

CONCERTS
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University of California, Davis
The Department of Music
and Arts and Lectures
present

MUSIC
DAVIS

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567–1643)

**MADRIGALS OF
LOVE AND WAR**



featuring

Jeffrey Thomas

1988–89 Artist-in-Residence

with the

Early Music Ensemble, David Nutter, *director*

FRIDAY, 17 FEBRUARY 1989

8:00 P.M.

ST. MARTIN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

ADMISSION FREE.

HAWTHORN LANE

The University of California, Davis
The Department of Music
presents

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, *director*

with

JEFFREY THOMAS

1988-89 *ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE*

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

(1567-1643)

MADRIGALS OF LOVE AND WAR

videlicet:

BALLO: MOVETE AL MIO BEL SUON *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi, libro ottavo, 1638*
Poet: Jeffrey Thomas

BEL PASTOR DAL CUI BEL GUARDO *Madrigali e canzonette, libro nono, 1651*
Nymph: Lenore Heinson; *Shepherd:* Jeffrey Thomas

ZEFIRO TORNA (CIACCONA) *Scherzi musicali, 1632*
Jeffrey Thomas, Brook Ostrom

COMBATTIMENTO DI TANCREDI E CLORINDA *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi, 1638*
Narrator: Jeffrey Thomas; *Tancredi:* Tony Pollock; *Clorinda:* Lenore Heinson

* *intermission* *

PRESSO UN FIUME TRANQUILLO *Il sesto libro de' madrigali, 1614*
Eurillo: Jeffrey Thomas; *Fillena:* Helen Nutter

LAMENTO DELLA NINFA *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi, 1638*
Nymph: Lenore Heinson; *Shepherds:* Jeffrey Thomas, Brook Ostrom, Tony Pollock

ERI GIÀ TUTTA MIA *Scherzi musicali, 1632*
Jeffrey Thomas

SI DOLCE È IL TORMENTO *C. Milanuzzi, Quarto scherzo delle ariose vaghezze, 1624*
Jeffrey Thomas

TIRSI E CLORI. BALLO *Concerto: settimo libro de' madrigali, 1619*
Tirsi: Jeffrey Thomas; *Clori:* Lenore Heinson

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

8:00 p.m.

17 February, 1989

The Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, *director*

Robert Samson Bloch, *leader*

with

JEFFREY THOMAS, *tenor*, Artist-in-Residence

LENORE HEINSON, *soprano*

STEVEN LEHNING, *violone*

Soprano: Carole Hom, Stephanie Holm, Jennifer Moffitt, Helen Nutter, Hannah Wolf

Alto: Pam Lindquist, Rebecca Littman, Mary Kramer

Tenor: Calvin Fan, John Westbrook Ostrom, Neil Willits

Bass: Ron Alexander, Don Meyer, Tony Pollock, Lee Riggs

Violet Grgich, *harpsichord*

Ron Alexander, *chitarrone*

Richard Darcie, *lute*

Diana Dallman, *viola da gamba*

Robert Samson Bloch, *violin*

Manal Topozada, *violin*

Lisa Kobialka, *viola*

John Wennberg, *cello*

E.J. Koford, *recorder*

Philip Schreur, *recorder*

Fred Weyman, *recorder*

David Nutter, *lute*

Program note

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 by 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 sections Monteverdi calls for the insertion of a "Canary, a Passamezzo or some other dance;" here we have divided a suite of three ritornelli drawn from the *Scherzi musicali* and Monteverdi's opera *Orfeo*. Concluding our program, yet another ballet, *Tirsi e Clori*, opens with a pastoral dialogue before launching into the dance proper. Both ballets were likely written as a court entertainments in which the courtiers and their ladies would have danced to the music.

Many of the texts set by Monteverdi derive from the pastoral literature of which the most famous example is Guarini's *Il Pastor fido*. The denizens of this golden age of Arcadian innocence are the nymphs and shepherds whose love affairs achieve passionate expression, whether tragic or comic, in the miniature scenes crafted by the poets Guarini, Rinuccini and Marino. *Bel pastor* is a self-contained buffa episode, showing the composer's flair for the comic utterance. The *Lamento della Ninfa* is by contrast a tragic scene of intense grief written in Monteverdi's "theatrical style" (*genere rappresentativo*). Framed by narrative statements, the lament itself occupies the central portion and unfolds over a descending bass pattern that was to become the stock-in-trade of operatic laments (Dido's lament from Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*). More playfully amorous, the seven-voice dialogue *Presso un fiume tranquillo* presents a novel, semi-operatic solution to the musical setting of texts mixing narrative and the direct speech. *Zefiro torna*, one of Monteverdi's best known duets, is constructed over a recurring bass pattern known as the ciaccona or passacaglia. Though such devices might seem restrictive, Monteverdi's mastery of effective duet writing is wonderfully imaginative.

The *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*, a scene extracted from Tasso's epic *Gerusalemme liberata*, comes from Monteverdi's *Madrigali guerrieri e amorosi* (Madrigals of Love and War, 1638), a retrospective collection of works that manifest Monteverdi's theories of the three humors of music: *molle*, *temperato*, and *concitato* (soft, moderate and agitated). 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 the dynamic shadings (forte to piano on one bow stroke). In a preface to this work, Monteverdi relates that it had been performed at Venice some twelve years earlier in the house of his patron, 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 correspond with what the musicians are playing. This entertainment took place at an evening party in the presence of the assembled nobility and gentry, who were moved to tears of compassion, praising the novelty of the work, the like of which had never before been seen or heard.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

BALLO: VOLGENDO IN CIEL

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.

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.

Venga la nobil cetra: il crin di fiori
Cingimi, O Phyllis. 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.

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.

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.

ZEFIRO TORNA

Zefiro torna, e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e 'l piè discioglie a l'onde,
e, mormorando tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon su 'l prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori
note temprando amor care e gioconde;
e da monti e da valli ime e profonde
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in cil l'aurora, e 'l sole,
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begli occhi e 'l mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango, hor canto.

(Ottavio Rinuccini)

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.*

*Zephyr returns and with sweet accents
makes pleasant the air and ruffles the waves,
and, murmuring among the green boughs,
makes the meadow flowers dance to sweet sound.*

*With garlanded tresses Phyllis and Cloris
sing sweet and joyful notes of love;
and from the high mountains and deep valleys
the singing caverns redouble their strains.*

*Yet fairer the dawn rises in the sky, and the
sun sheds more golden light; purer silver
adorns Thetis's fair cerulean cloak.*

*Only I, in deserted and lonely woods
beweep and sing, as my fate decrees,
the fire of two fair eyes and my torment.*

BEL PASTOR

Ninfa: Bel pastor, dal cui bel guardo
 spira foco, ond'io tutt'ardo
 m'ami tu?
 Pastore: Sì, cor mio!
 Ninfa: Com'io desio?
 Pastore: Sì, cor mio!
 Ninfa: Dimmi quanto?
 Pastore: Tanto, tanto!
 Ninfa: Quanto, quanto?
 Pastore: O tanto, tanto!
 Ninfa: Come che?
 Pastore: Come te, Pastorella, tutta bella.
 Ninfa: 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?
 Pastore: Come te, Pastorella, tutta bella.
 Ninfa: Vieppiù lieta udito avrei:
 T'amo al par degli occhi miei.
 Pastore: Come rei del mio cordoglio
 questi lumi amar non voglio.
 Di mirar non satii ancora
 la beltà che si m'accora.
 Ninfa: Come che?
 Pastore: Come te, Pastorella, tutta bella.
 Ninfa: Fa sentirmi altre parole,
 se pur voi ch'io mi console,
 M'ami tu?
 Pastore: Sì, cor mio!
 Ninfa: Come la vita?
 Pastore: No, ch'afflitto e sbigottito
 d'odio e sdegno e non d'amore,
 fatt'albergo di dolore
 per due luci, anzi due stelle
 troppo crude e troppo belle.
 Ninfa: Come che?
 Pastore: Come te, Pastorella, tutta bella.
 Ninfa: Non mi dir più, come,
 dimmi: Io t'amo!
 Pastore: Io t'amo!
 Ninfa: Come te?
 Pastore: No, ch'io stesso odio me stesso.
 Ninfa: Deh, se m'ami dimmi spesso.
 Pastore: Sì, cor mio!
 Ninfa: Com'io desio?
 Pastore: Sì, cor mio!
 Ninfa: Dimmi quanto?
 Pastore: Tanto, tanto!
 Ninfa: Quanto, quanto?
 Pastore: O tanto, tanto!

Nymph: *Fair shepherd, from whose lovely
 eyes fire blazes, in which I burn,
 do you love me?*
 Shepherd: *Yes, my heart!*
 Nymph: *As I desire?*
 Shepherd: *Yes, my heart!*
 Nymph: *Tell me how much?*
 Shepherd: *So much, so much!*
 Nymph: *How much, how much?*
 Shepherd: *O so much, so much!*
 Nymph: *As much as what?*
 Shepherd: *As you, fairest shepherdess.*
 Nymph: *These flatteries and these words
 are no reward for my longing.
 If you love me, o my fair flame,
 tell me again, but jokes aside,
 as much as what?*
 Shepherd: *As you, fairest shepherdess.*
 Nymph: *Much rather would I have heard,
 I love you as I love my eyes.*
 Shepherd: *As guilty of my pain,
 I will not love these eyes.
 You can never look enough upon
 the beauty that makes me so sad.
 As much as what?*
 Shepherd: *As you, fairest shepherdess.*
 Nymph: *Let me hear other words, if you
 want me to be consoled.
 Do you love me?*
 Shepherd: *Yes, my heart!*
 Nymph: *As much as life?*
 Shepherd: *No, for I am afflicted and
 woebegone with hate and rage,
 and not with love, filled with
 suffering for two eyes, two stars,
 that are too cruel and too fair.
 As much as what?*
 Shepherd: *As you, fairest shepherdess.*
 Nymph: *Tell me no more, how much.
 Tell me, I love you!*
 Shepherd: *I love you!*
 Nymph: *As much as yourself?*
 Shepherd: *No, for I hate myself!*
 Nymph: *Ah, if you love me, tell me often.*
 Shepherd: *Yes, my love!*
 Nymph: *As I desire?*
 Shepherd: *Yes, my heart!*
 Nymph: *Tell me how much?*
 Shepherd: *So much, so much!*
 Nymph: *How much, how much?*
 Shepherd: *O, so much, so much!*

(Ottavio Rinuccini)

[ZEFIRO TORNA: see page one]

IL COMBATTIMENTO DI TANCREDI E CLORINDA

TESTO

*Tancredi, che Clorinda un uomo stima
Vuol nel'armi provarla al paragone.
Va girando colei l'alpestre cima
Verso 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:*

CLORINDA

O tu, che porte, che corri sì?

TESTO

Risponde:

TANCREDI

E guerra, e morte.

CLORINDA

Guerra e morte avrai,

TESTO

Disse;

CLORINDA

Io non rifiuto d'arlarti, se la cerchi: — e ferma attende.

TESTO

*Non vuol Tancredi, che pedon veduto
Ha il suo nemico, usar cavallo, e scende.
E impugna l'una e l'altro il ferro acuto,
Ed aguzza l'orgoglio, e l'ire accende;
E vansi incontro a passi tardi e lenti
Che duo tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.
Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
Chiudesti e ne l'oblio fatto si grande,
Degne d'un chiaro sol, degne d'un pieno
Teatro, opre sarian si memorande.
Piacciati ch'io ne 'l tragga, e'n bel sereno
A le future età lo spieghi e mande.
Viva la fama loro; et tra lor gloria
Splenda del fosco tuo l'alta memoria.
Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritarsi
Vogliono 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 utarsi
A mezzo il ferro; il piè d'orma non parte:
Sempre è il piè fermo, e la man sempre in moto;
Né scende taglio in van, né punta a vòto.
L'onta irrita lo sdegno a la vendetta,
E la vendetta poi l'onta rinova;
Onde sempre al ferir, sempre a la fretta
Stimol nuovo s'aggiunge e cagion nouva.
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; ed altrettante poi
Da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge,
Nodi di fier nemico, e non d'amante.
Tornano al ferro, e l'uno e l'altro il tinge
Con molte piaghe: e stanco ed anelante
E questi e quegli al fin pur si ritira,
E dopo lungo faticar respira.
L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo essanguè
Su 'l pomo de la spada appoggia il peso.
Già de l'ultima stella il raggio langue
Al primo albor ch'è in oriente acceso.
Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue
Del suo nemico, e sé non tanto offeso.
Ne gode e superbisce. Ob nostra folle
Mente, ch'ogn' aura di fortuna estolle!
Misero, di che godi? oh quanto mesti
Fiano i trionfi, ed infelice il vanto!
Gli occhi tuoi pagheran (se 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 lui l'altro scoprisse:*

NARRATOR

*Tancred, thinking Clorinda to be a man,
challenges her to a fight.
She, however, tries to escape round the side of the hill,
hoping to enter the city by another gate.
He chases after her, the noise of his rattling armour
betraying his approach even from afar.
She stops, and calls out:*

CLORINDA

What are you bringing me? Why are you in such haste?

NARRATOR

He answers:

TANCREDI

War and death!

CLORINDA

War and death you shall have!

NARRATOR

says she:

CLORINDA

What you want, I shall not refuse you — I await you.

NARRATOR

*Tancred, on seeing that his enemy is not mounted,
gets down from his own horse.
Burning with pride and fury,
both seize their glinting swords;
slowly and stealthily they approach each other,
like two rival bulls, blinded with jealousy and anger.
O Night, thou that obscured in darkness
this memorable deed —
a deed worthy of the sun's brilliance, of a theatre
full of spectators —
let me atone for thy remiss,
and bring it to light, for posterity.
Long live its fame! May it shine forth
from the depths of thy darkness in glory for ever.
They neither evade blows nor parry;
they exercise no skill, and neither see nor care
whether their plunges hit or miss, so blind are they
through their fury and through the darkness of the night.
The terrible sound of clashing steel is heard;
neither retreats even a step.
With feet rooted to the spot and arm swinging constantly
seldom does a blow or thrust fall in vain.
Shame turns their anger to revenge;
revenge however renews their shame,
so that their will to fight
becomes even stronger and wilder.
The two opponents converge upon each other,
the fighting becomes even closer, the sword itself becomes useless,
and they resort to hitting each other pitilessly
with the handle, their helmet and shield.
Three times the knight grasps the woman
with his powerful arm, and each time
she tears herself with hatred out of his clutch —
the embrace of an enemy, not of a lover.
They return to using their swords, and again and again
new blood stains their blades, until exhausted and gasping
they finally withdraw to regain their breath
after the long and bitter struggle.
The lie back regarding each other; their bleeding, wounded bodies
leaning heavily against their swords.
The light of the last star gradually pales as the dawn
creeps up from the east.
Tancred no sees just how profusely the blood is flowing
from his opponent's wounds; he himself is not so injured.
This fills him with joy and pride. O folly,
at the slightest breath of fortune, how you swell up!
O wretched one, what are you pleased about? Oh how sorrowful
will your triumphs be, how fatal your boasting!
Your eyes will pay for each drop of blood
(should you remain alive) with a sea of tears.
Silently watching each other
the two bleeding warriors rest a while.
Tancred finally breaks the silence however,
because he wants to know the name of his opponent:*

TANCREDI

*Nostra sventura è ben che qui s'impieghi
Tanto valor, dove silenzio il copra.
Ma, poi che sorte rea vien che ci neghi
E lode e testimôn degno dell'opra,
Pregoti (se fra l'arme han loco i preghi)
Che 'l tuo nome e 'l stato a me tu scopra,
Acciò ch'io sappia, o vinto o vincitore,
Chi la mia morte o la vittoria onore.*

TESTO

Risponde la feroce:

CLORINDA

*Indarno chiedi Quel c'ho per uso di non far palese.
Ma chiunque io mi sia, tu inanzi vedi
Un di quei due che la gran torre accese.*

TESTO

Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi e:

TANCREDI

*In mal punto il dicesti;
Il tuo dir e 'l tacer di par m'alletta,
Barbaro discortese, a la vendetta.*

TESTO

*Torna l'ira ne' cori, e li trasporta,
benchè deboli, in guerra. Ah fera 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'arme e ne le carni! e se la vita
Non esce, sdegno tienla al petto unita.
Ma ecco omai l'ora fatale è giunta,
Che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.
Spinge egli il ferro nel bel sen di punta,
Che v'is'immerge, e 'l sangue avido beve;
E la veste, che d'or vago trapunta
Le mammelle stringea tenera e leve,
L'empie d'un caldo fiume. Ella già sente
Morrirsì, e 'l piè le manca egro e languente.
Segue egli la vittoria, e la trafitta
Vergine minacciando incalza e preme.
Ella, mentre cadea, la voce afflitta
Movendo, disse le parole estreme;
Parole ch'a lei nuovo un spirito ditta,
Spirito di fé, di carità, di speme;
Virtù ch'or Dio le infonde, e se rubella
In vita fu, la vuole in morte ancella.*

CLORINDA

*Amico, hai vinto: io ti perdon . . . perdona
Tu ancora, al corpo no, che nulla pave,
A l'alma sì; deh! per lei prega, e dona
Battesmo a me ch'ogni mia colpa lave.*

TESTO

*In queste voci languide risuona
Un non so che di flebile e soave
Ch'al cor gli scende, ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
E gli occhi a lagrimar gli invoglia e sforza.
Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte
Scaturia mormorando un picciol rio.
Egli v'accorse, e l'elmo empie nel fonte,
E tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.
Tremar senti la man, mentre la fronte
Non conosciuta ancor, sciolse e scoprio.
La vide, la conobbe; e restò senza
E voce e moto. Abi vista! abi conoscenza!*

*Non morì già; ché sue virtù accolse
Tutte in quel punto, e in guardia al cor le mise,
E premendo il suo affano, a dar si volse
Vita con l'acqua a chi col ferro uccise.
Mentre egli il suon de' sacri detti sciolse,
Colei di gioia trasmutossi, e rise;
E in atto di morir lieto e vivace,
Dir pareo:*

CLORINDA

S'apre il ciel; io vado in pace.

TANCRED

*Truely, it is rather hard that we should have to fight here so
bravely, with silence our only prize.
But, as history will have it that no-one should witness our battle
or proclaim our fame,
I pray you (if such a request be allowed)
to disclose your name and rank to me, so that I may know,
in either case, to whom I owe my death or my victory.*

NARRATOR

Fiercely she answers:

CLORINDA

*You will be trying in vain,
if you attempt to find out something that I have never yet disclosed.
But, whoever I may be, you see before you
one of the two who burnt down the great tower.*

NARRATOR

Tancred flies into a fury at these words:

TANCRED

*You have chosen the wrong moment to tell me this!
You barbarian, your speech as well as your silence
provoke me to revenge.*

NARRATOR

*Anger returns to their hearts, and flings them,
in spite of their weakness, into the fight again. O furious battling
from which all skill is banned, all strength in gone,
and only anger still fights on!*

*O what bloody and cavernous openings
are struck by those swords, the one as much as the other,
in armour and in flesh! If life has not yet departed,
it is only due to their anger supporting it still.*

*But see, the fatal moment is approaching —
Clorinda's life is drawing to its close.
He thrusts the point of the sword into her lovely breast,
it plunges deep, and greedily drinks of her blood;
her gown, which, woven through with gold,
softly and gently enfolded her breasts,
is saturated in a hot flowing stream. She feels death approaching,
her swaying feet can support her no longer.*

*Tancred pursues his victory and continues to threaten
and harass the fatally wounded maiden.
She sinks to the ground and with agonized voice
utters her last words,
words that have been inspired in her through a new spirit,
a spirit of faith, of charity, of hope.
God has given her this spirit. She who had rebelled
against Him in life, shall be His servant in death.*

CLORINDA

*Friend, you have won: I forgive you — forgive
me too, though not my body, which has nothing more to fear,
but my soul. Oh pray for it and baptize me,
that I may be washed clean of all my sins.*

NARRATOR

*The pitiful voice sounded so sweet and sad
that it moved his heart
and melted his anger:
his eyes welled up with tears.*

*Not far away, nestled in the hills,
rose a tiny murmuring stream.*

*He hurried to it, filled his helmet from the spring
and returned sadly to perform the holy rite.*

*He felt his hand tremble
as he laid bare the unknown face.*

*He gazed upon it, he recognised it; he remained staring,
immobile, speechless. How terrible the sight! How terrible the
recognition!*

*Yet he did not die. He summoned all his powers together
to stand sentinel round his heart, and,
conquering his fear, he tried with the water to give back life
to her whom his sword had pierced.*

*As he spoke the holy words
her face became transformed with joy, she smiled,
and in the moment of death, happy and radiant,
she seemed to say:*

CLORINDA

The gates of heaven are open; I go in peace!

PRESSO UN FIUME TRANQUILLO

Presso un fiume tranquillo
Disse a Fillena Eurillo:
Quante son queste arene,
Tante son le mie pene;
E quante son quell'onde,
Tante ho per te nel cor piaghe profonde.
Rispose, d'amor piena,
Ad Eurillo Fillena:
Quante la terra ha foglie,
Tante son le mie doglie;
E quante il cielo ha stelle,
Tante ho per te nel core vive fiamelle.
Dunque, con lieto core
Soggionse indi il pastore,
Quanti ha l'aria augelletti
Siano i nostri diletti
E quant'hai tu bellezze
Tante in noi versi Amor care dolcezze.
Sì, sì, con voglie accese
L'un e l'altro riprese:
Facciam concordi, amanti,
Pari le gioie ai piantati
A le guerre, le paci:
Se fur mille martir, sien mille i baci.

Giovanni Battista Marino (1569-1625)

*Near a tranquil river
Eurillo said to Fillena:
My pains are as numerous
as are these sands;
and many as there are waves
are the deep wounds which rend my heart.
Full of ardour, Fillena
answered Eurillo:
My sufferings are as many
as the leaves of the world;
and many as there are stars in the heavens
are there living fires in my heart for you.
Then with a happy heart
the shepherd responded thus:
May our pleasures number as many
as there are birds in the sky;
and my love infuse us with sweet delights
no less plentiful than your beauties.
Their desires awakening, "yes" and
"yes" they said to each other;
Lovers, let us agree
to make our tears equal to our joys,
our wars as many as our peacemakings: may
a thousand martyrdoms become as many kisses.*



LAMENTO DELLA NINFA

Non havea Febo ancora
Recato al mondo il di
Ch'una donzella fuora
Del proprio albero usci,
Sul pallidetto volto
Scorgeasi il suo dolor,
Spesso gli venia sciolto
Un gran sospir dal cor;
Si calpestrando fiori
Errava hor qua, hor là,
I suoi perduto amori
Così piangendo va:

Amor (dicea, il ciel
Mirando il piè fermò),
Amor, dov' è la fè
Ch'il traditor giurò? (miserella)
Fa che ritori il mio
Amor com' ei pur fu,
O tu m'ancidi ch'io
Non mi tormenti più. (miserella)
Non, non vo' più sospiri
Se non lontan da me. (miserella)
No, no che i maritiri
Più non dirammi affè.
(Miserella, ah più no,
Tanto gel soffrir non può!)
Perché di lui mi struggo
Tutt'orgolioso sta,
Che sì, che sì, se 'l fuggo
Ancor mi pregherà. (miserella)
Se ciglio ha più sereno
Coei che'l mio non è,
Già non richiude in seno
Amor sì bella fè.
Né mai sì dolci baci
Da quella bocca havrai,
Né più soavi, ah taci, (miserella)
Taci, che troppo il sai.

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
Spargea le voci al ciel.
Così ne' cori amanti
Mesce amor fiamma e gel.

*Phoebus had not yet
brought his light back to the world
when a young maiden
left her dwelling;
her grief could be seen
on her pale face,
and she often loosed
a great sigh from her heart
as she wandered here and there,
treading on the flowers,
lamenting her lost love
thus:*

*Love (she said, stopping
and gazing at the skies),
Love, where is the faith
the traitor swore? (Unhappy maiden!)*
*Let my love return to me
as he was before,
or kill me, so that I
suffer torment no longer. (Unhappy maiden!)*
*No, I don't want him to sigh
except far from me; (Unhappy maiden!)*
*nor that he will tell me,
in faith, of his torments.
(Unhappy maiden, ah no longer
can she bear such coldness!)*
*Because I am consumed with love for him,
he is proud;
and if I flee from him
he will beg my love again. (Unhappy maiden!)*
*If his new love
be fairer than I,
Love does not hold in his breast
a more faithful love than mine.
You shall never have such sweet
kisses from those lips,
nor more tender. Ah be silent (Unhappy maiden!)*
be silent, for you know it full well.

*Thus, amidst her angry tears
she lifted her voice to heaven.
In this way in the hearts of lovers
does Love mix flames and ice.*

ERI GIÀ TUTTA MIA

Eri già tutta mia
Quel alma, quel core,
Chi da me ti desvia
Novo laccio d'amore.
O bellezza, o valore,
O mirabil constanza,
Ove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia
hor non sei più
Ah che mia non sei più.

*Once you were mine alone!
But that soul, that heart
you sent astray
with new trickery of love.
O beauty, o valour,
O marvelous constancy,
Where are you now?
Once you were mine alone
but now no longer,
Alas, mine no more.*

Sol per me gl'occhi belli
Rivolgevi ridenti
Per me d'oro i capelli
Si spiegavan ai venti
Oh fugaci contenti
Oh fermezza d'un core
Dove sei tu.
Eri già . . .

*Once to me alone your beautiful eyes
you turned brightly upon me;
For me alone your golden tresses
were blown by the breezes.
O fleeting happiness,
O the heart's conviction,
Where are you now?*

Il gioir nel mio viso
Ah che più non rimiri
Il mio canto il mio riso
È converso in martiri
O dispersi sospiri
O sparita pietate
Dove sei tu.
Eri già . . .

*The joy of my countenance,
no longer, alas, will you see again
for my song and my smile
have become but torments.
O dispersed sighs,
O disappeared pity,
Where are you now?*

SI DOLCE È 'L TORMENTO

Si dolce è 'l tormento
Che in seno mi sta
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi fiera
Et manchi pietà
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

*So sweet is the torment
I feel in my heart
that I live happily
for cruel beauty's sake.
If in heavenly beauty
pride may grow
and pity be lacking,
then my faith shall ever be
a reef against which the
waves of pride may break.*

Per foco e per gelo
Riposo non ho
Nel porto del Cielo
Riposo haverò.
Se colpo mortale
Con rigido strale
Il cor m'impiegò
Cangiando mia sorte
Col dardo di morte
Il cor sanerò.

*Between fire and ice
I have no rest;
In the port of heaven
I will have rest.
If the mortal blow
of Cupid's stiff arrow
pierced my heart
changing my lot,
then with Death's dart
I will heal my heart.*

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me.
E l'empia ch'adoro
Mi negi ristoro
Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà mia fè.

*False hope
turns against me;
Neither pleasure or peace
are my lot.
And the cruel lady I adore
denies the fair recompense
that would restore me:
Between infinite pain
and betrayed hope
my faith will live on.*

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non senti
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì.
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì
Ben fia che dolente
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

*Though love's flame
was never felt
by that obdurate heart
which captured my own;
though that cruel beauty
who ensnared my soul
denies me all pity,
perhaps she may sadly,
repenting and languishing,
sigh for me one day.*

TIRSI E CLORI

TIRSI:

Per monti e per valli
Bellissima Clori
Già corrono a' balli
Le Ninfe e Pastori.
Già lieta e festosa
Ha tutto ingombrato
La schiera amorosa
Il seno il prato.

*Up mountains, down valleys,
My beautiful Clori,
The nymphs and the shepherds
Now haste to the dancing.
Now happy and festive
The amorous lovers
From all parts assembled
Are thronging the field.*

CLORI:

Dolcissimo Tirsi
Già vanno ad unirsi
Già tiene legata
L'amante l'amata.
Già movon concorde
Il suo a le corde
Noi soli negletti
Qui stiamo soletti.

*Now see, my sweet Tirsi,
They join one another,
They hold one another
Each lover his lover.
Now the strings are in harmony
Sounding together;
Only we are forgotten
Who stay back alone.*

TIRSI:

Su Clori mio core
Andianne a quel loco
Ch'invitano al gioco
Le gratie ed amori.
Già Tirsi distende
La mano e ti prende
Che teco sol vole
Menar le carole.

*Up, Clori, my dear one.
And now let us go where
The graces, the cupids,
Invite us to frolic.
Now Tirsi extends you
His hand and he takes you,
For you and you only
He leads to the dance.*

CLORI:

Si Tirsi mia vita
Ch'a te solo unita
Vo girne danzando
Vo girne cantando.
Pastor benché degno
Non faccia disegno
Di mover le piante
Con Clori sua Amante.

*Yes, Tirsi, beloved,
With you, with you only
I wish to go dancing,
I wish to go singing.
May no other shepherd,
No matter how worthy,
Design to go dancing
With Clori his love.*

TIRSI E CLORI:

Già Clori gentile
Noi siam ne la schiera
Con dolce maniera
Seguiam il lor stile.
Balliam ed intanto
Spiogliamo col canto
Con dolci bei modi
Del Ballo le lodi.

*And now, gentle Clori,
We join with the lovers.
In sweetness of manner
Let us follow their style.
Let us dance and while dancing
Let us render in song
With sweet graceful measures
The praise of the dance.*

NINFE E PASTORI: NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS:

Balliamo ch'il gregge
Al suon de l'avena
Che i passi corregge
Il Ballo ne mena
E saltano snelli
I capri e gli agnelli.

*Let us dance, for the flocks
At the sound of the oaten
Pipe guiding their steps
Are leading the dance
And so will leap nimbly
The lambs and the goats*

Balliamo che nel cielo
Con lucido velo
Al suon de le sfere
Hor lente hor leggiere
Con lumi e facelle
Su danzan le stelle.
Balliam che d'intorno
Nel torbido giorno
Al suono de' venti
Le nubi correnti
Se ben fosche et adre
Pur danzan leggiadre.

*Let us dance: in the heavens
With luminous veil,
To the sound of the spheres,
Now gravely, now lightly,
With lights and with torches
The stars above dance.
Let us dance, for around us
On days that are gloomy
With winds that are whistling.
Somber and threatening
The clouds even run by
In light graceful dance.*

Balliamo che l'onde
Al vento che spira
Le move e l'aggira
Se spinge e confonde
Si come lor siede
Se movon il piede
E ballan le Linfe
Quai garuli Ninfe.

*Let us dance, for when waves
By the blowing wind driven,
Which moves them and churns them
Whirls them, confounds them,
In the manner that's theirs,
Will foot it with spirit
Then dance the waters
Like chattering nymphs.*

Balliam ch'i vezzosi
Bei fior ruggiadosi
Se l'aura si scuote
Con urti e coun ruote
Fan vaga sembianza
Anch'essi di danza

*Let us dance, for the flowers
So graceful and dewy,
When fluttered by breezes
Quiver and rotate
And make most delightful
Semblance of dance.*

Balliam e giriamo
Corriam e saltiamo
Qual cosa è più degna
Il Ballo n'insegna.

*Let us dance, let us whirl,
Let us run, let us jump.
What can dance teach us
But that which is best.*

