

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 7:30 PM ~ PRE-CONCERT CHAT 7:00 PM

Arwen Myers, soprano, John Lenti, theorbo and baroque guitar

Listen Up, Lovers!



Policy in Love	Henry Lawes (c1595–1662)
Union in Love	
The Marigold	Nicholas Lanier (1588–1666)
Love's Dying Passion	Henry Lawes
On a Lost Heart	
Love's Flattery	
Aux plaisirs	Pierre Guedron (c1570–c1620)
Si le parler et le silence	
Cessez mortels de soupirer	
Si tu veux apprendre les pas a danser	

Intermission

Amor dormiglione, Op. 2.22	Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)
Che si puo fare, Op. 8.06	
"Amarilli, mia bella," from <i>Le nuove musiche</i>	Giulio Caccini (1551–1618)
Lilla crudele ad Onta d'Amore, Op. 2.12	Barbara Strozzi
"Hor ch'è tempo di dormire," from <i>Curtio Precipitato</i>	Tarquinio Merula (1595–1665)
"Si dolce è il tormento," from <i>Quarto scherzo delle ariose vaghezze</i> , 1624	Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
L'Eraclito Amorososo, Op. 2.14	Barbara Strozzi
"Quel sguardo sdegnosetto," from <i>Scherzi musicali</i> , 1632, SV 247	Claudio Monteverdi

Program Notes

Our program is a bit of a panoply of the delirious love experience with elements of a handbook. One of the wonderful things about this old music and these great songs is how universal some of the themes are.

FOR INSTANCE:

(Here we give you one sentence per song)

1. Sometimes you love somebody and they don't love you and you wish it were the other way around.

2. Or, you want to woo somebody and try to play all coy and timorous when what you really need is to be bold.
3. Occasionally you literally just die of love.
At this point we feel we should mention that none of these songs should be taken as relationship advice or psychological counsel and the views expressed in these songs are not necessarily those of the performers or the presenting organization.
4. Naturally, sometimes you're being bold when what you need to do is play all coy and timorous.
5. On the other hand, perhaps it's silly to worry about all this stuff, and what you need to do is get out into the sunshine and just love everyone in sight; you're only young once, live it up, like a shepherd!
6. But you know, depending on your social circle, it might be best to employ some amount of subtlety, lest some scorned party take offense—use no words, just gestures—no, not even gestures, just eye contact . . . no, not even eye contact, just, um, clairvoyance, I guess?
7. Let's not kid ourselves, though—once in a while you set your sights on somebody so exalted, you're just not worthy—don't torment yourself, you don't have a chance, give up.
8. The most frustrating thing is when you need Cupid to shoot somebody for you and he's too sleepy to do it.
9. No, correction: the most frustrating thing is when your significant other is treacherous and the furies leave hell and come to earth and fly around your head torturing you all day long, making you long for death.
10. Or maybe it's when the one you love doesn't believe that you truly love them, and you have to cut open your chest and show them their name written on your heart...if you had a nickel for every time, right?
11. *[There is nothing cute to say about "Hor ch'è tempo di dormire" but it's quite universal with regard to parenthood in a country in which the leading cause of death of children is firearms and a considerable portion of the government seems committed to policies that ensure the maintenance of that statistic and you send your kid to school every day with your heart in your throat.]*
Now back to being cute.
12. Sometimes we just sink into the pain, and there's something exquisite in the suffering that can only come from love—you freeze, you melt, you burn.
13. But LISTEN UP, LOVERS, and I can't emphasize this enough: to have one's heart truly broken is like death.
14. That said, there's nothing quite like knowing that you're on the cusp of getting caught in that old trap once again, the heady rush, the ache—love is a battlefield on which you want to lose.

Biographies



Praised for her “crystalline tone and delicate passagework” (*San Francisco Chronicle*), soprano **Arwen Myers** captivates audiences with her timeless artistry and exquisite interpretations. Transmitting warmth and “deep poignancy” (*Palm Beach Arts Paper*) onstage, she shines in solo performance across the US and beyond. With outstanding technique and mastery of a wide range of vocal colors, her solo appearances feature repertoire from the baroque to modern day, and everything in between.

Recent and upcoming highlights include solo appearances with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Portland Baroque Orchestra, Early Music Vancouver, Pacific MusicWorks, Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Lorelei Ensemble, Seraphic Fire, and Third Angle New Music, working alongside such notable conductors as Nicholas McGegan, David Fallis, John Butt, David Hill, Beth Willer, and Monica Huggett. Of her title role in Handel’s *Semele* with American Bach Soloists Academy in 2018, *San Francisco Classical Voice* noted, “some of these star turns were shiny indeed, with soprano Arwen Myers leading the way... her musicality and demure demeanor remained a renewable pleasure.”

When she’s not singing, Arwen enjoys swing dancing, photography, reading, and yoga. A lover of the outdoors, she can often be found running, bike commuting (she’s been car-free since 2013!), hiking, and camping. Arwen lives in Portland, Oregon, with her partner Brian and a very talkative black cat—whose name, fittingly enough, is Farinelli. Learn more about Arwen at arwenmyerssoprano.com

John Lenti specializes in music of the seventeenth century and has made basso continuo improvisation on lute, theorbo, and baroque guitar the cornerstone of a career that encompasses the Metropolitan Opera, symphony orchestras, and baroque ensembles of all kinds, in addition to presenting solo recitals and accompanying soloists in concert. He is a native of Greenwood, South Carolina. His parents were a touring piano duo and as a kid he traveled with them as they performed around the deep south,



thereby gaining an appreciation of the role of classical musicians as bearers of comfort and truth. He lives in Seattle with his wife and son. When in Seattle he is primarily a stay-at-home dad since the northwest's anti-worker cultural scene has led to depressed wages for local musicians. He enjoys baking bread, and not the healthy kind with all the wheatgerm and gravel and seeds and fiber and whatnot—he makes the real stuff: crusty, white, and highly absorbent of butter. He runs a lot so that he can eat all the bread he wants, but he hasn't quite nailed the balance. His musical influences are always shifting—his great teachers, Nigel North and Jacob Heringman, are always in his ears, but this season in particular he has sought to emulate the plummy tonal quality and tidal rhythmic sense of Hungarian-English pianist Louis Kentner, while the dynamic range of Horowitz is never far from his conscience. His favorite authors are Jorge Luis Borges and Sylvia Townsend Warner. The only places he ever really wants to go are parks (state, national, or city) and the library. His son Victor (six as of this writing) looks like Sinatra and sings like Pavarotti. John likes cheap wine, fancy sausage, and mid-level cheese.

Texts and Translations

Policy in Love

Art thou in Love? It cannot be;
'Twill prove too great a Raritie:
For Love is banish't from the mind,
And every Creature proves unkind.
Your sex we know hath too much power
To be confin'd above an hour,
And Ladies are become so wise
They'l please their own, not others Eyes.
No Archers from above are sent
Poor Cupid's bow lies now unbent,
And Women boast that they can find
A nearer way to please the mind.
Yet still you sigh and keep adoe
Only to tempt poor men to wooe:
But sure if thou a Lover be
'Tis of thy Self, but not of Me.

Union in Love

And must our tempers ever be at war?
Must diff'rent Passions make us always jar?
Must neither of us find a temp'rate Zone,
But She the Frigid, I the Torrid one?
Can neither of our Breasts a Medium know,
Betwixt a Scorching Fire, and Chilling Snow?
She like the Alps, and I like Aetna am;
She's all a Frost; and I am all a Flame.

O Gentle Love! Propitious be, and turn her Heart to Flames, that She as I may burn; or mine (like hers) to Frost, that there may be 'twixt Us a mutual Sympathie:
Then might I hope that Likeness would prove Love,
And so by Love we should to Union move

The Marigold

Mark how the blushful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blush and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his pow'rful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So may'st thou thrive in love, fond boy,
If silent tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.
But when with moving accent thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ear, and with unfolded arms.

Love's Dying Passion

Amarillis tear thy hair,
Beat thy breast, sigh, weep, despair.
Cry, cry "Ay me, is Daphnis dead?"
I see a paleness on his brow
And his cheeks are drowned in snow.
Whither are those roses fled?

"O my heart, how cold he's grown;
Sure his lips are turned to stone.
Thus then I offer up my blood,
And bathe my body in his shroud.
Since living accents cannot move,
Know Amarillis died for love."

On a Lost Heart

What shall I do? I've lost my Heart;
'tis gone I know not whether:
Cupid cut's strings, then lent him wings
and both are flowne together.
Fair Ladies, tell, for Loves sweet sake,
Did any of you find it?

Come come, it lies in your Lips or Eyes,
though you'l not please to mind it.
Well, If t'is lost, then farewell frost,
I will enquire no more;
for Ladies they steal Hearts away but only to restore.

Love's Flattery

Ladies, fly from Loves smooth Tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevaile:
Grief is Infectious, and the Air inflam'd with sighs will blast the Fair:
Then stop your Ears when Lovers cry,
let your selves weep when no lost Eye
shall with a sorrowing tear repay
that pity which you cast away.
Young men, fly when Beauty darts
Am'rous glances at your hearts;
the fixt mark gives the Shooter aim,
and Ladies looks have power to maim:
Now 'twixt the Lips, now in their Eyes,
wrapt in a Kiss or Smile Love lies.
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love that run away.

Aux plaisirs, aux délices bergères,
Il faut être du temps menagères:
car il s'écoule et se perd d'heure en heure,
et le regret seulement en demeure.
A l'amour, aux plaisirs, aux boccage,
employés les beaux jours
de votre âge.

Maintenant la saison vous convie
de passer en aimant votre vie:
déjà la terre a pris
sa robe verte,
d'herbe et de fleurs
la campagne est couverte.

A l'amour...

Ce qui vit, qui ce meurt, qui respire,
d'amour parle, ou murmure
ou soupire:
aussi le coeur qui n'en sent la pointure
s'il est vivant, il est contre nature.

A l'amour...

To pleasure! To pastoral delights!
Time must be employed to the fullest,
for it is running out hour by hour,
and only regret remains with us.
To love, to pleasure, to the grove
Make the best of the lovely days
of your age!

Now the season invites you
To spend your life in love:
already the earth has donned
its green robe,
and the countryside is covered
with grass and flowers.

Whoever lives, dies or breathes,
Whoever speaks of love or murmurs
or sighs,
if a living heart hasn't been pierced,
it's just unnatural.

Si le parler et le silence

nuit à notre heur également,
parlons donc, ma chère espérance,
du coeur et des yeux seulement;
Amour ce petit dieu volage
nous apprend ce muet langage.

Que le regard vole et revole,
messager des nos passions,
et serve au lieu de la parole
pour dire nos intentions.
Amour, etc,

Mais si quelque âme est offensée
de nous voir discourir des yeux,
nous parlerons de la pensée,
comme les anges dans les cieux.
Amour, etc.

Ainsi par un doux artifice
nous tromperons les courtisans,
et nous rirons de la malice
de mille fâcheux médisans,
qui n'en sauront pas d'avantage
ignorant, ce muet langage.

Cessés mortels de soupirer,
Cette beauté n'est pas mortelle;
Il est permis de l'adorer,
Mais non pas d'estre amoureux d'elle.

Les Dieux tant seulement
Peuvent aymer si hautement.

Celui seroit trop insencé
Quelque heur où son bonheur aspire,
Si ces beaux yeux l'avoyent blesse,
D'oser découvrir son martire;

Car les dieux seulement
Peuvent aymer si hautement.

Sa grace, son oeil sans rigueurs
Fait sans flater qu'on la peut dire.
Reyne des beautés et des coeurs,
Qu'elle entretient le sceptre et l'empire;

Mais les dieux seulement
Peuvent aymer si hautement.

If words and silence
are both harmful to our good fortune,
Let then, my dear hope,
Only our hearts and eyes speak.
Love, that fickle little god,
teaches us this wordless language.

May our looks fly back and forth,
messengers of our passion
And serve in place of words
to confess our intentions.
Love...

Should any soul be offended by observing
the discourse of our eyes,
Then shall we speak through thought,
As angels in heaven above.
Love...

Thus by sweet artifice
shall we deceive the court,
and laugh at the malice
of a thousand slanderers,
who will know nothing of it,
Being ignorant of our wordless language.

Mortals, stop sighing,
Her beauty is deathless;
It's okay to adore her
But not to be in love with her

Only the gods
Can love so nobly

He'd become quite insensible,
He who aspired to such bliss,
If her lovely eyes should wound him
He'd then accomplish his own martyrdom

For only the gods
Can love so nobly

Her grace, her limpid eyes
Can't be moved by flattery
Queen of beauty and of hearts
She retains her scepter and her empire;

But only the gods
Can love so nobly.

Bref ces divines qualités
Dont le ciel orna sa naissance,
Deffendent mesme aux déités
Non de l'aymer, mais l'espérance
D'obtenir en l'aymant
Sinon qu'un glorieux tourment

Si tu veux apprendre

Les pas a danser,

Il faut pour l'entendre
Vers moy t'avancer:
Fay donc a la dance
Le tour que voila,
Soubs cette cadance
Tu feras cela.

Tu n'es point esmue
A glisser tes pas,
Si tu ne remue
Tu n'apprendras pas.
Fay donc...

Je croy que tu resves
A ce que je voy?
Ouvre un peu tes greves,
Et fay comme moy.
Fay donc...

Que te sert de feindre
En tes pas perdant,
Il ne faut rein craindre
Te voila dedans.
Fay donc...

Amor dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai
Che mentre dormi tu
Dormon le gioie mie,
vegliano i guai.
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco, su, su!
O pigro, o tardo,
Tu non hai senso
Amor melenso, Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
Che nel mio ardore
Tu dorma Amore:
Mancava questo!

In fact these divine qualities
With which heaven adorned her at birth
Defend her even from the gods
Not to love her, but only to hope
Rather to obtain by loving her
a glorious torment.

If you want to learn
the steps to the dance,
You need to listen
And then come to me!
Go do the dance
The trick is this—
Just do it
In this rhythm.

You aren't too shy
to glide your steps...
If you don't get up,
you'll never learn!
Go do the dance...

I think you're dreaming—
Is that what I see?
Open your legs a little,
And do it like me!
Go do the dance...

What's the use pretending
that you're losing steps,
There is nothing to fear—
Look! You're doing it!
Go do the dance...

Love, don't sleep anymore!
Get up, up—now you must wake up,
Because while you're sleeping,
My joys sleep also,
and my troubles wake up.
Don't be useless, Love!
Arrows, arrows, fire—arise, arise!
Oh, you lazy, slow Love,
You don't have any sense.
Silly Love, cowardly Love,
Ah, while I languish
In my passion,
You sleep, Love:
Enough—I don't need this!

Che si può fare

Che si può fare?
Le stelle rubelle
Non hanno pietà.
Che s'el cielo non dà
Un influxo di pace al mio penare,
Che si può fare?

Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri disastri
Mi piovano ogn'hor;
Che le perfido amor
Un respiro diniega al mio martire,
Che si può dire?

Così va rio destin forte tiranna,
Gl'innocenti condanna:
Così l'oro più fido
Di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene,
lo raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene.

Sì, sì, penar deggio,
Sì, che darei sospiri,
Deggio trarne i respiri.
In aspri guai per eternarmi
Il ciel niega mia sorte
Al periodo vital
Punto di morte.

Voi spirti dannati
Ne sete beati
S'ogni eumenide ria
Sol' è intenta a crucciar l'anima mia.

Se sono sparite
Le furie di Dite,
Voi ne gl'elisi eterni
I di trahete io coverò gl'inferni.

Così avvien a chi tocca
Calcar l'orme d'un cieco,
Al fin trabocca.

What can be done?
The intractable stars
have no pity.
Since the gods don't give
a measure of peace in my suffering,
what can I do?

What can I say?
From the heavens, disasters
keep raining down on me;
Since treacherous love
denies respite to my torture,
what can I say?

That's how it is with cruel destiny,
the powerful tyrant; it condemns the
innocent:
thus the purest gold
of constancy and faithfulness, alas!
is constantly refined in the fire of pain.

Yes, yes, I have to suffer,
yes, I must sigh,
I must draw breath with difficulty.
To keep me in harsh suffering,
heaven withholds from me
on my life
the final period of death.

You spirits of the damned,
you are blessed,
since all the cruel fates
are only intent on torturing my soul.

Since the furies of Dis
have disappeared,
you spend your days in heaven
while my days drag out in hell.

Thus it happens—the one
who follows the shadow of a blind god
stumbles in the end.

—Adapted from translation
by Richard Kolb

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi,
o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
prendi questo mio strale
Aprimi il petto
e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

Lilla crudele ad Onta d'Amore

Lascia sì la benda e l'ali,
cieco fanciul di Venere!
Dell'arco e degli strali
fa' pur, fanne pur cenere,
spegni, spegni la face
mentre accender, Amore,
non puoi di Lilla il core:
troppo l'esser crudel,
troppo le piace!

Taci sì, bamboccio dio!
Non trattar più d'uccidere,
che dei tuoi strali anch'io
vo'pur burlarmi e ridere,
frena, frena l'ardire.
Tu ti vanti, insolente,
di stral onnipotente
e una femmina vil,
non puoi ferire!

Hor ch'è'l tempo di dormire

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire
Dormi, dormi figlio e non vagire,
Perchè, 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,
Perchè tosto oscuro velo
Priverà di lume il cielo.
Deh ben mio...

Amaryllis, my beauty,
do you not believe,
o my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it: and if fear assails you,
take this arrow of mine,
Open my breast,
and see written on my heart:
"Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
is my beloved."

Drop the blindfold and wings,
blind child of Venus.
With your bow and arrows
you're only making ashes.
Deflate your ambition,
since you can't inflame
Lilla's heart:
the crueler she can be,
the more she likes it.

Be quiet, infant god,
think no more of slaying,
for even I make fun of your arrows
and laugh at them.
Curb your pride,
you braggart, you glory in
your omnipotent arrows,
but you can't even wound
a simple country girl.

Now it is time to slumber,
Sleep, my son, and do not cry,
For the time will come
For weeping.

*Oh my love, oh my sweet,
Sing ninna ninna na.*

Close those heavenly eyes,
As other children do,
For soon a dark veil
Will deprive the sky of light.
Oh my love, oh my sweet...

Over prendi questo latte
Dalle mie mammelle intatte
Perchè ministro crudele
Ti prepara aceto e fiele.
Deh ben mio...

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 del...

Posa hor queste membra belle
Vezzosome e tenerelle
Perchè poi ferri e catene
Gli daran acerbe pene.
Deh ben mio...

Queste mani e questi piedi
Ch'or con gusto e gaudio vedi
Ahimè com'in varii modi
Passeran acuti chiodi.

Questa faccia gratiosa
Rubiconda hor più di rosa
Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno
Con tormento e grand'ano.

Ah, con quanto tuo dolore
Sola speme del mio cor
Questo capo e questi crini
Passeran acuti spini.

Ah, ch'in questo divin petto
Amor mio dolce diletto
Vi farà piaga mortale
Empia lancia e disleale.

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.

Drink this milk
At my immaculate breast,
For the cruel minister
Is preparing vinegar and bile for you.
Oh my love, oh my sweet...

Now my love, let this breast
Be for you a soft bed
Before giving your soul in a high voice
To your Father on the cross.
Oh my love, oh my sweet...

Now rest these beautiful limbs,
So charming and delicate,
Because irons and chains
Will inflict on them harsh pains.
Oh my love, oh my sweet...

These hands, these feet
Which we now contemplate
With pleasure and joy
Alas! will be pierced by sharp nails.

This pretty face,
Redder than a rose,
Will be sullied by spit and slaps,
With torture and great suffering.

Oh, with what pain,
Only hope of my heart,
Will this head and this hair
Be pierced by sharp thorns.

Oh, to think that in this heavenly breast,
My love, my sweet delight,
Traucherous, villainous spears
Will cause mortal wounds.

So sleep, my son,
Sleep, my Saviour,
For then, with joyful faces,
We will meet again in Paradise.

Now you are sleeping, my life,
Joy of my heart,
Let everything be hushed with pure devotion,
Let heaven and earth fall silent.

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

Si dolce è il tormento

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

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

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...

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non senti
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì,

And, meanwhile, what shall I do?
I shall watch o'er my love,
and remain with bowed head
So long as my baby sleeps.

So sweet is the torment
That lies in my heart,
That I can live content
With cruel beauty.
In this earthly paradise
Vanity grows
And pity fades:
But like a rock
Against the wave of pride
My constancy will always hold fast.

False hope
Turns away from me,
Neither pleasure nor peace
Descend upon me,
And the wicked woman I adore
Does not grant me the relief
Of her favour:
Amidst infinite pain,
Amidst forlorn hope,
My faith will live on.

From fire and ice
I have no respite
but at heaven's gates
I will find peace...
if the fatal blow
of an unwavering arrow
pierced my heart,
overturning my fate
brought by death's dart
I will heal my heart...

If the flame of love
Has never yet been felt
By the hard heart
That has stolen my own,

Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì:
Ben fia che dolente,
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

If I am shown no pity
By the cruel siren
That has enchanted my soul:
Then let it be that one day,
Languishing in pain and repentance,
She will sigh for me.

—Adapted from English Translation
© Nicholas Cornforth (Oxford Lieder)

L'Eraclito Amoruso

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio!
Ch'a lagrimar mi porta:
Nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,
Che si fido credei, la fede è morta.

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

Ma se la fede negami
Quell' incostante e perfido,
Almen fede serbatemi
Sino alla morte, O lagrime!
Ogni tristezza assalgami,
Ogni cordoglio eternisi,
Tanto ogni male affligami
Che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

Listen, lovers, to the cause (oh God!)
the cause of my weeping:
in my beautiful, adored idol,
who I believed to be faithful—faith is dead.

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

But if she denies me fidelity,
that inconstant
and treacherous one
until death. O tears!
Every sadness assaults me,
every sorrow is eternal,
every pain afflicts me so much
that it kills me and buries me.

— Adapted from translation
by Richard Kolb

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
lucente e minaccioso,
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 rigore,
versatemi su'l core
un nembo di faville.
Ma 'labro non sia tardo
a rattivarmi ucciso.
Feriscami quel sguardo,
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl'occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi
in fin ch'io venga meno!
E se da vostri dardi
io resterò conquiso,
feriscano quei sguardi,
ma sanami quel riso.

That haughty little glance,
bright and threatening,
that poisonous dart
is flying to strike my heart.
O beauties for which I burn,
which sever me from myself:
wound me with your glance,
but heal me with your laughter!

Arm yourself, O eyes,
with sternest rigor!
Pour upon my heart
a cloud of sparks.
But let your lips not be slow
to revive me when I am killed.
Let that glance strike me—
but let your laughter heal me.

O fair eyes: to arms, to arms!
I am preparing my breast as your target.
Rejoice in wounding me,
even until I faint!
And if I remain conquered
by your darts,
let your glances strike me—
but let your laughter heal me!

