

TU DORMI - JACOPO PERI

Tu dormi,  
e l' dolce sonno ti lusinga con l'ali, aura volante,  
Né mov'ombra già mai tacite piante.  
Io, che non ho riposo,  
Se non quando da' lumi Verso torrenti e fiumi,  
Esc'al notturno sol a me gioioso.  
Tu lo splendor degl'argentati rai  
Non rimiri, e tu stai  
Sord'al duol che m'accora;  
Io sent'e veggio ogn'hor l'aura e l'aurora.

Tu dormi,  
e non ascolta  
Me che prego e sospiro, e piango e bramo,  
E nell'alto silentio hora ti chiamo.  
Ben ha profond'oblio,  
Filli, sepolt'i tuoi sensi vitali,  
E prov'invano de star in te pietà d'alma che more.  
Non è Febo lontano,  
Vien l'alba rugiadosa,  
Ma che, dorm'e riposa,  
Non piang'indarno I suoi torment'il core:  
E se non senti tu,  
Mi sent'amore.

Tu dormi,  
ed io pur piango,  
O bella, o del mio cor dolce tormento,  
E col mio pianto io mir'il ciel intento.  
Entro piu me d'odori tu ripos'il bel fianco;  
Io, fra mille dolori, Sento senza pietà venirmi manco.  
O sonno, o tu che porti pace ai cori,  
E le menti e gri conforti,  
Te non chiamo già mai,  
Ma sol desio  
Che nei sospir'a quet'il morir mio.

OHIMÈ, CH'IO CADDO - MONTEVERDI

Ohimè ch'io cado, ohimè  
ch'inciampo ancor il piè  
Pur come pria,  
E la sfiorita mia  
Caduta speme  
Pur di novo rigar  
Con fresco lagrimar  
Hor mi conviene.

Lasso, del vecchio ardor  
Conosco l'orme ancor  
Dentro nel petto;  
Ch'ha rotto il vago aspetto  
E i guardi amati  
Lo smalto adamantin  
Ond'armaro il meschin  
Pensier gelati.

Folle, credev'io pur  
D'aver schermo secur  
Da un nudo arciero;  
E pur io sí guerriero  
Hor son codardo  
Ne vaglio sostener  
Il colpo lusinghier  
D'un solo sguardo.

You sleep,  
a beautiful sleep lures you with its wings,  
In truth, it (sleep) cannot move the shadows or silence the tears.  
I, who has no rest,  
Not when rivers of light stream in  
Only the night gives me joy.  
You, the splendor of the silver rays  
Have not seen, and you are deaf  
To the grief that I feel with every dawn.

You sleep,  
And do not hear  
My prayers and sighs, my cries and calls  
And in the silent hours, I call to you.  
You are in a profound oblivion,  
Phyllis, your vital senses are dulled  
And my vain attempts to raise your pity fall on a soul that seems dead.  
Phoebus is not far off,  
Now comes the dewy dawn,  
But! Sleep and rest,  
Do not cry in vain for these torments, my heart.  
Perhaps though she does not hear you, she can feel your love.

You sleep,  
And I am in the purest pain,  
O beauty, O the sweet torment of my heart,  
With my tears I show the heavens my intentions  
Before you rise from the sweet-smelling feathers of repose;  
To me, a thousand sorrows come without mercy.  
O sleep, you who are like a choir of peace,  
Who grants comfort,  
I will never call to you.  
My only desire  
Is that my sighs bring my death.

Alas, I'm falling, alas,  
my foot stumbles again  
just as it did before.  
and my lost  
and withering hope  
must I  
once again water  
with fresh tears.

Of this old passion  
I again feel  
in my heart,  
now that a beautiful face has broken,  
as well as the loved glances  
the hard enamel of these icy thoughts  
with which I, the unfortunate  
have armed myself.

I was fool enough to think  
I should have a sure shield  
against the naked archer.  
and yet I who am so warrior-like,  
what a coward I am  
I will not endure  
the enticing blow  
of a single glance.

O Champion immortal  
Sdegno; come sí fral  
Hor fuggi indietro;  
A sott'armi di vetro  
Incanto errante  
M'hai condotto infedel  
Contro spada crudel  
D'aspro diamante.

O come sa punir  
Tirann'amor l'ardir  
D'alma rubella!  
Una dolce favella,  
Un seren volto  
Un vezzoso mirar,  
Sogliono rilegar  
Un cor disciolto.

Occhi belli, ah se fu  
Sempre bella virtù  
Giusta pietate!  
Deh voi non mi negate  
Il guardo e'l viso  
Che mi sa la prigion  
Per sí bella cagion  
Il Paradiso.

#### TRADIMENTO! - BARBARA STROZZI

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!  
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!  
è periglioso ogni momento.  
Tradimento!

#### SWEETER THAN ROSES - HENRY PURCELL

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,  
First trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

O immortal champion  
I am angry how so weak  
You are fleeing;  
like an enchanted man who has lost his way  
in glass armour, you have led me  
disloyal one against a sword  
made of hard diamond.

How powerfully punishes  
tyrannous love the daring  
of a rebellious soul,  
a kind word, a serene face, a charming wonderment  
can tie again  
a liberated heart.

Eyes, beauteous eyes if for you  
virtue has always been fair,  
and mercy true  
Oh, do not deny me  
the glance and the laughter;  
so that my prison  
on such a beautiful ground  
should become a paradise.

Betrayal!  
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!

FROM ROSY BOW'RS

From rosy bow'rs where sleeps the god of Love,  
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly:  
Teach me in soft, melodious songs to move,  
With tender passion, my heart's darling joy.  
Ah! let the soul of music tune my voice,  
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing  
Is to be brisk and airy,  
With a step and a bound,  
And a frisk from the ground,  
I will trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing,  
Were three celestial bodies,  
With an air and a face,  
And a shape, and a grace,  
Let me charm like Beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis all in vain,  
Death and despair must end the fatal pain,  
Cold despair, disguis'd, like snow and rain,  
Falls on my breast!

Bleak winds in tempests blow,  
My veins all shiver and my fingers glow,  
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
And to a solid lump of ice, my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself or drown?  
Amongst the foaming billows,  
Increasing all with tears I shed,  
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows,  
Lay down my lovesick head.  
Say, say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself or drown?

No, I'll straight run mad,  
That soon my heart will warm;  
When once the sense is fled,  
Love has no pow'r to charm.

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,  
Robes, locks shall thus be tore;  
A thousand deaths I'll die  
Ere thus in vain adore.

OISEAUX SI TOUS LES ANS

Oiseaux, si tous les ans  
Vous quittez nos climats,  
Dès que le triste hiver  
Dépouille nos bocages;  
Ce n'est pas seulement  
Pour changer de feuillages,  
Et pour éviter nos frimats;  
Mais votre destinée  
Ne vous permet d'aimer,  
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.  
Et quand elle est passée,  
Vous la cherchez ailleurs,  
Afin d'aimer toute l'année.

You birds, so every year  
you leave/change your climates  
as soon as the sad winter  
strips our groves.  
It isn't solely  
for a change of foliage  
or to avoid our foggy winter weather.  
But your destiny  
simply doesn't allow you to enjoy love  
beyond the season of flowers.  
For when she (springtime) is gone,  
you look for another place  
to make an end of love every year.

### DANS UN BOIS SOLITAIRE

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre  
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,  
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,  
C'était le redoutable Amour.

J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,  
Mais je devais m'en défier ;  
Il avait les traits d'une ingrante,  
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,  
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,  
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille ;  
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses aîles  
Et saisissant son arc vengeur,  
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles  
En partant, il me blesse au cœur.

Va ! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,  
De nouveau languir et brûler !  
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,  
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

### ACH, ICH FÜHLS

Ach ich fühls, es ist verschwunden -  
Ewig hin der Liebe Glück!  
Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunden,  
Meinem Herzen mehr zurück.  
Sieh Tamino, diese Thränen  
Fließen Trauer, dir allein.  
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,  
So wird Ruh im Tode sein.

### ARIANNA A NAXOS

#### *Adagio*

Teseo mio ben, dove sei? Dove sei tu?  
Vicino d'averti mi pareo,  
ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.  
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora,  
e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo  
uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.  
Sposo, sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè  
Forse le fere ad inseguir  
ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.  
Ah vieni, ah vieni, o caro,  
ed offrirò più grata preda ai tuoi lacci.  
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante,  
stringi, stringi con nodo più tenace,  
e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor.

Soffrir non posso d'esser da te divisa un sol istante.  
Ah di vederti, o caro, già mi strugge il desio;  
ti sospira il mio cor, vieni, vieni idol mio.

In a lonely and sombre forest  
I walked the other day;  
A child slept in the shade,  
It was a veritable Cupid.

I approach; his beauty fascinates me.  
But I must be careful:  
He has the traits of the faithless maiden  
Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had lips of ruby,  
His complexion was also fresh like hers.  
A sigh escapes me and he awakes;  
Cupid wakes at nothing.

Immediately opening his wings and seizing  
His vengeful bow  
And one of his cruel arrows as he parts,  
He wounds me to the heart.

"Go!" he says, "Go! At Sylvie's feet  
Will you languish anew!  
You shall love her all your life,  
For having dared awaken me."

Ah, I sense it has vanished!  
The joy of love gone forever!  
Hours of delight, you will never come  
back to my heart again!  
See, Tamino, these tears  
are flowing for you alone, beloved.  
If you do not feel love's longing  
then there will be rest in death!

#### *Adagio*

Theseus, my love! Where are you?  
I thought you were beside me,  
But it was only a sweet, false dream.  
The rosy dawn rises in the sky  
Pheobus tinges grass and flowers  
As he rises, golden, from the sea.  
Dear husband! Where are you?  
Perhaps the chase has called,  
Tempting your brave spirit!  
Oh, come, my love  
And find a sweeter prey for your snares.  
Ariadne's loving heart, constant and adoring,  
Binds with ever tighter bonds  
And our radiant flame burns brightly with our love.

I cannot be separated from you for a single moment  
Ah! I am seized, my love, with the desire to see you  
My heart sighs for you. Come, my beloved idol!

*Aria (largo)*

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro,  
chi t'invola a questo cor?  
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,  
né resisto al mio dolor.  
Se pietade avete, oh Dei,  
secondate i voti miei,  
a me torni il caro ben.  
Dove sei? Teseo!  
Dove sei?

*Recitativo*

Ma, a chi parlo? Gli accenti Eco ripete sol.  
Teseo non m'ode, Teseo non mi risponde,  
e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.  
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovria.  
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro  
s'alza alpestre scoglio; ivi lo scoprirò.  
Che miro? Oh stelle, misera me,  
quest' è l'argivo legno!  
Greci son quelli!  
Teseo! Ei sulla prora!  
Ah m'ingannassi almen ...  
no, no, non m'inganno.  
Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.  
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.

Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta, Teseo!  
Ma oimè! vaneggio!  
I flutti e il vento lo involano per  
sempre agli occhi miei.  
Ah siete ingiusti, o Dei,  
se l'empio non punite! Ingrato!  
Perchè ti trassi dalla morte  
dunque tu dovevi tradirmi!  
E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?  
Spergiuro, infido! hai cor di lasciarmi.  
A chi mi volgo, da chi pietà sperar?  
Già più non reggo,  
il piè vacilla, e in così amaro istante  
sento mancarmi in sen  
l'alma tremante.

*Aria*

A che morir vorrei in sì fatal momento,  
ma al mio crudel tormento  
mi serba ingiusto il ciel.  
Misera abbandonata non ho chi mi consola.  
Chi tanto amai s'invola barbaro ed infedel.

*Aria (largo)*

Where are you my sweet treasure?  
Who tore you from my breast?  
If you do not come, I shall die,  
I cannot bear such grief.  
If you are merciful, oh gods,  
hear my prayer,  
And send my beloved back to me.  
Where are you? Theseus!  
Where are you?

*Recitativo*

But, to whom do I speak? Echo alone repeats my words.  
Theseus neither hears nor responds  
Winds and waves silence my voice.  
He cannot be far away from me.  
If I climb that cliff that rises above the rest,  
I shall see him from there.  
What is this? Alas! Woe is me!  
That is the Argive ship!  
Those men are Greeks!  
Theseus! He is at the prow!  
Oh, I may be mistaken...  
No! There is no mistake.  
He flees, and leaves me behind, abandoned.  
All hope is gone, I am betrayed.

Theseus! Hear me!  
But alas, I shall go mad!  
He is swallowed by wave and wind  
Forever before my very eyes.  
Oh! Gods, you are unjust  
If you do not punish the traitor! Ungrateful man!  
Why ever did I bother to save your life?  
For you to betray me?  
And your promises? Your vows?  
Faithless one! Deceiver! Have you the heart to leave me?  
To whom shall I turn?  
From whom seek compassion?  
cannot stand, my knees tremble  
And the bitterness of this wretched moment  
Makes my heart quiver in my breast.

*Aria*

Oh! Would that death might come in this dreadful hour  
But heaven cruelly decrees  
My continued suffering.  
Poor abandoned one, with no one to console her,  
My beloved has fled, cruel and disloyal.