

## CONSORTIUM CARISSIMI

“...squisita musica strumentale ed eccellente musica vocale.” Pompilio Totti *Ritratto di Roma* 1638

**C**onsortium Carissimi was founded in Rome in 1996 with the intent of uncovering and bringing to modern day ears the long forgotten Italian-Roman sacred and secular music of the 16<sup>th</sup> and especially the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Among the various types of music that flourished in Rome during the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the Oratorios of Giacomo Carissimi are perhaps examples of the most outstanding form of composition of that time. Consortium Carissimi proudly takes on his name as a means for performance practice in both concerts and recordings, moving ahead in the area of the manuscript transcription and the performances of his little known Motets and Cantatas.

Alongside the works of Carissimi, the ensemble also proposes music of his contemporaries, which was often mistaken as music of Carissimi either for the similar style or for its simple, fresh new approach to text, melody and accompaniment. Dedicating much of the research and concert activity to composers like Graziani, Rossi, Pasquini and Sances, Consortium Carissimi assures not only extremely interesting Concert Programming, but provides a clearer picture of the musical fermentation of the Early Roman Baroque.

This repertory, wrongly forgotten and heard very little today, even within musicological-performance circles, offers examples of the high level of musical creativity of the time and certainly no less excellent than the European output of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Of great importance is the performance of sacred and secular music transcribed from manuscript or early print sources, which come from libraries located all over Europe. This work, which is done by its founder Garrick Comeaux, allows Consortium Carissimi to program World Premier Concerts and Recordings. The musical style, the affects of the texts, the ornamentation and the choice of the figured bass instruments are objects of continuous research. It is however right within these parameters that Consortium Carissimi finds its reason for existence and finds the vital energy necessary for the continuing research and performance practice.

The Italian Consortium Carissimi ensemble consists primarily of a small nucleus: three male vocal specialists, Fabio Furnari, tenor; Marco Scavazza, baritone; yours truly as bass singer, and Vittorio Zanon, organ and musical direction; Pietro Prosser, theorbo; and Cristiano Contadin, viola da gamba. This Italian ensemble truly helped build the solid foundation for introducing Consortium Carissimi to North America.

Today you will hear yet a different formation of the stateside ensemble of Consortium Carissimi. Thirteen fine singers and exceptional instrumentalists, each adding particular colors of their own. Much of the Carissimi repertory in fact requires more mixed voices and additional instruments, as is in the case of this evening's concert. It is our hope to pursue the performance of these larger works of this era with this phenomenal stateside ensemble, as well as to continue musical collaboration with our Italian friends.

These first four performances of Consortium Carissimi USA are dedicated to all of them.

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## CONSORTIUM CARISSIMI

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## BEL TEMPO

*Cantatas and Serenades*

*Music of Luigi Rossi, Marco Marazzoli*

*&*

*Giacomo Carissimi*

*And extraordinary gratitude to donors who have provided financial support during this debut season*

**The Singers**

Diane Koschak  
Andrea Leap  
Marita Link  
Beth Nunnally  
Carrie Henneman-Shaw  
Lani Willis

Garrick Comeaux  
Ben Henry-Moreland  
Brian Link  
Tim Nelson  
William R. Pederson  
Douglas Shambo II  
Steve Staruch

**The Players**

*Recorders*  
Alan Kolderie  
Mary Halverson Waldo

*Basso Continuo*  
Phil Rukavina, *theorbo*  
Thomas E. Walker, Jr. *theorbo*  
Mary Virginia Burke, *viola da gamba*  
Mark Kausch, *violone*

*Organ*  
Bruce Jacobs

*Programming and musical preparation*

**Garrick Comeaux**

*Patricia and Mark Bauer*

*Philip and Carolyn Brunelle*

*Ann and David Buran*

*Patricia Cadwell*

*Garrick Comeaux*

*Elisabeth Comeaux*

*Steven and Judith Emmings*

*Edna Erickson*

*Rob Foy*

*Dr. Ronald French*

*Bob Hickcox and Jackie Henry*

*Robert and Sigrid Johnson*

*Mark Kausch and Patricia G. Johnson*

*Bernhard Marzell*

*Tim and Kathy Nelson*

*Ann Nickoloff*

*Pat and Beth Nunnally*

*Martin O'Connell and Mary Fischer*

*Patrick and Kathy Romey*

*David and Julie Seykora*

*Everett Lavern Sutton*

*Dale Talley*

*John Andreasen and Yancey Thrift*

*David and Connie Triplett*

*Lani Willis*

Friday, April 18th 2008 ▪ 7:30pm ▪ Trinity Church, Excelsior  
Saturday, April 19th 2008 ▪ 7:30pm ▪ MacPhail Center for Music, Minneapolis  
Sunday, April 20th 2008 ▪ 7:30pm ▪ St. Clement's Church, St. Paul

### A special thanks from the Board

to Rev. W. Andrew Waldo and the community of *Trinity Episcopal Church*,  
to the Rev. Beth Royalty, Douglas Shambo II and the community of *St. Clement's Episcopal Church*,  
to Robert Foy for helping with the poetry of the English translations,  
to Bill Mathis and *Hennepin United Methodist Church* for the use of the portative organ,  
to Julie Seykora and Beth Nunnally for organizational efforts,  
to Tim Buendorf for helping with our website,  
to Thomas E. Walker and Mark Kausch for their collective energies,  
to my friend and colleague Vittorio Zanon for his fine elaboration of *Bel tempo*,  
and finally to all singers and instrumentalists that have participated in these first four productions.

### A personal thanks from Garrick

I would like to mention some special people that could not have been more encouraging and inviting for this, our first season of *Consortium Carissimi USA*.

Paul Boehnke - The Bach Society,  
Monte Mason - The Gregorian Singers,  
Jacques Ogg - The Lyra Baroque Orchestra,  
Kathy Romey - The Minnesota Chorale,  
Jordan Schramek - Rose Ensemble,  
Matthew Culloton - The Singers,  
Philip Brunelle and Sigrid Johnson - Vocal Essence,  
Peter Hendrickson, faculty, studio artists and staff - Augsburg College,  
Mr. Timothy DePrey, faculty and staff - MacPhail Center for Music,  
Clea Galhano - St Paul Conservatory,  
Mr. Jerry Luckhardt, faculty, staff and students - University of Minnesota - School of Music.

*Consortium Carissimi*

———— Board Members ————

Robert Pontious, President

Beth Nunnally, Treasurer

David Seykora, Secretary

*Consortium Carissimi* is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization

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# BEL TEMPO

**Giacomo Carissimi** *Bel tempo*  
1605 – 1674

**Luigi Rossi** *Io mi glorio esser amante*  
c.1597 – 1653 *Udite amanti*

**Marco Marazzoli** *Non più lagrime*  
c.1602/8 – 1662

*Reprise: Bel tempo*

**Luigi Rossi** *Mio cor di che paventi*

**Giacomo Carissimi** *Le ferite d'un cor*

**Marco Marazzoli** *Sventurato mio cor*

*Reprise: Bel tempo*

**Luigi Rossi** *Cor dolente*

**Marco Marazzoli** *Allo sdegno mio core*

*Pausa*

**Luigi Rossi** *Piangea l'aurora*

**Giacomo Carissimi** *Dai più riposti abissi*

**Marco Marazzoli** *Deh mirate turbe*

## Italian texts and translations

### Bel tempo

*Bel tempo per me se n'andò, da che la beltà, mostrando pietà, il core ad amare allettò.*

The good days are gone for me, for beauty, having shown mercy, persuades my heart to love.

*Io vivea così contento, sciolto il sen, libero il piè, che le noie ed il tormento per timor fuggian da me.*

I once lived so happily, my heart disengaged, and my foot free to move,  
that boredom and torments fled away from me.

*Sereni i giorni, le notti tranquille, erano le mie pupille, e fra giocosi canti, rideva io sol, quando piangean gli'amanti.*

Serene days and tranquil nights were my eyes.

And amid frivolous songs, I alone laughed while the lovers wept.

*Ma che prò? Lasso, che pro?*

But for what good, alas, for what good?

*Di seguir bellezze vane allacciato in servitù, io fuggia ch'a menti sane libertà, vale un Perù.*

To follow vain beauties, tied in slavery, I escaped; for to sane minds, liberty is worth a fortune.

*Così le gioie de l'alma e del core non turbava alcun timore. E fra giocosi canti, rideva io sol, quando piangean gli'amanti.*

Thus the joys of my soul and my heart were disturbed by no fear.

And amid frivolous songs, I alone laughed while the lovers wept.

### Io mi glorio

*Io mi glorio esser amante ben ch'ogni hor voi mi ferite, occhi belli incrudelite, ch'io sarò sempre costante.*

I boast to be a lover, since every hour that you injure me,  
o beautiful and cruel eyes, I shall be always faithful.

*Saettate, luci serene e vaghe, e che vuole il mio cor, altro che piaghe.*

Shoot your arrows, o peaceful and charming eyes, since my heart desires nothing other than wounds.

*Nell'impero d'amor vi è questa usanza. Che chi non vuol penar non ha costanza.*

In the Empire of love, there is this saying. He who does not want to suffer is not faithful.

### Udite amanti

*Udite amanti opra d'amor novella.*

Hear, you lovers, what new love demands.

*Donna guerriera e bella ch'in sua bellezza è in suo valor confida à battaglia mortale hoggi si sfida.*

A woman, warlike and beautiful who, in her beauty and her bravery,  
trusting to deadly battle, takes up the challenge.

### Marco Marazzoli (c.1602 – 1662)

Marazzoli was one of at least four children born to Dionisio and Flora de' Marazzoli of Parma. He took holy orders and was presumably ordained priest about 1625. At that time he received a benefice from Parma Cathedral, but he had to forgo this on 27 February 1637 because of new permanent duties at Rome. According to his autograph, Marazzoli moved to Rome in 1626.

At Christmas 1655 Queen Christina of Sweden arrived in Rome, and in her honor the Barberini family presented Marazzoli's allegorical opera *La Vita humana* during Carnival 1656 (*Le armi e gli amori* and *Dal male il bene* were also performed during carnival). Marazzoli used the title of *virtuoso da camera* to the queen, and it may be that he attended her during her singing lessons with Loreto Vittori.

Marazzoli was well known also as a harp player. He possessed the famous gilded *Barberini harp*, now in the *Museo degli Strumenti Musicali* – Roma, which was represented in a painting by Giovanni Lanfranco. From April 1655 Marazzoli worked also for the new pope Alexander VII Chigi, who commissioned festive cantatas for the Vatican, the Quirinal and Castel Gandolfo. You will hear these at the next season opening concert.

Antonio Barberini experienced a new surge of religious faith about this time, and may have influenced the composer, who began to celebrate mass personally. It is interesting that Marazzoli's will, drawn up about 1660, names Anna Giustiniani, his adoptive niece since 1650, several members of the Barberini family, Cardinal Giulio Rospigliosi and some other friends, but neither Queen Christina of Sweden nor the Chigi family. We know that the queen admired Carissimi and Abbatini (and, later, musicians of a new generation), perhaps more than Marazzoli, and this may have been true of the pope as well, after an initial period of admiration. During Mass in the Cappella Sistina on 25 January 1662 Marazzoli was wounded in a serious accident; he died the next day.

### Luigi Rossi (c. 1598 – 1653)

Luigi Rossi was born in Torremaggiore (Puglia) about the year 1598. There is very little biographical information on Rossi' early year's. We know that he lived at the Neapolitan court for 14 years and studied in Naples with Jean de Maque. He later moved to Rome in the service of the Borghese family and became organist at the church of *San Luigi dei Francesi* in 1633, retaining this position until his death in 1653.

He joined the musical establishment of Cardinal Antonio Barberini in 1641 and wrote for him his very successful opera, *Il palazzo incantato*, followed by a second opera, *Orfeo*, for the French court, during the period of the Barberinis' exile, after the death of the Barberini Pope, whose patronage was so important to the cultural life of Rome. His compositions include some three hundred or so surviving cantatas in which he captures a blend of recitative, arioso and lyrical aria.

*Nell'impero d'amor vi è questa usanza; Che chi non vuol penar non ha costanza.*

In the Empire of love, there is this saying; He who does not want to suffer is not faithful.

From the cantata *Io mi glorio esser amante*

formalized succession of recitatives and arias. The structure of two arias each preceded by recitative is however also present. Among Marazzoli's preferred structures is the two-strophe aria with *intercalare* (vocal refrain), also called *couplet-refrain* or rondo form. Strophic variations play an important part in general. The combination of self-assurance and unpredictability along with colorful and poetic texts gives the cantata of the mid 17<sup>th</sup> century a special charm. The three protagonists of this concert were certainly responsible for defining the characteristic features of the emergent genre.

### Giacomo Carissimi (1605 – 1674)

Giacomo or, rather, the name “Jacomò” is to be found written on the baptism certificate in Marino, a small town in the southern hills outside of Rome where Giacomo Carissimi was born and raised. Anything concerning his adolescent life or early music training would be purely speculative, since the first concrete information available to us is his first appointment as cantor at Tivoli from 1623 to 1627, later named organist in 1625 till 1627. Carissimi went north to Assisi where he was appointed organist-choirmaster in the Cathedral Church of San Ruffino from 1628 to 1629. Don Bernardino Castoro, rector of the Collegio Germanico in Rome, asked Carissimi to come and take the place of Lorenzo Ratti as organist-choirmaster of the already musically prestigious Basilica of Sant’Apollinare. Carissimi continued to maintain the excellence in church music at Sant’ Apollinare and this soon came to the attention of many. It was on July 18, 1656 that the Queen Cristina of Sweden, who resided in Rome as of 1655, appointed Carissimi as her *Maestro di cappella del Concerto da Camera*.

In addition to his duties at the Collegio Germanico, Carissimi also taught composition privately. Musicians such as J.K. Kerll (Vienna), Phillip Jacob Baudrexel (Kempten); Christoph Bernhard, (Dresden); M.A. Charpentier (Paris) came to Rome to study composition with Carissimi. On November 29, 1643, Venice mourned the loss of Claudio Monteverdi and on December 5 the post as organist-choirmaster was offered to “Jacomò”(as he often signed his correspondence). He turned it down and Giovanni Rovetta was soon later made successor. Carissimi was also offered to serve the Court of the Archduke Leopold William in Brussels. This offer, too, he declined. It was in the Collegio Germanico and Sant’Apollinare where “Jacomò” remained active as musician and composer until his death on January 12, 1674. This college, to which he intentionally left this great patrimony of sacred music (and probably the secular that you will hear in this concert) obtained a letter from Pope Clemens X which prohibited under pain of excommunication, the removal or loaning of these manuscripts from the College.

Today, unfortunately not one autograph manuscript is to be found in Sant’Apollinare. The first attempt to seriously search for them was done by Pietro Alfieri (1801-1863) who published his findings in the *Gazzetta musicale di Milano* in 1851 and again in 1855. Alfieri concluded that the suppression of the Society of Jesus caused an enormous upheaval at the College, where the manuscripts were most likely sold as waste paper to the cheese mongers at the Campo de’ fiori open market. The French occupation in Rome also caused the pillaging of many archives which contained this sacred music. Already in 1851, Alfieri underscores the fact that those manuscripts which survive are due to the enthusiasm and diligence of those who were students of Carissimi, and to those scholars who came to Italy and collected music.

*Chi coraggioso e forte, udite amanti, sprezza i rischi di morte, udite amanti,  
qui venga, udite amanti, qui venga e la man s'armi.*

Whoever is courageous and strong (hear, you lovers) scorns the risk of death (hear, you lovers) come and arm yourself!

*Chi vuol guerra d'amor s'accinga all'armi.*

Whoever wants the war of love, get your weapons ready.

### Non più lagrime

*Non più lagrime, e sospiri se'l dolore nulla vale, i martiri vadan lungi dal mio petto.*

No more weeping and sighing if the pain achieves nothing. May its tortures go far from my heart.

*Lieti a pieno vuò che vivan miei pensieri, e che nulla più si sperì.*

It is happiness enough to think myself alive and to hope for nothing more.

*Troppo credula mia fede, ha seguito un pesto amore, hora il piede vuò che segue ad altra via.*

Too believing was my faithfulness, it followed a spineless love.

Now my foot wants it to follow a different road.

*E' sappia viver vita così dura, perchè il mal altrui, non cura.*

It is to know a very hard life; because of the badness of others, it does not heal.

*Raccogliam le vele in porto, semplicità anima mia, tuo conforto sia in schivare ogni terraggio.*

Let us gather the sails in the harbor, my simple soul. Your comfort lies in avoiding any landing.

*L'uomo saggio che sa quanta amor da pena, mai si lega a sua catena.*

The wise man that knows the pain of love, is never tied by its chain.

### Mio cor di che paventi

*Mio cor di che paventi? Soffri costante, pene, affanni, tormenti, soffri costante.*

My heart, what scares you so? You suffer always, pains, worries, torments, you suffer always.

*Non ti doler, nò, nò, soffri i tuoi mali, i tormenti d'amor non son mortali.*

Do not harm yourself, no, no, suffer your ills, for the torments of love are not deadly.

*Mio cor perchè respiri? Soffri costante, dogli e inganni martiri, soffri costante.*

My heart, what scares you so? You suffer always, hurts and unfaithful wounding, you suffer always.

*Non disperar, nò, nò, chiede pur pace, la speranza in amor non è mendace.*

Do not despair, no, no, ask for peace, for the hope in love is not deceitful.

*Mio cor, non stare in pene! Soffri costante, strali, incendi, catene, soffri costante.*

My heart, do not worry. You suffer always, arrows, fires, chains, you suffer always.

*Non lagrimar, no, no, rida il tuo ciglio, a chi soffre in amor, vanto è il consiglio.*

Do not weep, no, no, your eyes should smile,

for whoever suffers in love, my advice is, should let the world know.

## Le ferite d'un cor

*Le ferite d'un cor sono i contenti, no, no, senza pianti e tormenti amar non si può.*

*O si dolga, o trionfi alma che sia, ogni legge d'amor è tirannia.*

The wounds of the heart are its joys; no, no, without tears, to love is impossible.

You either complain or triumph, for every law of love is tyranny.

*E chi nol sa, e chi nol sa, che le gioie d'amor sono i tormenti, e che in fiamme cocenti rediviva fenice il cor si sta,  
e chi nol sa, ad onta de mali che ne minaccia ancor, la notte e'l dì, amerò sì, sì.*

And for those who do not know it, the joys of love are torments and, as in the scorching flames

the Phoenix lives again, so does the heart, and for those that do not know it,  
to the shame of the pains that still threaten, the night is the day; I will love, yes, yes!

*Già bramo d'ardere, ardo distruggermi e con ampi desiri, aspetto nel mio cor tutti i martiri.*

I long indeed to be ablaze, to burn to destruction,

and with unchecked longing I await, in my heart, all the torments.

## Sventurato mio cor

*Sventurato mio core a morire.*

Unfortunate, my heart must die.

*Il sospirar non giova e noce il pianto a chi nemico è amore.*

Sighing brings no relief and no tears to those whose enemy is love.

*Folle dunque chi crede da nemico tiranno haver mercede in si crudo languire, sventurato mio core a morire.*

Foolish then who believes, as a tyrannical enemy, there would be mercy in such harsh languishing.

My heart must die.

*Infelice mio core a morire.*

Unhappy, my heart must die.

*Già ti saetta un guardo e lega un crine con fierezza e rigore.*

Indeed you are wounded by a glance and your pride deeply severed.

*Dunque il creder è vano sanato il cor poter fuggir lontano da chi gode il ferire, infelice mio core a morire.*

So it is useless to believe that the heart, restored to health,

can escape far away from those who enjoy wounding.

Unhappy, my heart must die.

## Cor dolente

*Cor dolente, ferito, schernito, non tacer se sei tradito.*

Heart hurting, wounded and derided, do not keep silent if you are betrayed.

*La tua difesa forte contra il nemico crudo à frale humanità porga lo scudo.*

Strong protection against the harsh enemy, to frail humanity you offer a shield.

*Ne' ti stupir se fra i beati chori sol di noi peccatori il difensor tu sei, son glorie ancor de gl'avvocati i rei.*

Do not be astonished if among blessed choruses, you are the only protector for us sinners,  
these are beyond glories of lawyers and criminals.

*Allegrezza, allegrezza, egri mortali.*

*Da quelle antiche grotte, ove in tacita notte havean le membra sue sacro soggiorno,*

*Flavio riporta a nuove grotte il giorno.*

Joy, joy, infirm mortals.

From those antique grottos, where in quiet night his body was laid to rest,

Flavio brings again the day to new grottos.

————— *This evening's performance* —————

It is with a sense of satisfaction that we close this first season with a secular flair on our major life events. We open this *Bel tempo* program with the cantata for solo voice, in which the *good days* were when love was not an issue. The first part of this concert revolves around the *heart* and the dilemmas involved in loving, not loving, faithfulness and betrayal.

*Io mi glorio* sings the praises of faithfulness and *Non più lagime* advises to avoid love all together. This goes on and on and on. You will not be surprised to know that the more common and typical texts are of an amorous nature. The singers are almost without exception a lover, unidentified and usually a male. He is either the devoted cavalier or the egotistical pseudo-lover.

There are also moralistic and sacred cantatas and the second part of the concert is set with three fine examples from each of our composers. For those of you that have visited Rome or other places in Lazio during the springtime, the human senses are filled with the delights that make the framework for *Piangea l'aurora*. The message however is philosophical in nature and as time brings nature to our aid it also consumes it in front of our eyes. *Nothing down here delights and endures*.

*Dai più riposti abissi* is set in a similar fashion, but destiny is now the subject of our song as we look to the stars and create for ourselves *a blessed lot*.

Marazzoli often chose texts that are as strange as his style of composition. *Deb, mirate* places us in a mythological setting where the Gods assist frail humanity with blessings and bring the daylight to our darkened tombs. This could be a reference to Tito Flavio Vespasiano but it is more likely Flavio Giuseppe (A.D. 64) the defender of Giotapa, who climbed out of the grotto where he was hiding during the fall of the city to Vespasiano.

This program of *cantate* and *serenate* embraces a wide variety of vocal forms: recitative, lament, dialogue, canzone, aria, *sonetto* and others. The term *arie a più parti* contains all of these different styles and Rossi began to experiment and use this style which Carissimi and Marazzoli took for great advantage. By the time Carissimi began composing cantatas, the years of experimentation were past but the rigidity of the mature baroque had not set in: no longer a madrigal or a simple melody, the cantata was still not yet a

*Deh piovete, o stelle amiche, sopra noi raggi vitali fin per noi s'habbiano i mali e i travagli e le fatiche.*

O rain upon us vital rays, O you friendly stars;  
until all our pains, troubles and weariness have dissipated.

### Deh mirate tube

*Deh, mirate, mirate, turbe di un Dio devote qual da piagge remote, bella merce di cielo a noi sen viene.*

Alas! Gaze you people of a God sincere, which from a faraway shore,  
beautiful goods of heaven come to us.

*Ecco dell'alme ad infiammar la pena, dalla tomba sacrale peregrinano a noi l'ossa gelate,  
dalle celle onorate ove posò le sue terrene tome, sorge di Flavio il nome,*

*e dall'antiche grotte ove in tacita notte havean le membra sue sacro soggiorno, Flavio riporta a nuove grotte il giorno.*  
So to the souls to inflame the suffering, from the holy tomb, wander to us, frozen bones, from the honored cells, where was laid his earthly tomb, rises the name of Flavio, and from the antique grottos where in quiet night his body was laid to rest, Flavio brings again the day to new grottos.

*Vaneggiate mortali, vaneggiate,*

*se pensate dato al sonno un grave esilio il periglio preveder di ascosi mali, vaneggiate o mortali.*

You are raving, O you mortals, raving if you think you can foresee, in your sleep, that grave exile, the danger of dark evils, you are raving, O you mortals.

*Cinto di luci belle siede Flavio lassù e con gl'occhi delle stelle mira qua giù l'human letargo.*

*Alle nostre custodie il cielo è un Argo.*

Girded with beautiful eyes, Flavio is seated above and with the eyes of the stars, he gazes down on human helplessness. For our safekeeping, the heavens are an Argo (the all seeing Giant with 100 eyes).

*Vaneggiate mortali, vaneggiate,*

*se pensate cinti d'arme e petto forte sù le porte intonar l'esilio a' i mali, vaneggiate o mortali.*

You are raving, O you mortals, raving, if you think girded with arms and breastplate, on the doors, to intone the exile of all evils, you are raving, O you mortals.

*De' nostri cuori il zelo mira Flavio lassù e dall'alto del suo cielo a noi qua giù pronto soccorre.*

*Alle nostre custodie un Flavio è torre.*

Zeal, our hearts, Flavio above in his heaven gazes at us down here,  
provides first aid for our preservation, Flavio is a tower.

*Campion di Dio, che dome hai le forze infernal con la tua morte, mira l'alma inchinata al tuo bel nome.*

Champion of God, that has subdued the strength infernal with your death,  
gaze on the soul bowed before your beautiful name.

*Contro chi ti saetta chiedi ad amor vendetta, t'udirà per pietà d'humil preghiera  
e la severa pentita del mio mal vedrai sovente.*

Against those that shoot arrows, ask love for revenge,  
he will give ear to the devotion of a true repentance for sin if they are evident enough.

*Cor dolente, ferito, schernito, non tacer se sei tradito.*

Heart hurting, wounded and derided, do not keep silent if you are betrayed.

### Allo sdegno mio core

*Allo sdegno, allo sdegno, mio core, mio core, non s'ami più, allo sdegno, allo sdegno, sù, sù.*

To indignation, to indignation, my heart. Do not love any more, to indignation, come on!

*Vendetta, rigore uccida lo sdegno nel petto l'amore.*

*Questo empio tiranno si pasce di doglie, di pene ed d'affanno, questo empio tiranno.*

Revenge, harshness, disdain kills love in the heart.

This horrible tyrant feeds on hurt, pain and worries, this horrible tyrant.

*Allo sdegno, allo sdegno, mio core, mio core, non s'ami più, allo sdegno, allo sdegno, sù, sù.*

To indignation, to indignation, my heart. Do not love any more, to indignation, come on!

### Piangea l'aurora

*Piangea l'aurora e del suo pianto rideano i fiori. Gioiane flora e i rai del manto vincean gl'albori;  
tutti i colori che nelle spoglie Iride accoglie, tutti gl'odori ch'hanno ne' prati gl'Indi odorati haveasi il Lazio,  
e la stagion ridea mentre l'alba piangea.*

The dawn wept and from its tears laughed the flowers. The flowers rejoiced and the rays of the cloak won the first light of day. All the colors, that in the spoils, Iris (the rainbow) gathers: all the odors that have the fields of India perfumed, Latiam possessed, and the season laughed while the dawn wept.

*Abi, di che ride lieto il cinabro sopra il tuo labbro? Parche'homicide nemmeno ai fiori perdonar sanno;*

*s'invecchia l'anno rotando per lo ciel gelo ed arsura: cosa bella, mortal, passa e non dura.*

Oh, at what are you laughing, happy cinnabar upon your lips.

The Parcae (the Fates), being homicidal, do not know how to spare the flowers.

The year grows old; in the sky, ice alternates with fire.

Beautiful things, being mortal, pass away and do not last.

*Purpurea rosa cingeali il crine, ma senza brine, e pallidette le violette carche di brine;  
e voi ligustri perigli illustri non paventate; pur voi, pur voi, spiegate i vostri argenti fra gl'ostru ardenti;  
per voi pur anco la stagion ridea mentre l'alba piangea.*

Purple rose wreathes the head, but without hoarfrost, then the violets grow pallid, laden with frost:  
and you privet dangerously visible, you do not fear, to spread your silver midst the red-hot midday winds.

*Abi, di che ridi su questi lidi, stagion superba? Fiati omicidi uccider sanno i fiori e l'erba e le cose mortali al suo fin vanno;  
s'invecchia l'anno rotando per lo ciel gelo ed arsura: cosa bella, mortal, passa, passa e non dura.*

Oh, at what are you laughing, on these shores, proud season?

Homicides breathe, to kill, as the flowers and grass and all mortal things go to their end:

The year grows old; in the sky, ice alternates with fire.

Beautiful things, being mortal, pass away and do not last.

*Correano intanto rapide l'hore e per l'etere e vie volava il die, viepiù che vento o strale, e la vita sen già com'avesse ale.*

The speedy hours ran all the while, and the day flew across fields and down streets, more than wind or arrows of lightning, and life went away as if it had wings.

*Già l'arco di Delo saette avventava dal mezzo del cielo che'l suolo impiegava, tant'era l'ardore.*

*Abi, abi, abi, abi, dov'è l'albore? Abi, in queste contrade sì fresche ruggiade poc'anzi piovea, quando l'alba piangea.*

Indeed, the bow of Apollo shot arrows of sunshine from the middle of the sky so that the ground dried up, so great was their heat. Oh, oh where is the dawn?

Oh, in these fields, just a short while ago it rained, with such fresh dew as the dawn wept.

*Fu subito il volo tarpato all'auretta, su l'arido suolo languisce l'herbetta; già il riso de' fiori si cangia in pallori,  
una stess'alba a noi gli dona e fura: Abi, abi, che nulla quaggiù diletta e dura!*

And quickly, the little breeze clips flight; grass languishes on the arid ground; indeed the laugh of the flowers changes into pallor, the one and the same dawn gives to us and takes away.

Oh, oh, nothing down here delights and endures.

*Si tosto ne' prati di guancia amorosa vien meno la rosa coi gigli odorati;*

*congiunsero i fati il fior dell'aprile col verno senile; s'incalzan l'etati l'un l'altro nel giro d'un giorno che more talvolta in  
albore e la vita sen fugge in un sospiro: si presto i parti suoi strugge natura.*

*Abi, abi, chè nulla quaggiù diletta e dura!*

Quickly in the fields of lovely cheeks, slowly fade the roses with the perfumed lilies;

fate joins the flower of April with the senile winter;

the ages battle against one another in the course of one day that dies at sunrise, and life runs away in a sigh: and quickly her birthing consumes nature. Oh, oh, nothing down here delights and endures.

### Dai più riposti abissi

*Dai più riposti abissi del erebo profondo, sciolgonsi l'ombre à dar la fuga al giorno*

*già tutta fuor delle tartaree grotte sovra carro stellato esce la notte.*

From the most hidden abysses of deep Hades, the shadows break loose and chase the day away.

Already out of the caves of *Tartarus*, Night-time comes riding on a starry chariot.

*Levate gl'occhi al cielo egri viventi, come la fronte in ciel v'alzò natura,*

*leggete nelle stelle all'aria scura de nostri chiusi fati i dubbi eventi.*

O raise your eyes to the sky, you infirm beings, as Nature has lifted your faces to the heavens.

Read in the stars of the dark air, the uncertain events of your destinies.

*Scritti la sù da eterna man vedrete in caratter di luci afflitti amanti, i nostri brevi risi,*

*e i lunghi pianti, de cui rivi amor fero ha tanta sete.*

Written up there by an eternal hand in letters of light, you will see, O tormented lovers, your brief laughter and long weeping, brooks of tears for which cruel love is very thirsty.

*Se la giù nel ciel sereno scritto a pieno fù l'istoria de miei danni*

*hor ch'in ciel si raccendi ogni facella chi m'aditta la mia stella.*

Written down there in the serene heavens, was the full history of my injuries.

Now, here in heaven, every torch is kindled. Who shall point out to me my star?

*S'egli è ver chi dalle fasce huom che nasce ha del ciel sorte e disastro,*

*di qual astro piove il destin ch'a lagrimar m'appella chi m'aditta la mia stella.*

If it is true, he that is born from swaddling bands, has a fortune and a failure, from which star rains the fate which calls me to weep? Who shall point out to me my star?

*E se il meschino per lungo piangere, ne men può frangere l'empio destino, il sospirar il lagrimar che prò.*

And should the wretched man cry at length, he cannot halt cruel destiny.

What good is sighing and weeping.

*S'egli è sì forte mia dura sorte che vincer non si può, il sospirar il lagrimar che prò.*

If my fate is so strong that winning is impossible, what good is sighing and weeping.

*Abi cielo, abi cielo, abi notti di pietà rubella, chi m'aditta la mia stella.*

Oh heavens, oh rebellious night of compassion, who shall point out to me my star?

*Frenati i pianti meschini amanti ch'a lunghi prieghi fa che si pieghi duro destino,*

*e spesso i numi irate cangiano i fati e spesso il saggio il forte, fabbro a se stesso, e di beata sorte.*

O stop your crying, O wretched lovers, that your long prayers will alter harsh destiny, since the angry gods often change the course of fate

and often the wise and strong man can create for himself a blessed lot.

*Notte gelida e serena che de miseri mortali l'alme acqueti e sgombri i mali mentre i corpi il sonno affrena.*

Cold and serene night, you calm the miserable mortal souls and dislodge all pains, while the body is halted by sleep.

*Coi fulgor delle tue stelle il pilota apra le vele gli dai tu per mar crudele approdar le rive belle.*

With the radiance of your star, the pilot opens the sails,

and you lead him through a cruel sea to beautiful shores.

*Tu del sole ai caldi lampi col tuo giel tempri l'arsura tu ristauro di natura di rugiade inondi i campi.*

You, with your ice, temper the heat of the hot rays of the sun;

you Restorer of nature, with dew you flood the fields.