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UCD Early Music Ense

David NUTTER, director

with

Jeffrey Thomas, tenor



Claudio Monteverdi:
Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda
Lamento d'Arianna
Madrigals of Love and War

8:00 P.M. Friday, 14 March 1997
Suggested Donation \$5

St. Martin's Episcopal Church
640 Hawthorn Lane, Davis

University of California, Davis
The Department of Music
presents the

UCD Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, *director*
with

Jeffrey Thomas, tenor

Claudio Monteverdi: Dramatic Music

program

Entrata (dance music from *Ballo delle Ingrate*, 1608)

Dispietata pietate (*Il terzo libro de madrigali*, 1615)

Sigismondo d'India
(1582-1629)

Sinfonia (dance music from *Ballo delle Ingrate*, 1608)

Lamento d'Arianna (*Il sesto libro de madrigali*, 1614)

pause

Toccata

Cheryl Ann Fulton, *baroque harp*

Giovanni Maria Trabaci
(1575-1647)

Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda (*Madrigali Guerrieri et Amadori*, 1638)

Jeffrey Thomas, testo

Cecelia Seufert, Clorinda

John Westbrook Ostrom, Tancredi

intermission

Lamento d'Arianna (from the opera *Arianna*, Mantua 1608; published Venice 1623)

Suzanne Elder Wallace, mezzo soprano

pause

Sinfonia (from *Ballo delle Ingrate*, 1608)

Zefiro torna (*Il sesto libro de madrigali*, 1614)

Ballo: Volgendo il ciel (*Madrigali Guerrieri et Amadori*, 1638)

Jeffrey Thomas, poeta

Movete al mio bel suon (Ballo a cinque voci con violini)

Sinfonia (from *Tempo la cetra: Concerto*, il settimo libro, 1619)

Ei l'armi cinse

Friday, 14 March 1997

8 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

UCD Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Margaret Grayden, Carole Hom, Jocelyn Olander, Cecilia Seufert, Mary Seufert, Sara Stoll

Alto

Jacki Amos, Suzanne Elder Wallace, Emmett Rahl, Kathleen Whalen

Tenor

Seth Arnopole, Paul Christiansen, John Westbrook Ostrom, Frazier Stevenson

Bass

Charlie Monson, Neil Willits

with special guests:

Jeffrey Thomas, *tenor*

John Dornenburg, *violone*
Phebe Craig, *harpsichord*

Cheryl Ann Fulton, *baroque harp*

Damian Ting, *violin*; Evan Craves, *violin*; Zoé Duff, *violin*; Devin Hough, *viola*; David Nutter, *chitarrone*

Program note

Claudio Monteverdi was born at Cremona in 1567. Appointed in 1590 a string player to the household of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, Monteverdi became *maestro della musica* to the Gonzaga court in 1601. His duties included the production of courtly entertainments, the most lavish being the operas *Orfeo* (1607) and *Arianna*, written in 1608 for the wedding of Prince Francesco Gonzaga and Marguerite of Savoy. Dismissed in early 1612 by Vincenzo's successor, Francesco, in the following year Monteverdi was appointed *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's Basilica, Venice, a position he held until his death (Venice, 29 November, 1643).

After his remove to Venice in 1613, Monteverdi's secular output shifted in focus but his Sixth Book of Madrigals (1614) is purely Mantuan in content; it includes *Zefiro torna*, a setting of a sonnet by Petrarch and an early example of the lilting triple-meter arioso style that was to become a common compositional device in chamber works and operas of the early seventeenth century. Also from the Sixth Book, is the five-voice version of Ariadne's celebrated lament ("Lasciatemi morire") from the opera *Arianna* (1608). The solo version, all that survives of the opera, appears on the second half of the program. This version was printed in 1623 for solo voice and basso continuo. String parts for the concluding section (with thanks to Joël Lindheimer) have been added. According to a witness of the first performance in 1608, Ariadne's lament ("Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned") was accompanied by strings and moved the audience to tears.

In 1624 Monteverdi set the famous combat between Tancred and Clorinda from Tasso's epic poem, *Gerusalemme liberata*, in which he first explored an "agitated" (*concitato*) style of music that could express the emotions of anger and vexation. The warlike genus or stile concitato, effected through reiterated notes played (or sung) in rapid succession, is Monteverdi's invention. Equally novel is the use of pizzicato (plucking the string with the finger) and dynamic shadings (*forte* to *piano* on one bow stroke). Quoting as inspiration Plato's "harmony which imitates the voice and accents of a man going bravely into battle" (preface: *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi*, 1638), Monteverdi sought to imitate the sounds of war with the use of rapidly repeated notes. But "having considered that our mind has three principal passions or affections - anger, temperance, and humility or supplication" Monteverdi now sought to write correspondingly "agitated, tempered, and languid" music in which his three principal passions could find expression. In a preface to his work, Monteverdi relates that it had been performed in Venice in the house of the Venetian patrician Girolamo Mocenigo. According to the composer, the work's theatrical effects were visually reinforced by having Clorinda and Tancredi appear in full armor, the latter astride a bay charger. Their steps and gestures were to agree with the narration and their movements and exchanging of blows to correspond with what the musicians are playing. This entertainment took place at an evening party in the presence of the assembled nobility, who "were moved to tears of compassion, praising the novelty of the work, the like of which had never been heard before."

The ballet *Movete al mio bel suon* appears to have been written for, or shortly after, the coronation of the Habsburg Ferdinand III as Roman King in 1636. For the text, Monteverdi adapted two sonnets written Rinuccini for the birthday of Henri IV of France. The introduction, sung by the "poet" (and which contains stage directions such as "here the nymph hands the poet a lute") resembles the strophic opera prologue and is punctuated by an instrumental ritornello. The vocal ballet proper is divided into two sections of which the second is a musical variant of the first. Between the sections Monteverdi calls for the insertion of a "Canary, a Passamezzo or some other dance;" here we use an instrumental work from *Tempro la cetra* (Book Seven, 1619). Other instrumental works by Monteverdi preface of link the a cappella madrigals (in Monteverdi's words, madrigals "without gestures") that the composer suggests should be sung before the presentation of the Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda, a work in theatrical style (*stile rappresentativo*).

Texts and Translations

Dispietate pietate

Aminta:

Dispietata pietate
fu la tua veramente, o Dafne, allora
che ritenesti il dardo;
però che'l mio morire
più amaro sarà, quanto più tardo.
Ed or perchè m'avvolgi
per sì diverse strade e per sì vari
ragionamenti invano? Di che temi?
Temi ch'io non m'uccida?
Temi del mio bene?
Deh, lasciami morir in tante pene.

Torquato Tasso, *Aminta*, III, 2

Lamento d'Arianna

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

Seconda parte

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Sì che mio ti vo' dir, che mio pur sei,
Benchè t'involi, ah! crudo, a gli occhi miei.
Volgiti, Teseo mio,
Volgiti, Teseo, o Dio.
Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
Che lasciato ha per te la patria e il regno,
E in questa arena ancora,
Cibo di fere dispietate e crude,
Lascierà l'ossa ignude.
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Se tu sapessi, o Dio,
Se tu sapessi, ohimè! come s'affana
La povera Arianna,
Forse, forse pentito
Rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.
Ma, con l'aure serene
Tu te ne vai felice et io qui piango;
A te prepara Atene
Liete pompe superbe, et io rimango
Cibo di fera in solitarie arene;
Te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio parente
Stringerà lieto, et io
Più non vedrovvi, o madre, o padre mio.

Amyntas:

Without pity, truly,
was your pity, o Daphne, when
you withheld the arrow;
my death, because of it,
will be the more bitter, the more delayed.
And why do you now embroil me
in such diverse ways and by such varied
reasonings in vain? What do you fear?
Do you fear I might kill myself?
You fear for my well-being?
Ah, let me die in such great pain.

Ariadne's Lament

Let me die,
let me die!
How should I find comfort
when my fate is so hard,
my grief unbearable?
Let me die.

O Theseus, my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine, for mine you are,
even though, cruel man, you flee from me.
Turn back, my Theseus,
turn back, Theseus, oh God,
turn back and look again upon the woman
who left her country and kingdom for your sake,
and who upon this shore will leave
her bones, picked clean
by pitiless wild beasts.
O Theseus, my Theseus,
if you only knew, oh God,
if you only knew, alas,
how poor Ariadne suffers,
perhaps you would repent
and turn your prow shorewards again.
But, wafted by fair winds,
you sail away serenely while I weep here;
Athens prepares
a sumptuous welcome for you, and I remain
food for wild beasts on a deserted shore;
one by one you will happily embrace
your aged parents, while I
shall never see my mother or father again.

Terza parte

Dove, dove è la fede,
che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l'alta sede
Tu mi ripon de gli avi?
Son queste le corone,
Onde m'adorni il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
Queste le gemme e gli ori:
Lasciarmi in abbandono
A Fera che mi stracci e mi divorì?
Ah Teseo, a Teseo mio,
Lascierai tu morire,
In van piangendo, in van gridando aita,
La misera Arianna
Che a te fidosi e ti diè gloria e vita?

Quarta parte

Ahi, che non pur risponde,
Ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a' miei lamenti.
O nembi, o turbi, o venti,
Sommergetelo voi dentr'a quell'onde.
Correte, orchi e balene,
E de la membra immonde
Empiete le voragini profonde.
Che parlo, ahi, che vaneggio?
Misera, ohimè che chieggio?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Non son, non son quell'io,
Non son quell'io che i fèri detti sciolse:
Parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore;
Parlò la lingua sì, ma non già il core.

(solo version only)

Misera! ancor do loco
A la tradita speme, e non si spegne.
Fra tanto scherno ancor d'amore il foco?
Spegni tu, Morte, omai le fiamme indegne.
O madre, o padre, o de l'antico Regno
Superbi alberghi, ov'ebbi d'or la cuna.
O servi, o fidi amici (ahi fato indegno!)
Mirate, ove m'ha scort'empia fortuna.
Mirate di che duol m'han fatto herede
L'amor mio, la mia fede, e l'altrui inganno.
Così va chi tropp'ama e troppo crede.

What has become of all your vows
to be true to me?
Is this the ancestral throne
you promised me?
Are these the diadems
you place upon my brow?
Are these the sceptres,
the jewels and golden ornaments:
to leave me, abandon me
to beasts who render and devour me?
Ah Theseus, my Theseus,
would you leave me to die,
weeping in vain, in vain calling for aid,
me, your wretched Ariadne
who trusted you and gave you fame and life?

Alas, he does not even reply.
Alas, deaf as the alder is he to my plaints.
Oh thunderclouds, whirlwinds and gales,
thrust him beneath those waves!
Rush hither, ogres and whales,
and with his corrupt limbs
Fill the chasm of the deep!
What am I saying? Ah! Am I mad?
O wretched woman, alas, what am I asking?
O Theseus, my Theseus,
it was not I who spoke,
it was not I who uttered those wild words:
my grief spoke, my pain spoke,
my tongue spoke, yes, but not my heart.

Wretched as I am, do I still harbour
betrayed hopes, and love's fire
still unquenched after such mockery?
Death, extinguish at last the vile flames.
O mother, O father, O splendid palaces of the
ancient kingdom where my cradle was of gold.
O servants, O faithful friends (alas, cruel fate!)
see where pitiless fate has taken me.
See of what grief my love, my faith
and others' deceit has made me heir.
Such is the fate of one who loves too much and is too trusting.

Ottavio Rinuccini: *L'Arianna. Tragedia rappresentata in musica nelle reali nozze del Serenissimo Principe di Mantova e della Serenissima Infanta di Savoia* (1608)

Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda

Tancredi, che Clorinda un homo stima,
Vol ne l'armi provarla al paragone.
Va girando colei l'alpestre cima
ver altra porta, ove d'entrar dispone.
Segue egli impetuoso, onde assai prima
che giunga, in guisa avvien che d'armi suone,
ch'ella si volge, e grida: "O tu, che porte,
correndo si?" Rispose: "E guerra e morte."

"Guerra e morte avrai" - disse - "io non rifiuto
darlati, se le cerchi e fermo attendi."
Né vuol Tancredi, ch'ebbe a piè veduto
il suo nemico, usar cavallo, e scende.
E impugna l'un l'altro il ferro acuto,
e aguzza l'orgoglio e l'ira accende:
e vansi incontro a passi tardi e lenti
quai due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.

Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
chiudeste e ne l'oblio fatto sì grande,
degno d'un chiaro sol, degno d'un pieno
teatro, opre sarian sì memorande,
piacciati ch'indi il tragga, e'n bel sereno
alle future età lo spieghi e mande.
Viva la fama lor; e tra lor gloria
splende dal fosco tuo l'alta memoria.

Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi
voglion costor, né qui destrezza ha parte.
Non danno i colpi or finti, or pieni or scarsi;
toglie l'ombra e 'l furor l'uso de l'arte.
Odi le spade orribilmente urtarsi
a mezzo il ferro; e 'l piè d'orma non parte;
sempre è il piè fermo e la man sempre in moto;
né scende taglio invan, né punta a voto.

L'onta irrita lo sdegno a la vendetta,
e la vendetta poi l'onta rinnova;
onde sempre al ferir, sempre a la fretta
stimol novo s'aggiunge e piaga nova.
D'or in or più si mesce, e più ristretta
si fa la pugna, e spada oprar non giova:
dansi con pomi, e infelloniti e crudi
cozzan con gli elmi insieme e con gli scudi.

Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe
con le robuste braccia e altrettante
poi da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge,
nodi di fier nemico e non d'amante.
Tornano al ferro, e l'un e l'altro il tinge
con molto sangue; e stanco e anelante
e questi e quegli al fin pur si ritira,
e dopo lungo faticar respira.

Combat of Tancredi and Clorinda

Tancredi, believing Clorinda to be a man,
esteems her worthy to accept his challenge.
She, skirting the mountain peak, is bound
for a city which she is disposed to enter.
He follows swiftly, so some time before
he reaches her, she hears the noise of armor
and, turning, cries: "What is the purport
of such haste?" He answers: "War and death."

"War and death you'll have," she said,
"I'll not deny you if you seek them and will stand firm."
Tancredi, seeing his enemy on foot,
will not remain on horseback, but dismounts.
Both grasp their sharp-edged swords,
prick on their pride, whip up their fury,
and advance upon each other with slow steps
like two rival bulls inflamed with fury.

Night, who hath enclosed in thy dark breast
and in obscurity a deed so great:
since of the light of day and of a crowded
theater feats so memorable are worthy,
grant that I may illuminate them thus,
transmitting them to future generations.
May their fame live on, and may their glory
shine out, a noble memory, from your darkness.

To dodge, to parry or even to retreat
they do not strive, for skill has here no part.
They do not feint, nor strike now hard now soft;
darkness and rage preclude all subtlety.
Hark to the horrifying clash of sword
on steel; their feet cleave to the ground:
their feet are still, their hands move constantly,
no cut but finds its mark, no thrust goes wide.

Outrage spurs them on to vengeful fury,
vengeful fury that renews the outrage;
thus giving their desire to wound, their haste,
an added stimulus to strike again.
From time to time they close, and then the fight
is more restricted, swords cannot be used;
they strike with pommels and, more savage now,
clash their casques together and their shields.

Thrice does the knight the woman grip
in his strong arms, and as oft does she
break free from that retentive clasp,
The clasp of bitter enmity, not love.
Now they resume their swords, and each the other
bathes in streams of blood; wary and panting
both he and she at last draw back,
and after laboring long, regain their breath.

L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo essangue
su'l pomo de la spada appoggia il peso.
Già de l'ultima stella il raggio langue
sul primo albor che in oriente acceso.
Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue
del suo nemico, e sè non tanto offeso.
Ne gode e insuperbisce. O nostra folle
mente ch'ogni aura di fortuna estolle!

Misero, di che godi? Oh quanto mesti
fiano i trionfi, e infelice il vanto!
Gli occhi tuoi pagheran (s'in vita resti)
di quel sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto.
Così tacendo e rimirando, questi
sanguinosi guerrier cessaro alquanto.
Ruppe il silenzio al fin Tancredi e disse
perchè il suo nome a l'un l'altro scoprisse:

"Nostra sventura è ben che qui s'impieghi
tanto valor, dove silenzio il copra.
Ma poi che sorte ria vien che ci nieghi
e lode e testimon degni de l'opra,
pregoti (se fra l'arme han loco i prieghi)
che 'l tuo nome e 'l tuo stato a me tu scopra,
acciò ch'io sappia, o vinto o vincitore,
chi la mia morte o la mia vita onore."

Rispose la feroce: "Indarno chiedi
quel ch'ho per uso di non far palese.
Ma chiunque io mi sia, tu inanzi vedi
un di quei duo che la gran torre accese."
Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi
"In mal punto il dicesti;
e 'l tuo dir e 'l tacer di par m'alletta
barbaro discortese, alla vendetta."

Torna l'ira nei cori, e li trasporta,
Benché deboli, in guerra, a fiera pugna
u' l'arte in bando, u' già la forza è morta,
ove, in vece, d'entrambi il furor pugna!
Oh che sanguigna e spaziosa porta
fa l'una e l'altra spada, ovunque giugna,
ne l'armi e ne le carni! e se la vita,
non esce, sdegno tienla al petto unita.

Ma ecco omai l'ora fatal è giunta
che 'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.
Spinge egli il ferro nel bel sen di punta
che vi s'immerge e 'l sangue avido beve;
e la veste, che d'or vago trapunta
le mamelle stringea tenere e lieve
l'empie d'un caldo fiume. Ella già sente
morirsi, e 'l piè le manca egro e languente.

They eye each other, and lean exhausted bodies
upon the pommel of their swords.
The last remaining star is now extinguished
as dawn's first rays illuminate the east.
Tancredi sees his enemy's copious loss
of blood, and his own injuries less grave.
Well pleased, he preens himself. O human folly,
that fortune's every offering refuses!

Poor man, what joy is this? How tragic is
your victory, how ill-conceived your pride?
Those eyes of yours will pay (if you survive)
a sea of tears for each drop to that blood.
So silently and thoughtfully they stood,
these bloody warriors, and paused awhile.
At last Tancredi broke the silence, and said,
hoping to foster an exchange of names:

"Our true misfortune is it to employ
such valour here, where it must go unsung.
But, since cruel fate ordains we are denied
the praise and witness worthy of such feats,
I pray you (if in combat prayers have a place)
that you your name and title will reveal,
that I may know, conquered or conquerer,
to whom I have the honor of death or life."

The warrior maid replies: "You ask in vain
that which it is my custom to conceal.
But whoever I may be, you see before you
one of the two who set the great tower ablaze."
Hearing these words, Tancredi was incensed:
"Inopportune were those words;
your speech and silence spur me on alike,
uncouth barbarian, to retribution."

Their anger now rekindles, and propels them
back, though weak, to war, to that fierce fight
where skill is banned, where strength is dead,
and naked fury takes the place of both.
Oh what bloody, gaping openings
the sword of each creates where ever it strikes,
on armor and on flesh, and life would issue
forth did fury not retain it in the breast.

But lo, the fatal hour has now arrived
that to Clorinda's life must put an end.
He thrusts the blade straight into her fair breast
where, immersed, it thirstily drinks her blood.
Her tunic that, exquisitely gold-embroidered,
clings around her dainty, tender breasts,
fills with a tepid stream. She knows at once
that she must die, and staggers, weak and faint.

Segue egli la Vittoria e la trafitta
vergine minacciando in calza e preme.
Ella, mentre cadea, la voce afflitta
movendo, disse la parole estreme;
parole ch'a lei novo spirto aditta,
spirto di fè, di carità, di speme:
virtù che Dio l'infonde, e se rubella
in vita fu, la vuol in morte ancella.

"Amico, hai vinto: io ti perdon....perdona
tu ancora, al corpo no, che nulla pave
a l'alma sì, deh! per le prega, e dona
battesmo a me ch'ogni mia colpa lave."
In queste voci languide risuona
un non so che di flebile e soave
ch'al cor gli scende e ogni sdegno ammorza,
e gli occhi a lagrimar l'invaglia e sforza.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen d'un monte
scaturia mormorando un picciol rivo.
Egli v'accorse, e l'elmo empì nel fonte,
e tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.
Tremar sentì la man, mentre la fronte
non conosciuta ancor sciolse e scoprio.
La vide, e la conobbe; e restò senza
e voce e moto. Ahi vista! Ahi conoscenza!

Non morì già, ché sue virtù accolse
tutte in quel punto, e in guardia al cor le mise,
e premendo il suo affanno, a dar si volse
vita con l'acqua a chi co 'l ferro uccise.
Mentre egli il suon de' sacri detti sciolse,
colei di gioia trasmutossi, e rise:
e in atto di morir lieta e vivace,
dir pareva: "S'apre il ciel; io vado in pace."

Following up his gain, he throws himself
menacingly upon the wounded maiden.
She, while falling, with her failing voice
speaks her dying words which indicate
a change of heart, a spirit new to her,
one of faith, of charity, of hope;
virtues inspired by God, intent that she
rebellious in life, in death will be his servant.

"Friend, you win: I forgive you, but I seek
your pardon too, not for my fearless body,
but for my soul: o pray that, and give me
baptism to cleanse me of all sin."
In this languid utterance he hears
a strange appeal, a plaintive gentleness
that to his heart descends and melts all anger
and makes tears sting, then gush from his eyes.

Not distant, from the bowels of a mountain,
welled a little streamlet murmuring.
Thither he ran, his casque filled at the source,
and grieving began the great and sacred rite.
His hand was trembling as he loosed the vizor
and raised it from the face as yet unknown.
He saw her, he knew her; then was he bereft
of speech and action. Sad sight, sad recognition!

She clung to life, for her remaining forces
she gathered, and hedged her heart around with them,
and, stifling his grief, he sought to give
life with water to her whom his sword had slain.
While listening to the holy words he uttered,
she was transformed by happiness, and smiled;
and as she died, her spirit filled with joy.
She seemed to say: "Heaven opens, I go in peace."

Torquato Tasso, *Gerusalemme liberata*, Canto XII, stanzas 52-62 and 64-68

Zefiro torna

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

Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegria di mirar sua figlia;
l'aria et l'acqua et la tera 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;

et cantar augelletti, et fiorir piagge,
e'n belle donne honeste atti soavi
sono un deserto, et fere aspre et selvagge.

Petrarch: *Canzoniere*, Sonnet 310

Ballo: Volgendo in ciel

Entrata

POETA

Volgendo in ciel per immortal sentiero
Le ruote della luce alma e serena
Un secolo di pace il sol rimena
Sotto il Re novo de Romano Impero.

Ritornello

Su mi si rechi omai del grand'Ibero
Profonda tazza inghirlandata e piena,
Che correndomi al cor di vena in vena
Sgombra da l'alma ogni mortal pensiero.

Ritornello

Venga la nobil cetra: il crin di fiori
Cingimi, O Filli. Io ferirò le stelle
Cantando del mio Re gli ecclesi allori.
E voi che per beltà, donne e donzelle,
Gite superbe d'immortali honori,
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.

Ritornello

BALLO A 5 VOCI CON DOI VIOLINI

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.
Fuggan in sì bel dì nemi e procelle:
D'aure olate e 'l mormorar giocondo
Fat' eco al mio cantar; rimbombi il mondo
L'opre di Ferdinando eccelse e belle.

Ballet

Ei l'armi cinse e su destrier allato
Corse le piagge, e su la terra dura
La testa riposò sul braccio armato.
Le torri eccelse e le superbe mura
Al vento sparse e fe' vermiglio il prato
Lasciando ogni altra gloria al mondo oscura.

Zephyr returns and brings fine weather back,
brings flowers and grass, all his sweet family,
and warbling Procne, weeping Philomel,
and lovely Spring, pure white and brilliant red.

The meadows laugh, and bright sky shines serene;
to gaze upon his daughter Jove delights,
and full of love are water, earth and air;
all creatures once again take love's advice.

But, woe, to me the gravest sights return,
from my heart's deepest places drawn by one
who's borne away with her the keys to heaven.

And little singing birds and flowered slopes,
fair ladies' chaste and gentle courtesies
are desert wastes, and savage creatures fierce.

POET

*Turning in heaven in its immortal course
on wheels of beneficent and serene light,
the sun brings back an age of peace
under the new King of the Roman Empire.*

*Come, let me now be given a deep cup,
garlanded and full, of the great Ebro,
that, running from vein to vein to my heart,
it may clear from my soul every mortal thought.*

*Let the noble lyre come: wreath my hair
with flowers, O Phyllis. I shall strike the stars
singing the lofty laurels of my King.
And you, ladies and maidens, who through your
beauty walk proudly in immortal hours,
move your slender feet to my beautiful playing.
Their lovely blonde hair dotted with roses,
leaving the rich bed of the Danube,
let the watery nymphs, too, come to the dance.*

CHORUS

*Move your slender feet to my beautiful playing.
Their lovely blonde hair dotted with roses,
Leaving the rich bed of the Danube,
Let the watery nymphs, too, come to the dance.
Let rainclouds and storms flee on such a fine
Day: Let the merry murmur of perfumed breezes
Echo my song; let the world celebrate
Resoundingly the lofty deeds of Ferdinando.*

*He girded on arms and on a winged steed
He traveled the coasts, and on the hard ground
He rested his head on his armored arm.
Lofty towers and proud walls he scattered
To the winds and encrimsoned the field,
Obscuring all other glories in the world.*