# Anders Brødsgaard The Golden Net

2006 text: William Blake

> Mezzosoprano/alto Alto Flute Mandoline Guitar Harp

dedicated to Harmasoflugi

Duration: 7 min.

Skrevet med støtte fra Statens Kunstfond Written with support from the Danish State Art Foundation

#### The Golden Net

Three Virgins at the break of day: "Whither, young Man, whither away? "Alas for woe! alas for woe!" They cry, & tears for ever flow. The one was Cloth'd in flames of fire. The other Cloth'd in iron wire. The other Cloth'd in tears & sighs Dazling bright before my Eyes. They bore a Net of Golden twine To hang upon the Branches fine. Pitving I wept That Love & Beauty undergo, To be consum'd in burning Fires And in ungratified desires, And in tears cloth'd Night & day Melted all my Soul away. When they saw my Tears, a Smile That did Heaven itself beguile, Bore the Golden Net aloft As on downy Pinions soft Over the Morning of my day. Underneath the Net I stray. Now intreating Burning Fire, Now intreating Iron Wire, Now intreating Tears & Sighs. O when will the morning rise?

William Blake 1803

#### EARLIER DRAFT:

Beneath the white thorn, lovely May, [Three Virgins at the Break of day, "Whither, Young Man, whither away? del.] "Alas for wo! alas for wo! alas for wo!" They cry & tears for ever flow. The one was cloth'd in flames of fire, The other cloth'd in [sweet desire del.] Iron wire. The other cloth'd in [sighs del.] & tears & sighs, Dazzling bright before my eves. They bore a Net of Golden twine To hang upon the branches fine. [Pitying I wept to see the woe That Love & Beauty undergo -To be consum'd in burning fires And in Ungratified desires. del.] And in tears cloth'd night & day Melted all my soul away. When they saw my tears, a smile That did heaven itself beguile, Bore the Golden Net aloft As by downy pinions soft O'er the morning of my day. Underneath the net I stray, Now intreating flaming fire, Now intreating [sweet desire del.] iron wire, Now intreating tears & sighs. [When del.] O when will the Morning rise?

### [ADDITIONAL PASSAGE del.]

Wings they had that soft inclose Round their body when they chose; They would let them down at will, Or make translucent...

From: Blake, Complete Writings edited by Geoffrey Keynes

## Anders Brødsgaard: The Golden Net (2006) Text: William Blake









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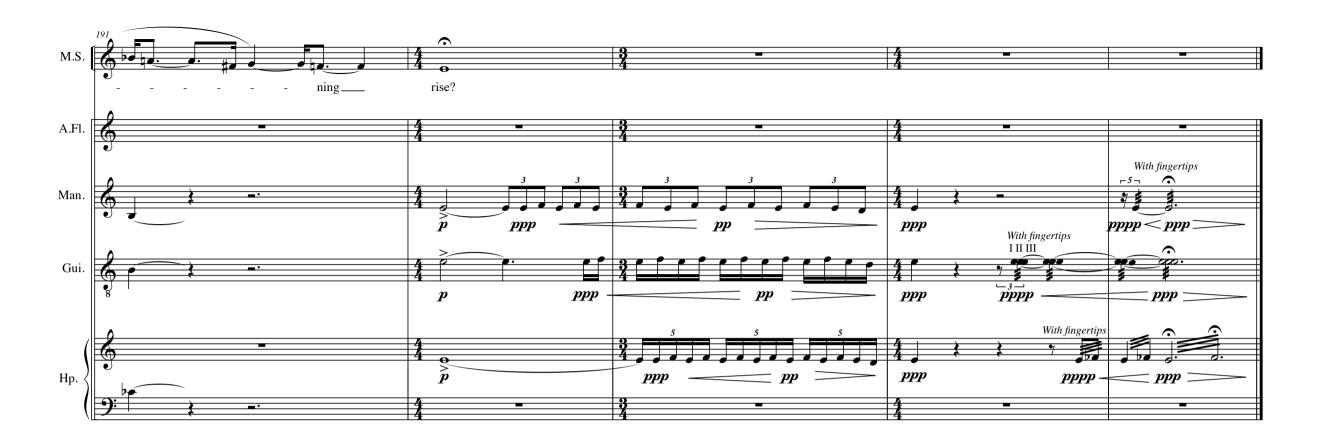


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