

NUESTRA SENORA DE LA PALOMA

-- a lament in two voices to the Sea

Lady:

Oh, go not gentle into that ship,
Go not softly away from me;
For still the Hand of Fate may slip,
and aye my heart is bound to thee.

Man:

The storm wind cries and beckons me,
On land no seaman's heart can rest;
The Sea and ship with passion free,
Are lovers still at God's behest.

Lady:

A child now quickens beneath my breast,
Why must you away so soon?
Is not mortal woman's one request,
Enough to stay the call of the Moon?

Man:

Life is too short, and leaves too soon,
To sit idly plucking flowers;
Gentle lady, grant me this boon,
To travel the sea's foamy bowers.

Lady:

What cares that space for human loves?
The flowers of the sea are lilies of death;
Tossed in stormwinds the seagull hovers,
And cries my pain with shrieking breath.

Man:

Until my soul sails the black river Lethe,
My love remains thy heart's safe haven;
My ship I sail 'gainst the shadow wraiths,
My life I give to the judgement of Heaven.