

A Setting of Robert Southwell's Poem for Contralto and Piano Duet

THE BURNING BABE. By Robert Southwell

As I in hoary Winter's night stood shiveringe in the snowe, Surprised I was with sodayne heat which made my hart to glowe; And lifting upp a feareful eye to vewe what fire was nere, A pretty Babe all burninge bright did in the ayre appeare; Who, scorchëd with excessive heate, such floodes of teares did shedde As though His floodes should quench His flames which with His tears were fedd. "Alas," quoth He, "but newly borne in fiery heates I frye, Yet none approch to warme their hartes or feele my fire but I! My faultles brest the fornace is, the fuell woundinge thornes, Love is the fire, and sighes the smoke, the ashes shame and scornes; The fuell Justice layeth on, and Mercy blowes the coales, The mettall in this fornace wrought are men's defiled soules, For which, as nowe on fire I am to worke them to their good, So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My bloode." With this He vanisht out of sight and swiftly shroncke awaye, And straight I called unto mynde that it was Christmas daye.

From St. Peter's Complaint, 1595

The Burning Babe

for Johanna

Robert Southwell (1562 - 1595)

Peter Dyson





































