

The Phoenix, Movement 9

(She Sips the Ambrosial Dew
and Hastens to the City of the Sun)

Carmen Lactantius

Trans. Sr. Mary Francis McDonald, O.P.

Patricia Van Ness

There is no food in our world granted to her,

Baritone

Recitative 2 *mp*

Non il - li ci - bus est no - stro con - ces - sus in or - be,

Harpsichord

nor has anyone the charge of feeding the yet unfledged bird.

Bar.

3 4 5 6

Nec cui quam in - plu - mem pa - sce - re cu - ra su - best. Am -

Hpschd.

She sips the fine ambrosial dews from heavenly nectar

Bar.

mf *mp*

bro - si - os li - bat cae le - sti nec ta - re ro - res stel -

Hpschd.

which has fallen from the star-bearing pole.

Bar.

8 9

li - fe - ro te - nu - es qui ce - ci - de - re po - lo.

Hpschd.

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When she begins to flourish in primeval youth, she flies forth,

Bar. 10 11

Hpschd.

Ast u - bi pri - mae - va co - e - pit flo - re - re ju - en -

ready now to return to her native home.

Bar. 12 13

Hpschd.

ta, E - vo - lat ad pa - tri - as jam re - di - tu - ra do - mus.

She hastens to the city of the Sun;

Bar. 14 15 16

Hpschd.

Con - ten - dit So - lis ad ur - bem; Mi - ran - dem

She shows herself to be admired, and she presents herself to be venerated:

Bar. 17

Hpschd.

se - se prae - stat prae - bet - que ve - ren - dam:

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so great is the beauty of the bird; such great honor attends her.

Bar. 18 19 20 21

Tan-tus a - vi de - cor est,

Hpschd.

Bar. 22

tan - tus a - bun - dat ho - nor.

Hpschd.

Bar. 23

such great honor attends her.

Sop. tan - tus a - bun - dat ho - nor.

Hpschd.

Hpschd. 24 25