



Nardus Williams *soprano*
Elizabeth Kenny *lute*

Drammi in Musica

Saturday 24 May 2.00pm
Toll Gavel United Church

Nardus Williams *soprano*
Elizabeth Kenny *lute*

Drammi in Musica
Virtuoso songs from 17th-century Italy

Tradimento **Barbara Strozzi** 1619-77

L'Eraclito amoroso **Strozzi**

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Ahi, fuggitivo ben **Francesco Rasi** 1574-1621

Voglio di vita uscir **Benedetto Ferrari** 1603/04-1681

Ciaccona **Alessandro Piccinini** 1566-c.1638

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto **Claudio Monteverdi** 1567-1643

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Lamento d'Olimpia **Sigismondo D'India** c.1582-1629

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Così mi disprezzate **Girolamo Frescobaldi** 1583-1643

Toccata cromatica **Piccinini**

Ardo in tacito foco **Strozzi**

Maddalena alla croce **Frescobaldi**

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Canario **Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger** c.1580-1651

Gite, o giorni dolenti **Strozzi**

One of the paradoxes of performing music from the seventeenth century is that, while characters leap off the page and their voices demand to be heard with dramatic urgency, we frequently stumble and bump into things – emotions, chord progressions, stories – that seem wildly ‘strange’. We are reminded of the distance that the words and the music travel to our ears and to our experiences. This sort

of contradiction was one with which many of this afternoon's composers were familiar, and found to be just as exciting as challenging. Religious believers in the Renaissance felt the physical suffering of Jesus as keenly as does the 'Maddalena' of Frescobaldi's searing lament (*Maddalena alla croce*), across 1600 years. But the fate of Olimpia (*Lamento d'Olimpia*), drawn by Sigismondo D'India from Ariosto's epic romance *Orlando Furioso*, is harder for us to comprehend: Olimpia falls in love with the eventually faithless Bireno instead of the suitor arranged for her. The spurned Prince of Friesia causes his father to kill her entire family (the male part of it, at least) and then her whole country is sacked by Friesian troops. 'Boy-loves-girl-loves-other boy-other boy abandons girl' doesn't quite deal with all the terrible implications here. As Bireno, like Jason, and like Aeneas before him, sails off to fulfil his destiny, she endures the physical agony of personal grief, and of the consequences of her own terrible choice of personal happiness over filial duty.

This afternoon we find our solo singer emerging from the world of the madrigal – equally intense but companionable compositions – to perform alone in a fluid, dramatic form which its pioneers championed as more 'true' to the expressive power of the poets and dramatists who were drawing on ancient myths and romances for their inspiration. Writers such as Giulio Caccini and Vincenzo Galilei (the father of the astronomer) made explicit links – perhaps with a little bit of invention – with the actors of Ancient Greek theatre, singing heroic stories to the accompaniment of a lyre. The 'chitarrone', the more intellectual name for the theorbo, was developed from a bass-lute design in around 1600 for the purpose of accompanying singers in this way. The 'stilo recitativo' allowed a singer to declaim his or her story flexibly over a partly-improvised accompaniment of what Caccini's English translator later in the century would describe as 'passionate chords'. Counterpoint, beloved by the previous generation, took a back seat to harmonic invention but, as we will hear in the toccata by Alessandro Piccinini, it did not disappear entirely. The giants of this 'seconda prattica' were Claudio Monteverdi, and D'India, a nobleman from Palermo who travelled across Italy throughout his career before ending up as music director for the Duke of Savoy. The ultimate Renaissance man, he also wrote his own texts. Francesco Rasi, like his teacher Giulio Caccini and like Barbara Strozzi, too, excelled both as singer and chitarrone player. We're happy, and fairly confident you will be too, to divide those skills between us!

The chitarrone had its real or fake classical pedigree, but it also had another side: its other name, the 'tiorba' seems to have been a bit of a joke, again challenging our modern sensibilities, about a blind man playing a hurdy-gurdy; exactly why is

unclear, but the comedy neck and ‘chordy’ nature of players’ improvisations brought less courtly associations to mind. *Quel sguardo sdegnosetto* combines sophisticated textual lightness with the popular ‘ciaconna’ bass and a strophic form to tease away at the extremes of passion conjured by vocal virtuosity. The Ciaconna makes another appearance, its energy quietly undermining and ironically commenting on the melancholy of Benedetto Ferrari’s *Voglio di vita uscir*: again a particularly seventeenth-century aesthetic of jamming comedy and tragedy together.

Barbara Strozzi was a master in combining intense feeling with knowing irony. In a very modern-seeming presentation, she made herself – or at least her fictional persona – the subject of most of her songs. Narrow as this seam of inspiration may appear, her output is characterised by its breadth not only of emotion and invention, but also by its sheer vocal range: plumbing the depths of rage, betrayal and grief in what we might call a ‘mezzo’ range one moment, and floating or soaring in the heights of soprano-ecstasy the next. Like D’India before her, she benefited from the culture of the Italian ‘Accademia’ for regular performance opportunities. These were gatherings of intellectuals that featured debate, joke-telling and scientific discussion as well as performance, making the compressed drama of her solo cantatas ideal vehicles for her career in mid-century Venice. Female virtuosos were not rarities in Italian courts (the *Concerto delle donne* had blazed a trail in sixteenth-century Ferrara) but she was unusually strategic in her publishing ambitions. Her eight books of cantatas and madrigals make her the most published composer, male or female, in seventeenth-century Italy. *Ardo in tacito foco* explores the paradox of a singer singing about her own silence, unable to express her passion: only the most daring of chromatic writing will do justice to this impossible situation. *Gite, o giorni dolente*, from her opus 2 (1651) is uncharacteristic both in having a public context – dedicated to Ferdinand III of Austria and Eleonora Gonzaga of Mantua – and being a joyfully optimistic celebration of a dynastic marriage. Musicians spoke fervently to the world as well as from the heart, and political duty has, after all, its attractions. Despite the dedication, Strozzi (unlike many of her male counterparts) never achieved a position of institutional musical leadership. Despite her many beautiful madrigals and ensemble works, it is her solo lamenting voice that resonates most directly across the intervening centuries.

© Elizabeth Kenny

Nardus Williams

Winner of the Rising Star award at the 2022 International Opera Awards, Nardus Williams has established herself as one of the most exciting and versatile young British singers of her generation.

Highlights in the 2024/25 season include Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro* for English National Opera, Handel *Gloria* with Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century at the Concertgebouw, Tippett *A Child of Our Time* with Glyndebourne Sinfonia, Mozart *Mass in C* in her debut with the NFM Wrocław Philharmonic Orchestra, Haydn *Nelson Mass* with BBC Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* with London Philharmonic Orchestra, Vivaldi *Gloria* with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Handel *Messiah* with Philharmonia Orchestra, Angelo in Handel *La Resurrezione* on tour with Le Banquet Celeste, recitals with Elizabeth Kenny at the Beverley Early Music Festival and Oxford International Song Festival, and Bach *St John Passion* with the Dunedin Consort. Later this season, she returns to the Edinburgh International Festival for Handel *Clori, Tirsi, e Fileno*, sings Beethoven Symphony no. 9 with the Hallé, and continues with performances of her recital programme 'I never laid eyes on Aeneas...: Women's Stories From The Ancient World' alongside Dame Mary Beard and Elizabeth Kenny.

On the opera stage, Nardus recently sang Adina, *L'elisir d'amore* and Countess, *Le Nozze di Figaro* for Glyndebourne; Helena, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Donna Anna, *Don Giovanni* for Opéra de Rouen Normandie; Anne Trulove, *The Rake's Progress* on the Glyndebourne tour; Fiordiligi, *Così fan tutte* for Opera Australia and English National Opera; Belinda in the world premiere of Errollyn Wallen's *Dido's Ghost*; Poppea in the world premiere of George Lewis' *The Comet / Poppea*.

imgartists.com/roster/nardus-williams/

Elizabeth Kenny

Elizabeth Kenny is one of Europe's leading lute players. She has played with many of the world's best period instrument groups and experienced many different approaches to music making. She has an extensive discography of collaborations with ensembles across Europe and the USA, and her own repertoire interests have led to critically acclaimed recordings of solo music from the ML Lute Book, and songs by Lawes, Purcell and Dowland. She is currently Professor of Lute and Theorbo at the Royal Academy of Music.

She has given premiere performances of solo and chamber pieces by James MacMillan, Benjamin Oliver, Heiner Goebbels and Rachel Stott. In June 2019 she

premiered Nico Muhly's *Berceuse* for solo theorbo, which was written for her in 2018, and features on her CD *Ars longa: Old and new music for theorbo* for Linn records which was nominated in the 2020 *BBC Music Magazine Awards* in the instrumental category.

In recent seasons, Elizabeth has performed at numerous festivals including the Lied Festival Victoria de los Ángeles, Salisbury International Arts, Tetbury Music, Spitalfields Music, London International Festival of Early Music, the Trigonale Festival der Alten Musik in Austria, Britten Pears Arts, the Ludlow English Song Weekend, Newbury Spring, Lammermuir, Bath BachFest, and a BBC Prom in Scotland with Nardus Williams and Mary Beard.

elizabethkenny.co.uk

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Tradimento

Tradimento, tradimento!
Amore e la speranza
Vogliono farmi prigioniero,
E a tal segno il mal s'avanza,
Ch'ho scoperto ch'il pensiero
Dice d'esserne contento.
Tradimento, tradimento!
La speranza per legarmi,
A gran cose mi lusinga,
S'io le credo avvien che stringa
Lacci sol da incatenarmi.
Mio core all'armi,
S'incontri l'infida,
Si prenda, s'uccida,
Su presto, su presto!
E periglioso ogni momento.
Tradimento, tradimento!

Anon.

L'Eraclito amoroso

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,
ch'a. lagrimar mi porta:
nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,
che sì fido credei, la fede è morta.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,
mi pasco sol di lagrime,
il duolo è mia delizia
e son miei gioie i gemiti.
Ogni martire aggradami,
ogni dolor diletta mi,
i singulti mi sanano,
i sospir mi consolano.

Ma se la fede negami
quell'incostante e perfido,
almen fede serbatemi
sino alla morte, o lagrime!
Ogni tristezza assalgami,
ogni cordoglio eternisi,
tanto ogni male affliggami
che m'uccida e sotterrarmi.

Anon.

Ahi, fuggitivo ben

Ahi, fuggitivo ben, come sì tosto
Sconsolati lasciasti i miei desiri.
Deh, come sia ch'a miei dolori accosto

Betrayal

Betrayal! Treason!
Love and Hope
want to make me a prisoner
and my sickness is so advanced
that I have discovered that I am happy
just thinking of it.
Betrayal!
Hope, in order to bind me,
entices me with great things.
The more I believe what she says
the tighter she ties the laces that enchain me.
My heart, take arms
against the treacherous one!
Take her and kill her,
hurry, hurry!
Every moment is dangerous.
Betrayal!

English Translation © Susannah Howe

Heraclitus in love

Listen you lovers, to the cause, oh God,
of my weeping:
in my handsome and adored idol,
whom I believed to be faithful, faith is dead.

I have pleasure only in weeping,
I nourish myself only with tears.
Grief is my delight
and moans are my joys.
Every anguish gives me pleasure,
every pain delights me,
sobs heal me,
sighs console me.

But if that inconstant traitor
denys me constancy,
at least let my devotion serve me
until death, o tears.
Every sadness soothes me,
every sorrow sustains itself,
every ill afflicts me so much
that it slays and buries me.

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Alas, elusive love

Alas, elusive love, how quickly you
have disillusioned my desires.
How can you bear witness to my grief

Di viver lieta più lassa desiri?
O valli, o fiumi, o poggi, o tu riposto
Dolce loco pietoso a miei sospiri,
Se rimbombasti a miei gioiosi accenti
Udit'or prego i duri miei lamenti.

Francesco Rasi

Voglio di vita uscir

Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano
Quest'ossa in polve e queste membra in cenere,
E che i singulti miei tra l'ombre vadano,
Già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'erbe tenere
Sempre fugge da me, ne lo trattengono
I lacci, ohimè, del bel fanciul di Venere.
Miei sensi del sepolcro all' orlo vengono,
E dalla vita quasi s' accongedano
Poi ch'un sol pegno di mercè non tengono.

Vo che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio vedano,
E l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano,
E che i dannati al mio tormento cedano.
A Dio crudel, gli orgogli tuoi rimangano
A crudelir con altri. A te rinuncio,
Né vo' più che mie speme in te si frangano.
S'apre la tomba, il mio morir t'annuncio.
Una lagrima spargi, et alfin donami
Di tua tarda pietade un solo nuncio,
E s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami.

Anon.

Ciaccona (for solo lute)

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

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 ravvivarmi ucciso.

and yet, you wretch, wish to live on in happiness?
O valleys, o rivers, o hills, o sweet and
secluded place that hears my sighs with pity,
where once you echoed my joyful words,
listen now, I beg you, to my sorrowing laments.

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I want to leave this life behind

I want to leave this life behind, I want these bones
to crumble to dust and these limbs to turn to
ashes,
I want my sobs to fade into the shadows.
For the feet that grace the tender grass
always run from me, and alas, are not bound
by the shackles of Venus's fair son.
My senses approach the mouth of the tomb
and bid farewell to life
since they possess not even a token of mercy.

I want hell's abyss to see my grief,
the Furies to weep over my agonies,
and the damned to yield before my torment.
Farewell, cruel one, let your pride remain
to persecute others. I renounce you,
I no longer want my hopes to be shattered by you.
The tomb is open, I give you warning of my death.
Shed a tear for me, and give me at last
the merest hint that you, too late, take pity on me;
and if by loving you I have given offence, forgive me.

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Piccinini

That scornful little glance

That scornful little glance
gleaming and threatening,
that poisonous dart,
Shoots out and strikes my heart.
Charms that have set me on fire,
and have divided me.
Wound me with a glance
Heal me with laughter!

Eyes be armed
with roughest rigor
pour on my heart
a cloudburst of sparks!
But let not the lips be late
in reviving my corpse;

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.

Anon.

let that glance wound me
but that laughter heal me.

To arms sweet eyes!
I prepare my breast for you:
take joy in wounding me
until I faint.
For if by your darts
I remain conquered,
Wound me with those glances!
But heal me with that laughter.

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Lamento d'Olimpia

Misera me! Sia vero,
Bireno? ah! troppo è ver, ohimè tu parti!
L'ancore hai sciolte, ah! dispiegati lini!
E ciò poss'io veder, ciò posso dire,
Idolo mio crudele, e non morire,

Ove t'en fuggi? Ohimè dove t'en vai?
Arresta il corso, empio, empio Bireno!
Riedi, deh riedi ancora!
Ecco il porto d'Amor fra queste braccia.
Perchè t'esponi al mar crudo et infido
Lasciando ogni tuo ben su questo lido?

Bireno, O mio Bireno,
Ma s'a me ti sei tolto -
Che dico mio? Già mio, ah! non più mio!
O tradita mia fede, O van desio!
Cinta dall'acque e dal mio pianto amaro
Nonavrò nave che mi porti a riva;
Ah!, come parlo, ahimè come son viva?
Ov'andrò? Che farò sola e smarrita?
Chi lassa mi soccorre aita, aita?

O Bireno, Bireno, ah, foss'io stata quando
pria ti viddi,
O ciec' afatt', o sonnacchiosa almeno
Come in questa crudel notte si ria
In cui teco perdei l'anima mia.
Ohimè ch'io moro! Ohimè chi mi da vita?
Chi lassa mi soccorre? Aita! aita!

Son quella pur che fatta prigionera
De l'amor tuo già di prigion ti trassi;
Quella che già ti die la Patria e'l Regno,
Quella che per te vidd' il caro Padre
E gl'amati Fratelli estinti e morti,

Olympia's lament

I am in despair! Can it be true,
Bireno? Alas, it is all too true; alas, you have left me!
You have weighed anchor and unfurled your sails!
How can I witness such a thing, speak of it,
my heartless beloved, and not die?

Where are you running to? Alas, where are you going?
Stop, o pitiless Bireno!
Come back, come back to me!
Love's haven lies within my arms.
Why risk the cruel and faithless sea
and abandon the one you love upon this shore?

Bireno, my Bireno,
but, if you have chosen to leave me.
why do I say 'my'? Once mine, you are not longer so!
O faith betrayed, o vain desire!
Surrounded by the waves and my bitter tears,
I shall have no ship to bear me to shore;
how am I able to speak, how am I still alive?
Where shall I go? What shall I do, alone and in turmoil?

Alas, who will save me? Help, help!
O Bireno, alas, if only when I first saw you
I had been blind or at least sleeping,
as I was on this cruel, dark night
on which I lost my soul when I lost you.
Alas, I am dying! Alas, who will rescue me?
Who will save me in my despair? Help, help!

And yet I am she who, taken captive
by your love, rescued you from captivity;
she who gave you her land and throne,
who for your sake saw her dear father
and beloved brothers slain;

E tu mi lasci ingrato et io non moro.
Ahì, quanto più mi straz, 'io, più t'adoro.

Qui nel deserto horror di questo lido,
Lacera preda, ohimè, di crude belve
Rimano pur, crudele.
Ov'andro? Che farò sola e smarrita?
Chi lassa mi socorre? Aita! aita!

Se non mi porge aita il mio Bireno
A chi lassa la chiedo? Ahi!
Torna, deh torna e mira
La tua Olimpia tradita che già spira.
Torna sol a vederla! Ecco la esangue
Che, trafitta dal duol, morendo langue.

Ah, che tu sei fuggitto
Tu sei lassa sparito!
Ma fuggi pur, ti seguirò, crudele;
Ti seguirò precipitando a volo
Tra le volubil'onde e i duri scogli!
Vitrice furia forsennata errante.

Ma ohimè, che sento? Qual horror gelato
Per le vene del cor serpe e s'avanza?
O dolor vivo, O morta mia speranza!
Ahì ch'in mortal pallor mi discoloro!
S'aggiaccia il sangue! Io tremo, io manco, io moro!
Ahì che stracciar mi sento a poco a poco!
Il piè vacilla, ahì lassa! E'l cor vien meno.
Ahì, ch'io manco, Ahì che more il cor nel seno.

Anon.

you abandon me and yet I do not die.
Alas, the more I suffer, the more I love you.

I am doomed to remain here, cruel man,
amid the horror of this forsaken shore,
and fall prey to the claws of wild beasts.
Where shall I go? What shall I do, alone and in turmoil?
Alas, who will save me? Help, help!

If my Bireno will not come to my aid,
who else will heed my despairing call? Alas!
Turn back, turn back and see
how your Olympia, betrayed, is dying.
Turn back and look at her! Behold, she is close to death,
fatally wounded by grief, she lies dying.

And yet you have fled,
alas, you have vanished!
You may run, but I shall pursue you, heartless one;
I shall fly in pursuit of you,
over the capricious seas and obdurate rocks,
a crazed and vengeful Fury who never rests.

But alas, what feeling is this? What dread chill
creeps onwards through my veins to my heart?
O living pain, o my dead hope!
Alas, I am struck by a mortal pallor!
My blood is turning to ice! I tremble, I faint, I die!
Alas, I feel my body being slowly torn to shreds!
My legs will not bear me, alas! My heart is failing.
Alas, my strength is fading; alas, my heart is dying
within my breast.

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Così mi disprezzate

Così mi disprezzate,
Così voi mi burlate?
Tempo verrà, ch'amore
Farà di vostro core
Quel che fate del mio;
Non più parole, addio.

Datemi pur martiri,
Burlate i miei sospiri,
Negatemi mercede,
Oltraggiate mia fede,
Ch'in vol vedrete poi
Quel che mi fate voi.

Thus you despise me

Thus you despise me,
Thus you mock me?
Time will come when Love
Will do to your heart
What you do with mine,
No more words, farewell.

Give me martyrs
Mock my sighs,
Deny me mercies,
Outrage my faith,
Who in you will then see
What you do to me.

Beltà sempre non regna,
E s'ella pur v'insegna
A dispregiar mia fè,
Credete pur a me,
Che s'oggi m'ancidete,
Doman vi pentirete.

Non nega già, ch'in voi
Amor ha i pregi suoi,
Ma so, ch'il tempo cassa
Beltà, che fugge e passa.
Se non volete amare,
Io non voglio penare.

Il vostro biondo crine,
Le guance purpurine
Veloci più che Maggio
Tosto saran passaggio.
Prezzategli pur voi,
Ch'io riderò ben poi.

Anon.

Toccata cromatica (for solo lute)

Ardo in tacito foco

Ardo in tacito foco,
Ne pure m'è concesso
Dal geloso cor mio
Far palese a me stesso
Il nome di colei ch'è 'l mio desio,
Ma nel carcer del seno
Racchiuso tien l'ardore,
Carcerier di se stesso il proprio core.
E appena sia contento
Con aliti e sospiri
Far palese alla lingua i suoi martiri.

Se pur per mio ristoro,
Con tributi di pianto,
Mostrar voglio con fede
A quella ch'amo tanto
Che son d'amor le lagrime mercede,
Ecco'l cor ch'essalando
Di più sospiri il vento,
Assorbe il pianto e quell'umor n'ha spento,
E con mio duol m'addita
Che gl'occhi lagrimanti
Sono mutole lingue negli amanti.

Qual sia l'aspro mio stato:
Ridir nol ponno i venti,

Beauty always reigns not,
And if she still teaches you
To scorn my faith,
Believe me,
That if you fail me today,
Tomorrow you will repent.

I do not deny that in you
Love has its virtues,
But I know that the time
Beauty that flees and passes,
If you do not want to love,
I do not want to suffer.

Your blond mane,
Your purple cheeks
Quicker than May
They'll soon make passage,
Price them yourself,
I'll laugh well afterwards.

Anon.

Piccinini

I burn in a silent flame

I burn in a silent flame,
not even allowed
by my jealous heart
to reveal to myself
the name of her that I desire,
and in the prison of my breast
I keep the passion confined,
my heart its own jailer.
And I'm barely permitted
with panting breaths and sighs
to reveal its suffering in words.

If to comfort myself
I want to show
with an offering of tears
to her that I love so much
that my tears are expressions of love,
then my heart
breathes out many sighs,
consuming my tears and exhausting my feeling,
and through my suffering tells me
that tearful eyes
are the silent speech of lovers.

This is my harsh condition:
the winds are unable to express,

Nè pur le selve o l'onde
Udiro i miei lamenti,
Ma solo il duol entro al mio cor s'asconde,
E quale in chiuso specchio
Disfassi pietra al foco,
Tal' io m'incenerisco a poco a poco.
E s'ad' altri la lingua
È scorta alla lor sorte,
A me la lingua è sol cagion di morte.

Anon.

Maddalena alla croce

A' piè della gran croce in cui languiva
Vicino a morte il buon Gesù spirante,
Scapigliata così pianger s'udiva
La sua fedele addolorata amante.

E dell'umor, che da' begli occhi usciva,
E dell'or della chioma ondosa, errante
Non mandò mai, da che la vita è viva
Perle ed oro più bel l'India o l'Atlante:

Come far, dicea lassa, o Signor mio,
Puoi senza me quest'ultima partita?
Come, morendo tu, vincer poss'io?
Che se morir pur vuoi, l'anima unita
Ho teco, (il sai, mio Redentor, mio Dio),
Però teco aver deggio e morte, e vita.

Anon.

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Canario (for solo lute)

Gite, o giorni dolenti

Gite, o giorni dolenti,
che succedano al pianto
gioie, allegrezze e canto,
scherzi, vezzi e contenti.

Fra le trombe di Marte
e tra l'umor di strepitosa guerra
dal ciel festoso parte
e scende il nume delle nozze in terra.

Volano gl'imenei, corron gli amori
di voi Giovi terreni
a rallegrare i cori,
a congiunger i seni.
Vada con pie' fugace

nor can the forests or seas
hear my lamenting, but the pain
can only remain hidden in my heart,
and just as in a parabolic mirror
stone melts in flame,
I'm burning up little by little.
And while for others speaking
leads to helping their condition,
for me speech only causes my death.

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Mary Magdalene at the cross

At the foot of the towering cross on which
hung Jesus, close to death, breathing his last,
the woman who loved him faithfully
could be heard weeping, maddened by grief.

Since life began, neither India nor the Atlas
mountains
has ever produced pearls to match
the tears that flowed from her fair eyes
or gold more precious than her gilded, rippling
tresses.

Alas, my Lord (she was saying), how can you
make this final journey without me?
And how, if you are dying, can I live?
For if you have to die, my soul will be the one
with yours (you know this, my Saviour, my God),
since I must share both life and death with you.

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Kapsberger

Away, sorrowful days

Away, sorrowful days,
let joy, delight, and song,
jest, merriment, and contentment
displace lamenting.

Amid the trumpets of Mars,
and the noises of raging war,
from the joyful heavens the goddess of nuptials
descends to earth.

Hymen flies; cupids come running,
earthly gods,
to gladden your hearts,
to join your souls.
Make haste

a rinserrarsi entr'un orrore eterno
la discordia d'inferno
e rieda omai la sospirata pace.

Coronata di ulivo Astrea ritorni,
che posi il mondo posi e fiera porti
le rovine e le morti
Megea ove di fede il mondo è privo.

Felicissimi giorni
di secoli migliori
saran principi grati
questi nodi beati.

L'Austria all'Austria con questa
amorosa vicenda
saldamente s'innesta,
onde la virtù renda
colmi alfin di vittorie e di trofei
gli austriaci Semidei.

E quali aver mai lice
di bella età felice
argomenti più giusti
che le Muse a gradir tornin gli Augusti?

Anon.

to intervene in an eternal horror,
the discord of hell,
and at last restore long-sought peace.

Let Astrea return crowned with olive wreath,
let the world put aside cruelty,
ruin, and death, with which
Megea deprives the world of faith.

Joyful days
of a better age
shall this blessed union be
the welcome beginning.

With this loving concord,
Austria firmly engrafts
itself to Austria,
wherefrom virtue lavishes
victories and trophies
upon the Austrian demigods.

And what expression
of a glorious happy state
can be more seemly
than for the muses to honour the magnificent?

Dr Richard Kolb

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