

Texts

Chiara Maria Cozzolani (1602-1676/78)

O Maria, tu dulcis, tu pia, tu Clemens, tu dulcis,
tu pia, tu mater Dei, O Maria.

Tu vera infirmorum salus, tu vera peccatorum
refugium, O Maria, tu vera afflictorum
consolatrix, O Maria, tu vera spes omnium
fidelium, O Maria.

O Maria, tu sponsa, tu virgo, tu mater, tu Spiritus
Sancti sacrarium, O Maria, O advocata nostra,
respice in nos oculis misericordiae tuæ, O
clementissima regina, respice in nos in hac
lachrymarum valle gementes et flentes, respice
in nos qui suspiramus ad te clamantes,
clamamus ad te suspirantes.

O Maria, tu via, tu stella, tu lumen, tu stella, tu
via, tu mater Dei, O Maria.

O Mary, sweet and good, you who are
merciful, sweet, good, the mother of God,
O Mary.

You true health of the sick, you true refuge
of sinners, O Mary, you who truly consoles
the afflicted, O Mary, you true hope of all
the faithful, O Mary.

O Mary, you spouse, you virgin, you
mother, you temple of the Holy Spirit, O
Mary, O our advocate; look to us with your
eyes of mercy, O most kindly queen, look
to us in this vale of tears, us who are
weeping and mourning, look to us who
sigh crying to you, who cry sighing to you.

O Mary, you path, you star, you light, you
star, you path, you mother of God, O Mary.

Lucia Quinciani (1566-1611)

Udite lagrimosi spiriti d'Averno
Udite nova sorte di pena e di tormento
Mirate crudo affetto
In sembiante pietoso
La mia Donna crudel piu dell'Inferno.

Hear, you weeping spirits of Avernus,
Hear about a new kind of sorrow and torment,
Look at the cruel love,
disguised as a compassionate,
look at my woman more cruel than hell.

Francesca Caccini (1587-1640)

Canzonetta

Chi desia di saper, che cosa è Amore,
Io diro, che non sia se non ardore.
che non sia se non dolore
Che non sia se non timore,
che non sia se non furore.
Io diro che non sia se non ardore,
Chi desia di saper
che cosa è amore.

Chi mi domanderà s'amor io sento,
Io dirò Che'l mio fuoco e tutto spento.
Ch'io non provo più tormento,
Ch'io non tremo, ne pavento,

Who desires to know, what is Love,
I will say, that it is nothing but ardor.
that it is nothing but pain
that it is nothing but fear,
that it is nothing but fury.
I will say, that it is nothing but ardor,
Who desires to know,
what is Love,

Who will ask me if I feel love,
I will tell that my fire is all extinguished.
That I no longer feel torment,
That I do not tremble, nor fear,

Ch'io m'en vivo ogn'or contento,
Io diro che'l mio fuoco e tutto spento
Chi mi domanderà s'amor io sento.

Chi d'amor crederà dolce e gioire,
Io dirò che più dolce è amor fuggire.
Ne piagarsi al suo desire,
Ne tentar suoi sdegni e ire,
Ne provare il suo martire,
Io diro che più dolce e amor fuggire,
Chi d'amor crederra dolce il gioire.

that I live happy every hour,
I will tell that my fire is all extinguished
Who will ask me if I feel love.

Who would believe love to be sweet and joy,
I will say that it is sweeter to flee love,
Nor bend to its desire,
Nor to challenge its disdain and anger,
Nor to feel its torture,
I will say that it is sweeter to flee love,
Who would believe love to be sweet and joy.

Maddalena Casulana (c. 1544 – c. 1590)

Vagh' amorosi augelli,
che, sovra gli arbuscelli,
rinovate gl'antichi vostri amori,

Cantate tra bei fiori,
gl'occh'e le bionde chiome,
che fur si dolce nod' a le mie some,

E di mia Clori a l'onde,
in quest' amate sponde,
udite l'armonia,
che puo sol' a dolcir la pena mia.

Nimble amorous Birds,
who, above the bushes,
renew your past loves,

Sing, around beautiful flowers,
of the eyes and the blond hair
that had been such a sweet bond for my body,

And, of my Chloris at the waves,
in these beloved shores,
hear the harmony,
which can only sweeten my pain.

Francesca Campana (c. 1615 - 1665)

S'io ti guardo ti sdegni,
S'io ti parlo tu fuggi,
E sdegnosa e fugace ogn'hor mi
struggi.

Se m'odii perchè vedi pallido voto,
E già canuto il crine,
Non dispreggiar mio ben,
Le pelle grine bellezze che possiedi,
Che se ciascuna è mio core impressa:

Disprezzando il mio core spreZZI te
stessa

If I look at you, you are indignant,
if I talk to you, you flee,
And disdainful and fleeting every hour you torment
me.

If you hate me because you see a pale face,
and the hair is already white,
do not despise my love,
For if every skinned beauty that you own,
is each imprinted on my heart:

By despising my hart you despise yourself

Claudia Sessa (1570-1617)

Occhi io vissi di voi,
 Mentre voi fosti voi, ma spenti poi,
 Vivo di vostra morte,
 Infelice alimento,
 Che mi nutre al tormento,
 E mi manca al gioire,
 Per far vivace morte al mio martire.

Eyes I lived of you,
 while you were alive, but once extinct,
 I live of your death,
 Unhappy nutrition,
 that feeds me in the torment,
 and I miss to rejoice,
 to bring a lively death to my martyr.

Claudia Sessa (1570-1617)

Sopra le Orecchie

Vattene pur lasciva orecchia humana,
 tutta ricca e pomposa di pendenti
 e di rosa, ma tutta sorda a Dio e tutta
 vana.

Che son del mio Giesù rose,
 E pendenti i rubini cadenti da l'orecchie e
 dal crine,
 In fior vermigli e in vermicchie brine.

Anzi l'orecchie sue si sanguinose,
 Altro non son che due vermicchie rose.

Go away lascivious human ear,
 all rich and pompous with pendants
 and roses, but all deaf to God and all vain.

Because roses are of my Jesus,
 And pendants are the rubies falling from the ears
 and the hair,
 In vermillion flowers and in vermillion hair.

Yet, his ears so much bleeding,
 They are nothing else than two vermillion roses.

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana (1590-1662)

O magnum mysterium,
 O profundissima vulnera,
 O passio acerbissima,
 O dulcedo deitatis adiuva me,
 Ad aeternam felicitatem consequandam.
 Alleluia.

O great mystery,
 O deepest wounds,
 O bitterest journey,
 O sweetness of the deity,
 Help me to attain eternal happiness.
 Alleluia.

Barbara Strozzi (baptised 1619 – 1677)

L'Eraclito Amoroso

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,
 ch'à 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.

Listen you lovers, to the cause, oh God,
 of my weeping:
 in my handsome and adored idol,
 whom 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 moans are my joys.

Ogni martie aggradami,
Ogni dolor dilettami,
I singulti mi sanano,
I sospir mi consolano.

Oh Dio, nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,
che sì fido credei, la fede è morta.

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 sotterri.

Every anguish gives me pleasure,
Every pain delights me,
Sobs heal me,
Sighs console me.

Oh God, in my handsome and adored idol,
whom I believed to be faithful, faith is dead.

But if that inconstant traitor,
denys me constancy,
at least let my devotion serve me,
until death, o tears!
Every sadness soothes me,
every sorrow sustains itself,

Every ill afflicts me so much,
that it slays and buries me.

Settimia Caccini (1591 – c. 1638)

Due luci ridenti, con guardo sereno,
di dolci tormenti m'ingombrano il seno.
Ma lampi d'Amore, rapiscono il core,
con furto gentile la libertà.
Pur lieto vivrà quest'alma, cantando,
s'adora penando celeste beltà.

Due labbra di Rose, con dolci rossori,
le paci amorose promettono ai cori.
Ma in quel bel sereno s'annida il veleno
che uccide dell'alme la libertà.
Pur lieto vivrà ...

Due braccia soavi, mie dolci catene,
far posson men gravi l'acerbe mie pene.
Da quest'io desio sia servo il cor mio,
si perda, si perda la libertà.
Pur lieto vivrà...

Two smiling lights, with a serene glance,
fill my breast with sweet torments.
But lightnings of love steal, with gentle theft,
freedom from my heart.
Yet will this soul live happily, singing,
if, suffering, it adores celestial beauty.

Two lips of roses, with sweet blushing,
promise amorous peace to hearts.
But in that lovely serenity is nested a poison,
which kills the freedom of the soul.
Yet will this soul live happily....

Two gentle arms, my sweet chains,
can make less heavy these sour pains of mine.
From this, I wish for my heart to be your servant,
and may it lose, may it lose its freedom.
Yet will this soul live happily ...

Francesca Caccini (1587-1640)

Maria, dolce maria,
nome soave tanto,
che'n pronunziarti imparadis'il core,
Nome sacrato e Santo,
ch'el cor m'infiammi di celeste amore,
Maria mai sempr'io canto,
ne puo la lingua mia piu felice parola,
trarmi dal sen gia mai che dir,

Maria, sweet Maria,
name so lovely,
that to utter it takes your heart to Paradise.
Sacred and holy name,
you inflame my heart with celestial love.
'Mary,' I ever sing,
neither can my tongue deliver from my breast
any happier word

che dir Maria.
 Nome ch'ogni dolor tempra'e consola,
 voce tranquilla ch'ogni affano acqueta,
 ch'ogni cor fa sereno,
 ogn'alma lieta.

than when I say, 'Mary.'
 Name which tempers and consoles every sorrow,
 calm voice which assuages every disquiet,
 which composes every heart,
 which gladdens every soul.

Sofia Gubaidulina (1931 -)
Aus den Visionen den Hildegard von Bingen

Gott, der alles durch Sienen willen ins
 Dasein zief, hat es erschaffen,
 damit Sein Name erkat und verehrt werde.
 Nicht nur das Sichtfare und Vergengliche
 Tut Er damit kund sondern Offenfart darin
 auch das unsicht fare und Ewige.
 Darauf weist das Gesicht hin, das du
 schaust.

God, who called everything into its being with his
 will, has created it.
 So that his name will be worshipped.
 Not only the visible and ephemeral does he show
 with this but he also reveals the invisible and
 eternal.
 This is indicated by the face you are looking at.

Amarante Nat (1995 -)
A freedom's Lament

I.

Like clouds passing over the sun, I silenced myself.
 Like the tide pulling back, I behaved myself.
 I closed my eyes, my mouth, my legs.
 And denied myself.

IV.

Why did I let you swallow me?
 Was it because you covered me?
 Was our matrimony for society?
 Who gave us these roles?

Rosa Giacinta Badalla (c. 1660 – c. 1710)

Non plangete no, no, non planete,
 antiqui Patres,
 in umbra taciturna,
 in cella, in cella nocturna,
 Limbi'obscuri, gaudete,
 non planete, no, no no, non planete.

O veridici prophetae,
 vatacinia beata,
 iam ex radice Jese nata est virga,
 Beatrissima Virgo,
 quae germinabit Nazarenum florem,
 et producit salvatorem.

Cara dies fortunata,

Don't cry, no, no, don't cry,
 ancient fathers,
 in the shadow of silence,
 in the cell, in the night cell,
 The dark corners, rejoice,
 don't cry, no, no, don't cry.

O truthful prophets,
 Blessed news,
 from the root of Jesse a new branch,
 Blessed Virgin,
 which will sprout the Nazarene flower,
 and will produce a savior.

Dear lucky day,

Me rapite caeli aeterni,
Iam sunt clausae portae inferni,
Sum contenta, sum beata,
Sum contenta, sum beata,

In glorioso estasi protanto contentu,
Elevatur anima mea,
Pro Maria nascente,
Cum tanto gaudio exultat meum cor.

Non plus me tentate,
No, no, no, mundanae Sirenae;
Iam vestrae catene nunc sunt
conquassatae.
Non plus me tentate, no, no, no,
Non plus me tentate.

Alleluia.

Take me to the eternal sky,
The gates of hell are now closed,
I am content, I am blessed,
I am content, I am blessed.

In glorious state due to so much happiness,
My soul will be risen,
For Mary being born,
My heart rejoices with such joy.

Tempt me no more,
No, no, no, worldly sirens;
Now your chains are torn apart.

Tempt me no more, no, no, no,
Tempt me no more.

Alleluia.