

Luzzascho Luzzaschi (1545-1607)

Io veggio pur pietate

Text: Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Io veggio pur pietate ancor che tardi
Nell'indurato core,
Ma tarde non fur mai gratie d'Amore.
O dolci meraviglie! Il foco mio
Non fu mai sì cocente
Com'hor nel refrigerio, nè vidd'io,
Voi di tanta bellezza e sì lucente
Com'hora che pietà v'accende ed orna.
O leggiadra pietate,
Ch'in me cresce desir, in voi beltate!

I see indeed pity, although lately come,
in the hardened heart,
but never too late were the favours of Love.
O sweet marvels! My fire
burned never so hot
as now in this cool relief, nor did I see, my dear beautiful light,
you graced with such beauty and so shining
as now that pity warms and adorns you.
O lovely pity,
which increases desire in me and beauty in you.

Luzzascho Luzzaschi

Morir non puo'l mio core

Text: Benedetto Pannini

Morir non puo'l mio core,
E ucciderlo vorrei poi che vi piace.
Ma trar non si può fuore
Dal petto vostro ove gran tempo giace,
Et uccidendol io come desio,
So che morreste voi, morendo anch'io.

My heart cannot die,
and I would like to kill it, as would please you.
But it cannot be extracted
from your breast, where it has long lain,
and killing it, as I desire,
I know that you would die if I, too, were to die.

Cipriano de Rore (ca. 1515-1565)

Datemi pace

Text: Alfonso d'Avalos (1502-1546)

Ancor che col partire,
Io mi sento 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 volte il giorno
Partir da voi vorrei:
Tanto son dolci gli ritorni miei.

Although in parting
I feel as if I am dying,
I would like to part every hour, every moment:
So great is the joy of life I feel
Upon my return.
And so a thousand times a day
I would like to part from you:
So sweet are my returns.

Cipriano de Rore (ca. 1515-1565)

Datemi pace

Text: Petrarca (1502-1546)

Datemi pace, o duri miei pensieri:
Non basta ben ch'Amor fortuna e morte
Mi fanno guerra intorno e'n su le porte,
Senza trovarmi dentro altri guerrieri?

Et tu, mio cor, anchor se' pur qual eri,
Disleal a me sol, che fiere scorte
Vai ricettando, et se' fatto consorte
De' miei nemici sí pronti et leggieri?

In te i secreti suoi messaggi Amore,
In te spiega Fortuna ogni sua pompa,
Et Morte la memoria di quel colpo

Che l'avanzo di me convien che rompa;
In te i vaghi pensier' s'arman d'errore:
Perché d'ogni mio mal te solo incolpo.

Give me peace, o my jarring thoughts.
Is it not enough that Love, Fate, and Death
Wage war all around me and at my very gates,
Without finding other enemies within?

And you, my heart, are you still now as you were?
Disloyal to me alone; for fierce spies
you harbour, and have allied yourself
With my enemies, so bold and agile?

In you Love reveals his secret messages,
In you Fate boasts all her triumphs,
And Death awakens the memory of that blow

Which must surely destroy all that remains of me;
In you gentle thoughts arm themselves with lies:
Wherefore I charge you alone guilty of all my ills.

Alessandro Piccinini (1566-1638)

Toccata III. Chromatica

[LUTE SOLO]

Luzzascho Luzzaschi

Deh, non cantar

Text: Anonymus

Dhe, non cantar, Donna gentil, ch'io sento
Dal tuo soave accento
Quest'alm'a viva forz'esser rapita
E me privo di vita.
Anzi pur canta, canta,
Perchè dolcezza tanta
Mi porge il tuo cantar ch'egli m'è avviso
D'esser in paradiso.

Ah, do not sing, gentle lady, for I feel
by your sweet voice
my soul irresistibly transported
and myself deprived of life.
And yet sing, sing,
because such sweet pleasure
is offered to me through your song
that I believe myself to be in paradise.

Luzzascho Luzzaschi

Quivi sospiri

Dante Alighieri (c. 1265-1321) "Inferno", Canto III: 22-27

Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai'
Rissonavan per l'aer senza stelle,
Perch'io al cominciar ne lagrimai:
Diverse lingue, horribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

There sighs, wailing, and loud laments
resounded through the starless air,
so that I immediately wept:
various languages, horrendous speeches,
words of suffering, cries of anger,
the sound of the beating of hands.

Please turn page quietly

Carlo Gesualdo (1566–1613)

Occhi, del mio cor vita

Text: Anonymus

Occhi del mio cor vita,
Voi mi negate, oimè, l'usata aita.
Tempo è ben di morire, a che più tardo?
A che serbate il guardo?
Forse per non mirar come v'adoro?
Mirate almen ch'io moro.

Eyes, life of my heart,
You are denying me the customary help, alas!
The time is right for death; why tarry longer?
For what do you reserve your gaze?
Perhaps to avoid seeing how I adore you?
At least see me die!

Scipione Lacorcchia (1590–1620)

Ahi, tu piangi

Text: Anonymus

Ahi, tu piangi mia vita,
Tu piangi e piang' anch' io -
Ch'egli è quel che tu vers'il pianto mio.

Mirami in volto pur, se intender fai
Muta doglia, e vedrai
Per pietà, per amore,
Morir l'anima mia nel tuo dolore.

Ah, you cry, my life,
You cry and I cry too -
For the tears that you cry are my own tears.

Look at my face then, you will understand
A mute pain, and you will see,
For the sake of pity and of love,
How my soul is dying in your pain.

Girolamo Kapsberger (1566–c.1638)

Passacaglia

[LUTE SOLO]

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Lamento della ninfa
(The nymph's lament)

Text: Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il dí,
ch'una donzella fuora
del proprio albergo uscí.

Sul pallidetto volto
scorgeasi il suo dolor,
spesso gli venia sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.

Sí calpestando fiori
errava hor qua, hor là,
i suoi perduti amori
cosí piangendo va:

"Amor", dicea, il ciel
mirando, il piè fermo,
"dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?"

Miserella!

"Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più."

Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i martiri
più non darammi affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo,
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che si, che si se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai."

Sí tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
cosí ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

The Sun had not brought
The day to the world yet,
When a maiden
Went out f her dwelling.

On her pale face
Grief could be seen,
Often from her heart
A deep sigh was drawn.

Thus, treading upon flowers,
She wandered, now here, now there,
And lamented her lost loves
Like this:

- O Love - she said,
Gazing at the sky, as she stood -
Where's the fidelity
That the deceiver promised? -

Poor her!

- Make my love come back
As he used to be
Or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore. -

Poor her! She cannot bear
All this coldness!

- I don't want him to sigh any longer
But if he's far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
Anymore, I swear!

He's proud
Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him
He will come to pray to me again.

If her eyes are more serene
Than mine,
O Love, she does not hold in her heart
A fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those lips
Kisses as sweet as mine,
Nor softer. Oh, don't speak!
Don't speak! you know better than that! -

So amidst disdainful tears,
She spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers' hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

Please turn page quietly - and only after the music has ended

Elam Rotem (1984–present)

Aní yeshenáh velibí er

Text: Songs of Songs 5:2-16, 6:1-3

Aní yeshenáh velibí er,
kol dodí dofék.

CANTO

I sleep, but my heart waketh:
it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh,

Pitchi-lí achotí ra'yatí yonatí tamatí
sheroshí nimla-tál
kevutzotáy resísey láylah.

CHORUS

Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled:
for my head is filled with dew,
and my locks with the drops of the night.

Pashát'ti et-kutontí, eycháchah elbashénah?
Rachátzti et-ragláy, eycháchah atanefém?
Dodí shalách yadó min hachór,
ume'áy hamú aláv.
Kámti aní líftóach ledodí
veyadáy natefu-mór, ve'etzbe'otáy mor ovér
al kapót haman'úl.
Patáchti aní ledodí,
vedodí chamák avár!
Nafshí yatze'áh vedaberó,
bikashtíhu, veló metzatíhu,
keratív, veló anáni.
Metza'úni hashomerím hasovevím ba'ír,
hikúni, fetza'úni,
nase'ú et-redidí me'aláy shomeréy hachomót.
Hishbá'ti etchém benót Yerushaláim im-timtze'ú
et-dodí mah-tagídu ló, shecholát ahaváh áni.

CANTO

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?
My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door,
and my bowels were moved for him.
I rose up to open to my beloved;
and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers
with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.
I opened to my beloved; but my beloved
had withdrawn himself, and was gone:
my soul failed when he spake:
I sought him, but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.
The watchmen that went about the city found me,
they smote me, they wounded me;
the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

Mah-dodéché midód
hayafáh banashím?
Mah-dodéché midód
shekáchah hishba'tánu?

CHORUS

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women?
what is thy beloved more than another beloved,
that thou dost so charge us?

Dodí tzach ve'adóm, dagúl merevaváh.
Roshó kétem paz, kevutzotáv taltalím shechorót ka'orév.
Eynáv keyoním al-afikéy máyim rochatzót bechaláv,
yoshevót al-milét.
Lechayáv ka'arugát habósem, migdelót merkachím,
siftotáv shoshaním notefót mor ovér.
Yadáy geliléy zaháv memula'ím batarshísh,
me'av éshet shen me'uléfet sapirím.
Shokáv amúdey shésh meyusadím al-adney-fáz,
mar'éhu kaLevanón, bachúr ka'arazím.
Chikó mamtakím vechuló machamadím,
zeh dodí vezéh re'í benót Yerushaláim.

CANTO

My beloved is white and red, the chiefest among ten thousand.
His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy,
and black as a raven.
His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters,
washed with milk, and fitly set.
His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers:
his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.
His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl:
his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.
His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold:
his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of
Jerusalem.

Ánah halách dodééh hayafáh banashím?
Ánah panáh dodééh
unvakshénu imách.

Dodí yarád leganó la'arugót habósem
lir'ót baganím velilkót shoshaním.
Aní ledodí vedodí lí

Haro'éh bashoshaním.

CHORUS

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women?
whither is thy beloved turned aside?
that we may seek him with thee.

CANTO

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of
spices,
to feed his flock in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine:

CANTO & CHORUS

he feedeth among the lilies.

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

Lamento d'Arianna

(Arianna's Lament)

Text: Ottavio Rinuccini (1562–1621)

Lasciatemi morire.
E chi volete voi che mi conforte
in così dura sorte, in così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
si che mio ti vo' dir che mio pur sei,
benchè t'involi, ahi crudo,
a gl'occhi miei.
Volgiti Teseo mio,
volgiti Teseo, o Dio,
volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
che lasciato ha per te la Patria e'l regno,
e in queste arene ancora,
cibo di fere dispietate e crude
lascierà l'ossa ignude.
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
se tu sapessi, o Dio,
se tu sapessi, oimè,
come s'affanna
la povera Arianna;
Forse, forse pentito
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.
Ma con l'aure serene
tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango.
A te prepara Atene
liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango,
cibo di fere in solitarie arene.
Te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio parente
stringeran lieti, ed io più non vedrovi,
o Madre, o Padre mio.

Let me die.
And who do you think can comfort me
in such a harsh fate, in such great suffering?
Let me die.

Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine for mine you are,
although you flee, cruel one,
far from my eyes.
Turn back, my Theseus,
turn back, Theseus, o God,
turn back to see again the one,
who for you has left her fatherland and kingdom,
and who, staying on these shores,
is a prey to cruel and pitiless beasts,
leaving her bones denuded.
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
if you knew, oh God,
if you only knew
how much poor Arianna suffers,
perhaps, overcome with remorse,
you would return your prow shorewards again.
But with the serene winds
you sail on happily, while I remain here weeping.
Athens prepares to greet you
with joyful and superb feasts and I remain,
a prey to wild beasts on these solitary shores.
You will be happily embraced
by your old parents
and I will never see you again,
oh mother, oh my father.

Please turn page quietly

Dove, dov' è la fede
che tanto mi giuravi?
Così nell' alta fede
tu mi ripon degl' Avi?
Son queste le corone
onde m'adorn' il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
queste le gemme e gl'ori?
Lasciarmi in abbandono
a fera che mi strazi e mi divori?
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,
lascierai tu morire
invan piangendo, invan gridando aita
la misera Arianna
ch'a te fidossi e ti diè gloria e vita?

Ahi, che non pur rispondi,
ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a miei lamenti!
O nemi, o turbi, o venti
sommergetelo voi dentr'a quell'onde!
Correte orche e balene,
e delle membra immonde
empiete le voragini profonde!
Che parlo, ahi, che vaneggio?
Misera, oimè, che chieggi?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
non son, non son quell' io,
non son quell' io che i feri detti sciolse;
parlò l'affanno mio,
parlò il dolore,
parlò la lingua sì, ma non già il core.

Where is the faith you
swore me so much?
Is this how you place me
on my ancestors throne?
Are these the crowns
with which you adorn my hair?
Are these the sceptres,
the diamonds and the gold?
To leave me abandoned
for the beasts to tear up and devour?
Ah Theseus, ah my Theseus,
would you let me die,
weeping in vain, crying in vain for help,
the wretched Arianna,
who trusted you and gave you glory and life?

Ah, that you do not even reply,
Ah, that your are deaf to my laments!
Oh clouds, oh storms, oh winds,
submerge him in those waves!
hurry, whales and orcas,
and fill up the profound gulfs
with these unworldly limbs!
What am I saying? ah, what am I raving about?
Wretched me, what am I asking?
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
It is not, it is not I,
It is not I who hurled these curses;
my anguish spoke,
the pain spoke,
my tongue spoke, but not my heart.

Elam Rotem
Ballo del Granduca

[INSTRUMENTAL IMPROVISATION]

Claudio Monteverdi
Bel Pastor

Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Bel pastor, dal cui bel guardo
Spira foco ond'io tutt'ardo,
m'ami tu? - Sì cor mio
Com'io desio? - Si cor mio
Dimmi quanto? - Tanto tanto.
Come che? - Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

Questi vezzi e questo dire
non fan pago il mio desire;
Se tu m'ami, o mio bel foco,
dimmi ancor, ma fuor di gioco:
Come che? - Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

Viepiù lieta udito avrei:
"t'amo al par degli occhi miei."
Come rei del mio cordoglio
questi lumi amar non voglio,
di mirar non sazi ancora
la beltà che sì m'accora.
Come che? - Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

Fa' sentirmi altre parole
se pur vuoi ch'io mi console.
M'ami tu? - Come la vita?
No, che afflitta e sbigottita
d'odio e sdegno e non d'amore,
fatt' albergo di dolore
per due luci, anzi due stelle
troppo crude, troppo belle.
Come che? - Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

Non mi dir più "come te";
dimmi "io t'amo... io t'amo...come me".
No, ch'io stesso odio me stesso.
Deh, se m'ami dimmi espresso.
Sì cor mio - Com'io desio -
Dimmi quanto. Tanto tanto.
Quanto quanto? Oh, tanto tanto.
Come che? - Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

Handsome shepherd, from whose glad eye
shoots a flame that sets me afire,
do you love me? -Yes, my love!
As I desire? -Yes, my love!
Tell me, how much? -So much, so much!
In what way? -As you do, fairest shepherdess.

These compliments, this way of speaking,
cannot satisfy my desire:
if you love me, handsome lover,
tell me again, without jesting,
in what way? - As you do, fairest shepherdess.

I would rather have heard you say:
'I love you as much as my own eyes!'
As they are guilty of my sorrow,
I don't want to love these eyes,
still unweary of gazing
at the beauty that breaks my heart.
In what way? - As you do, fairest shepherdess.

Let me hear different words from these
If you want me to be soothed:
do you love me? -Yes, my love!
As you love life? -No, for being the victim of hate
and the object of scorn, not of love:
it is the lodging place of sorrow
because of two eyes, or rather, stars,
that are too cruel and beautiful.
In what way? As you do, fairest shepherdess.

Don't say, 'As you do',
say 'I love you!'... -I love you! ... 'as I love myself'.
-No! for I hate myself!
Come, if you love me, tell me clearly:
-Yes, my love! As I desire?
-Yes, my love!
Tell me, how much? - So much, so much!
In what way? -As you do, fairest shepherdess.

Please turn page quietly

Claudio Monteverdi
Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena

Text: Petrarca

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
E garrir Progne et pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.

Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria e l'acqua e la terra è d'amor piena;
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch'al ciel se ne portò le chiavi;

E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi -
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Zephyr returns and with him fair weather,
and the flowers and grass, his sweet family,
and Procne's warbling and Philomel's plangent song,
and spring in all its white and crimson display.

The meadows laugh, the sky is serene;
Jove delights in watching his daughter;
air and sea and earth are full of love;
every animal turns again to love.

Yet for me, alas, return those heaviest
of sighs, drawn from the depths of my heart
by her who has taken its keys to heaven;

and despite birdsong and fields of flowers
and the honest, gentle acts of fair maidens -
I am but a desert, and savage desperate beasts.