



Arise, My Dove

for SATB choir

Francis Kayalı

on a poem by Anne Killigrew

PROGRAM NOTE

“Arise, My Dove” sets to music a fragment by the seventeenth century English poet Anne Killigrew, which she based on the following passage from the Book of Psalms (68:13)

*Though ye have lien among the pots
yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove
covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.*

As in the biblical verse, much of our understanding of Killigrew’s poem hinges on our interpretation of the word “pots.” The modern reader might be forgiven for at first envisioning a harried matron overwhelmed with the domestic chores of cooking and cleaning, and whose friend is recommending a well-deserved break. If so, this can be read as an early feminist poem, advocating emancipation.

However, the weighty tone that follows suggests a darker reading, where the ode’s recipient is deceased and buried in a garden filled with flower pots. Given that there is little one can do, once one is dead, to prepare for heaven, this second interpretation emphasizes first a feeling of poignant hopelessness, as the narrator seemingly tries to awake her deceased friend, then a feeling of mourning for her lost beauty (in contrast to her pitiful current state as a decaying corpse), and then, in the end, a mood of promise for better times to come, in the afterlife.

Finally, a third reading takes into account both the psalms’ context, where “pots” seems to designate plunder of war, as well as the second part of Killigrew’s ode (see across), which suggests a far more active preparation for the afterlife than that which can be expected of a dead person. In that case, the very much alive recipient of the poem is indirectly accused of being obsessed with the accumulation of earthly, material spoils, and is being admonished to refocus her attention toward a more righteous, ethereal, and spiritual life, that will lead to heaven.

Each of the three readings would of course influence in its own way how the song is performed. However, it is the more reflective and less condemnatory second interpretation, which predominantly informed the composition of this delicate waltz.

Francis Kayali
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Anne Killigrew (1660-1685) was born in London and died of smallpox there at the age of twenty-five. Her father, chaplain to the Duke of York, secured for her a place as Maid of Honor to Mary of Modena, alongside another young poet, Anne Finch, the future Countess of Winchilsea. In her brief life Anne Killigrew was celebrated as both a painter and a poet, and an engraving of a self-portrait was prefixed to the edition of her poems published by her father shortly after her death. John Dryden contributed a prefatory poem, “To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew: An Ode.”

Carl Woodring and James Shapiro, eds., *The Columbia Anthology of British Poetry*
(New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1995), 277.

AN ODE

I.

Arise, my Dove, from midst of Pots arise,
Thy sully'd Habitation leave,
To Dust no longer cleave;
Unworthy they of Heaven that will not view the Skies.
Thy native Beauty reassume,
Prune each neglected Plume
Till, more than Silver white,
Than burnisht Gold more bright,
Thus ever ready stand to take thy Eternal Flight.

II.

The Bird to whom the spacious Aire was given,
As in a smooth and trackless Path to go,
A Walk which does no Limits know
Pervious alone to Her and Heaven:
Should she her Airy Race forget,
On Earth affect to walk and sit;
Should she so high a Priviledge neglect,
As still on Earth, to walk and sit, affect,
What could she of Wrong complain,
Who thus her Birdly Kind doth stain,
If all her Feathers moulted were,
And naked she were left and bare,
The Jest and Scorn of Earth and Aire ?

III.

The Bird of Paradice the Soul,
.....

Arise, My Dove

Words by
Anne KILLIGREW
(1660-1685)

Music by
Francis KAYALI

Not Fast $\text{♩} = 52$

Soprano *mp* *mf* *mf* *f* *mf*
A - rise, my Dove, a - midst of Pots a - rise, Thy

Alto *p* *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*
A - rise, my Dove, from midst of Pots a - rise, Thy

Tenor *mp* *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*
A - rise, my Dove, from midst of Pots a - rise, Thy

Bass *p* *mf* *f* *mf*
A-rise, my Dove, my Dove, from midst of Pots a - rise, Thy

Piano Reduction *mp* *p* *mf* *mf* *f* *mf*

6 *p* *p* *mp*
sul - ly'd Ha - bi - ta - tion leave. To dust, to Dust, to

6 *p* *p* *mp*
sul - ly'd Ha - bi - ta - tion leave. To dust, to dust, to Dust, to

6 *p* *p* *mp*
sul - ly'd Ha - bi - ta - tion leave. To dust, to Dust, to

6 *p* *p* *mp*

11 *f* *mf* *mp*

Dust no lon - ger cleave, un - wor - thy they of Hea - ven that will not view the

f *mf* *mp*

Dust no lon - ger cleave, un - wor - thy they of Hea - ven that will not view the

f *mf* *mp*

8 Dust no lon - ger cleave, un - wor - thy they of Hea - ven that will not view the

f *mf* *mp*

Dust no lon - ger cleave, un - wor - thy of Hea - ven that will no view the

11

16 *p* *p* *mp* *mf*

Skies. A - rise, my Dove, Thy na - tive Beau - ty re - as -

p *p* *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Skies. A - rise, a - rise, my Dove, Thy na - tive Beau - ty re - as -

p *mf* *p* *mp* *mf*

8 Skies. A - rise, my Dove, Thy na - tive Beau - ty re - as -

p *p* *mp* *mf*

Skies. A - rise, my Dove, Thy na - tive Beau - ty re - as -

16

20 *mf* *p*

sume, Prune each ne - glec - ted Plume to more than Sil - ver

sume, Prune each ne - glec - ted Plume to more than Sil - ver

sume, Prune each ne - glec - ted Plume to more than Sil - ver

sume, Prune each ne - glec - ted Plume to more than Sil - ver

20 *mf* *p*

24

white. Till more than Sil - ver, Than bur - nisht Gold more

white. Till more than Sil - ver, Than bur - nisht Gold more

white. Till more than Sil - ver, than Sil - ver, Than bur - nisht Gold more

white. Till more than Sil - ver, Than bur - nisht Gold more

24

28

f *mp* *mf* *p*

bright, Thus e - ver rea - dy stand, stand, To

bright, Thus e - ver rea - dy stand, stand, To

8 bright, Thus e - ver read - dy stand, stand, To

bright, Thus e - ver rea - dy stand, stand, To

28

f *mp* *mf* *p*

33

ff *mp*

take thy E - ter - nal Flight! A - rise, a -

take thy E - ter - nal Flight! A - rise, a - rise, a

8 take thy E - ter - nal Flight! A - rise, a - rise, a -

take thy E - ter - nal Flight! A - rise, a - rise, a -

33

ff *mp*

38 *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

rise, A - rise, my dove, a - rise, a -

rise, A - rise, my dove, a - rise, a -

8 rise, A - rise, my dove, a - rise, a -

mf *p* *mp* *p*

rise, A - rise, my dove, a - rise, a -

38 *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

41 *pp* *ppp*

rise, a - rise. Rise.

rise, a - rise. Rise.

8 rise, a - rise. Rise.

rise, a - rise. Rise.

41 *pp* *ppp*