## Michał Malec

# Ghosts of the night 

na chór eński i fortepian

Międzyszkolnemu Chórowi eńskiemu
przy III Liceum Ogólnoksztatcacym im. K.K. Baczyńskiego w Biatymstoku pod dyrekcja Anny Olszewskiej

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast and yonder shines Aurora's harbinger, at whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there, troop home to churchyards, damned spirits all, that in crossways and floods have burial, already to their wormy beds are gone, for fear lest day should look their shames upon, they willfully themselves exile from light and must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

But we are spirits of another sort, I with the morning's love have oft made sport, and, like a forester, the grove may tread, even till the eastern gate all fiery red, opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
W. Shakespeare, "Sen nocy letniej" (akt III, scena 2)

## Ghosts of the night

na chór eński i fortepian
W. Shakespeare











