Passing and Glassing for singing violinist (or voice and violin)

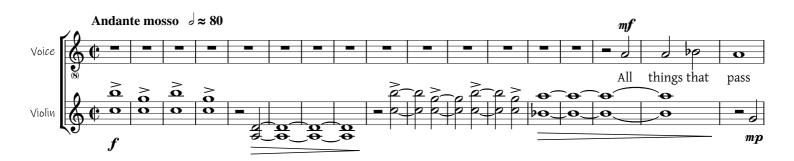
Carlotta Ferrari 2020

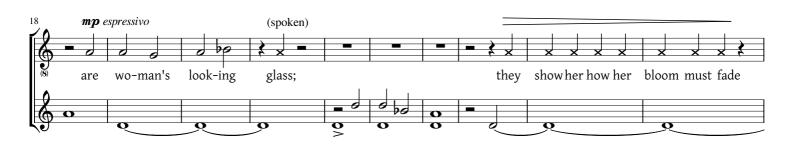
on a poem by Christina Rossetti

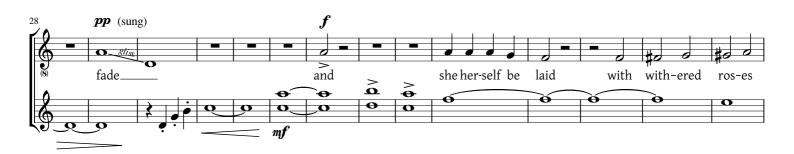
All things that pass Are woman's looking-glass; They show her how her bloom must fade, And she herself be laid With withered roses in the shade; With withered roses and the fallen peach, Unlovely, out of reach Of summer joy that was.

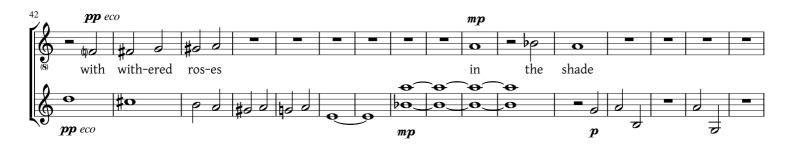
All things that pass Are woman's tiring-glass; The faded lavender is sweet, Sweet the dead violet, Culled and laid by and cared for yet; The dried-up violets and dried lavender Still sweet, may comfort her, Nor need she cry, Alas!

All things that pass Are wisdom's looking-glass; Being full of hope and fear, and still Brimful of good or ill, According to our work and will; For there is nothing new beneath the sun, Our doings have been done, And that which shall be was.











2 - Passing and Glassing



3 - Passing and Glassing