

Texts & Translations

Movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle,
Sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo.
E, lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,
Vengan l'humide ninfe al ballo anch'elle.
Fuggano in sì bel dì nemi e procelle
D'aure odorate al mormorar **dell'onde**
Fatt'eco al mio cantar, rimbombi il mondo
L'opre di Ferdinando eccelsi e belle.
Et l'armi cinse, e su destrier alato corse le piagge,
E su la terra dura la testa riposò sul braccio
armato.
La torre eccelse e la superbe mura al vento
sparse,
e fè vermiglio il prato.
Lasciando ogni altra gloria al mondo oscura,
e fè vermiglio il prato.

Cruda Amarilli, che col nom' ancora,
D'amar ahi lasso! amaramente insegni;
Amarilli, del candido ligustro
Più candida e più bella,
Ma de l'aspido sordo
È più sorda e più fèra e più fugace.
Poi che col dir t'offendo,
Io mi morrò tacendo.

Ancor che col partire
io mi senta morire,
partir vorrei ogn'hor, ogni momento:
tant' il piacer ch'io sento
de la vita ch'acquisto nel ritorno:
e così mill' e mille volt' il giorno
partir da voi vorrei:
tanto son dolci gli ritorni miei.

Laetamini vos o caeli exultatu, o terra
Gaudete vos, o carissimi
quia hodie recolitur festum
Sanctae Mariae Virginis. Alleluia.
Laetamur exultemus et gaudeamus dicentes:
O Maria flos virginum velut rosa vel liliium.
Salve Virgo Sancta salve mundi gloria
O Maria flos virginum velut rosa vel liliium.
Salve Virgo gloriosa salve speciosa in delitiis
Virginitatis
O Maria flos virginum velut rosa vel liliium,
Tuum pro nobis deprecare filium.

Let your slender feet move to my beautiful music,
Strewn with roses your crown of graceful tresses fair.
And quitting the abundant deeps of the Istros¹
Let come also the nymphs of the river to join our dance.
Let clouds and tempests flee on such a beautiful day.
May fragrant breezes and murmuring waves
Echo my singing; let the world resound
With the great deeds and noble feats of Ferdinand.²
He donned his armor and on his winged steed raced over the
plains.
And on the hard earth rested his head on his steel-clad arm.
Soaring towers and proud walls he scattered to the wind.
And stained the field scarlet.
Casting every other worldly glory into obscurity
And stained the field scarlet .

¹ Ancient Greek name for the Danube

² The Holy Roman emperor, king of Hungary and king of Bohemia

Heartless Amaryllis, you who with your name still
of love alas! bitterly teach;
Amaryllis, more candid than the white privet
and more beautiful,
But deaf as the deaf viper is she,
More deadly cruel and more elusive.
Since I offend you with my words,
I shall die in silence.

Although parting from you
feels like dying,
I would part from you every hour, every moment,
such is the delight I feel
of life renewed on my return;
and thus a thousand and a thousand times a day
I would wish to part from you,
so very sweet are the reunions.

Rejoice, O joyful heaven,
O earth, O beloved ones
because today the festival is remembered
of the Holy Virgin Mary. Alleluia
Let us rejoice and be glad, saying:
O Mary, the flower of virgins, like a rose or a lily.
Hail Holy Virgin, hail the glory of the world
O Mary, the flower of virgins, like a rose or a lily.
Hail glorious Virgin, hail, beautiful in the delights
of virginity.
O Mary, the flower of virgins, like a rose or a lily.
Intercede with your son for us.



Alessandro
Grandi

Texts & Translations

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Lucente e minacioso,
Quel dardo velenoso
Vola a ferirmi il petto:
Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo
E son da me diviso.
Piagatemi col sguardo,
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
D'asprissimo, d'asprissimo rigore,
Versatemi su'l core
Un nembo di faville,
Ma 'l labro non sia tardo
A rattivarmi ucciso.
Feriscami quel sguardo,
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Begli occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi,
Infin ch'io venga meno.
E se da vostri dardi
Io resterò conquiso,
Ferischino quei sguardi
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Maria dolce Maria nome soave tanto,
che'n pronunziar ti imparadiso il core.
Nome sacro e santo,
ch'el cor mi infiammi di celeste amore.
Maria mai semp'r'io canto.
Ne può la lingua mia più felice parola,
Trami dal sen già mai che dir, che dir Maria,
nome ch'ogni dolor temprà
e consola,
voce tranquilla ch'ogni affano, acqueta,
ch'ogni cor fà sereno, ogni alma lieta.

O come sei gentile, caro augelino
O quanto el mio stato amoroso al tuo simile
Io prigion tu prigion
Io canto tu canti per colei che t'ha legato
Et io canto per lei
Ma in questo è differente la mia sorte dolente
Che giova pur a te l'esser canoro
vivi cantando et io cantando moro.

That look with its touch of disdain,

Lustrous and menacing,
The poison dart
That flies to wound my breast.
Beauties with which I wholly burn
And am from myself divided.
Afflict me with your look,
Heal me with your laugh.



Claudio Monteverdi

Arm yourselves, dark eyes
With severest, with severest rigor,
Shower my heart with
A cloud of sparks,
But let your lips not be slow
To revive me from the slaying.
Let that look wound me,
But let that laugh heal me.

Beautiful eyes – to arms, to arms!
I open my bosom to you,
Rejoice in my affliction,
That my submission becomes final.
And if by your darts
I remain vanquished,
Let those looks wound,
But let that laugh heal me.

Maria, sweet Maria, thy name so honeyed
That in speaking it my heart is in paradise with joy of thee.
Thy sacred and holy name
inflames my heart with divine love;
“Maria,” ever I sing,
Nor can my tongue a happier word
Ever draw from my breast than to utter “Maria,”
The name that every pain eases, every sorrow
consoles,
The peaceful word to quiet all trouble and worry,
So that every heart is made serene, every soul glad.



Francesca Caccini

How kind you are, dear little bird.
So much is my amorous plight like yours—
I a prisoner, you a prisoner
I sing, you sing, for her, the one who bound you
I too sing for her,
But in this my afflicted, sorrowful lot is different:
That it is yet good for you to be a singer,
You live singing, and singing I die.

Texts & Translations

Madre, non mi far monaca

Che non mi voglio far;
Non mi tagliar la tonaca
Che non la vuo' portar.
Tutt'il di in coro
al vespr'et alla messa,
e la madr'abadessa
non fa se non gridar
Che possela creppar.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus propter
tibi magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus Rex Celestis, Deus Pater
omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,
qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Suscipe deprecationem nostrum.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.
Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth

Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Dona nobis pacem.

O dolcezz'amarissime d'Amore

Quest'è pur il mio core
Quest'è pur il mio ben che più languiso
Che fa meco il dolor se ne gioisco
Fuggite Amore amanti, amore amico
O che fiero nemico
All'hor che vi lusinga all'hor che ride
Condisce i vostri pianti
Con quel velen che dolcemente ancide
Non credete ai sembianti
Che par soave et è pungente e crudo
Et è men disarmato all'hor che è nudo.

Mother, don't make me be a nun

Because I don't want to be one.
Don't fit me with the nun's habit
That you don't want to wear.
All day long in the choir,
At vespers and at mass,
The mother abbess
Does nothing if not shout
Until she could burst.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glorify to God in the highest

And on earth peace to men of good will.
We praise Thee. We bless Thee.
We adore Thee. We glorify Thee.
We give Thee thanks
for Thy great glory.
Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father
Almighty.
Lord, only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Receive our prayer.
Thou Who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
Have mercy on us.
For Thou alone art holy. Thou alone art the Lord,
Thou alone art the Most High.
With the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

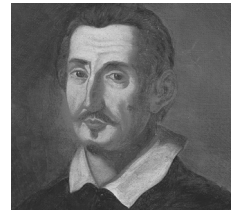
Holy Lord God of Hosts.

Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us.
Grant us peace.

O sweetness most bitter of Love

Yet this is my heart,
Yet this is my good for which I yearn the more;
It causes me pain; yet I rejoice in it.
Lovers, fly from Love, the amiable friend.
O what a proud enemy!
In the very hour it entices you, in the hour it laughs,
It seasons your tears
With a poison that sweetly kills.
Do not trust in its artful guises—
That which seems sweet is yet sharp and cruel;
And is least unguarded than when it is undisguised.



Girolamo Frescobaldi

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Amor, io parto e sento nel partire



Al penar, al morire
Ch'io parto da colei ch'è la mia vita
Se ben ella gioisce
Quand'il mio cor languisce.
O durezza incredibil'e infinita

Giulio Caccini D'anima, che'l suo core
Può restar morto e non sentir dolore!
Ben mi trafigge amore
L'aspra mia pen' il mio dolor pungente,
Ma più mi duol il duol ch'ella non sente

Love, I am leaving; and I feel at this parting

A pain like dying,
As I part from her who is my life,
Since well she rejoices
While my heart languishes.
O the unimaginable and boundless severity
Of the pitiless soul, whose heart
is dead and feels no pain.
Yet well and truly love pierces me through;
Harsh my pain, my stinging sorrow.
But what grieves me the more is the grief she does not feel.

Spargite flores, spargite lilia! Alleluia.

Induimini omnes, omnes induimini
cum Sanctis Angelis vestimentis iucunditatis et
laetitiae.

Coronate vos rosis, victoriam dicite,
triumphum ducite, victoriam canite. Alleluia.
Prosperatus est Dominus in omnibus viis suis.
Dominus regnavit a ligno.
Regnavit et decorum induit.
Dominus fortitudine et praecinxit se virtute.
Alleluia.

Scatter the flowers, scatter the lilies! Alleluia.

Put them all on, put them all on
with the Holy Angels clothed with delight and joy.

Crown yourselves with roses, say victory,
lead the triumph, sing the victory. Alleluia.
The Lord prospered in all his ways.
The Lord reigned from the tree.
He reigned and was clothed in finery.
The Lord girded himself with strength and power.
Alleluia.

Venga dal ciel migliore virtu

ch'adormi le pudiche menti.
Venga modesto Amore
ed empia d'allegrezza i casti accenti.
Voi gratie ove restate che qui non ritornate?

La gioia, il gaudio, e'l riso scenda dal Paradiso.
Ne mai tromba guerriera ne strepito di Marte
rimbombi in questo armonio la parte.
Sia festoso ogni di, lieta ogni sera.
Sian grati I nostri canti e a più felice e a più funesti
amanti.

Let virtue come from highest heaven

to grace our chaste minds:
Let modest Love come
and fill our simple songs with joy.
You Graces, where do you stay and why do you not return?

Let joy, delight, and laughter descend from Paradise,
May neither warrior trumpets nor the clamor of Mars
ever be heard in this harmony.
Let each day be festive and every evening joyful.
Let our songs please both the happiest and the most
sorrowful lovers.



Biagio Marini

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