

Magic soaking my spine

by mazaher

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They have just made love.

Jack has flopped back on the mattress, sated and exhausted. Patrick has also rolled over and to the side, and he's sprawled belly down, his face buried in the pillow, a single drop of sweat trickling lazily down along his hip.

Jack watches it slip down, pushes himself up on his elbow, leans over to lick it up, then lays back supine again.

Silence. Breaths slowly calming. Jack closes his eyes and is almost drifting to sleep.

Then, a muffled sound.

A warble.

Patrick is singing.

Jack holds his breath, strains to hear the sound pouring into the pillow...

Forma rebus datur,

Avis modulatur

Modulans letatur

Patrick turns his head to the side, away from Jack, and his warm tenor voice comes fuller.

Cor igitur et scingitur et

Tangitur amore

Then he turns around to lay on his back, and sings even louder.

Pugnaveram et fueram inprimis relucatus

Et iterum per puerum sum Veneri prostratus.

"Really, Patrick," Jack smiles. "I'm honoured that this rather sudden inflight of... undeniably remarkable birds is producing such a rare outcome as having you sing in Latin. Carmen Buranum CLIII, if I'm not mistaken."

"I had planned on singing *Hymnum Eucharisticum*, it being presently almost dawn on May 1st, but the theme and words didn't seem quite appropriate to the occasion. I also thought about John Hilton's *Come a-follow*, but as lush as the green woods are at this time of the year, I'm currently too tired out to ask you to follow, follow, follow, follow me there."

"Well, as Carmina Burana go, thank you for sparing me the duet *Ich was ein Chint so wolgetan*. I've never been that good with soprano singing. But, speaking of birds, why not Papageno's *aria* in Act II of *The Magic Flute*...? *If no one will grant me love, / Then the flame must consume me...*"

"Mind you, should you prove just irksome enough, I've been famously able to pull the whole string of starry high notes of the Queen of Night's *Der holle Rache* in counter-tenor," Patrick huffs.

"The Great God Pan forbid that such an event ever take place a second time in this aeon. The whole fabric of the universe would be unraveled."

"Good. Let's do it."

Jack shuts him up with a kiss.

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Notes:

0. The title is a line from *Read my mind*, by The Killers.

1. The latin song Patrick sings is in fact Carmen Buranum CLIII, *Tempus transit gelidum* (*Carmina veris et amoris*, Songs of springtime and love); vid at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zn4Zd55q8Kg>, words and translation at <http://www.bucks-retinue.org.uk/content/view/257/290/>

2. *Hymnus Eucharisticus* has been sung at dawn on May Day from the top of the Magdalen College Tower for more than 500 years; information at

http://anglicanhistory.org/england/jwburgon/may_morning.html, vid at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9dtWqL6FyLI>, words and translation at

<http://liturgialatina.blogspot.com/2011/04/hymnus-eucharisticus-for-may-morning.html>

3. John Hilton's *Come a-follow* is an instance of the genre of part songs, which used to be sung by gentlemen after dinner (and over port) since Shakespeare's times. The words are simple and repetitive, the point being the clever twining of voices rather than lyrical expression:

Part I: "Come a-follow, follow, follow, / Follow, follow, follow me."

Part II: "Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, / Whither shall I follow, follow thee."

Part III: "To the greenwood, to the greenwood, / To the greenwood, greenwood tree."

4. *Ich was ein chint so wolgetan* (Carmen Buranum CLIIIV, *Carmina veris et amoris*) is a curious German-Latin duet, in which a girl tells the story of her deflowering; vid at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7CNQ7jTNJ4>, words and translation at

<http://www.florilegium.org/files/PERFORMANCE-ARTS/songs2-msg.html> (immediately after the translation of *In taberna quando sumus*).

5. Papageno's *aria* about his love-to-be is the 22nd in Act II of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (The Magic Flute); vid at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cNuuH1gieBg>, words and translation at http://www.aria-database.com/translations/mflute20_madchen.txt

6. The spectacular *aria* of the Queen of Night is very demanding, ranging two octaves; vid at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v3wkUhNjTHM>; words and translation at

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Der_H%C3%B6lle_Rache_kocht_in_meinem_Herzen

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