



## Symphony for Amelia Lyrics

Me thinkes I see faire Virtue readie stand,  
T'unlocke the closet of your louely breast,  
Holding the key of Knowledge in her hand,  
Key of that Cabbine where your selfe doth rest,  
To let him in, by whom her youth was blest:  
    The true- loue of your soule, your hearts delight,  
    Fairer than all the world in your cleare sight.

He that descended from celestiall glory,  
To taste of our infirmities and sorrowes,  
Whose heauenly wisdom read the earthly storie  
Of fraile Humanity, which his godhead borrows:  
Loe here he coms all stucke with pale deaths arrows:  
    In whose most pretious wounds your soule may reade  
    Saluation, while he (dying Lord) doth bleed.

You whose cleare Iudgement farre exceeds my skil,  
Vouchsafe to entertaine this dying louer,  
The Ocean of true grace, whose streames doe fill  
All those with loy, that can his loue recouer;  
About this blessed Arke bright Angels houer:  
    Where your faire sould may sure and safely rest,  
    When he is sweetly seated in your brest.

There may your thoughts as seruants to your heart,  
Giue true attendance on this louely guest,  
While he doth to that blessed bowre impart  
Flowres of fresh comforts, decke that bed of rest,  
With such rich beauties as may make it blest:  
    And you in whom all raritie is found,  
    May be with his eternall glory crownd.

*Symphony for Amelia* by Jaron Lanier was commissioned by the Bach Festival Society and the Winter Park Institute, Rollins College. It will premiere on October 23 & 24, 2010. Call 407.646.2182 for tickets.