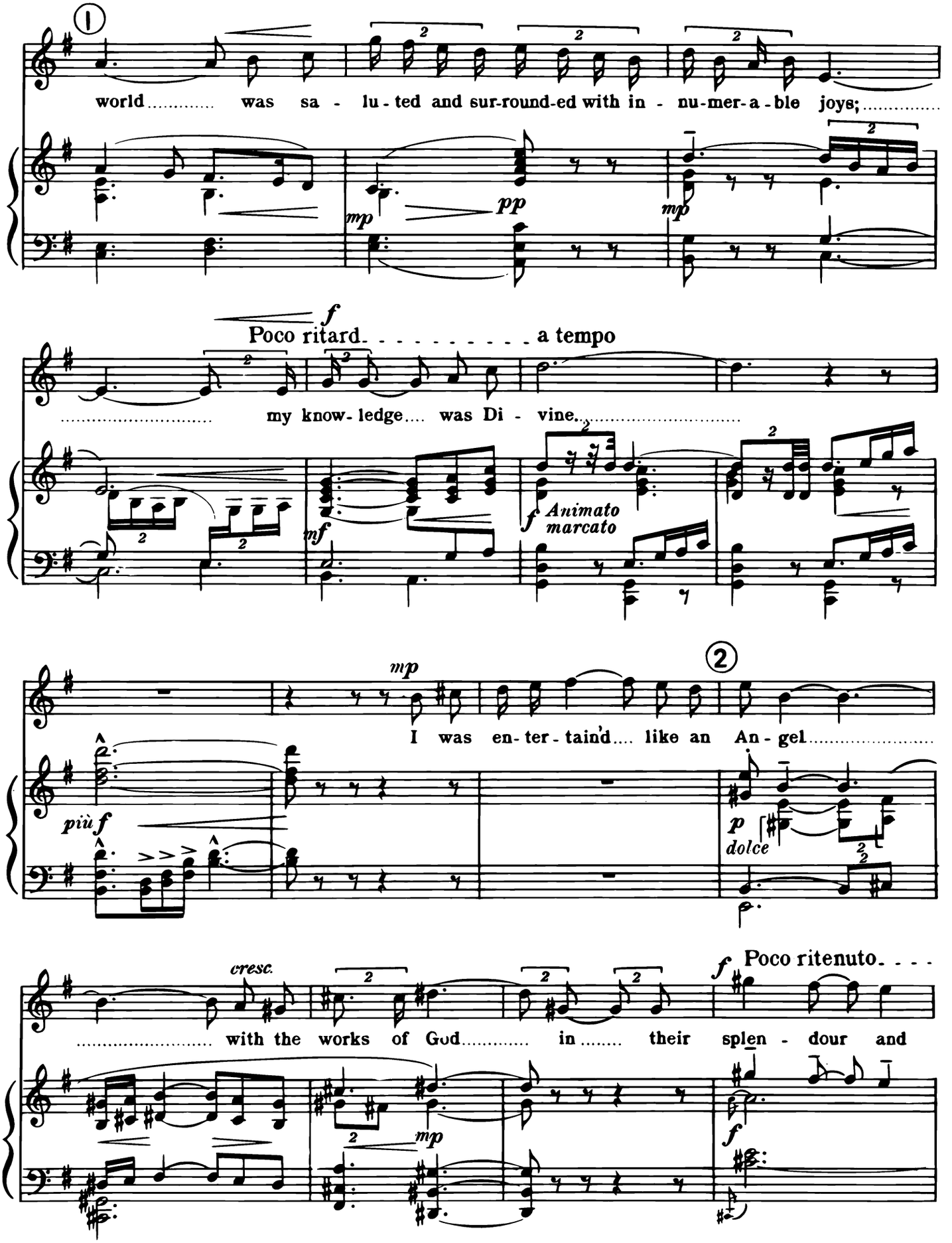
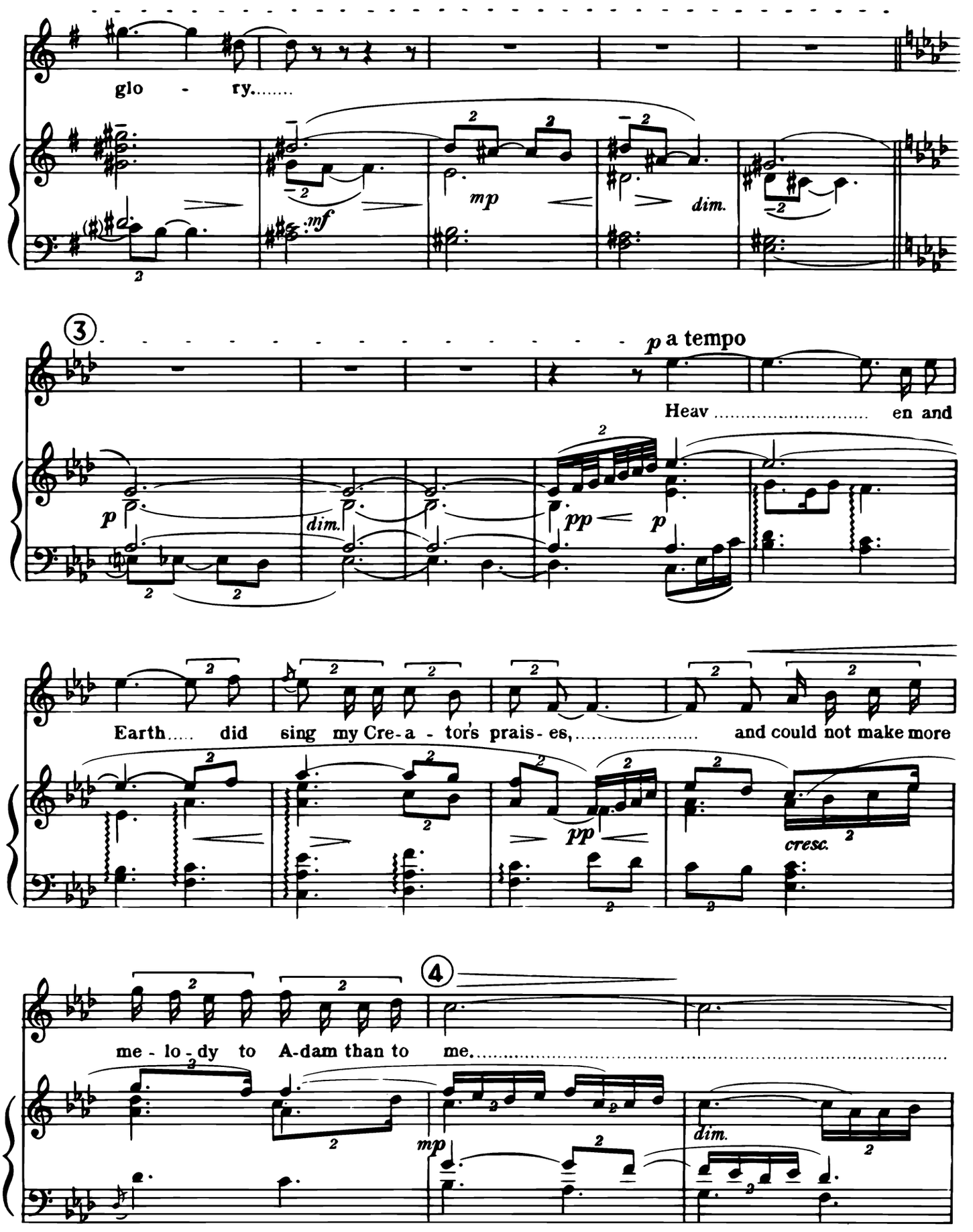
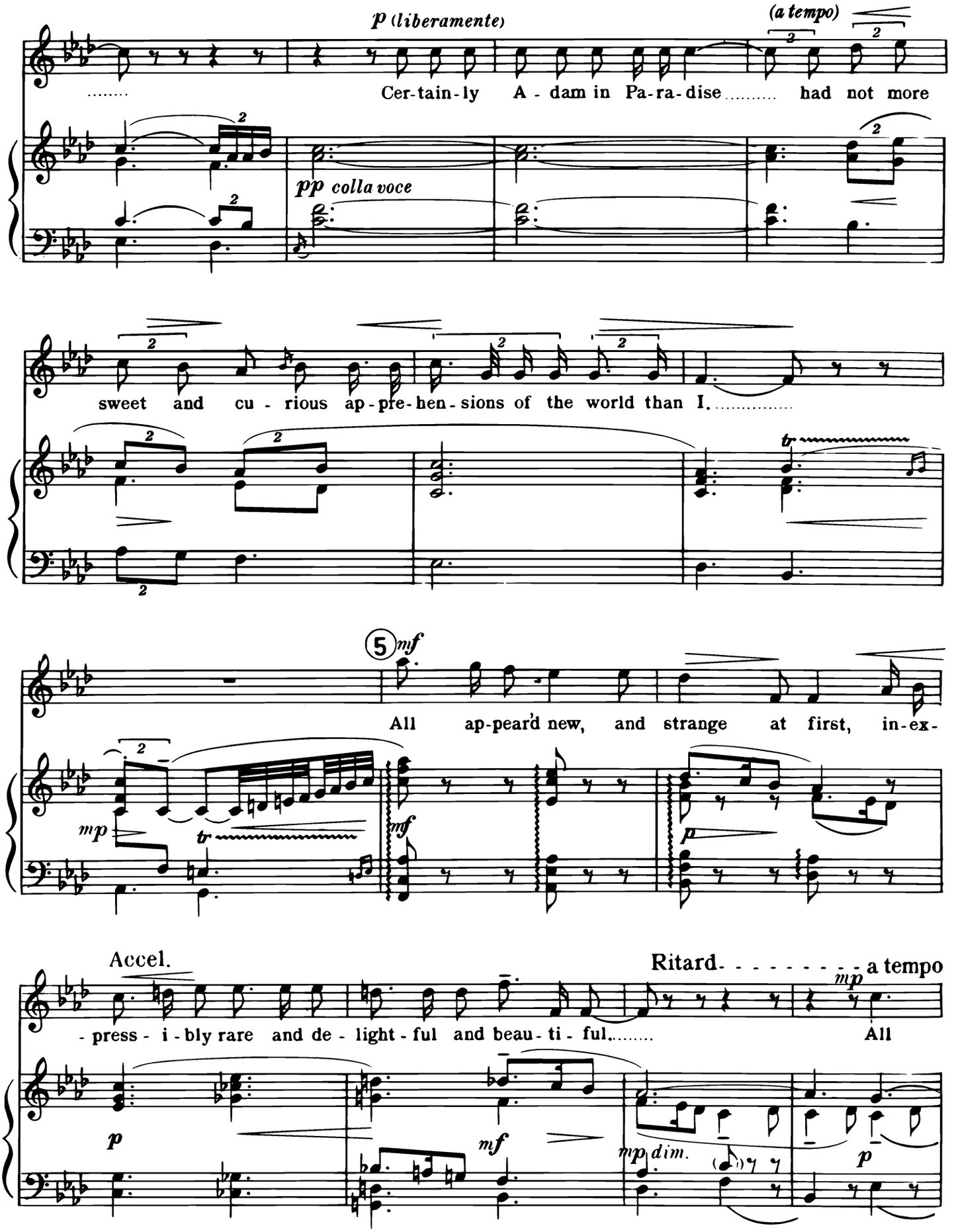
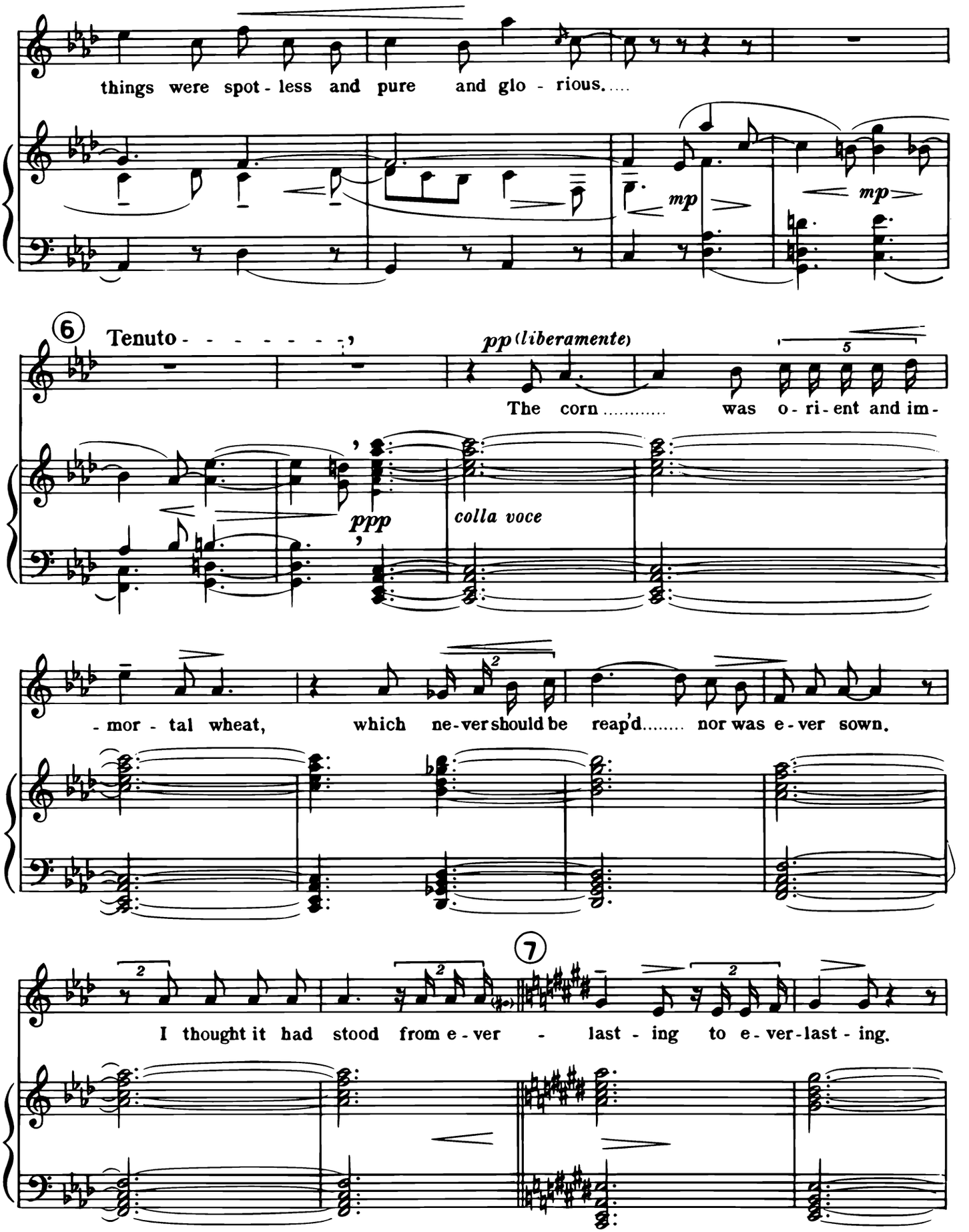
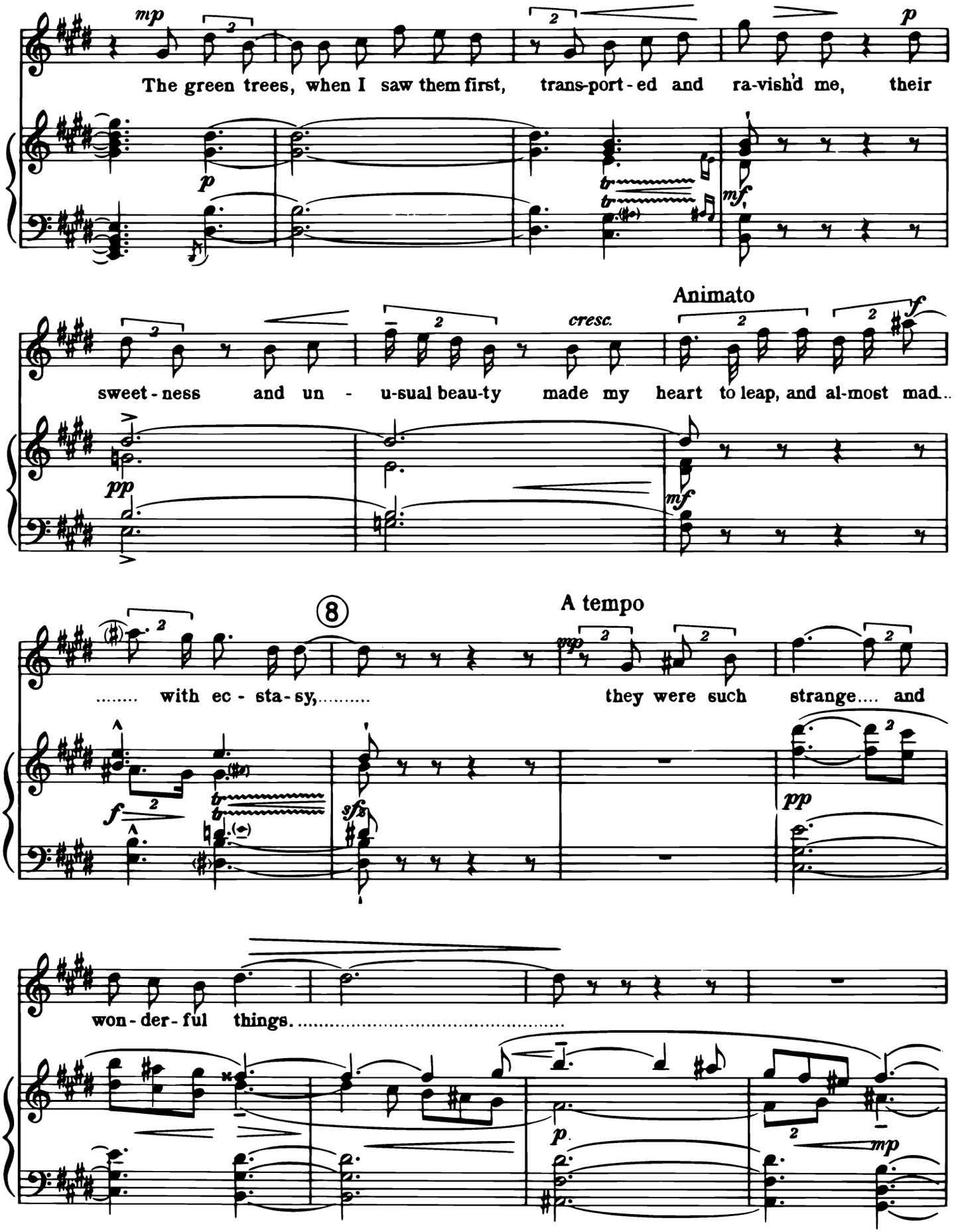
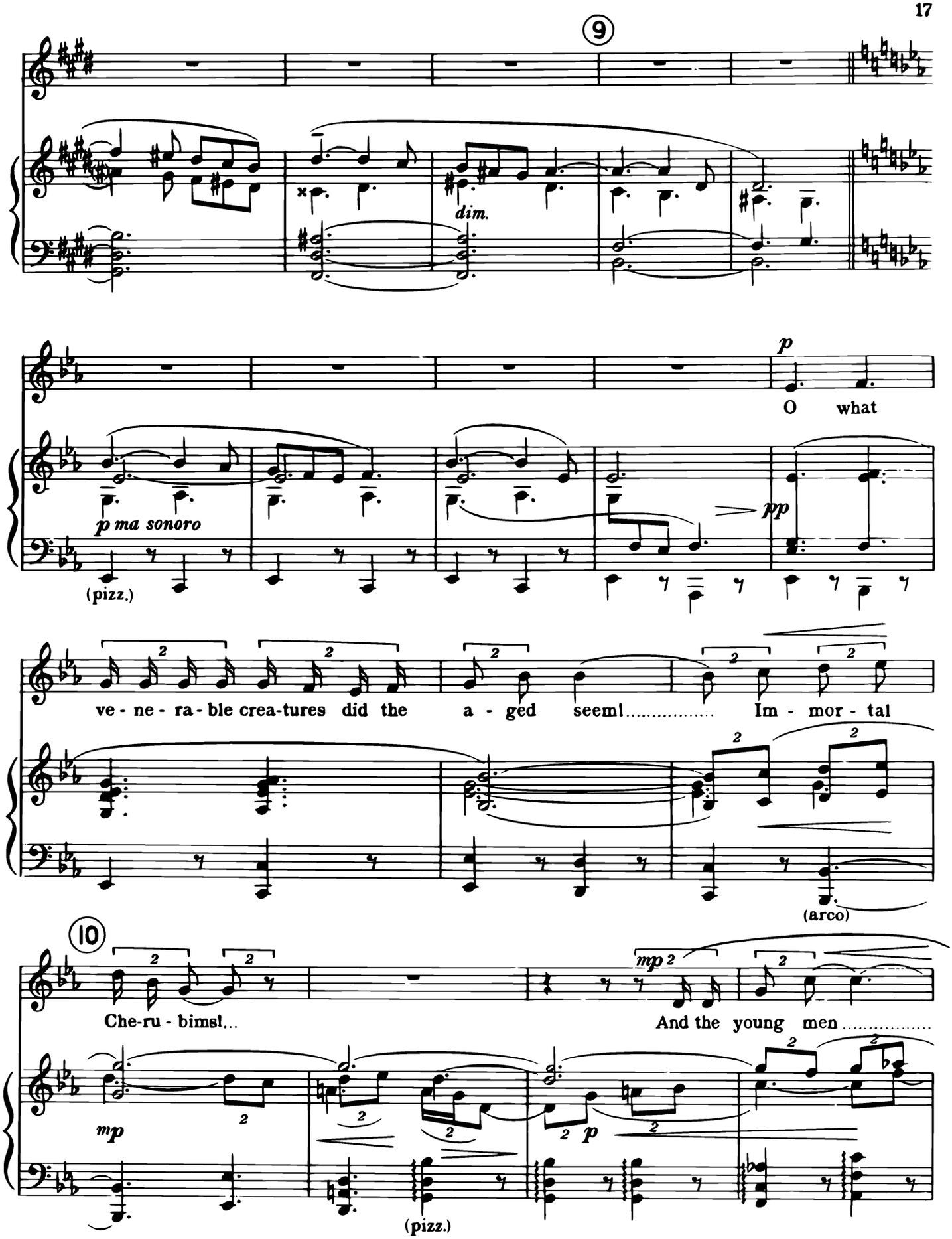

1
world was sa - lu - ted and sur-round-ed with in - nu-mer-a - ble joys;
pp
mp
mp
f
Poco ritard. a tempo
my know- ledge.... was Di - vine.
mf
f Animato marcato
mp
2
I was en- ter - tain'd.... like an An - gel
più f
p dolce
cresc.
f Poco ritenuto
with the works of God in their splen - dour and
mp
f

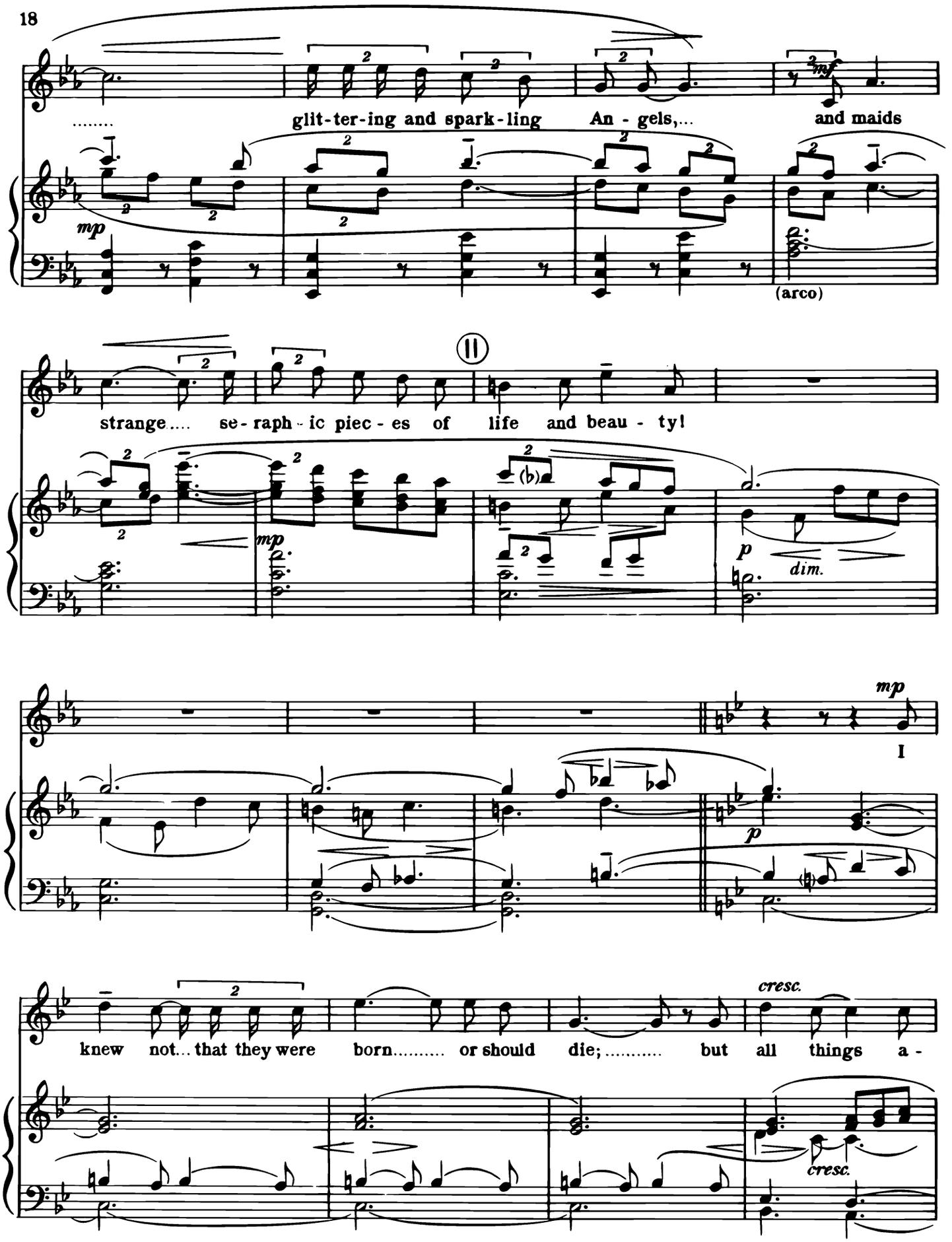

glo - ry.....
mf
mp
dim.
3
p a tempo
Heav ..... en and
p
dim.
pp
p
Earth..... did sing my Cre-a - tor's prais-es,..... and could not make more
pp
cresc.
4
me - lo - dy to A-dam than to me.....
mp
dim.

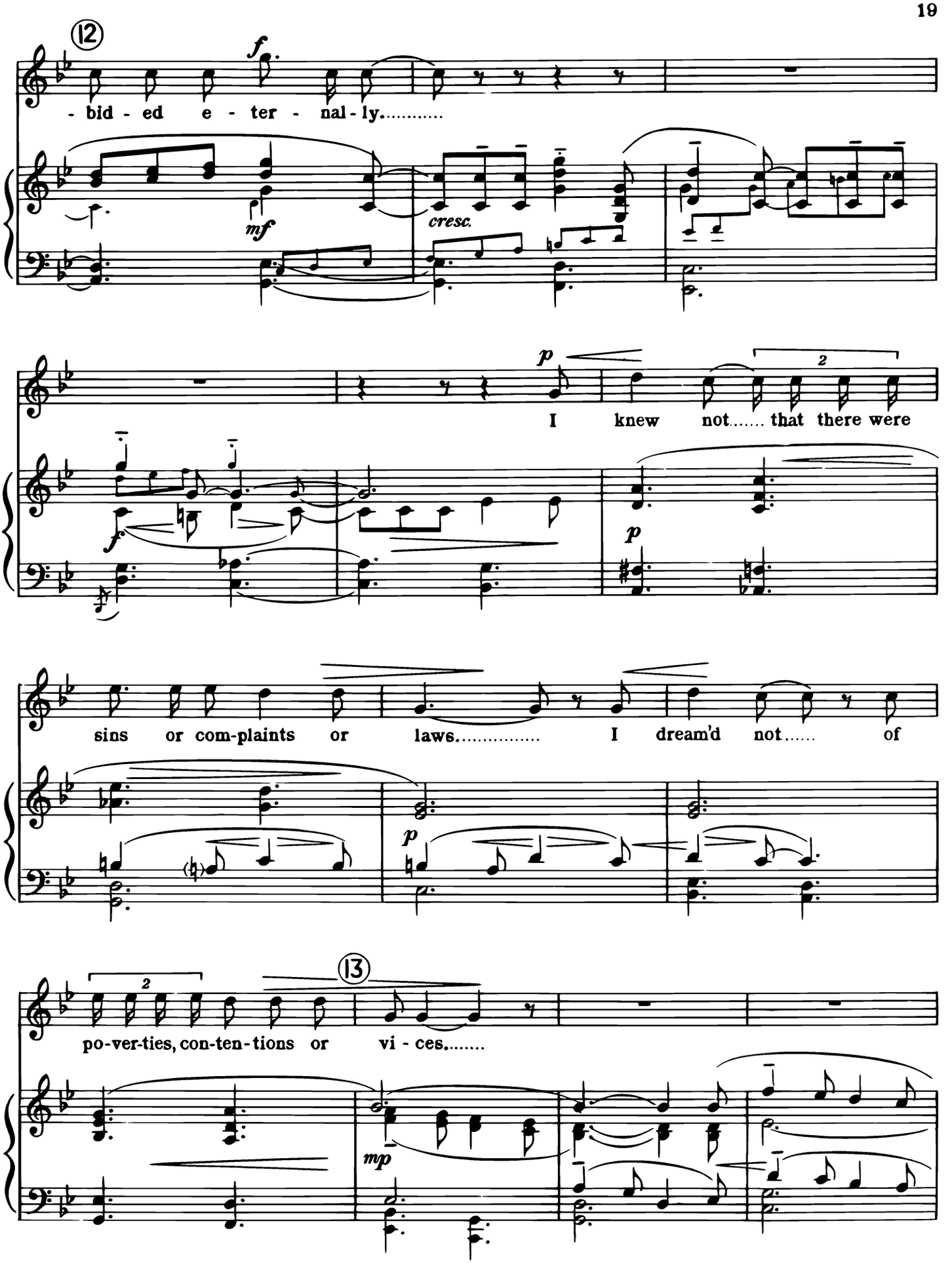

p (liberamente)
(a tempo)
Cer-tain-ly A - dam in Pa-ra-dise had not more
pp colla voce
sweet and cu - rious ap-pre-hen-sions of the world than I.
5 mf
All ap-peard new, and strange at first, in-ex-
mp
mf
p
Accel.
Ritard. a tempo
- press - i - bly rare and de - light - ful and beau - ti - ful.
All
p
mf
mp dim.
p

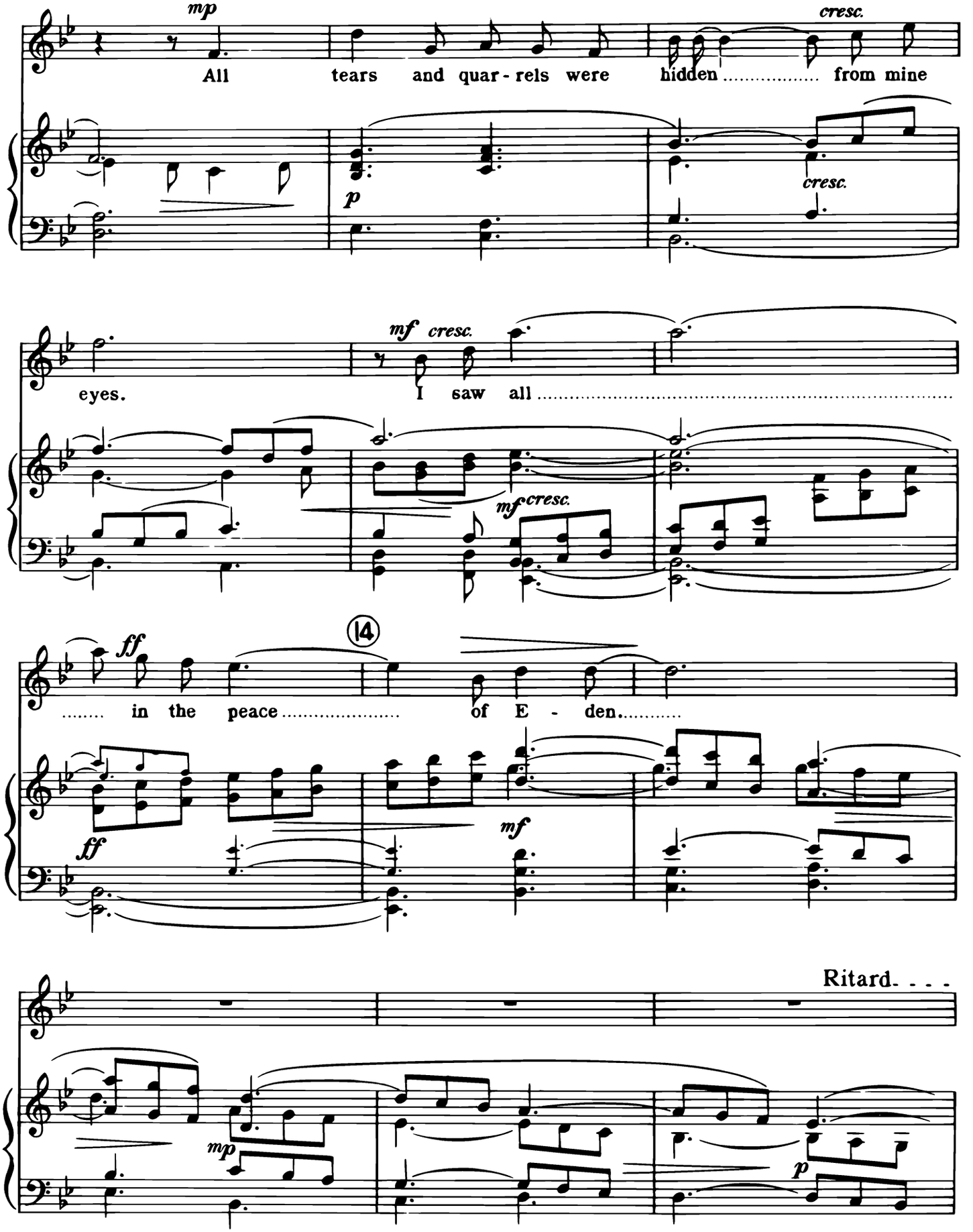

things were spot - less and pure and glo - rious.....
mp
mp
6
Tenuto - - - - - - - -
pp (liberamente)
5
The corn ..... was o - ri - ent and im -
ppp
colla voce
- mor - tal wheat, which ne - ver should be reap'd..... nor was e - ver sown.
7
I thought it had stood from e - ver - last - ing to e - ver - last - ing.

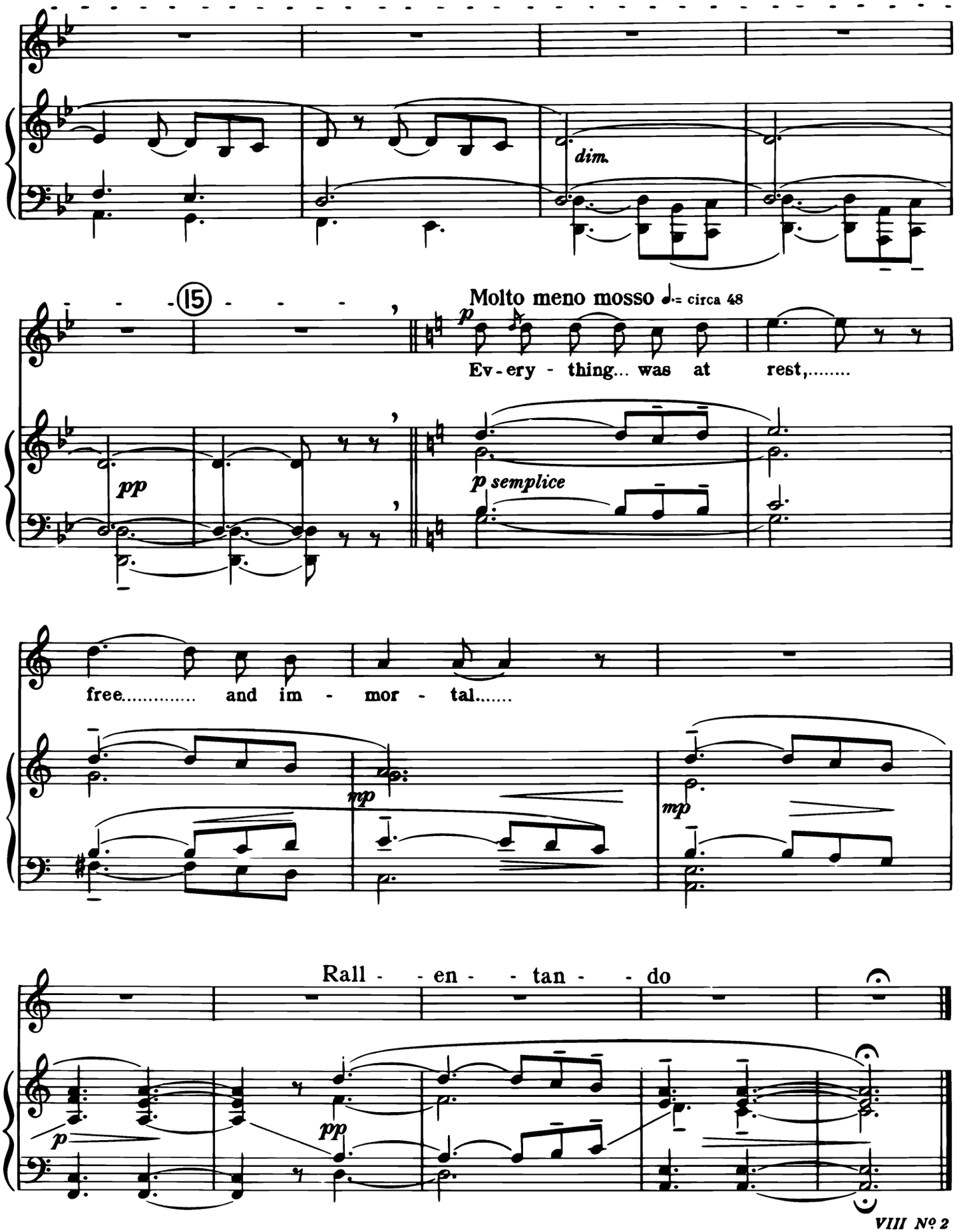

mp
The green trees, when I saw them first, trans-port-ed and ra-vish'd me, their
p
mf
Animato
cresc.
f
sweet-ness and un - u-sual beau-ty made my heart to leap, and al-most mad..
pp
mf
8
A tempo
mp
..... with ec - sta-sy,..... they were such strange.... and
f
sfz
pp
won-der-ful things.....
p
mp


9
dim.
p
O what
p ma sonoro
pp
(pizz.)
ve - ne - ra - ble crea-tures did the a - ged seem! Im - mor - tal
(arco)
10
Che-ru - bims!...
mp
And the young men
mp
p
(pizz.)


glit-ter-ing and spark-ling An - gels,... and maids
mp
(arco)
strange.... se-raph-ic piec-es of life and beau-ty!
mp
p
dim.
mp
I
p
knew not... that they were born..... or should die;..... but all things a-
cresc.
cresc.


12
f
- bid - ed e - ter - nal - ly.....
mf
cresc.
p
I knew not..... that there were
f
p
sins or com-plaints or laws..... I dream'd not..... of
p
13
po-ver-ties, con-ten-tions or vi - ces.....
mp


mp
All tears and quar - rels were hidden ..... from mine
cresc.
p
cresc.
mf cresc.
eyes. I saw all .....
mf cresc.
14
ff
..... in the peace ..... of E - den.....
ff
mf
Ritard. . . .
mp
p


dim.
15
Molto meno mosso ♩.= circa 48
p
Ev - ery - thing... was at rest,.....
pp
p semplice
free..... and im - mor - tal.....
mp
mp
Rall - - en - - tan - - do
p
pp

VIII Nº 2

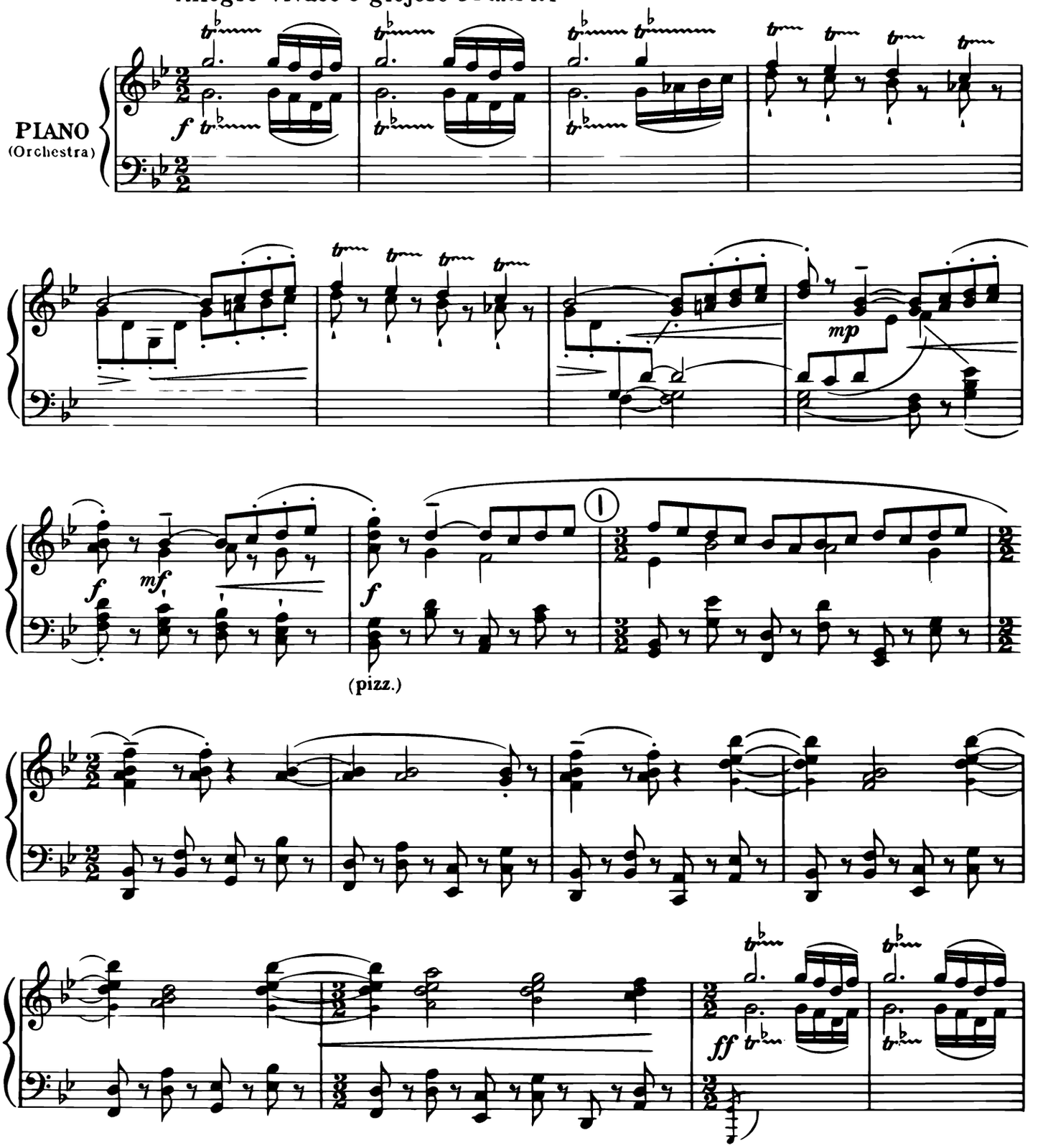
III. The Rapture

(Danza)

*Words by
THOMAS TRAHERNE

Music by
GERALD FINZI

Allegro vivace e giojoso ♩ = circa 104



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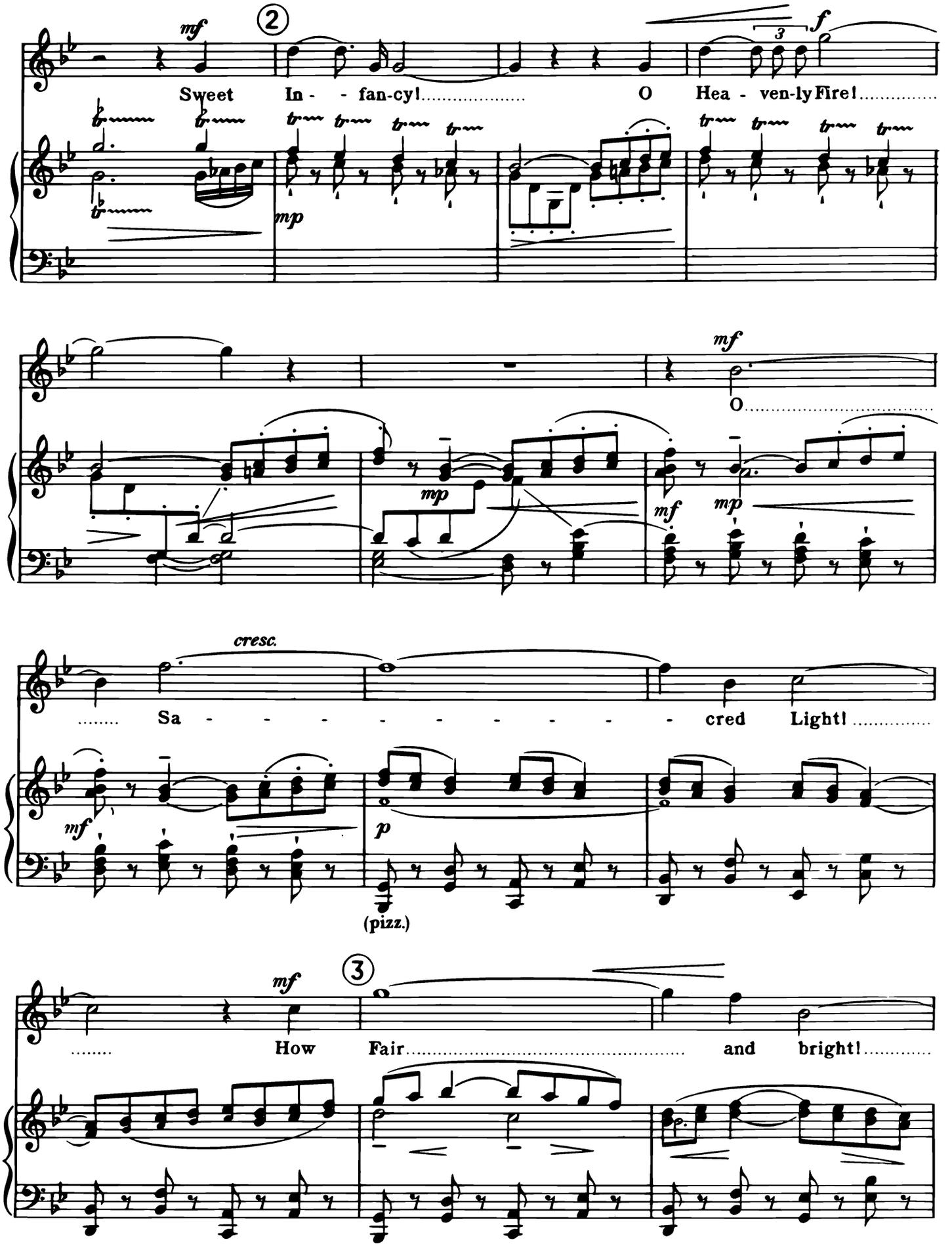
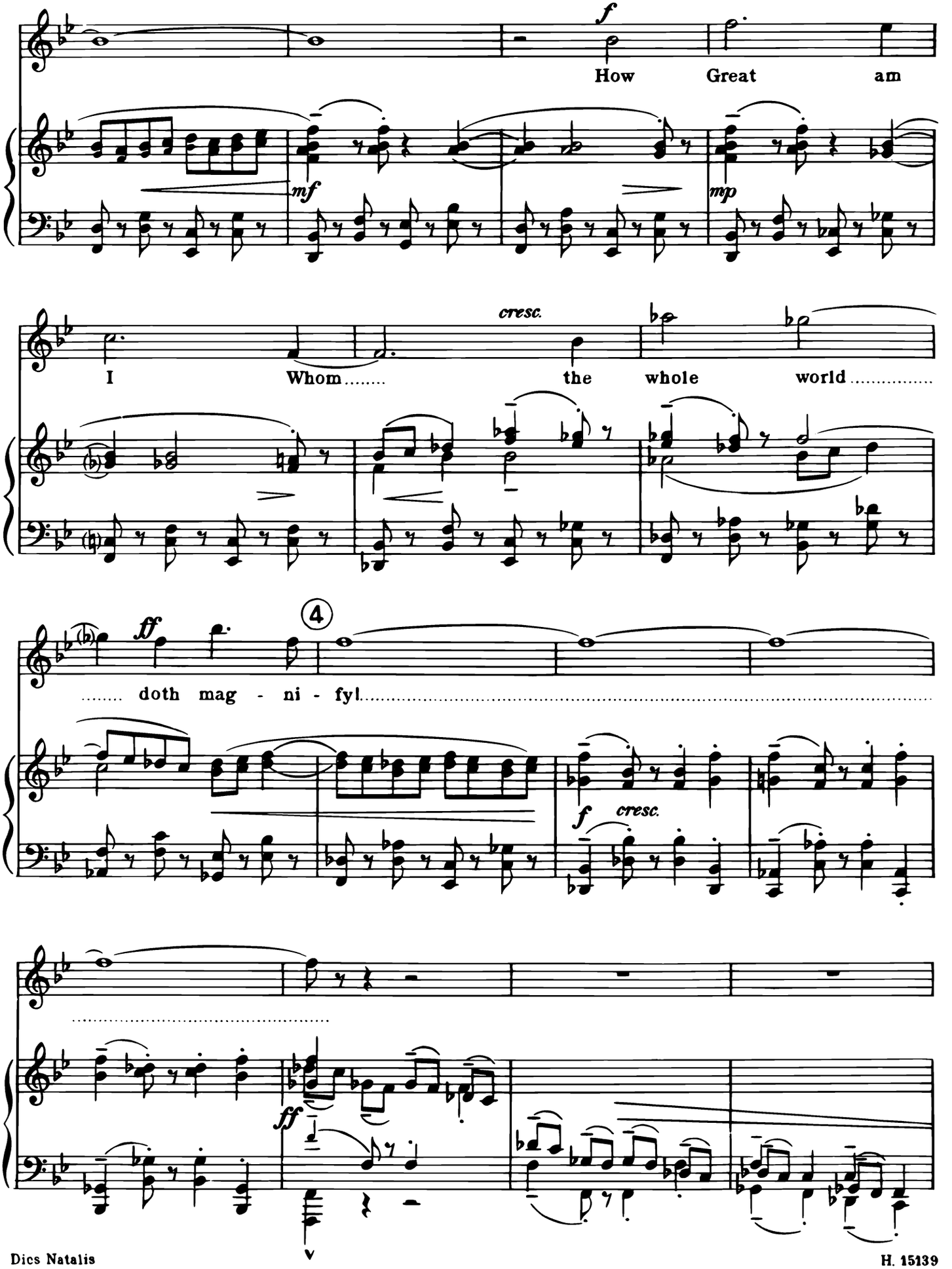
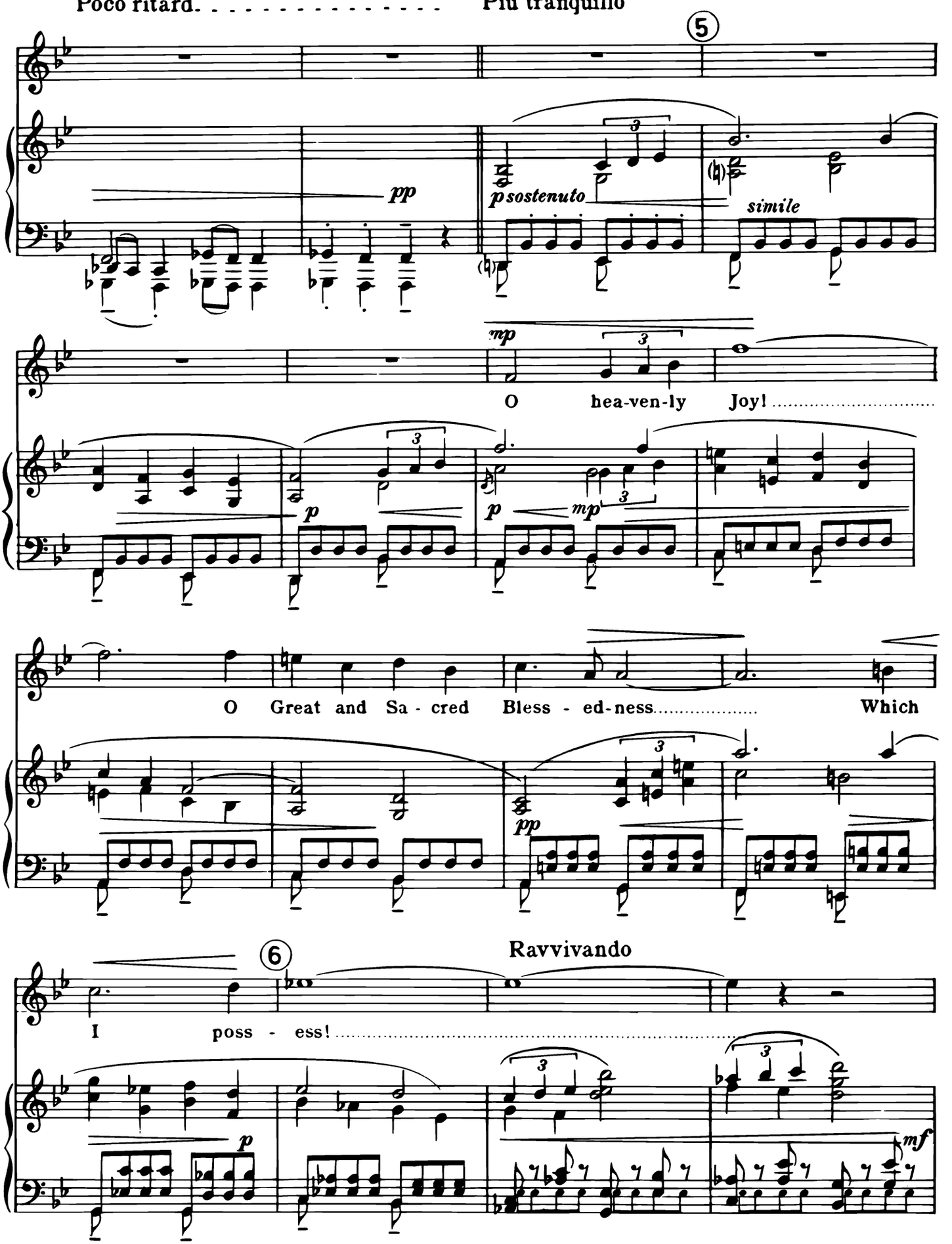
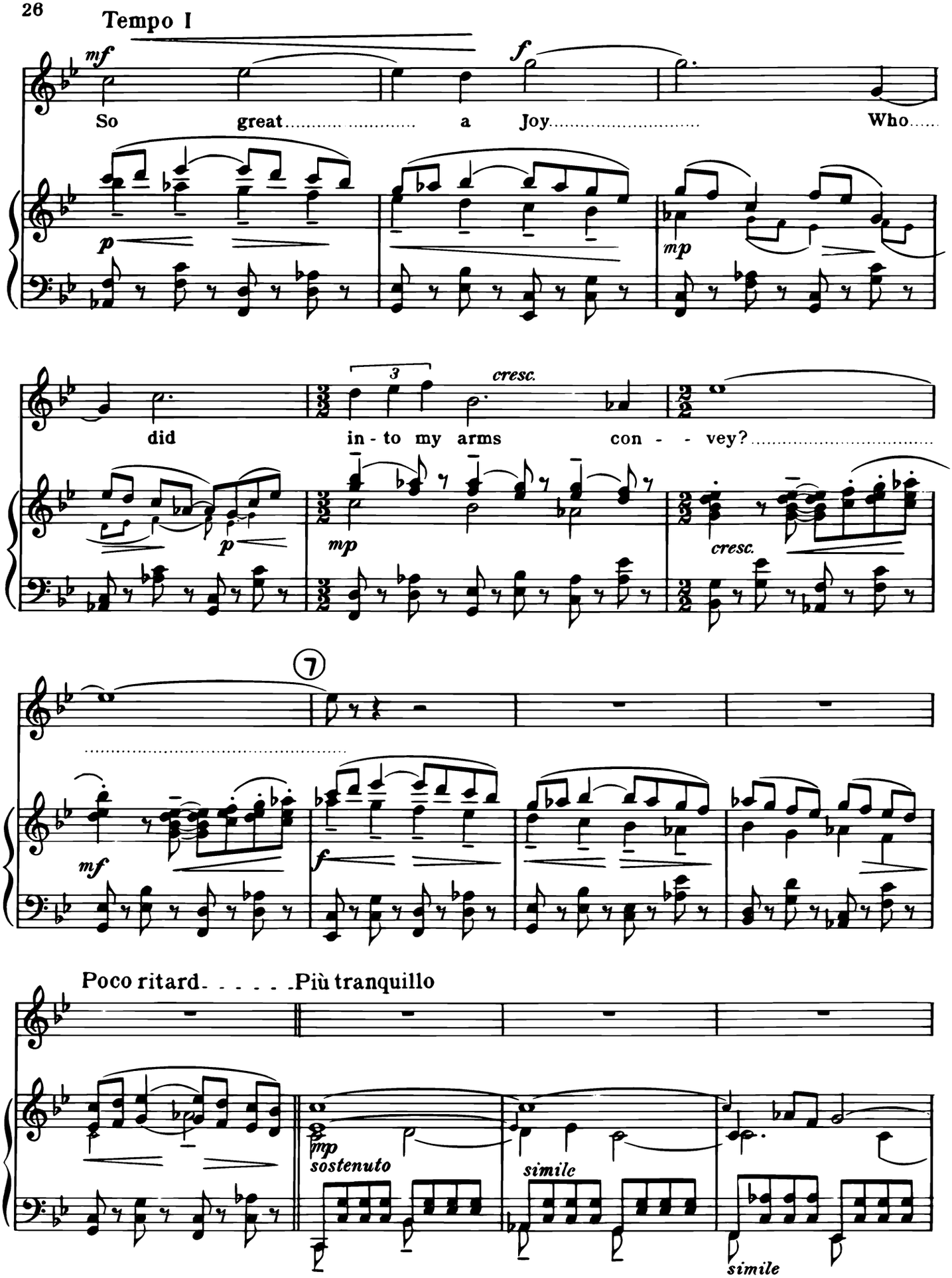
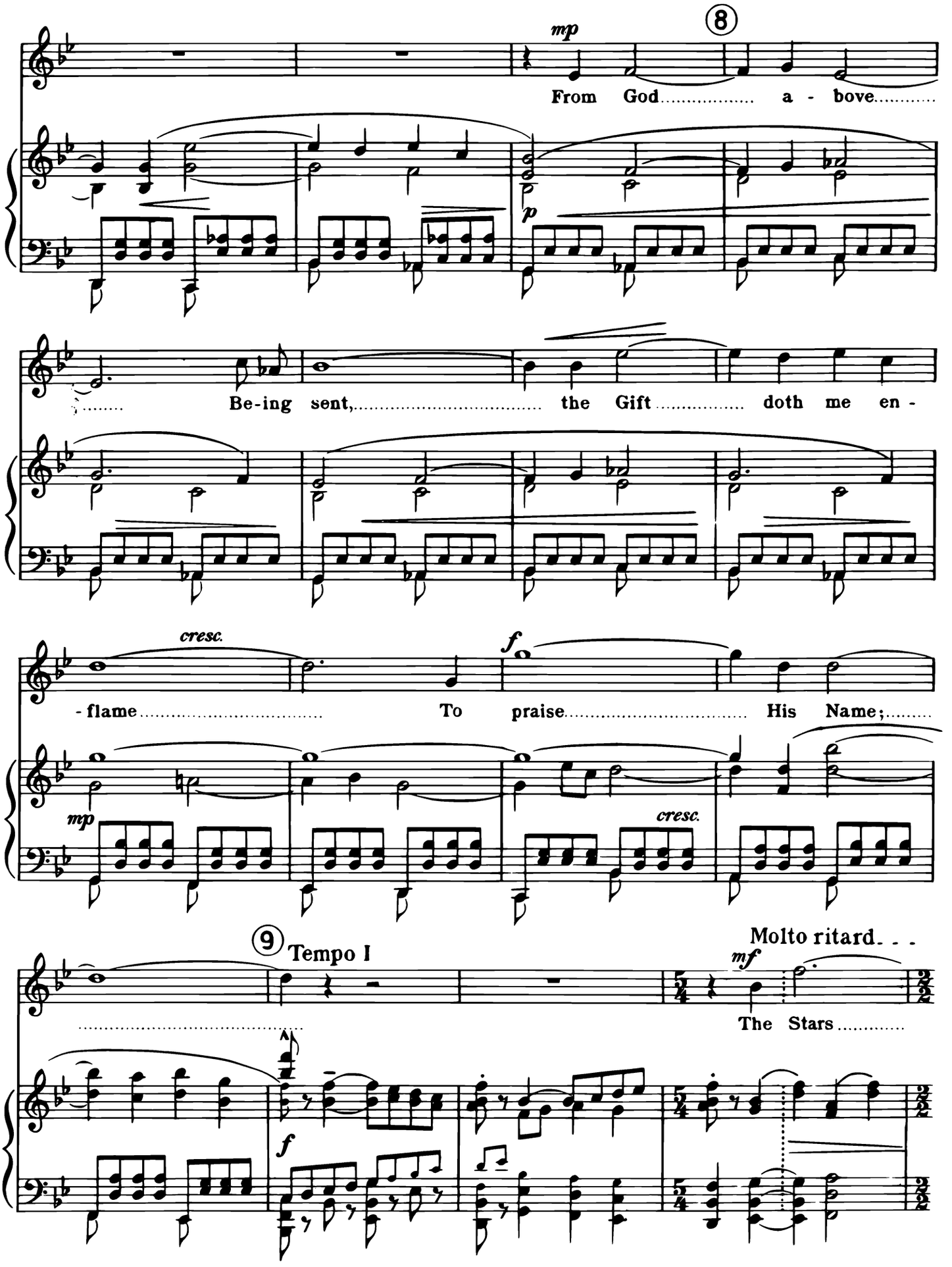
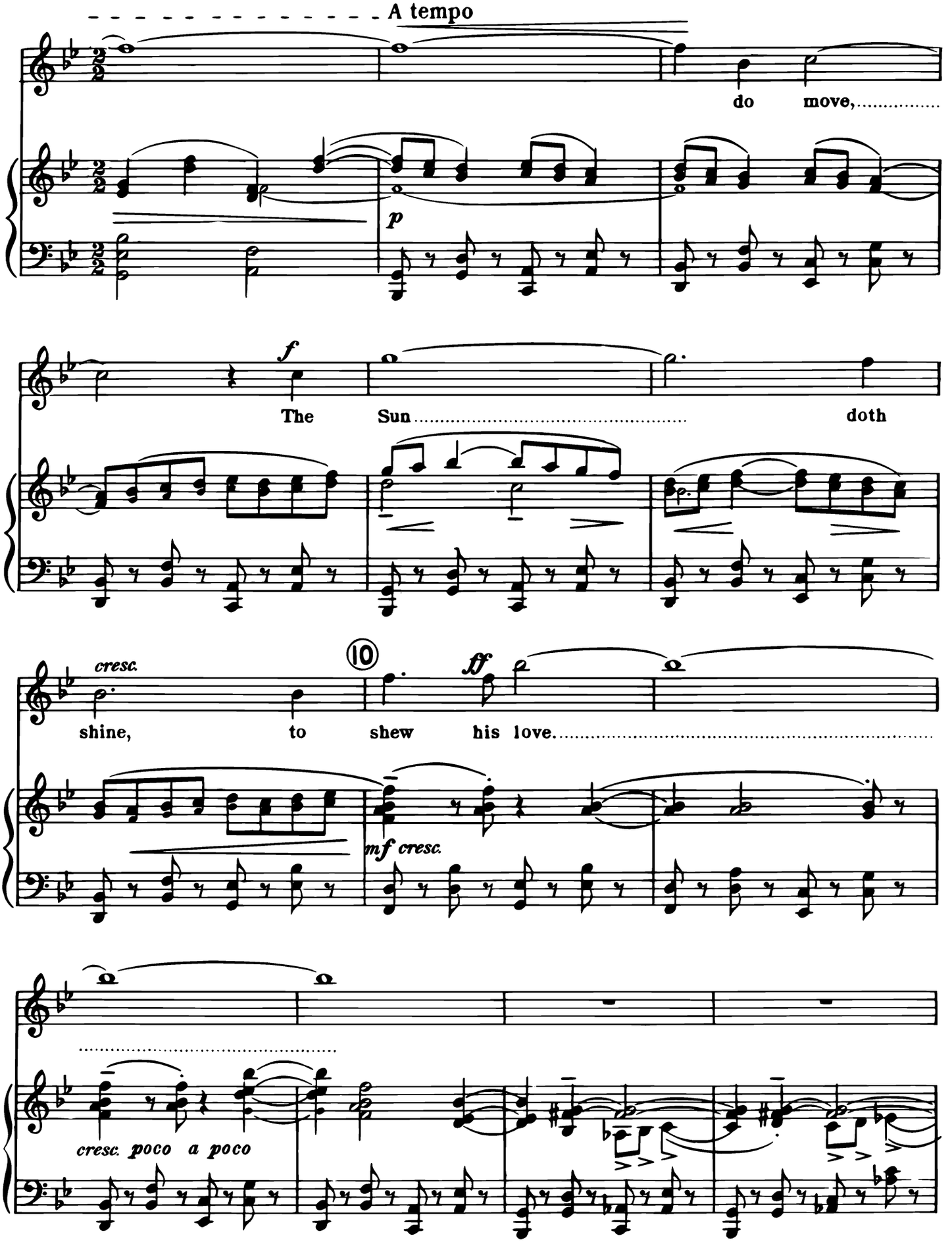

mf
2
Sweet In - - fan-cy!
O Hea - ven-ly Fire!
f
3
mp
mf
O
mp
mf
mp
cresc.
Sa - - - - - - - - - cred Light!
mf
p
(pizz.)
mf
3
How Fair and bright!

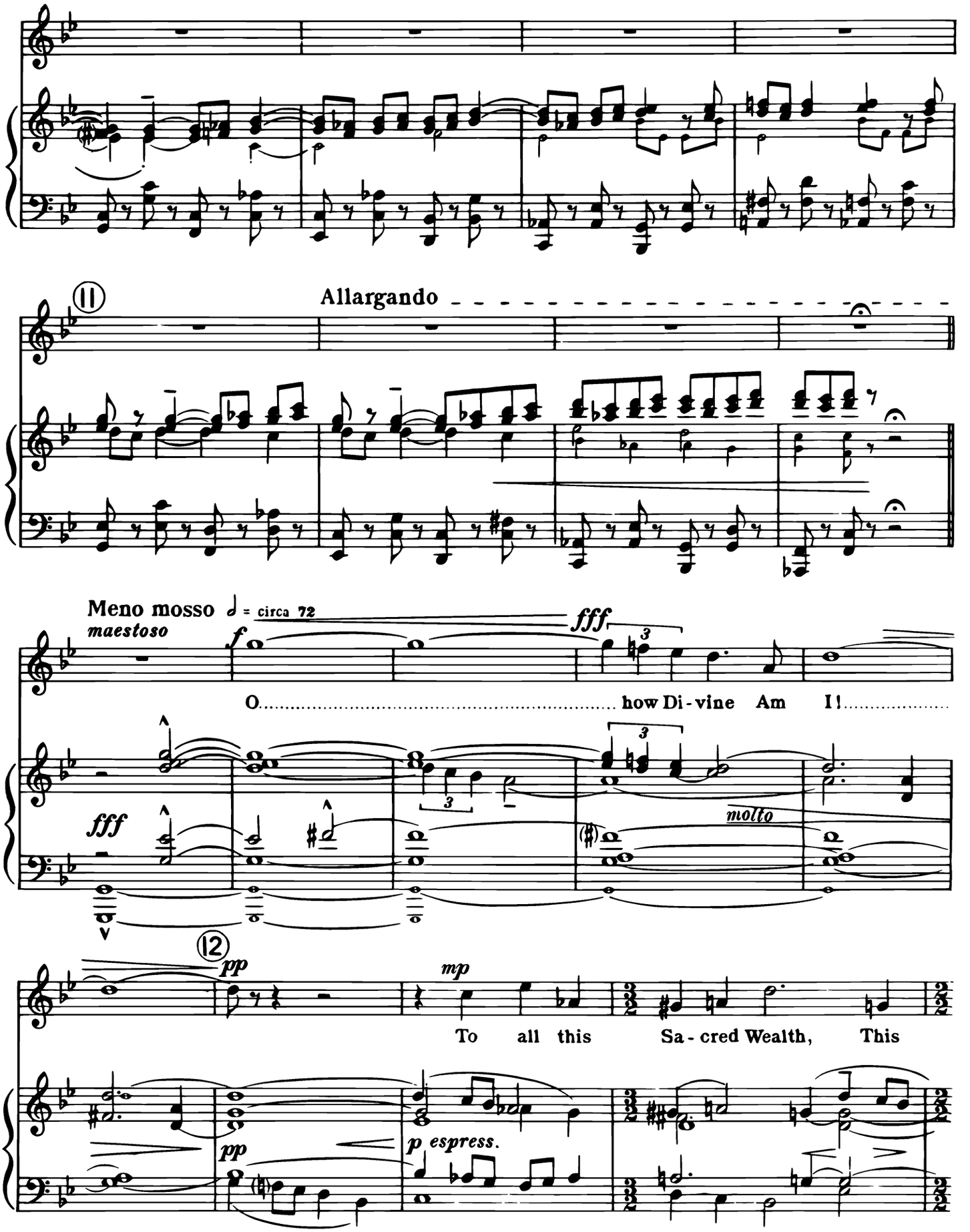

f
How Great am
mf
mp
cresc.
I Whom..... the whole world.....
ff
4
..... doth mag - ni - fyl.....
f cresc.
ff

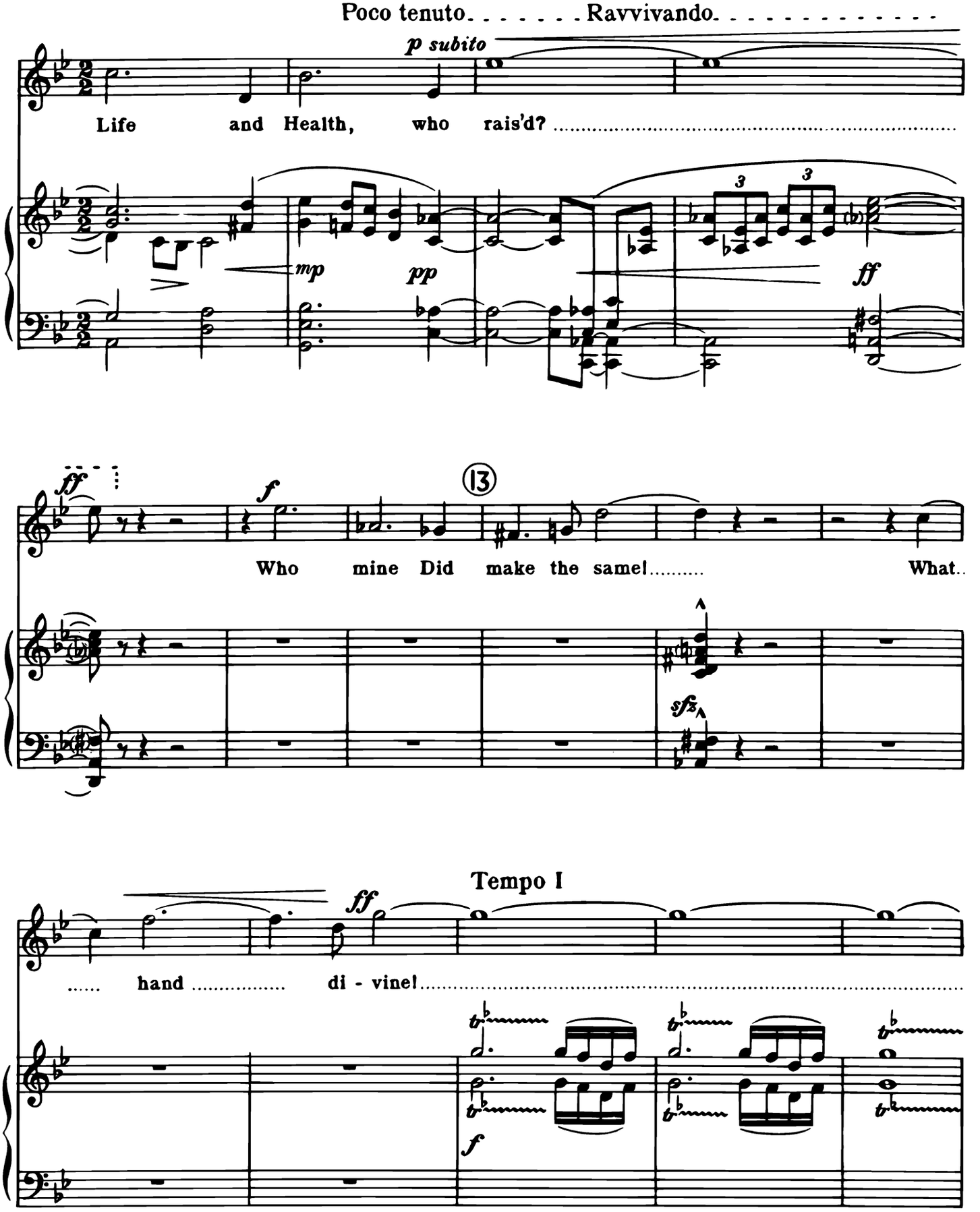

Poco ritard.
Più tranquillo
5
pp
psostenuto
simile
mp
O hea-ven-ly Joy!
p
mp
O Great and Sa - cred Bless - ed-ness
Which
pp
6
Ravvivando
I poss - ess!
p
mf

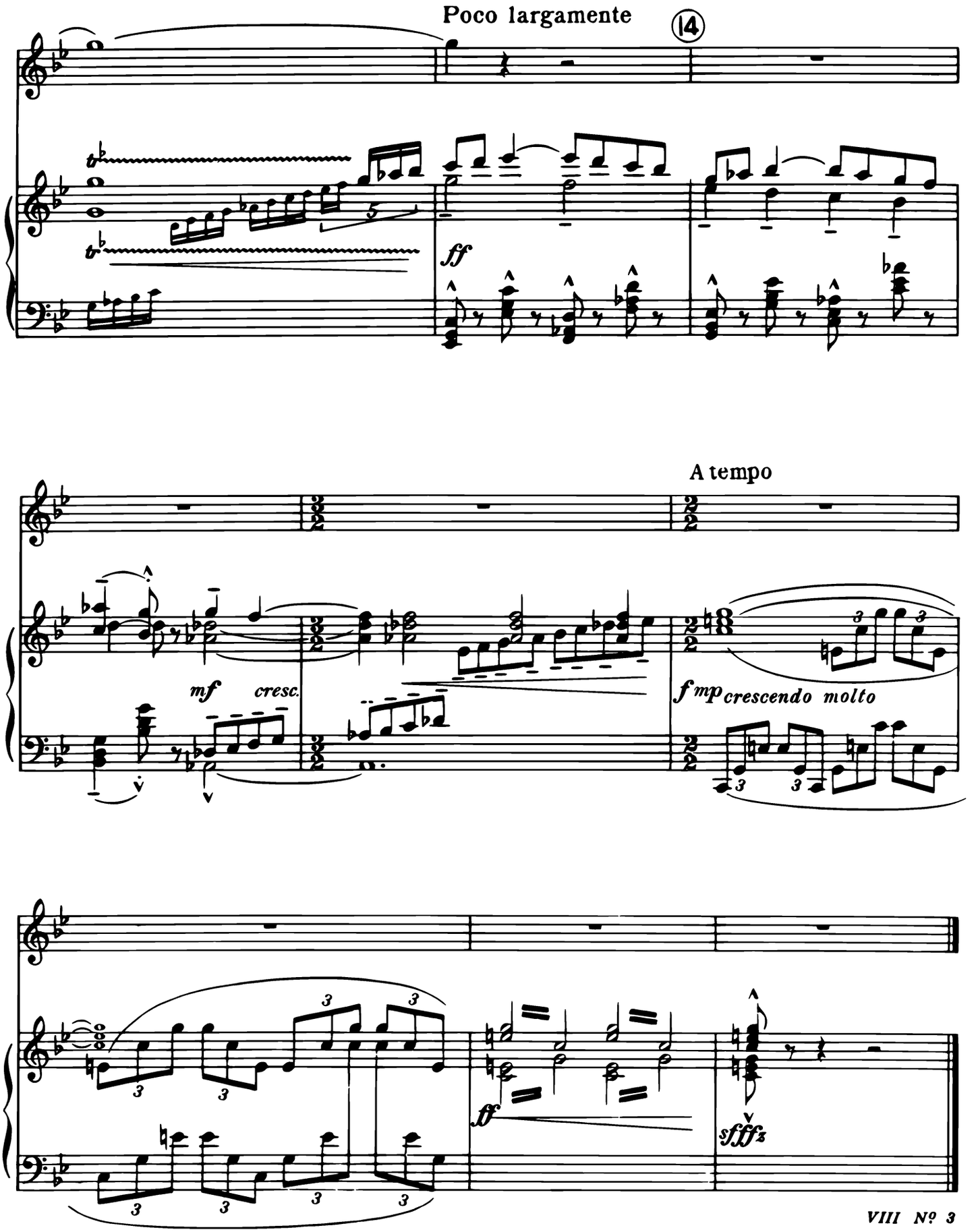

Tempo I
mf
So great a Joy Who
p
f
mp
did in - to my arms con - - vey?
3
cresc.
p
mp
cresc.
7
mf
f
Poco ritard. . . . . Più tranquillo
mp
sostenuto
simile
simile


mp
8
From God a - bove
p
Be-ing sent, the Gift doth me en -
cresc.
f
- flame To praise His Name;
mp
cresc.
9 Tempo I
Molto ritard. . .
mf
The Stars
f


A tempo
do move,
p
f
The Sun doth
cresc.
shine, to shew his love.
10
ff
mf cresc.
cresc. poco a poco


11
Allargando
Meno mosso
maestoso
= circa 72
f
fff
O..... how Di - vine Am I!.....
fff
molto
12
pp
mp
To all this Sa - cred Wealth, This
pp
p espress.


Poco tenuto. . . . . Ravvivando. . . . . .
p subito
Life and Health, who rais'd? .....
mp
pp
ff
ff
f
13
Who mine Did make the same! ..... What..
sfz
Tempo I
ff
..... hand ..... di - vine! .....
f

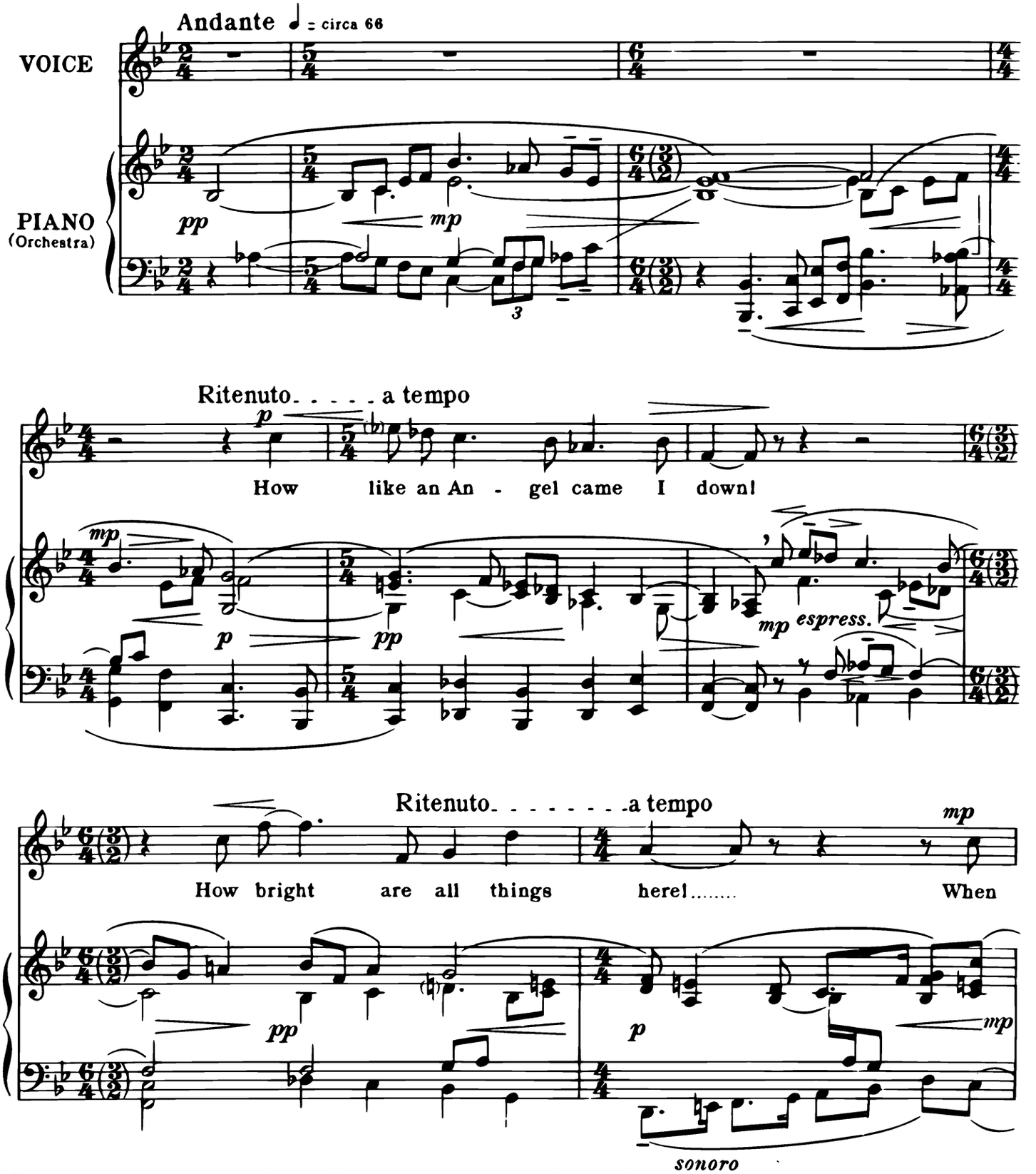

Poco largamente
14
ff
A tempo
mf cresc.
f mp crescendo molto
ff
sfffz
VIII Nº 3

IV. Wonder

(Arioso)

*Words by
THOMAS TRAHERNE

Music by
GERALD FINZI



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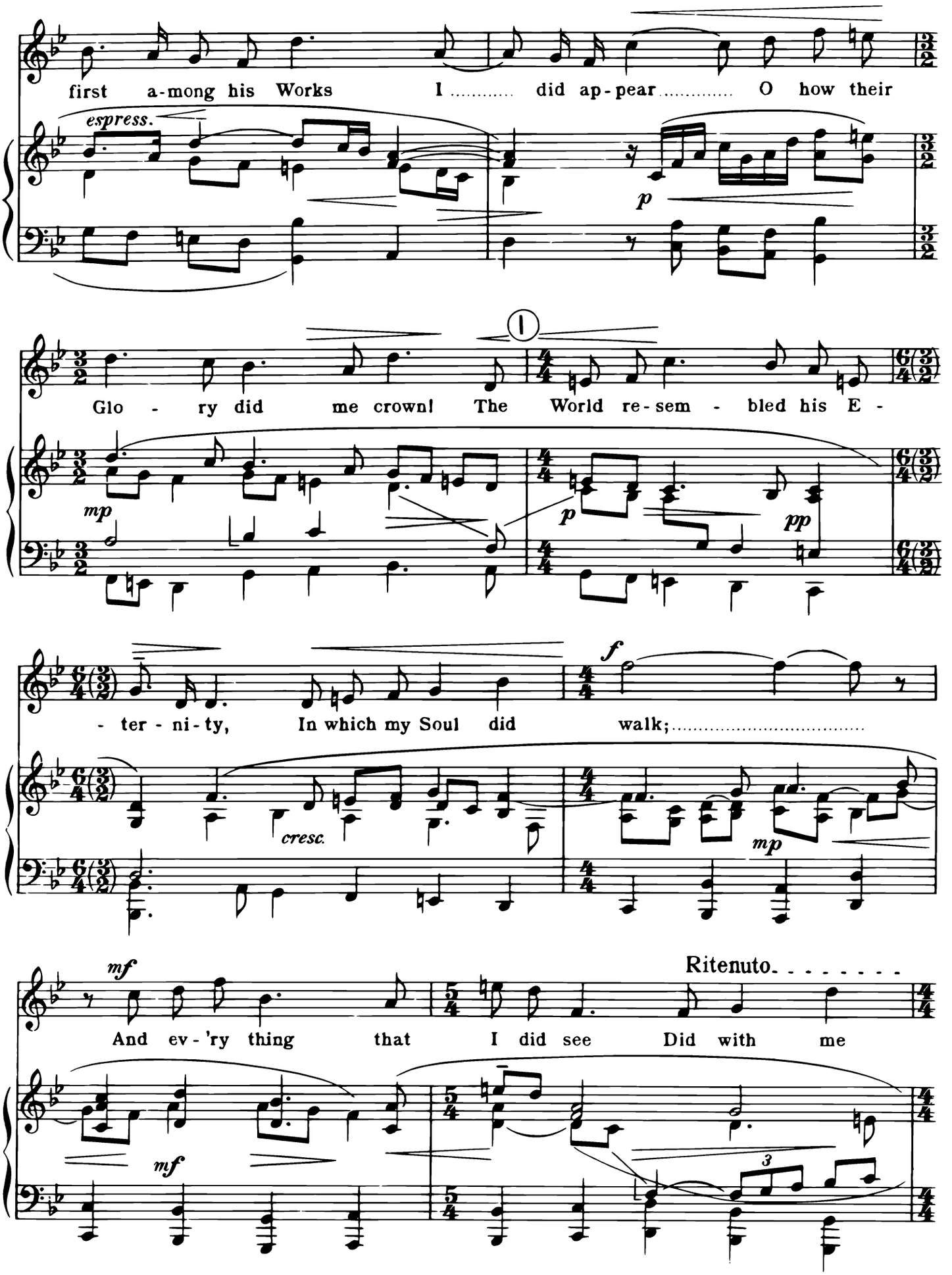
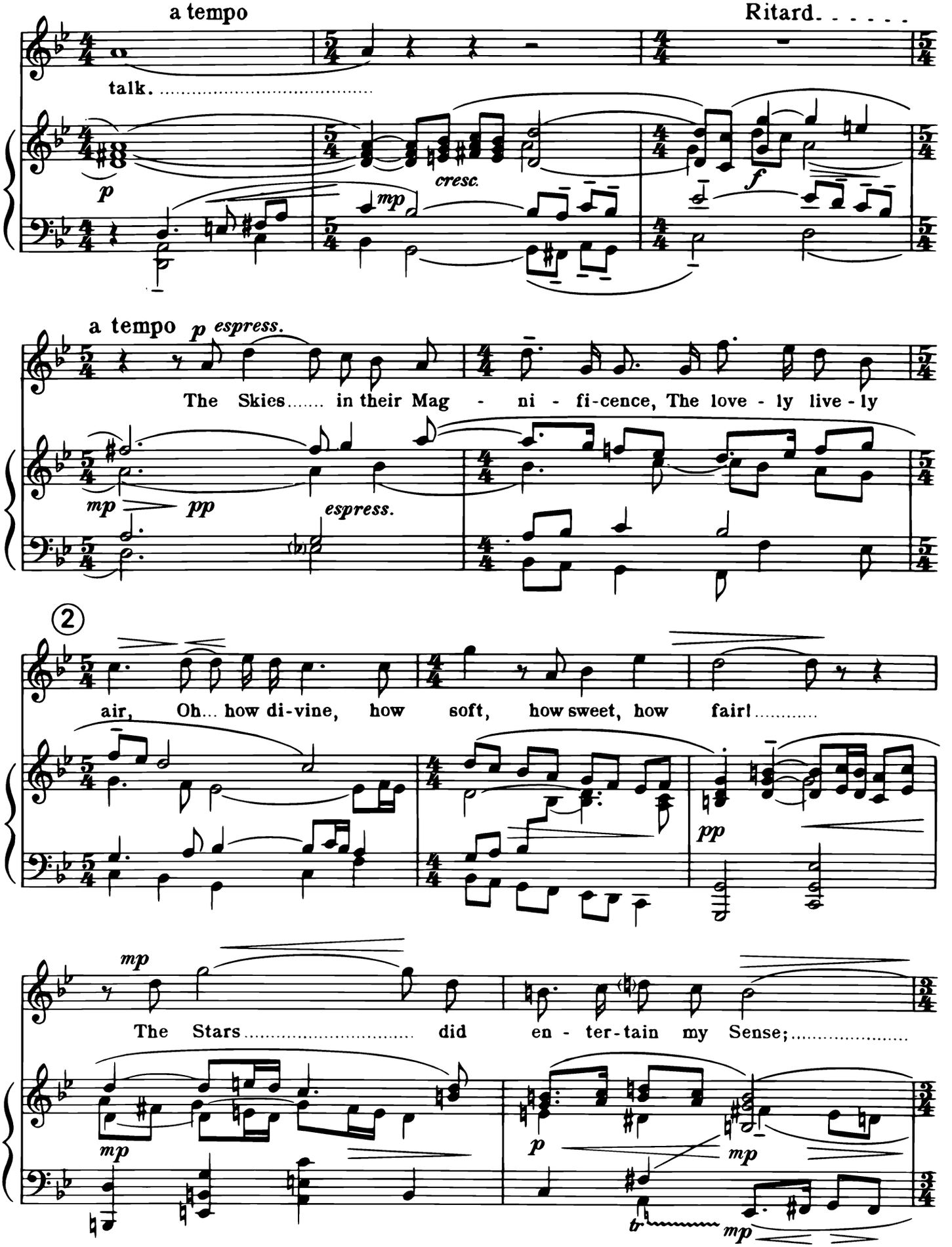
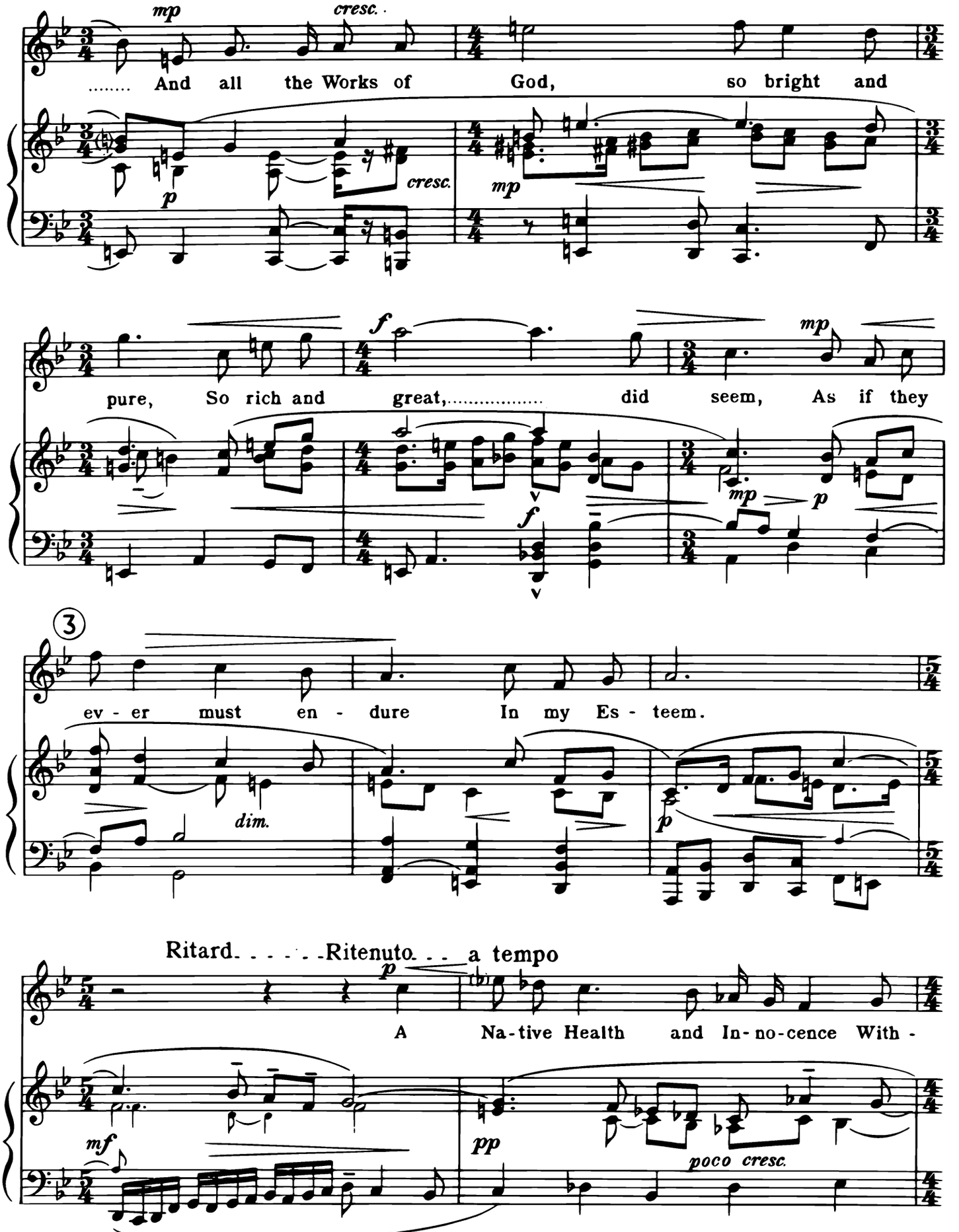
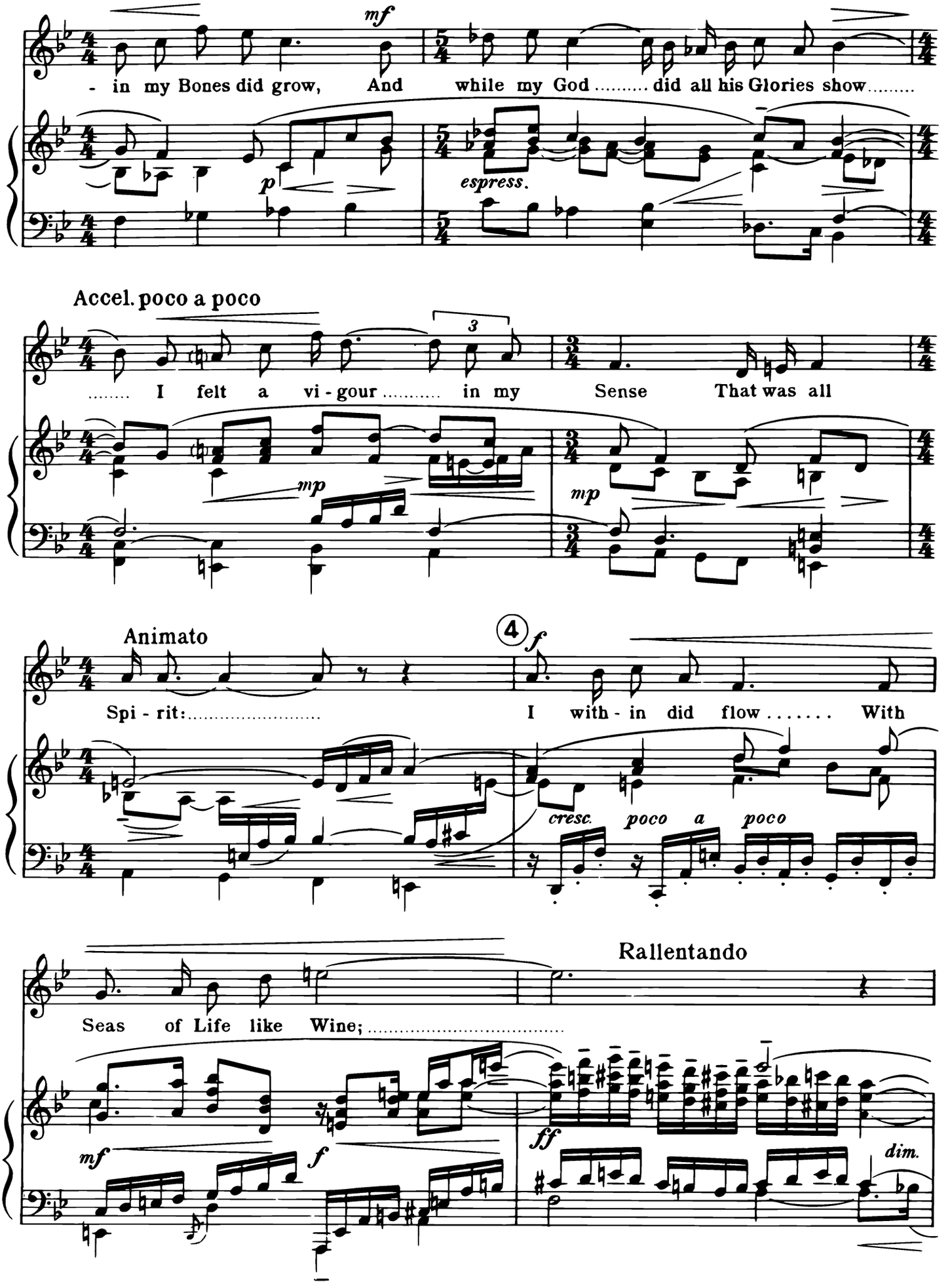
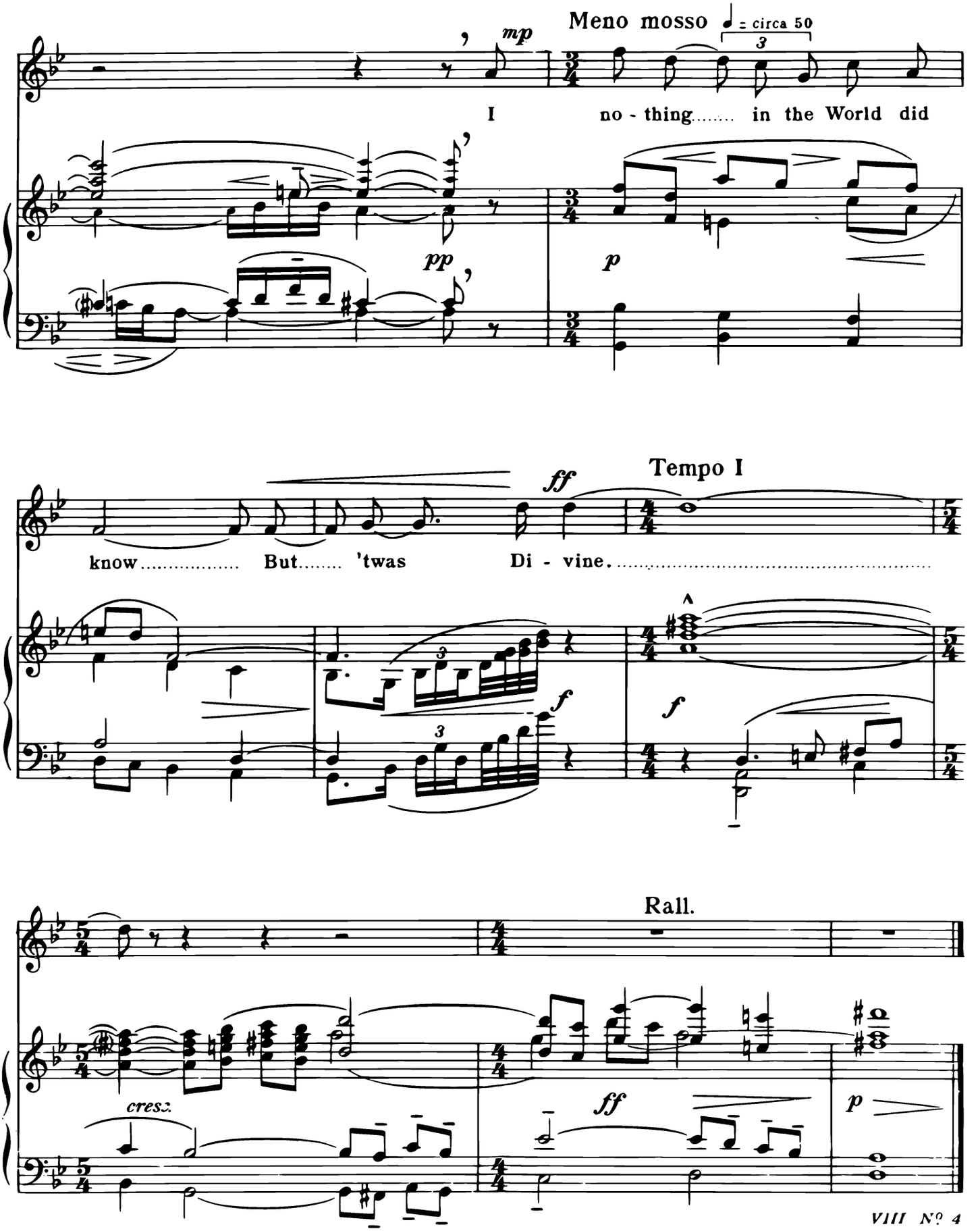

first a-mong his Works I ..... did ap-pear ..... O how their
espress.
p
Glo - ry did me crown! The World re-sem - bled his E -
mp
p
pp
- ter - ni-ty, In which my Soul did walk; .....
f
cresc.
mp
mf
Ritenuto. . . . . .
And ev-'ry thing that I did see Did with me
mf
3


a tempo
Ritard.
talk.
p
cresc.
mp
f
a tempo p espress.
The Skies..... in their Mag - ni - fi-cence, The love - ly live - ly
mp
pp
espress.
2
air, Oh... how di-vine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!.....
pp
mp
The Stars..... did en - ter-tain my Sense;.....
mp
p
mp
tr
mp


mp
cresc.
And all the Works of God, so bright and
p
cresc.
mp
f
pure, So rich and great, did seem, As if they
mp
f
mp
p
3
ev - er must en - dure In my Es - teem.
dim.
p
Ritard. Ritenuto. a tempo
p
A Na-tive Health and In-no-cence With -
mf
pp
poco cresc.


mf
- in my Bones did grow, And while my God ..... did all his Glories show.....
p
espress.
Accel. poco a poco
3
..... I felt a vi - gour ..... in my Sense That was all
mp
mp
Animato
4
f
Spi - rit:..... I with - in did flow ..... With
cresc. poco a poco
Rallentando
Seas of Life like Wine;.....
mf
f
ff
dim.

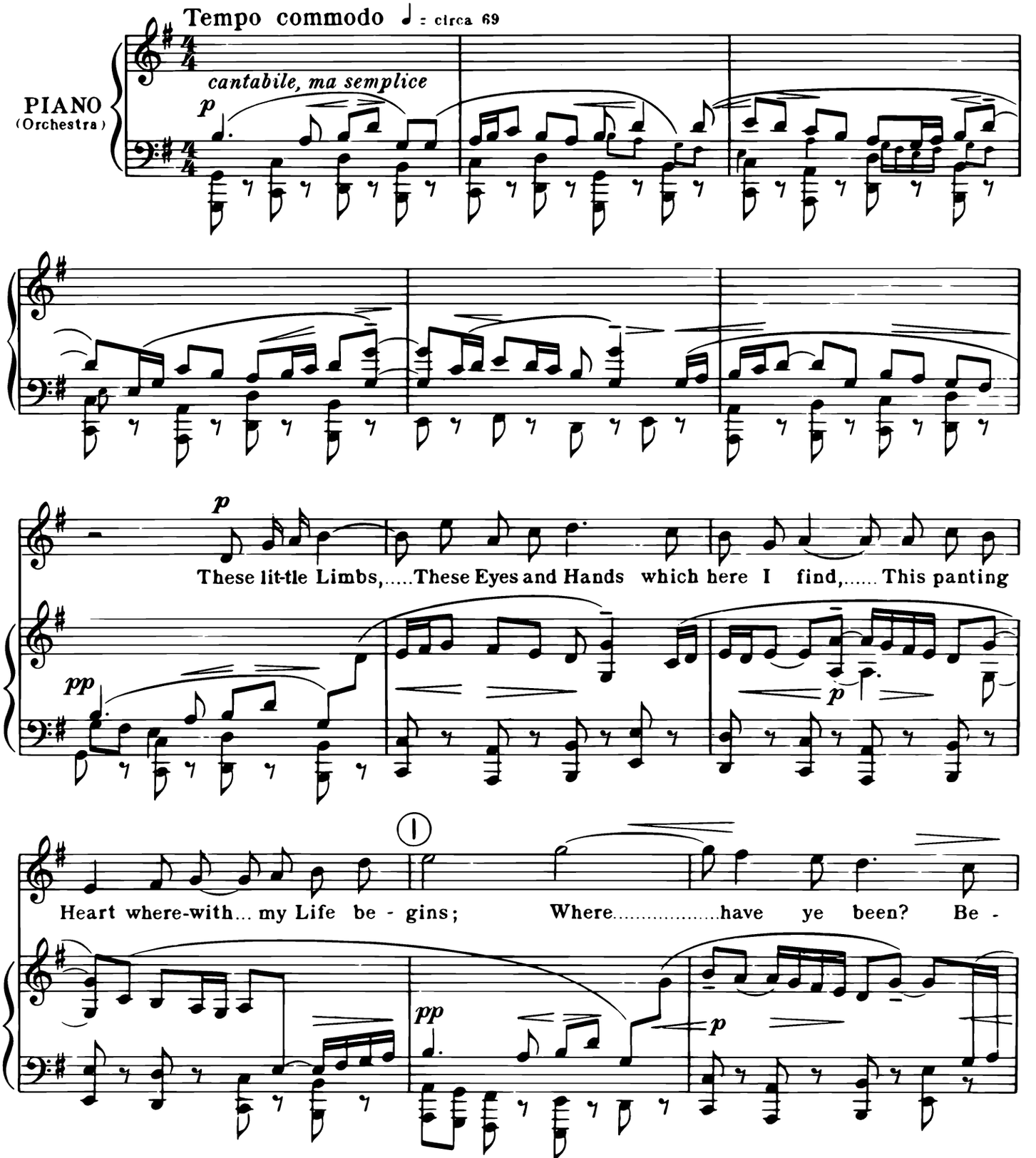

Meno mosso
= circa 50
3
mp
I no - thing..... in the World did
pp
p
Tempo I
ff
know..... But..... 'twas Di - vine.....
3
f
Rall.
cresc.
ff
p
VIII Nº 4

V. The Salutation

(Aria)

*Words by
THOMAS TRAHERNE

Music by
GERALD FINZI



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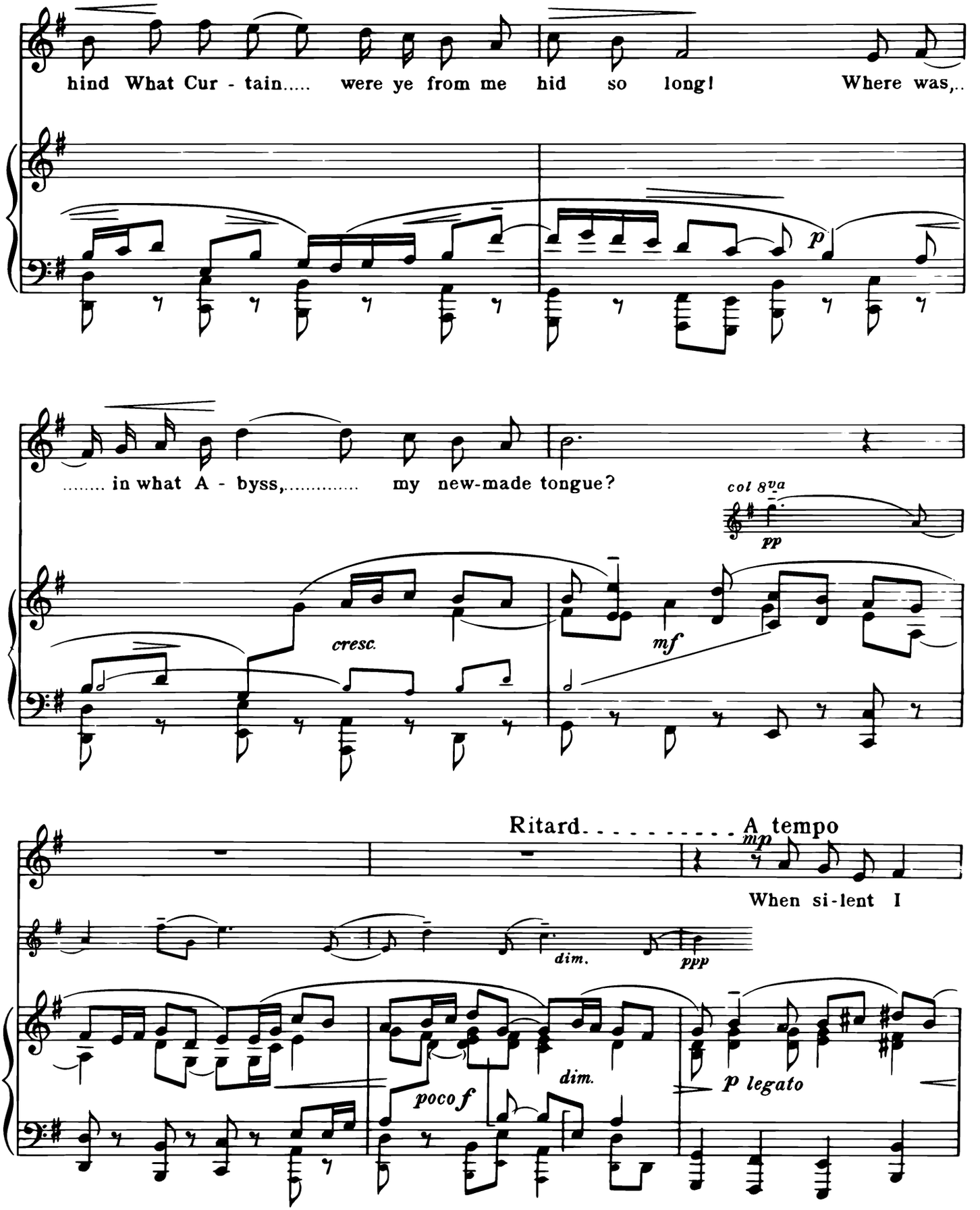
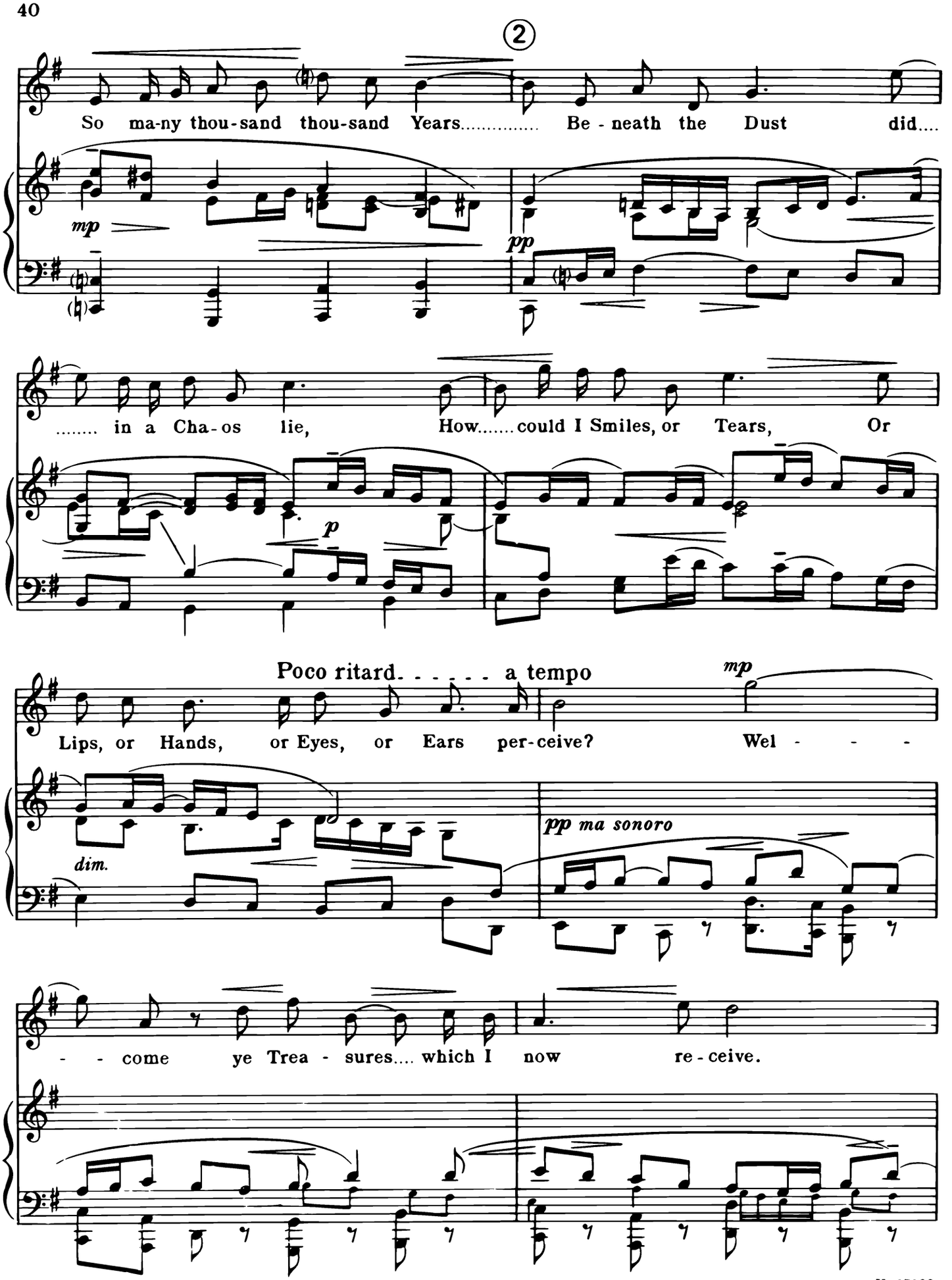
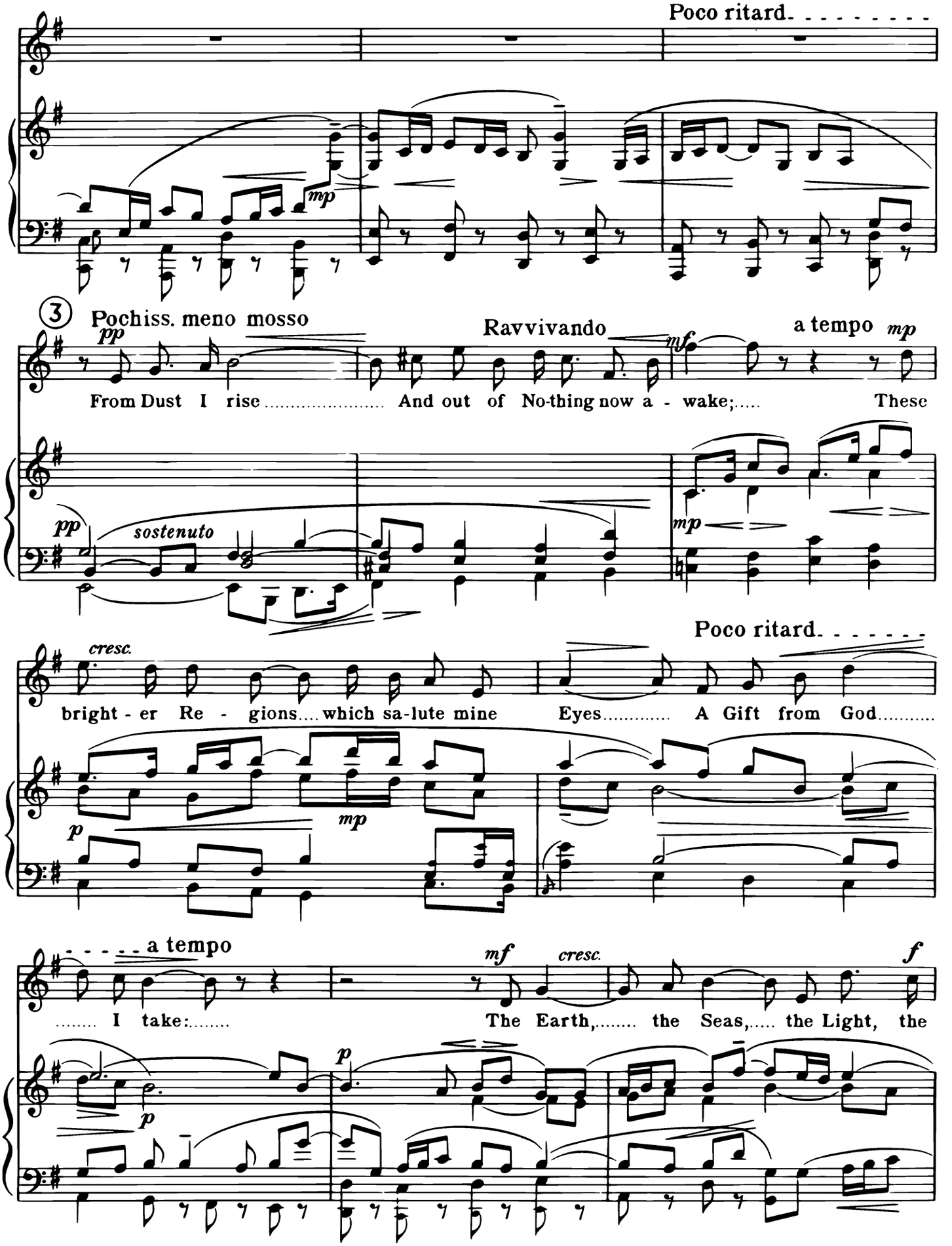
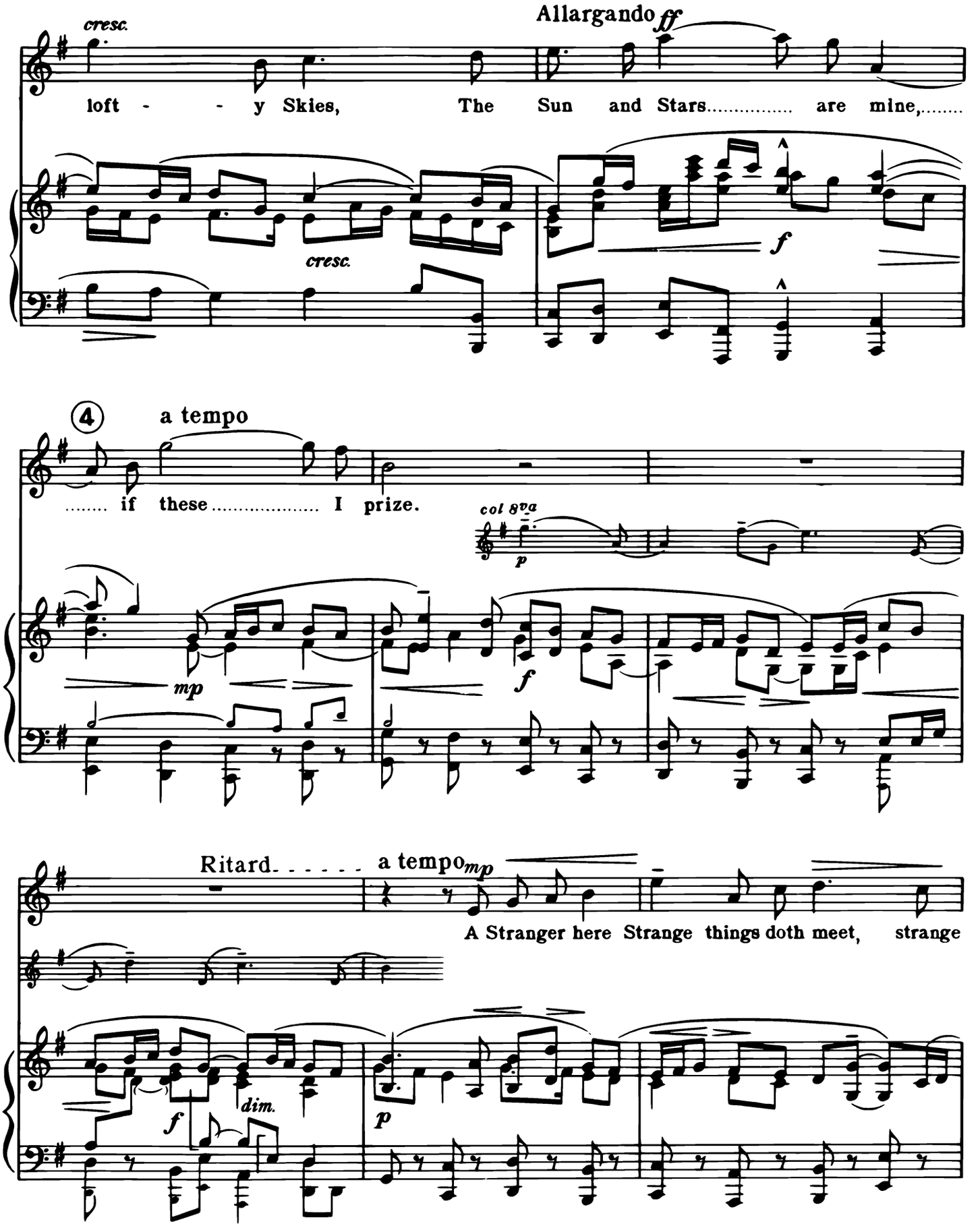
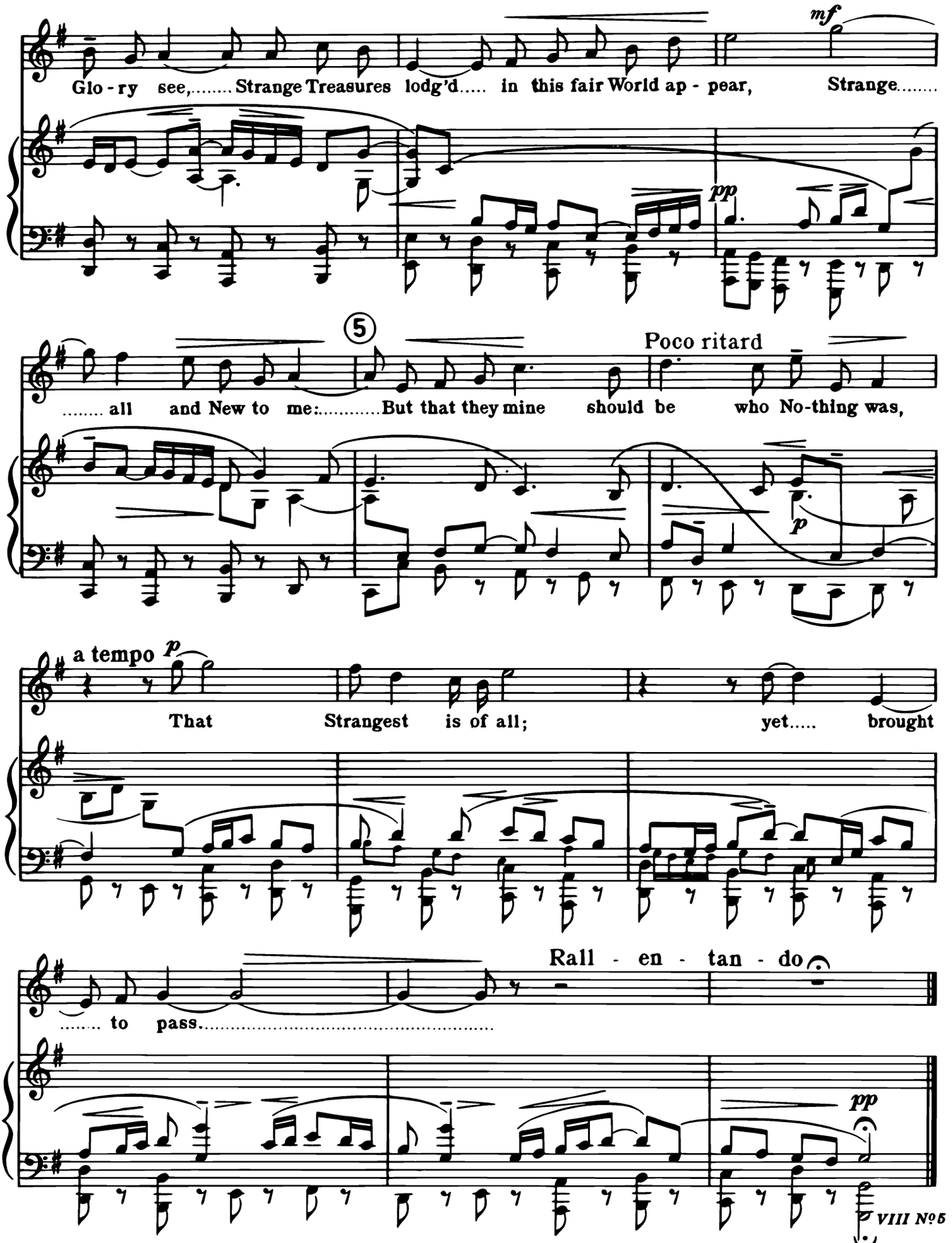

hind What Cur - tain..... were ye from me hid so long! Where was,..
p
..... in what A - byss,..... my new-made tongue?
col 8va
pp
cresc.
mf
Ritard. . . . . A tempo
mp
When si-lent I
dim.
ppp
poco f
dim.
p legato


②
So ma-ny thou-sand thou-sand Years..... Be-neath the Dust did....
mp
pp
..... in a Cha-os lie, How..... could I Smiles, or Tears, Or
p
Poco ritard. - - - - - a tempo
mp
Lips, or Hands, or Eyes, or Ears per-ceive? Wel - - -
dim.
pp ma sonoro
- - come ye Trea - sures.... which I now re-ceive.


Poco ritard.
mp
3
Pochiss. meno mosso
pp
Ravvivando
mf
a tempo
mp
From Dust I rise ..... And out of No-thing now a - wake;..... These
pp
sostenuto
mp
cresc.
Poco ritard.
bright - er Re - gions.... which sa-lute mine Eyes..... A Gift from God.....
p
mp
a tempo
mf
cresc.
f
..... I take:..... The Earth,..... the Seas,..... the Light, the
p
p


cresc.
Allargando ff
loft - - y Skies, The Sun and Stars..... are mine,.....
cresc.
f
4
a tempo
..... if these..... I prize.
col 8va
p
mp
f
Ritard. - - - - - a tempo mp
A Stranger here Strange things doth meet, strange
f
dim.
p



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