## Epithalamion

for SATB choir

Carlotta Ferrari 2018

A garland 'round your neck I weave With golden flowers' fragrant blooms. I trace a bower on your skin Of tender breeze on greening shoots.

To you I lordly promise give, To earth the name of gladness bend, This night within the quiet garden When I to your eye ascend.

With nubile kisses, saccharine bliss, I dip my finger into wine— Yours my tongue's chrysanthemum Holds worship to the sacred vine.

Now I the garland 'round your arms, I the garland 'round your waist; Away with me tonight my love, Away with all our pleasures chaste.

For all too soon the morning comes, And all too soon the cockcrow sings, When flees our quiet love with song That ever lives and ever longs.

—Darcy Blahut































