

# **‘A Hymn to the Virgin’**

## **Benjamin Britten**

**(1913 – 1976)**



# A Hymn to the Virgin

words anon. (circa 1300)

Benjamin Britten

**Andante lento** (♩ = 72)  
*pp* molto legato sempre

Chorus 1  
Soprano  
Alto  
Tenore  
Basso

Of one that is so fair and bright  
Brigh-ter than the day is light,

Chorus 2  
Soprano  
Alto  
Tenore  
Basso

Ve-lut ma-ris stel - la

S1  
A1  
T1  
B1

I cry to thee, thou see to me, La-dy, pray thy Son for me,

S2  
A2  
T2  
B2

Parens et pu-el-la: Tam pi-a,

8

S1 *p* That I may come to thee. *p* All this world was forlorn

A1 *p* That I may come to thee. *p* All this world was forlorn

T1 *p* That I may come to thee. *p* All this world was forlorn

B1 *p* That I may come to thee. *p* All this world was forlorn

S2 *pp* Ma - ri - a! *pp* E - va pec - ca - tri - ce,

A2 *pp* Ma - ri - a! *pp* E - va pec - ca - tri - ce,

T2 *pp* Ma - ri - a! *pp* E - va pec - ca - tri - ce,

B2 *pp* Ma - ri - a! *pp* E - va pec - ca - tri - ce,

12

S1 *mf* Till our Lord was y - born *mf* With a - ve it went away

A1 *mf* Till our Lord was y - born *mf* With a - ve it went away

T1 *mf* Till our Lord was y - born *mf* With a - ve it went away

B1 *mf* Till our Lord was y - born *mf* With a - ve it went away

S2 *pp* De te ge - ne - tri - ce.

A2 *pp* De te ge - ne - tri - ce.

T2 *pp* De te ge - ne - tri - ce.

B2 *pp* De te ge - ne - tri - ce.

15

S1 *f* Darkest night, and comes the day *p* The well springeth out of thee.

A1 *f* Darkest night, and comes the day *p* The well springeth out of thee.

T1 *f* Darkest night, and comes the day *p* The well springeth out of thee.

B1 *f* Darkest night, and comes the day *p* The well springeth out of thee.

S2 *pp* Sa - lu - tis, *pp* Vir - tu - tis.

A2 *pp* Sa - lu - tis, *pp* Vir - tu - tis.

T2 *pp* Sa - lu - tis, *pp* Vir - tu - tis.

B2 *pp* Sa - lu - tis, *pp* Vir - tu - tis.

19 **Più animato** (♩ = 54)

S1 *mf marc.* Lady, flow'r of ev-ry-thing, *f* Thou bare Je-su, Heaven's King,

A1 *p legato* La - dy, flow'r Thou bare Je - su, Hea-ven's King,

T1 *p legato* La - dy, flow'r Thou bare Je - su, Hea-ven's King,

B1 *sostenuto* La - dy, flow'r Thou bare Je - su, Hea-ven's King,

S2 *mf* Rosa si-ne spi-na, *f* Grati-a di-vi - na:

A2 *mf* Rosa si-ne spi-na, *f* Grati-a di-vi - na:

T2 *mf* Rosa si-ne spi-na, *f* Grati-a di-vi - na:

B2 *mf* Rosa si-ne spi-na, *f* Grati-a di-vi - na:

23

*f* *p*

S1 Of all thou bear'st the prize, La - dy, queen of pa - ra - dise Maid

A1 *f*

T1 *f* Of all thou bear'st the prize, La - dy, queen

B1 *f*

S2 *f* E - lec - ta

A2 *f*

T2 *f* E - lec - ta

B2 *f*

Tempo I, più tranquillo (♩ = 72)

26

*legato* *pp*

S1 mild, mother es Ef - fe - cta.

A1 *legato* *p* *pp*

T1 *legato* *p* *pp* Maid mild, mother es Ef - fe - cta.

B1 *legato* *p* *pp*

S2 *p* *pp* mor. Ef - fe - cta.

A2 *p* *pp* mor.

T2 *p* *pp* mor.

B2 *p* *pp* mor.

## Traduction

À propos de celle qui est belle et radieuse  
*comme une étoile de la mer.*  
Plus brillante que la lumière du jour,  
*mère et vierge ;*  
Je t'en supplie/Je te crie : veille sur moi,  
Dame, prie ton fils pour moi,  
*[toi] si pieuse,*  
Afin que je puisse venir à toi,  
*Marie !*

Tout ce monde était perdu  
*à cause d'Ève la pécheresse,*  
Jusqu'à ce que notre Seigneur naisse  
*de toi [sa] mère.*  
Avec un *ave* s'en alla  
La très sombre nuit, et vient le jour  
*du salut;*  
De toi jaillit la source  
*de la vertu.*

Dame, fleuron de toutes choses,  
*rose sans épine,*  
Tu portas Jésus, roi du Ciel,  
*par la grâce divine ;*  
Entre toutes tu primes,  
Dame, du paradis la reine  
*élue ;*  
Douce vierge, mère  
*tu es devenue.*

Of one that is so fair and bright  
*Velūt maris stella.*  
Brighter than the day is light,  
*Parens et pūella:*  
I cry to thee, thou see to me,  
Lady, pray thy son for me,  
*tam pia,*  
That I may come to thee.  
*Maria!*

All this world was forlorn  
*Eva peccatrice,*  
Till our Lord was yborn  
*De te genetrice.*  
With *ave* it went away  
Darkest night, and comes the day  
*Salūtis;*  
The well springeth out of thee  
*Virtūtis.*

Lady, flour of everything,  
*Rosa sine spina,*  
Thou bare Jesu, Heaven's King,  
*gratia divina:*  
Of all thou bear'st the prize,  
Lady, queen of paradise  
*electa:*  
Maid mild, mother  
*es effecta.*