Three Christina Rossetti Poems

Guy Stalnaker

I. "A Rose Plant in Jericho"
II. "A Birthday"
III. "Still (Dost Thou Not Care?)"

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Three Christina Rossetti Poems
I. A Rose Plant in Jericho

Christina Rossetti
J. Guy Stalnaker (b. 1958)

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

At morn I plucked a rose and gave it Thee, A rose of joy and happy love and I plucked the thorn and offered it to Thee; And for my thorn Thou gavest love and My thorny rose, my love and pain, to Thee I offer; and I set my heart in peace, A rose with scarce a thorn: But in the chillness of a second morn My peace, Not joy this mortal morn: If Thou hast given much treasure for a thorn, Wilt peace, And rest upon my thorn: For truly I think to-morrow morn Shall rose bush drooped, and all its gay increase Was but one thorn that wounded me. thou not give me for my rose increase Of gladness, and all sweets to me? bring me Paradise, my gift's increase, Yea, give Thy very Self to me
Three Christina Rossetti Poems

II. A Birthday

Christina Rossetti

J. Guy Stalnaker (b. 1958)

My heart is like a singing bird Whose nest is in a water'd shoot; My heart is like an apple-tree Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit; My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a

Ah nah Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit; My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a

Ah nah Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit; My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a

Ah nah Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit; My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a
halcyon sea; My heart is gla\-der than all these Be-cause my love is come, my love is come to

halcyon sea; Nah nah nah nah Be-cause my love is come, my love is come to

me. Raise me a dais of silk and down; Hang it with vair and pur-ple dyes; Carve it in doves and
pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; Work it in gold and silver grapes, In leaves and silver
pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; Work it in gold and silver grapes, In leaves and silver
pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; Work it in gold and silver grapes, In leaves and silver
fleursde; Because the birthday of my life Is come, and love is come, my love is come to me.
fleursde; Because the birthday of my life Is come, and love is come, my love is come to me.
fleursde; Because the birthday of my life Is come, and love is come, my love is come to me.
fleursde; Nah nah nah nah nah and love is come, my love is come to me.
fleursde; Nah nah nah nah nah and love is come, my love is come to me.
fleursde; Nah nah nah nah nah and love is come, my love is come to me.
Three Christina Rossetti Poems
III. Still (Dost Thou Not Care?)

Christina Rossetti

J. Guy Stalnaker (b. 1958)

I love thee, I love thee here
I love thee here or there,
I will accept thy broken heart, lie still.

I love and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
To love and not to love.

Thou veiled within Thy glory, glory,
Veiled within Thy glory, gone a-part

To Thy shrine, which is above,
Which is above,

Dost Thou not love me, Lord, or care
For this mine ill?

I love thee, I love thee here
I love thee here or there,
I will accept thy broken heart, lie still, lie still.