

Early Music Concert
Featuring Nola Richardson and John Armato

1

Texts and Translations

Have you seen the bright lily grow?

Have you seen the bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

Author of light

Author of light, reuiue my dying spright ;
Redeeme it from the snares of all-
confounding night.

Lord, light me to thy blessed way :
For blinde with worldly vaine desires, I
wander as a stray.

Sunne and Moone, Starres and
vnderlights I see,
But all their glorious beames are mists
and darknes, being
compar'd to thee.

Fountaine of health, my soules deepe
wounds recure,
Sweet showres of pittie raine, wash my
vnclennesse pure.

One drop of thy desired grace
The faint and fading hart can raise, and in
ioyes bosome
place.

Sinne and Death, Hell and tempting
Fiends may rage ;
But God his owne will guard, and their
sharp paines and
grief in time asswage.

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crown'd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Texts and Translations

Dolcissimo sospiro

Dolcissimo sospiro
Ch'esci da quella boca,
Ove d'amore ogni dolcezza fiocca;
Deh! vieni a raddolcire
L'amaro mio dolore.
Ecco, ch'io t'apro il core
Ma, folle, a chi ridico il mio martire?
Ad un sospiro errante
Che forse vola in sen ad altro amante!

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 martie 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 sotterrimi.

Lamento di euridice

Mio ben, teco il tormento
Più dolce io troverei
Che con altri il contento.
Ogni dolcezza è sol dovè tu sei.
E per me, Amor aduna
Nel girar de' tuoi sguardi ogni fortuna.
But, fool that I am, to whom do you repeat
my torment? To a wandering sigh
which perhaps drifts off to the bosom of another lover!

All the sweetness of love pours down;
Oh! Come to sweeten
My bitter sorrow.
See, I open my heart to you.
But, fool that I am, to whom do you repeat
my torment? To a wandering sigh which
perhaps drifts off to the bosom of another
lover!

Listen, lovers, the reason, oh heavens!
that leads me to weep;
in my cherished and beautiful beloved,
that I thought so faithful, faith is dead.

My only pleasure is weeping,
I only revel in my tears.
Grief is my delight,
and wailing is my joy.

Every torture enchants me,
every pain pleases me.
Sobbing heals me,
sighing comforts me.

But, if this inconstant and treacherous
lover denies me his faith,
at least, o tears,
be faithful to me until death.

May every sadness assail me,
every mourning last forever.
So much sorrow afflicts me,
that it kills me, and buries me.

Texts and Translations

My beloved, with you
I would find torment sweeter
Than happiness with others.
Every sweetness is only where you are.
And for me, Love gathers fortune
At the turn of your every glance

Lamento della Regina Maria Stuarda

Ferma, lascia ch'io parli, sacrilego
ministro! Se ben fato inclemente
a morte indegna come rea mi destina,
vissi e moro innocente,
son del sangue Stuardo e son Regina.
Perche bendarmi i lumi?
S'io mirai tanti giorni, ho petto ancora
da mirar l'ultim'ora, e s'io gl'apersi al
cielo,
saprò ben senza velo alla vita serarli.
Ferma, lascia ch'io parli!

Ma che dirò pur troppo? Oggi favella
a mio prò l'innocenza,
e di sì rea sentenza a Dio s'appella.
Vilipesa innocenza,
s'una Regina a te salvar non lice,
cui l'invidia fa guerra
a chi ricorrer deve in Inghilterra
un mendico, un vassallo, un infelice?
Vilipesa innocenza,
vattene pur da me, torna alle stelle,
ch'io con anima intrepida e serena
sarò fra tante squadre a Dio rubelle
di mia tragedia e spettatrice e scena.

A morire!
Per serbar giustiziae fede
più non vaglion le corone
che di stato la ragione
anco la verità sa far mentire.

A morire!
Versarò dal collo il sangue,
ma non già da' i lumi il pianto

che sebene io resto esangue
la costanza al mio duol mesce elisire.

Voi mie care Donzelle, che m'inchinaste
al soglio, et or piangenti mi seguite
a' i tormenti, compatite i miei casi,
e s'io lassa rimasi spogliata d'ogni ben,
d'ogni fortuna, non per questo
morendo gl'oblighi miei tralascio;
partitevi l'amor con cui vi lascio.

Hold, let me speak, sacrilegious minister!
If indeed inclement fate
has destined me to a shameful death as a
criminal, I lived and died innocent;
I am of Stewart blood and a Queen.
Why should I bind my eyes?
If I have seen so many days, I have the
heart yet to see the last hour, and if I have
opened them to heaven,
I know well, without any veil, how to
close them to life.
Hold, let me speak!

But what more can I say? Today
innocence speaks on my behalf,
and calls upon God for such a cruel
sentence. Contemptible innocence!
If a Queen cannot turn to you for
salvation, with whom envy makes war,
to whom in England shall go
a beggar, a servant, an unhappy one?
Contemptible innocence,
leave me, return to the stars,
so that I, with a spirit brave and serene
before such forces rebellious to God,
May be both a witness and subject of my
tragedy.

To die!
To preserve justice and faith
crowns are no longer any worth
since instead reason and
even truth know how to lie.

Texts and Translations

To die!
I will gush forth blood from my neck,
but not yet from my eyes tears;
for though I remain bloodless,
my constancy pours an elixir to my grief.

You, my dear Ladies-in-waiting,
that knelt at my throne, and now weeping
follow me to torment, sharing my lot,
if I am left here stripped of every good,
of every possession, not for this, dying,
will I abandon my obligations;
share the love I leave with you.

Soffrite costanti la dura mia sorte,
e s'invida Morte stillandovi in pianti
a voi mi toglie, o fideancelle in terra,
con sempiterno riso
v'abbraccierò compagne in Paradiso.
Mira Londra, et impara le vicende
mondane
e tu ch'all' Anglicane schiere dai legge
o Jezabelle altera, di giustizia severa
aspetta i colpi, e se per farti in brani
mancheranno alle belve artigli e morsi
serviranno di cani i tuoi rimorsi.

Sì, sì sfogati, assali, scarica su'l mio capo a
cento,
a mille del tuo furor gli strali!
Vibra senza pietà su questo petto
esangue
strazi, scempi, flagelli, atrocità!
Lascia ch'un mar di sangue m'inostr' il
nero manto;
fulmina pur, che tanto straziarmi non
saprai,
quant' io soffrire: A morire!

Qui tacque, e forte, e invitta
al suo destin s'arrese la Regina Scozzese,
ne guarì andò ch'un colpo indegno e rio
divise il Corpo, et unì l'anima a Dio.

Suffer in constancy my hard fate,
and if envious Death takes me from you
dissolving you in tears, o faithful servants

on earth, with an eternal smile
I will embrace you in Paradise.
Behold, London, and learn the ways of the
world; and you, who gives the laws to the
English people,
o second Jezebel, await the blows of
severe justice; and if the wild animals lack
talons and teeth to shred you to tatters,
your own remorse will serve as hound.

Yes, yes, fume, assail, unleash upon my
head a hundred, a thousand times the
darts of your fury!
Hurl down without pity upon this
bloodless breast
torment, havoc, scourges, atrocities!
let a sea of blood adorn me with a black
shroud;
rage away, since I will not know what
torture
I suffer: To die!

Here she fell silent; and strong, and
unconquered, the Scottish Queen arrived
at her destiny;
nor went much farther before a cruel and
unworthy blow divided her body, and
united her soul to God.

Canzonetta spirituale sopra la nanna

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire, dormi mi
figlio e non vagire,
perche tempo ancor verrà, che vagir
bisognerà.
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna
ninna na.

Chiudi quei lumi divini, come fan gl'altri
bambini, perché tosto oscuro velo priverà
di lume il chielo.
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna
ninna na.

Texts and Translations

O ver prendi questo latte dalle mie
mammelle intatte, perche ministro
crucele ti prepara aceto e fiele,
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna
ninna na.

Amor mio, sia questo petto hor per te
morbido letto,
pria che rendi ad alta voce l'alma al Padre
su la croce.
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna
ninna na.

Posa hor queste membra belle vezzosette
e tenerelle, perche poi ferì e catene gli
daran acerbe pene.
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna
ninna na.

Queste mani e questi piedi ch'or con gusto
e gaudio vedi, Ahime, com'in varii modi
passeran acuti chiodi

Questa faccia graziosa rubiconda, hor più
che rosa, Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno
con tormento e grand'afanno

Ah con quanto tuo dolore, sola speme del
mio core,
questo capo e questi crini passeran acuti
spini

Now it is time to sleep, sleep my child and
do not cry,
For the time will come for weeping, by
and by.
Oh my love, o my dear, sing lulla-lullaby.

Close those heavenly eyes, as other
children do,
For soon a dark veil will cover the sky.
Oh my love, o my dear, sing lulla-lullaby.

Suck this milk at my immaculate breast,
For a cruel governer will serve you
bitterness and gall.
Oh my love, o my dear, sing lulla-lullaby.

My love, lay your head softly now upon
my breast,
Before you cry out and surrender your
soul to the Father on the cross!
Oh my love, o my dear, sing lulla-lullaby.

Now rest these fine limbs, so precious and
tender, For they will be scourged by cruel
irons and chains!
Oh my love, o my dear, sing lulla-lullaby.

These hands and these feet, all beauty and
joy; Alas, will one day be pierced by sharp
nails.

This pretty face, more ruddy than a rose,
Will be spat upon and bruised, suffering
and tormented.

Oh, with what sorrow, only hope of my
heart,
Will this head and this hair by sharp
thorns be torn!

Ah ch'in questo divin petto, amor mio
dolce diletto,
vi farà piaga mortale, empia lancia e di
sleale.
Dormi dunque, figliol mio, dormi pur,
redentor mio,
perchè poi con lieto viso ci vedrem in
Paradiso.

Hor che dorme la mia vita, del mio cor
gioia compita,
taccia ognun con puro zelo, taccian sin la
terra e'l cielo.

E fra tanto, io che farò? Il mio ben
contemplerò,
ne starò col capo chino fin che dorme il
mio bambino.

Texts and Translations

Folle è ben che si crede

Folle è ben che si crede
Che per dolce lusinghe amorse
O per fiere minaccie sdegnose
Dal bel idolo mio ritraga il piede.
Cangi pur suo pensiero
Ch'il mio cor prigioniero
Spera che goda la libertà.
Dica chi vuole, dica chi sa.

Altri per gelosia
Spiri pur empie fiamme dal seno
Versi pure Megera il veneno
Perché rompi al mio ben la fede mia.
Morte il viver mi toglia
Mai sia ver che si scioglia
Quel caro laccio che preso m'ha.
Dica chi vuole, dica chi sa.

Ben havrò tempo, e loco
Da sfogar l'amorse mie pene
Da temprar de l'amato mio bene
E de l'arso mio cor, l'occulto foco,
E tra l'ombre, e gli orrori
De notturni splendori
Il mio ben furto s'asconderà.
Dica chi vuole, dica chi sa.
Alas, one day this breast divine, my love,
my own
Sweet dear, will be rent by the deadly
wounds of a cruel and treacherous lance.
So sleep, my son, sleep my saviour, for,
with joyful face,
Our tryst we'll keep, in paradise.

Now you sleep, my darling, my heart with
joy you thrill,
let all keep watch in silence, let earth and
Heaven be still.

And meanwhile, what shall I do? My love
I'll watch,
my head bowed low,
As long as my baby sleeps.

Mad is the man who thinks
That for sweet and amorous flattery,
Or proud and haughty threats,
I would turn my steps away from my
beautiful idol. Let him give up his belief
That my imprisoned heart
Hopes to enjoy liberty.
Let those speak who wish; let those speak
who know.

Let others, out of jealousy,
Breathe foul flames from their hearts,
Let the Fury Megaera pour forth her
venom to make me break my oath to my
beloved. Death may snatch my life away,
But never will it loosen this precious bond
that has possessed me.
Let those speak who wish; let those speak
who know.

Soon I will have both time and place
To vent my amorous pangs,
To tune the secret fire of my beloved and
of my flame-scarred heart;
And among the shadows and terrors of
nocturnal splendors, my beloved will be
hiding secretly. Let those speak who wish;
let those speak who know.

**If music be the food of love
(3rd version)**

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Texts and Translations

She loves and she confesses too

She loves and she confesses too,
There's then at last no more to do;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin,
Lo, triumph, enter in.
What's this, ye Gods? What can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?
Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made,
Thou empty cause of solid harms?
But I shall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love
Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy;
Unlike to ev'ry other spright
Thou attempt'st not men to affright
Nor appear'st but in the light.

I attempt from Love's sickness

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in
vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart, with pride no
more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to
rebel.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in
vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
For Love has more power and less mercy
than fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that
hate.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in
vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

Piagono al pianger mio

Piagono al pianger mio le fere, e i sassi
A miei caldi sospir traggon sospiri.

L'aer' d'intorno nubiloso fassi,
Mosso anch' egli à pietà de miei martiri.
Ovunque io volgo, ovunque giro i passi
Par che di me si pianga, e si sospiri;
Par che dica ciascun, mosso al mio duolo,
Che fai tu qui, meschin, doglioso e solo?

Intenerite voi

Intenerite voi, lagrime mie,
Intenerite voi quel duro core
Ch'in van percuote Amore.
Versate a mille a mille,
Fate di pianto un mar, dolenti stille.
O quel mio vago scoglio
D'alterezza e d'orgoglio
Ripercosso do voi men dura sia,
O se n'esca con voi l'anima mia.

When I weep wild beasts weep too,
the stones sigh in sympathy with my
ardent sighs.

The very air around me turns to mist, so
moved is it to pity by my grief.
Wherever I go, wherever I turn my steps,
I feel I am the object of tears and sighs;
I seem to hear each creature, pitying, say:
What does thou here, poor fellow, sad and
solitary?

Soften, my tears,
soften that hard heart
that Love assails in vain.
Fall in your thousands,
create a sea of tears, O bitter drops.
Either make that comely rock
of pride and arrogance
less hard by beating against it,
or let my life flow out upon your tide.

Early Music Concert
Featuring Nola Richardson and John Armato

8

Texts and Translations

Laudate Dominum

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius
laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius

laudate eum in virtutibus eius
laudate eum secundum multitudinem
magnitudinis eius

laudate eum in sono tubae
laudate eum in psalterio et cithara

laudate eum in tympano et choro
laudate eum in cordis et organo

laudate eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus
laudate eum in cymbalis iubilationis
omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

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 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.

O praise God in his holiness: praise him in
the firmament of his power.

Praise him in his noble acts: praise him
according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet:
praise him upon the lute and harp.

Praise him in the cymbals and dances:
praise him upon the strings and pipe.

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals:
praise him upon the loud cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath: praise
the Lord.

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 lips
be late in reviving my corpse;
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