

Marin Baroque



Love Endures

TRANSLATIONS

Quel Sguardo Sdegnosetto

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

from Scherzi Musicali cioè Arie et Madrigali

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

Arm yourself, O eyes,
with sternest rigor;
pour upon my heart
a cloud of sparks.
But let lips not be slow
to revive when I am slain.
Let the glance wound me;
but let the smile heal me.

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

Ombra Mai Fu

Georg F. Handel (1685-1759)

from Xerxes, HWV 40

Never was a shade of any plant
More dear and lovely, or gentle.

Vedrò con mio Diletto
from Giustino, RV 717

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

I will see with joy,
the soul of my soul,
the heart of this heart
full of content.

And if from the one I love,
I must be parted,
I'll be sighing in sorrow
every moment.

Si Dolce e' tormento
from Quarto scherzo delle Ariose Vaghezze

Claudio Monteverdi

So sweet is the torment
That fills my heart
I can gladly live
With her cruel beauty.
In beauty's heaven
Vanity increases
And pity gets lost;
But always my faith
Will be a rock against
The wave of pride.

There is no respite
From fire and ice;
I'll only find respite
At heaven's door...
If the fatal hit
Of a straight arrow
Wounds my heart,
Reversing my fate
From the deadly arrow
I will heal my heart...

False hope
Leads me onward,
Neither pleasure nor peace
Descends on me
And the cruel woman
I adore denies me
The relief of her favour;
Amid infinite pain
Amid betrayed hopes,
My faith stays alive.

Bel Piacere
from Agrippina HWV 6

Georg F. Handel

It is great pleasure
to enjoy a faithful love!
it pleases the heart.

Splendor is not measured by beauty
if it does not come from a faithful heart.

Chiome D'Oro

from Seventh Book of Madrigals

Golden tresses, gleaming treasure,
you bind me in a thousand ways
whether braided or flowing free.

Choice pearls of purest white,
When the roses that conceal you
reveal you, you wound me.

Lively stars that sparkle
with such beauty and such charm,
if you smile you slay me.

Precious, seductive
coral lips I love,
if you speak I am blessed.

Oh dear bonds in which I take delight!
Oh fair mortality!
Oh welcome wound!

Claudio Monteverdi

Damigella Tutta Bella

from Scherzi Musicali a Tre Voci

Maiden, all-beautiful,
pour, O pour out that sweet wine;
make fall the dew
distilled from rubies

In my heart there is a river of pain
that comes from deep love;
but I would cast it out
and leave it immersed in these depths.

Maiden, all-beautiful,
you cannot satisfy me with wine
let fall the drops of dew
from the distilled topaz.

New flames engulf me
and my heart is consumed with a new fire;
if you do not help me
I will become another Mongibello (volcano).

The cooler it becomes,
The more I burn constantly
It is my fate to be consumed
and transformed in this way.

Claudio Monteverdi

