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

Carlotta Ferrari 2020

on a poem by Christina Rossetti

All things that pass All things that pass All things that pass Are woman's looking-glass; Are woman's tiring-glass; Are wisdom's looking-glass; They show her how her bloom must fade, The faded lavender is sweet, Being full of hope and fear, and still And she herself be laid Sweet the dead violet, Brimful of good or ill, with withered roses in the shade; Culled and laid by and cared for yet; According to our work and will; with withered roses and the fallen peach, The dried-up violets and dried lavender For there is nothing new beneath the sun, Unlovely, out of reach Still sweet, may comfort her, Our doings have been done, Of summer joy that was. Nor need she cry, Alas! And that which shall be was.











2 - Passing and Glassing















<sup>3 -</sup> Passing and Glassing