



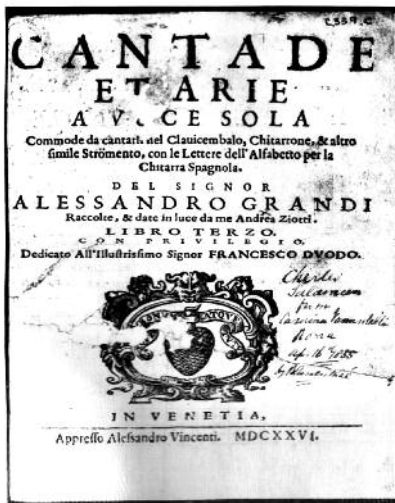
SOSPIRO

ALESSANDRO GRANDI
COMPLETE ARIAS, 1626

BUD ROACH

Tenor and Baroque Guitar

SOSPIRO
ALESSANDRO GRANDI (1586-1630)
ARIE A VOCE SOLA



BUD ROACH
Tenor and Baroque Guitar

Alessandro Grandi- *Arie a Voce Sola, Libro Terzo,* Venice, 1626

1	<i>Troppo, troppo fedele</i>	2'00
2	<i>Deh, vaga mia Clori</i>	4'07
3	<i>È sì grave'l tormento</i>	2'53
4	<i>Consenti pur e ti pieghi</i>	2'04
5	<i>Ninfa crudele</i>	3'43
6	<i>Ridete meco, Amanti</i>	3'02
7	<i>Non può ferir Amor</i>	2'25
8	<i>Quando Amor dentr'un cor prende ricetto</i>	4'04
9	<i>Sotto aspetto ridente</i>	3'54
10	<i>Amore io più non ardo</i>	3'03
11	<i>Empio cor, più non ti credo</i>	2'31
12	<i>Gioite, danzate</i>	1'48
13	<i>Lontan dal tuo bel volto</i>	1'48
14	<i>I nostri voti il ciel</i>	4'21
15	<i>Mai più durò d'Amor sì lunga Guerra</i>	4'11
16	<i>Rompi rompi mio core</i>	2'33
17	<i>Al seren del tuo volto</i>	3'33
18	<i>Io non vo' pianger più</i>	2'35
19	<i>Superbetta sei pur colta</i>	2'37
20	<i>Cruda e proterva</i>	2'15
21	<i>Folle, folle chi crede</i>	3'13
22	<i>Sprezzami, Bionda, e fuggimi</i>	2'19
23	<i>Breve è la vita, Amor</i>	5'33

Total Time: 70'34

*Proud and haughty, / The true enemy of love, / You make your heart / A preserve of harshness.
You give me death / In exchange for my faithful love, / O cruel and pitiless one!
You are so ungrateful to him that adores you. / I hate myself for loving you so.*

So begins the first aria from Alessandro Grandi's third volume from 1626, one of the finest examples (and collections) of a much-maligned genre from the early 17th century. Musicologists from the beginning of the early musical revival have been unusually scathing in their surveys of secular Italian song, whether labelled canzonettas, arias, cantatas, or even monodies (although there is a clear difference between the Florentine use of that term and what developed later on in Venice). Moreover, notions of class-based discrimination appear to inform their thinking, just as they did those of the self-appointed defenders of high art held in 17th century Italy. Uncritical acceptance of the prejudices of mid-20th century academics denies us the chance to explore the beauty of these arias. Then, as now, it is difficult to find critical approval for respectable composers incorporating folk elements in their music. However, when experienced as they were performed at the time, these works can move our hearts as surely as they did those of their contemporary audiences. Recent scholarship has taken a more generous tone in assessing this form of popular music, which took hold in Rome and quickly spread to Venice, utilising the most fashionable new instrument of the day – the strummed, Spanish guitar.

At the turn of the 17th century, the noble lute began to face some very stiff competition from Spain in the form of a new, five-course guitar. Florentine composers such as Caccini had championed a new, emotionally-charged way of conveying text that moved beyond the capacity of the traditional polyphonic madrigal. Homophonic, bass-driven block harmonies provided a simple framework over which composers could set text in an endless variety of melodic embellishments. The theorbo had been Caccini's favoured instrument to accompany his own singing, and although the baroque guitar lacked the ability of a true bass instrument to realize continuo lines, it was more than capable of providing a sufficient harmonic texture underneath the vocal part. Adding to its appeal were the irresistible dance rhythms inherent in the traditional strumming patterns, called "*stile battuto*" by the Italians and now commonly known by the Spanish term "*rasgueado*".

As early as 1606, only four years after the publication of *Le Nuove Musiche*, Girolamo Montesardo published a guitar tutor that laid out a method of notation that had already been in use for some time, called the "*alfabeto*" system. By incorporating a fingering chart for each of the major and minor tonalities, and assigning a letter of the alphabet to the most commonly played chords, anyone, regardless of previous musical training, now had the tools to provide a sufficient

harmonic accompaniment for the popular melodies of the day. This was a far cry from the complex polyphony notated in tablature for the lute (or, in Spain, the vihuela), which was well beyond the capabilities of all but those who were afforded a solid musical education. The resulting trend had many critics, and in the academic scuffle over the suitability of the guitar for serious music, issues of class were inevitably brought to the fore.

“Since the invention of the guitar there have been very few who have devoted themselves to the study of the vihuela. It has been a great loss, because all kinds of notated music were played on it, and now the guitar is nothing more than a cowbell, so easy to play, especially in rasgueado, that there is not a stable-boy who is not a musician of the guitar.”

(Sebastian Covarrubias, Madrid, 1611)¹



The first half of the 17th century was a period of great musical innovation generally, but perhaps the one area that creates most confusion is that of the secular aria. The musical wave which Grandi rode to fame had little to do with the *recitative* style of the monodies of Caccini and Peri. Rather, it owed everything to the composers from Rome who had embraced the strophic *canzonetta*. When we consider the new popularity of the baroque guitar, the ease with which the basics of the instrument could be learned, and the inclusion of *alfabeto* notation in these new collections of catchy tunes, it becomes clear that arias such as these constitute a genre of their own. Critics to this day have felt the need to draw a line in the sand between high art and populist “drive”. For many, that line seems to be the inclusion of *alfabeto* notation. And yet, no one questions the musical merit of the Florentine collections from the early part of the seventeenth century. Nor are the operas under suspicion regarding their musical worth in the same way as are the aria collections from the same period, sometimes from the very same composers!

As a performer, I must have an awareness of the original performance practice of the music I sing and play. It has been effectively shown by the musicians of the historically-informed

performance movement that, when music of the past is presented this way, it comes alive far more compellingly than through the filter of our twenty-first century sensibilities. And for me, the strophic *canzonetta*, *villanelle*, secular aria, *alfabeto* song – any of these various designations – assume their ultimate power only when this practice is revived. We know that many critics of the day disparaged the baroque guitar as insufficient to provide continuo accompaniment, notwithstanding that numerous people were using the instrument for precisely that purpose. Therefore it is disingenuous to assert that composers were unaffected by that practice, made no accommodations for it, and even wrote in a way that would preclude it. The publishing houses of Rome produced *alfabeto* collections in a flurry of activity from 1610 through to the 1620s, before Venice became the undisputed centre of publication for the genre, mainly emanating from the house of Vincenti. It was against this musical backdrop that Alessandro Grandi rose to prominence.

Not a great deal is known of Grandi. Born in Ferrara in 1586, it is likely that he studied composition in nearby Venice. During his early career he held various choral directing positions in Ferrara. He then accepted a singing position at San Marco under Claudio Monteverdi in 1617, becoming his assistant in 1620. It was during this period that his four volumes of secular music were first published and often reprinted. After ten very successful years in Venice, he took a position in Bergamo where he became *maestro di cappella* at S. Maria Maggiore. Sadly, after only three years there, he and his family died in an outbreak of the plague in 1630. His sacred music, much of it employing modest forces, was highly regarded. However, he enjoyed his greatest commercial success with the secular aria. He is credited as the first composer to coin the term “cantata”, and his use of it to differentiate those compositions from his “arias” perhaps provides a clue as to how he must have felt about the use of the baroque guitar in his music.

In 1626 Vincente published Grandi’s third volume of secular music, entitled “*Cantate et Arie a voce sola, Comode da cantari, nel Clavicembalo, Chitarrone, et altro simile Stromento, con le Lettere dell Alfabetto per la Chitarra Spagnola*”. Despite the title’s implication, there is only one cantata in the collection, which appears at the end, after twenty-three strophic arias. The layout of the volume suggests, however, that Grandi must have felt that the guitar’s presence was unsuitable in the cantata, since it does not include *alfabeto* symbols, unlike the arias that precede it. Nigel Fortune and others have made convincing arguments that publishers were eager to include *alfabeto* into their secular collections, so it seems unlikely that their exclusion from the cantata was a mere editorial decision. Grandi accorded the continuo a more prominent role in his cantata, employing imitative gestures and thematic material that exceeded the limitations of *alfabeto*. Given this sole genre-specific absence of *alfabeto* notation within the volume, we may conclude that, for the arias, Grandi not only assumed the *alfabeto* practice, but also, to a large extent based the genre’s compositional style on it.

Grandi’s secular work is currently unrepresented on recordings. Available are a number of fine examples of secular arias by other composers of this period that incorporate a larger continuo group,

and a much smaller number that utilise a single continuo instrument. Oddly, what appears (until now) to be entirely unrepresented on recordings is the, most likely, standard baroque practice of this repertoire: one performer singing to his own accompaniment on the baroque guitar, using *alfabeto* notation. The expressive possibilities of this type of performance enable this music to transcend the literary clichés of their texts and allegedly unsophisticated melodies, which together have perhaps hitherto denied this genre the scholarly (and musical) appreciation it deserves.

Grandi has filled his third volume of arias with harmonic, melodic and textual twists and turns, thereby creating an emotional landscape as varied as any to be found in Western music's best song cycles. The mood is dark and brooding, with occasional outbursts of joy and innocence swept aside by corresponding waves of melancholy. Several arias alternate between duple and triple meter, with some songs (*Troppo, troppo* and *Sprezzami*, for example) practically begging for the driving *rasgueado* strumming of the guitar. Grandi frequently employs the descending fifth as a melodic device, whose admirably varied reappearance forms a continuous thread throughout the collection. Often the final stanzas change abruptly in mood, superimposing an extra layer of pathos over the colourful imagery of the initial verses, requiring a corresponding adjustment to the musical and rhetorical delivery of these texts. A truly text-oriented performance of Grandi's music obliterates the confines within which many critics have relegated the secular aria, resulting in an unexpectedly moving musical experience. Thereby, Thurston Dart's dismissal of *alfabeto* song texts as "amorous baby talk" is difficult to justify, while this recording serves as my own rebuttal of Nigel Fortune's assertion that the baroque guitar is "wildly inappropriate" for more serious songs.

Sospiro became the title of this project for three reasons. First, it seemed misleading to imply that the CD represented the entire third volume by Grandi when the lone cantata from the title page (without *alfabeto* notation) has been omitted. The second is to do with tradition, since many of the *alfabeto* collections of the period were given exotic titles (my personal favourite being the *Bizzarrie poetiche* by Nicolo Fontei, 1635). The final reason derives from the texts of the arias themselves. The word, *Sospiro* and often the gesture it evokes, appears throughout the collection of arias a number of times – representing ecstasy, pain, and sometimes, perhaps more mundanely, satisfaction.

A debt of gratitude is owed to the scholars who have taken a more open-minded view of the *alfabeto* aria and its importance in the development of Western music. Gary Tomlinson, Cory Michael Gavito, James Tyler, Monica Hall, and many others have done a great deal to shed light on a genre that is surely experiencing a long-overdue revival.

—Bud Roach, May 2013

¹Quoted in Cory Michael Gavito, *The Alfabeto Song in Print, 1610-ca. 1665: Neapolitan Roots, Roman Codification and "Il Gusto Popolare"* (unpublished doctoral thesis, University of Texas at Austin, 2006)

1

Troppo, troppo fedele
 Ami chi fugge Amor,
 E chi di tue querele
 Se n'arride, ad agnor
 Lascia, lascia, mio core.
 Ogni pena è martir,
 Né più languir per così ingiust' Amore.

La bellezza mortale
 Fugge come balen
 E tanto un volto vale
 Quanto è in lui di seren.
 Tosto, tosto si strugge
 Bellezza così fral,
 E come stral veloce via sen fugge.

Perde il fregio la rosa
 E col fregio l'odor;
 Così Donna pomposa
 Così il Tempo l'Amor;
 Onde fuggi mio core
 Così lieve beltà
 Che a pen'ha vita, che languendo muore.

*You love all too faithfully
 One who runs away from your Love
 My heart, you should leave
 Her who always laughs
 At your laments, O leave her!
 All suffering is a torment,
 Stop languishing for such unfair Love.*

*Mortal beauty lasts
 Only as much as lightning;
 A face is attractive
 Only as long as it's fair.
 Such frail beauty quickly
 Fades, O so quickly!
 And, like an arrow, it rapidly runs away.*

*Roses do wilt and, with their beauty,
 They lose their pleasing scent.
 Similarly a woman's outward beauty fades
 And so fades Love with time.
 So, my heart, avoid pursuing
 Such passing beauty
 That barely lives and languishing dies.*



2

Deh, vaga mia Clori,
 Deh, Clori pietosa
 Che provi gli ardori
 Di fiamma amorosa,
 Intendi il mio canto,
 Ascolta il mio pianto,
 Ch'io pur tue querele
 Ascolto fedele.
 Se a caso mia Filli
 Venisse, deh dilli

*My Chloris most charming,
 My merciful Chloris
 Who feels the heat
 Of amorous flames
 Listen to my song,
 Hear my crying
 For I, too, faithfully
 Listen to your laments.
 Should perchance
 My Phyllis pass by, O tell her*

La pena mia atroce
Che m'arde, mi coce,
M'affligge, mi crucia,
Mi strugge, mi brucia
M'alampa, m'avvampa,
Ch'affliggemì il core,
E Morte non viene
A trarmi di pene.

Deh cara mia Lilla,
Deh Lilla, mio core
Che senti ben milla
Saette d'amore,
Ascolta i lamenti,
Intendi gli accenti
Ch'io pur tuoi martiri
Ascolto e i sospiri.
Se a caso mia Filli
Venisse, deh dilli
L'acerbo dolore
Ch'affliggem' il core,
Le pene e 'l tormento
Che in seno mi sento,
M'allaccia,
M'agghiaccia,
E morte non viene
A trarmi di pene.

Deh, Flora mia bella,
Deh, Flora mia vita
Che provi facella
Di fiamma gradita,
Ascolta la pena
Ch'a morte mi mena,
Ch'io pur il tuo duolo
Ascolto e consolo.
Se a caso mia Filli

*Of the very bitter pain
That scalds and burns me
That torments and tortures me
That destroys me and sets me on fire
That consumes and envelops me
That afflicts my heart,
And Death doesn't come
To free me from grief.*

*O my dear Lilla
O Lilla, my heart,
So wounded by thousands of
Arrows of Love
Heed my laments
Understand my cries
For I, too, understand
Your sorrow and your sighs.
Should perchance
My Phyllis pass by, O tell her
Of the terrible pain
That afflicts my heart,
The pain and torture
I feel in my breast
It strangles me,
It freezes me
And death doesn't come
To free me from grief.*

*My beautiful Flora,
O Flora my life,
Who feels the flame
Of a pleasant fire,
Listen to the pain
That leads me to Death,
For I, too, heed
To your pain and seek to console you.
Should perchance*

Venisse, deh, dilli
Il foco mio strano
Che m'arde pian piano,
M'infoca, m'infiamma.
M'abbrugia sua fiamma,
M'accende,
M'incende,
E morte non viene
A trarme di pene.

Deh, Ninfe mie liete,
Deh, Ninfe vezzose,
Ch'ancor voi ardate
In fiamm' amorose,
Sentite i miei Danni,
Udite gli affanni,
Ch'io pur vostri canti
Ascolto, anch'i pianti.
Se viene mia Filli,
Tu, Silvia, deh, dilli
E tu, Ninfa cara
La pena mia narra
Che m'ange, m'abbaglia
Mi rode, mi scaglia,
M'afferra,
M'atterra,
E morte non viene
A trarmi di pene.

3

È sì grave 'l tormento
Che fa provar Amore
Al misero mio core,
Mentre Donna crudel vagheggio intento,
Ch'io dico ogn'hora: Ah! che morir mi fa
Un cor senza pietà.

*My Phyllis pass by, O tell her
About the strange fire
That slowly consumes me,
Singes and inflames me.
Its flames scorch me,
Set me on fire
And burn me so much.
And Death doesn't come
To free me from grief.*

*Oh Nymphs so serene,
My ravishing Nymphs,
You, too, are inflamed
By the fires of Love.
So pay heed to my grief,
Hear my breathless crying
For I, too, listen
To your songs and laments.
If Phyllis does come
Tell her, Silvia
And you, too, dear Nymph,
The story of my suffering
Which blinds and tears me apart,
Gnaws and throws me around
Grabs and slams me
To the ground,
While Death doesn't come
To free me from grief.*



*Love causes
Such terrible torment
To my sorrowful heart
As I fix my gaze on a cruel mistress,
That I am forever moved to say:
That pitiless heart will be my death!*

S'io rimiro il bel viso
E godo i raggi ardenti
De' begli occhi lucenti
E le care parole e 'l dolce riso,
L'empia s'asconde. Ahi che morir mi fa
Un cor senza pietà.

S'io sospiro, I sospiri
Sprezza la Donna mia
E, bella insieme e ria,
Gode e gioisce sol de' miei martiri,
Tal che conosco, Ahi che morir mi fa
Un cor senza pietà.

Ben per uscir d'impaccio
Tento lasciar talhora
Colei che m'innamora,
Ma scior non so quest' amoroso laccio,
Che l'amo ancor. Ahi morir mi fa
Un cor senza pietà.

4

Consenti pur e ti pieghi,
Lidia, a tanti prieghi
E ti lasci biciar.
Ahi, ma son i baci
Novelle faci
Ond'empio ardore
Mi strugge il core,
Se 'l più non vuoi donar.

Se neghi quel frutto amato
Del giardin beato,
A che mostrarmi il fior?
Ahi, proprio è una morte
Presso le porte
O Lidia trarmi,

*If longingly I look at her beautiful visage
And rejoice in the ardent rays
Of her shining eyes,
Her gentle voice and sweet smile,
Wickedly, she hides from me.
That pitiless heart will be my death!*

*If I sigh, my Lady
Just scorns my sighs.
At once so beautiful and harsh,
She only rejoices at my pains.
All too well I know
That pitiless heart will be my death!*

*To extract myself from this predicament
I seek sometimes to forsake her
Who so bewitches me.
Alas, I know not how to avoid the snare
And I love her for evermore.
That pitiless heart will be my death.*



*You consent and surrender
To my prayers, Lydia,
And let yourself be kissed.
Alas, such kisses are only
Fuel for a greater fire
That, with unseemly ardour,
So torments my heart,
If you deny me what I wish the most.*

*If you deny me that lovely fruit
Of your beautiful garden,
Why show me a mere flower?
'Tis truly a dreadful death
Lydia, to be taken
So near the gate*

E poi scacciarmi,
Né dar aita al cor.

Il bacio sol è un dispetto,
Lidia, non diletto;
Tormento, non piacer.
Né quest' è baciare,
Ma sol toccare,
Ch' I veri baci
Sono veraci
Compagni del goder.

O labbra mie peregrine,
Rose senza spine,
Io vo' baciarmi sol
Quando scolorite,
Talhor languite
Ai rai tremanti
Degli occhi amanti
Nel tramontar del Sol.

5

Ninfa crudele,
S' un tuo fedele
La bocca, la chioma, i begl' occhi
Avvien che tocchi,
Al core, al core
Gli fai sentire
Ferite, legame e ardore.
Oh che languire,
Dolce ferita,
Fiamma gradita,
Soave nodo,
Sì, sì ch'io godo.

Se quella chioma
Ch' i cori doma

*And then be cast away
With no comfort for my heart.*

*A kiss is just a provocation,
Lydia, not the real joy,
'Tis a torment, not a pleasure.
And it's not really kissing,
But just a touch,
For the real kisses
Are enjoyment's
True companions.*

*O my precious lips,
Thornless roses,
I want to kiss you
Only when you turn
Languid and discoloured
At the trembling rays
Of your lover's eyes
As the Sun sets.*



*O cruel Nymph,
If one in love with you
Happens to touch
Your mouth, your hair, your beautiful eyes,
You make him feel
The wound, the bond, the fire
Deep in his heart.
O such languishing,
Such sweet wound,
Such wonderful fire,
Such gentle bonds.
They make me O so happy.*

*If that hair
That tames all hearts*

Mi lega, mi strugge, m'allaccia
Il sen mi straccia.
Dunque a tai pene
Non ho tormento
Tra lacci, legami e catene.
Ahi, ch'io non sento
Dolce ferita,
Fiamma gradita,
Soave nodo,
Sì, sì ch'io godo.

Quel tuo bel guardo
Per cui tant'ardo
M'avvampa, m'abbrucia, m'accende.
Cener mi rende,
Né vuoi ch'il core
Provi col petto
La fiamma, l'ardore?
Ahi, gli è diletto,
Dolce ferita,
Fiamma gradita,
Soave nodo,
Sì, sì ch'io godo.

E quella bocca
Che strali scocca
Mi piaga, mi punge, m'ancide.
Et ella ride.
Dunque a tal torto
Taccio e languisco
Ferito, piagato e già morto.
Ah, che gioisco,
Dolce ferita,
Fiamma gradita,
Soave nodo,
Sì, sì ch'io godo.

*Ties me up, ensnares me, consumes me
And strikes my heart,
Well, such pains
Do not cause suffering.
Ensnared, tied up and in chains
I do not feel
Such sweet wound,
Such wonderful fire,
Such gentle bonds.
They make me O so happy.*

*Your beautiful eyes
That enflame me so
Set me on fire, burn me, consume me,
Turn me to ashes.
Don't you wish that my heart
Experience in my chest
That flame, that fire, that ardour?
Ah, what a pleasure for me
Such sweet wound,
Such wonderful fire,
Such gentle bonds.
They make me O so happy.*

*And that mouth,
Oh, it flings arrows
That wound, pierce, and kill me.
And she laughs.
So, at such indignities,
I turn silent and languish
Wounded, covered with sores, close to death.
And yet I rejoice
At such sweet wound,
Such wonderful fire,
Such gentle bonds.
They make me O so happy.*



Ridete meco, Amanti,
 Hor che donna crudel piange e sospira
 E in pietosi sembianti
 Ci mostra gl'occhi suoi già strali d'ira.
 Amanti, amanti, che ne dite?
 Meco festosi, pur meco, meco gioite.
 Gioite al strano giogo
 Or che quel cor di ghiaccio ardendo more
 E in tormentoso foco
 Si strugge l'alma e intenerisce il core.
 Amanti, amanti, che ne dite?
 Meco festosi, pur meco, meco gioite.

Ridete pur, ridete
 Mirando cor di fiera humano e molle.
 Stravaganze vedete
 Come in seno di ghiaccio il caldo bolle.
 Amanti, amanti, che ne dite?
 Meco festosi, pur meco, meco gioite.

Gioite hor che mirate
 Colti dai bei rubin gl'ardor vivaci
 E su le rose amate
 Impressi mille morsi e mille baci.
 Amanti, amanti, che ne dite?
 Meco festosi, pur meco, meco gioite.

Ridete al crudo laccio
 Che tien involta la superba e altiera.
 Gioite al giuogo, al strazio
 De l'iniqua prigion, già prigioniera.
 Amanti, amanti, che ne dite?
 Meco festosi, pur meco, meco gioite.

*Laugh with me, Lovers,
 For a cruel lady is now crying and sighing.
 Her eyes look now so tender
 That only flashed angry arrows.
 What do you say, Lovers?
 Make merry and rejoice with me.
 Rejoice at the strange event:
 That heart of ice burns and dies
 And, in its fiery torment,
 Her soul is rent and fills one's heart with gentle pity.
 What do you say, Lovers?
 Make merry and rejoice with me.*

*Go on laughing as you behold
 A tiger's heart turned gentle and humane.
 What a strange thing to see
 Searing heat in a breast of ice.
 What do you say, Lovers?
 Make merry and rejoice with me.*

*Rejoice now that you see
 Vivid passion harvesting her ruby lips
 And, impressed on those beloved roses,
 A thousand bites and a thousand kisses.
 What do you say, Lovers?
 Make merry and rejoice with me.*

*Laugh at the cruel snare
 That envelops that proud and haughty lady,
 Rejoice at the bonds and the merciless prison
 That holds her finally a captive.
 Lovers, what do you say?
 Make merry and rejoice with me.*



[7]

Non può ferir Amor
 Se nel mio sen non vien a tôr il strale
 Poich'ogn'arma, ogni foco, ogni rigor
 Lasciò ne la ferita mia fatale.
 Io sono dunque, Amanti,
 Causa dei vostri pianti.

Quando Amor mi piagò
 Tutto raccolse in un il suo potere
 E nell'anima mia tutte lasciò
 L'armi con cui talhor dà pene fiere.
 Io sono dunque, Amanti,
 Causa dei vostri pianti.

Torna egli nel mio sen
 Qualhor brama saette per piagare.
 Io son la sua conserva: in me il Velen
 Si rinchiude, ch'altrui morte suol dare.
 Io sono dunque, Amanti,
 Causa dei vostri pianti.

Se deriva da me
 Quel fuoco, che vi strugge a tutte l'ore,
 Perché tardate dunque ohimé, perché
 Non risanate ognun l'afflitto core?
 Deh, vendicate, Amanti,
 Con la mia morte i pianti.



[8]

Quando Amor dentr'un cor prende ricetto,
 Primavera gentil apre nel petto,
 Tosto disombra i tenebrosi horri
 E semina di speme herbe e fiori.

*Love can no longer strike
 If he does not recover his arrows from my heart,
 For all his weapons, all fires and torments
 He left in my fateful wound.
 Lovers, I am thus the cause
 Of your misfortunes.*

*When Love did wound me,
 Together he gathered all his power
 And left within my soul
 All those weapons that can cause such dire pains.
 Lovers, I am thus the cause
 Of your misfortunes.*

*He reverts to my heart whenever
 He needs a dart to strike another.
 I am the vial in which the poison
 Is kept that gives all others death.
 Lovers, I am thus the cause
 Of your misfortunes.*

*If indeed from me does come the fire
 That torments you all the while,
 Why tarry then? Why don't you all
 Heal your afflicted hearts?
 Lovers, with my death
 Avenge your misfortunes.*

*When Love makes his abode inside a heart
 He brings along a gentle Spring
 That clears all the wintry darkness
 And plants the seeds of Hope's grass and flowers.*

Quindi, armato di fiamme e fulminante,
Calda Estate saetta al fido amante.
Arde 'l meschin, né sa trovar quiete
E langue e more d'amorosa sete.

De la calda stagion l'ardor temprato,
Gira ben poi l'Autunno sospirato,
Che per giusta mercé di sua fatica
Si miete alfin qualche amorosa spica.

Ma qual piacer non ha sua meta in doglia?
Vien ben tosto il Verno e i campi spoglia
Dove dianzi piovea sua grazie il cielo,
Di fredda gelosia nevica il gelo.

Occhi ver me crudeli, a sì gran torto
Colsi ben io del mio languir conforto
Ma strugge hor, lasso, cruda gelosia
Le gioie, onde il mio cor lieto fioria.

9

Sotto aspetto ridente
D'angelico seren,
Stassi invisibilmente
Celato empio velen.
Non si creda ad Amor,
Amor amico,
O che fiero, che fiero nemico!

In sembianze di pace
Promette ei ben pietà,
Ma snoda poi fallace
L'armi di crudeltà.
Non si creda ad Amor,
Amor amico,
O che fiero, che fiero nemico!

*Then, with the thundering heat of Summer,
He sets on fire the faithful lover.
The poor wreck burns and can't find peace,
And he languishes and dies of his thirst for love.*

*It's then the turn of a much longed for Autumn
Which, tempering the ardour of the heated season,
As a just reward for his labours,
Lets him harvest some fruits of Love's reward.*

*But what pleasure does not end in pain?
Winter comes soon enough to make barren fields
Where the heavens were pouring on their graces,
And bring down the cold frost of jealousy.*

*A comfort for my languishing, all I got
Was her eyes turning hostile toward me.
Alas, cruel jealousy destroys now the joys
That made my heart grow happy.*



*Under the smiling looks
Of an angelic happiness
There is, invisible,
A hidden deadly poison.
Don't believe in Love!
When Love seems friendly,
What cruel enemy he turns out to be!*

*He looks so peaceful
As he promises clemency,
And then, duplicitous,
He unshield his cruel weapons.
Don't believe in Love!
When Love seems friendly,
What cruel enemy he turns out to be!*

Ben può il mio cor avvinto
Dirlo d'ogni altro più,
Che tradito, non vinto
Così dall'empio fu.
Non si creda ad Amor,
Amor amico,
O che fiero, che fiero nemico!

Mentre guerrier lontano
Di morte ei mi sfidò,
Ogni colpo fu vano,
Ogni stral si spuntò.
Non si creda ad Amor,
Amor amico,
O che fiero, che fiero nemico!

Ma con due labbra accorte,
Poiché un bacio ei mi diedè,
Volontario le porte
Io li apersi, ohimè!
Non si creda ad Amor,
Amor amico,
O che fiero nemico!

Or ch'egli aperto ha il loco,
Non più la fè mantien,
Ma mette a ferro, a fuoco
E tutto a frangere il sen.
Non si creda ad Amor,
Amore amico,
Oche fiero, che fiero nemico!

10

Amore io più non ardo.
Dal chiaro Ciel d'un viso
Lampeggi un dolce riso,
Folgori un caro sguardo,

*Better than anyone else's
Can my enslaved heart
Tell how, betrayed, not fairly defeated,
It was by that wicked one.
Don't believe in Love!
When Love seems friendly,
What cruel enemy he turns out to be!*

*When, from a distance,
He challenged me to mortal combat,
His arrows went amiss,
His every strike was all in vain.
Don't believe in Love!
When Love seems friendly,
What cruel enemy he turns out to be!*

*But when, with enticing lips,
He bestowed a kiss on me,
Alas, all too willingly,
I opened the gates to my heart.
Don't believe in Love!
When Love seems friendly,
What cruel enemy he turns out to be!*

*Now that he's stormed my fortress
No longer does he hold to his promises,
But sets everything on fire
And strikes his sword deep into my heart.
Don't believe in Love!
When Love seems friendly,
What cruel enemy he turns out to be!*



*Love, I burn no longer.
Should a heavenly visage
Ever flash the sweetest smile
Or dart a most loving glance,*

Ché l'amoroso ardore
Non sente l'anima. No, libero ho 'l core.

Per le rose, e per gli ori
D'un bel volto e d'un crine,
Per bellezze divine
Di lucidi splendori
Più non languisco e moro.
Amo il tuo bello, Amor, ma non l'adoro.

Cadei, supplice amante,
Alle lusinghe, ai baci
Di doi labbra vivaci,
E Amor fu trionfante.
Fui vinto, io lo confesso,
Hor l'impero ho di me, torno a me stesso.

Nell' Oceano immenso
D'accecato affetto,
Lusinghiero diletto,
Fallace guida il senso.
Nella reggia dell'anima
Libertade e Ragion porta la palma.

[11]

Empio cor, più non ti credo,
Alm' infida, più non t'amo,
Né a le pene antiche riedo,
Donn'ingrata, né ti bramo.
E già che da tuoi lacci ho tratto il piede
Più segno non vedrai della mia fede.

Se fu già tua chioma d'oro
Caro laccio al nostro amore
E sì ricco e bel tesoro
M'allettò con l'anima il core,

*The fires of Love
Don't touch my soul. My heart is free.*

*The roses of a beautiful visage,
The gold of hair so fair,
The divine beauties
Of such shining eyes
No longer make me languish and die.
Love, I cherish your beauty without adoring it.*

*I did fall, a suppliant lover,
For the enticing kisses
Of two most vivid lips
And Love was triumphant.
I was conquered, I confess it.
But now I am again my own master.*

*In the immense ocean
Of blinded Love,
Enticing pleasure
Deceives the senses,
In the soul's castle
Freedom and Reason rule victorious.*



*Deceitful heart, I believe you no longer,
Untrustworthy soul, I love you no more,
I will not revert to my pain of yore,
I long for you no more, ungrateful woman.
Now that I freed myself from your snares,
You'll see no longer a sign of my love.*

*If your golden hair was one day
A lovely enticement for my love
And this rich, beautiful treasure
Ensnared my heart and soul,*

Hor che mendace ogn'opra tua si vede,
Per tua frode mutar, non vo mia fede.

Arsi e piansi e dal tuo fuoco
Nel mio sen scintilla face.
Stolto e pazzo, in ogni loco,
Sol per te non trovai pace.
Ma già che disperata è la mercede,
Involo dal tuo amor ogni mia fede.

Ogni riso tuo disprezzo
Che fu dianzi gioia al seno.
Non mi curo di tuo vezzo,
Né di sguardo più sereno.
Ben è sciocco colui che più ti crede
E pazza tu, se stimi aver mia fede.

Sciolto, sciolto, rido e scherzo,
Libertà dolce e soave!
Amor più non vo tuo scherzo,
Troppo è duro e troppo è grave.
Al suo primiero stato il mio cor riede,
E sciolta da tua frode è la mia fede.

12

Gioite, danzate,
Ridete, cantate,
O pastorelle amate,
Ch'ormai s'infiora
La bella, bella Aurora.
Tutta lieta e ridente sen vien,
Par ch'Amore le scherza nel sen.

Venite festose,
Leggiadre, vezzose,
O belle più che rose,
Ch'i prati ameni

*Now that your deceit transpires in all your deeds,
I will not change my heart for all your tricks.*

*I wept and burned; you sparked
A great fire in my heart.
I was foolish, I was mad,
Because of you nowhere could I find peace.
As there is not the slightest hope of reward,
I take away all my trust in your love.*

*I scorn that smile of yours
That used to bring joy to my heart.
I do not care for the charms of your beauty,
Nor do I care for your most loving glances.
A fool is he who still believes in you,
And you are mad if you think you have my love.*

*Completely free, I laugh and joke.
O how sweet and balmy is my freedom.
Love, I care no longer for your jests,
They are too harsh and cruel.
My heart reverts to its earlier state,
Your deceits have broken the bond of love.*



*Dance and rejoice,
Laugh and sing,
Beloved shepherdesses,
For beautiful Dawn
Is now in full flower.
Happy and smiling she's coming to us,
Methinks Love is playing in her heart.*

*Ye that are fairer than roses,
So pretty, so graceful,
Come and rejoice.
These meadows so pleasant*

Di fior, di fior son pieni.
Hor che tutto si vede fiorir,
Tal stagione c'invit' al gioir.

Vedete, sentite
Gustate, gioite
O pastorelle ardite,
Che gli augelletti
Con dolci, dolci affetti
Tutti lieti van cantando ognhor.
Par che dicano: Viva l'Amor.

Seguite tal stile
S'havete simile
Il viso ad Aprile,
Ch'il tempo fugge
E 'l bel e 'l bel distrugge.
La beltà si vedrà scolorir
Né gioverà dopo il pentir.

13

Lontan dal tuo bel volto
Ho visto pochi soli,
Ch'il caro nodo sciolto
Tosto l'amor m'involi.
Anch'io dunque, incostante,
Rompo la fedeltà.
Ma vedrem, Alma volante,
Chi di noi si pentirà.

Dove son le promesse,
Le parole giurate,
Quelle lagrime spesse
Nel mio partir versate.
Folle è ben ed errante
Chi mai ti crederà.
Ma vedrem, alma volante,
Chi di noi si pentirà.

*Are now filled with flowers
Now that one sees everything in bloom
Such season bids us to rejoice.*

*Look and listen,
Taste and enjoy,
Impish shepherdesses.
The little birds
In ways so sweet
Keep singing merrily, merrily.
Methinks in praise of Love they are singing.*

*If Spring glows still
On your faces
Sing, o sing like the birds,
For Time keeps going
And destroys all that is beautiful.
And when your beauty will fade
It will be too late to regret its going away.*



Away from your beautiful visage
I haven't seen many starry eyes
That would make Love rob me again
Of the loosened knot that tied me.
So I, too, am now inconstant
And break my faith.
But we shall see, my flighty soul,
Who of us will then regret it.

Where are all those promises,
Those oaths of loyalty,
Those many tears shed
As I was going away.
Mad and sadly mistaken
Is he who ever believes in you.
But we shall see, my flighty soul,
Who of us will then regret it.

I nostril voti il ciel
 Pien di pietà riceve e porge aita,
 E tu sdegni, crudel,
 I voti del cor mio, de la mia vita.
 E dal mio sen che langue
 Miri sdegnosa a scaturirmi il sangue.

Son cari a' sommi dei
 Le vittime, gl'incendi, i doni, i prieghi,
 E tu che Diva sei
 I sacrifici miei ricever neghi.
 Così il mio cor, diviso,
 Piange in faccia all'altar del tuo bel viso.

Candidi e vaghi fiori
 Il cielo porge all'alba in sul mattino.
 A te che m'innamori,
 Amorosetta, io porto il gelsomino.
 Tu rifiutasti, altera,
 Della mia bianca fè l'immagine vera.

Ma, superba, ricusa
 Li miei poveri doni e i voti sprezza
 Chè l'anima, a pianger usa,
 Saprà adorar anco la tua fierezza,
 Chè, in vilipeso core,
 D'angosce, di martir si pasce Amore.

Andrò piangendo solo,
 Per deserte contrade, afflitto, errante,
 E, col pensier, a volo
 Innalzerommi al ciel del tuo sembiante,
 E i rifiutati doni
 Narreranno ad Amor le mie ragioni.

*The pitiful Heavens accept
 Our vows and offer succour,
 Whereas, in your cruelty,
 You scorn my life and heart's vows
 And only glance disdainfully at the blood
 That springs forth from my wounded breast.*

*The immortal Gods are pleased
 By sacrificial victims, burnt offerings and prayers,
 But you, yourself a Goddess,
 Reject all my sacrifices.
 And so my mortally wounded heart
 Weeps before the altar of your beauteous visage.*

*The sky salutes the coming of Dawn
 With beautiful white flowers.
 To you, my dear Love that make me love you so,
 I bring the jasmine.
 But, in your cruel pride,
 You've refused the true image of my pure love.*

*My proud lady rejects my poor gifts
 And disdains my vows.
 My soul, so used to weeping
 Will adore your pride as well,
 For, in a scorned heart,
 Love is nourished by pain and suffering.*

*Alone, sad and wandering,
 I will go on weeping through deserted fields,
 And, in my thoughts, I'll raise myself in flight
 Up to the heavens of your divine looks,
 And the gifts that you refused
 Will reveal to Love all my reasons.*



Mai più durò d'Amor sì lunga Guerra,
 Mai visse tanto un cor
 Sotto legge tirannica e severa
 Di donna ch'ha per fin darmi dolor.
 Lidia, non più,
 Hai vinto, su!
 O dal petto dolente il spirito toglimi,
 O del tuo sen nel paradiso accogliami.

Se gioisci al mio mal, che badi, hor prendi
 Il sommo dei piacer.
 Contendimi il mirarti e tosto attendi,
 Senza pur dir, me morto cader.
 Lidia, non più...

Pur sai, crudel, che senza te non posso
 Viver se non meschin,
 E il mal che è penetrato insin all'osso,
 Sol dalla tua pietà spera il suo fin.
 Lidia, non più...

Io so pur d'esser quel per cui dicesti
 Serbarsi ogni piacer,
 Ma sotto accenti grati, effetti mesti,
 Veggio che a darmi morte hai sol pensier.
 Lidia, non più...

Bella sovra ogni bella, ecco rivolgo
 A te, supplice e humil,
 E mentre io prego, ohimé, che'l freno io sciolgo
 Al pianto che ti irriga il sen gentil,
 Lidia, il tuo sen
 Rendimi pien
 Non di severità crudel che esamina,
 Ma di piacer che imparadisi l'anima.

*Never did the war of Love last so long,
 Never did a heart live so long
 Under such harsh tyranny
 Imposed by a woman who just cherishes my pain.
 No longer, Lydia,
 You won!
 Take my life from my sorrowful heart
 Or take me to the paradise of your breast.*

*If you rejoice at the pain you mean to cause
 Make it then your pleasure supreme.
 Forbid my seeing you and, without a word,
 You'll see me drop dead on the spot.
 No longer, Lydia...*

*You know, my cruel one, that, without you,
 I can only live in utter misery.
 The ailment that affects now my very bones
 Can be cured only by your pity.
 No longer, Lydia...*

*I know I'm the one for whom you said
 Every pleasure was to be reserved,
 But with pleasant words and sad looks
 I can see you only mean to give me death.
 No longer, Lydia...*

*O beauty above all beauties,
 A humble suppliant, I turn to you
 And, as I pray and openly let my tears
 Irrigate your delicate breast,
 Lydia, give me
 Your heart completely,
 No longer full of harshness and cruel judgment
 But of pleasures that are heavenly to my soul.*



16

Rompi, rompi, mio core,
 Quell' amoroso laccio
 Già sì soave impaccio
 Onde t' avvinse il tuo nemico Amore,
 Poiché, sì cruda e ria,
 Non conosce pietà la Donna mia.

Spegni, spegni quel foco
 Onde sì dolce ardesti
 Per doi lumi celesti,
 Il tuo incendio, il tuo mal prendendo in gioco.
 Pospia che già mai fia
 Che si mova a pietà la Donna mia.

Non mirate più mai
 Il suo leggiadro viso
 Già vostro Paradiso,
 O senza premio lagrimosi rai,
 Poiché non è che stia
 Ov' alberga pietà la Donna mia.

E se l'empia mia sorte
 Vuol che sol col morire
 Finisca il mio martire,
 Sciolga il nodo d'Amor colpo di morte,
 Che morirò ben pria
 Ch'abbia di me pietà la Donna mia.

17

Al seren del tuo volto,
 Nottoletta d'Amore,
 Tra dolce laccio involto
 Su l'ali de'sospir vola il mio core.
 Ma quando irati scoccano
 Gl'occhi lividi,
 A nemi strali fioccano

*Tear, O tear apart, my heart,
 That loving snare
 That was such pleasing hindrance
 When Love, your enemy, caught you in it.
 Ever cruel and wicked,
 My Lady knows not pity.*

*Quench, O quench that fire
 That burned you O so gently
 For two heavenly eyes
 Without your heeding your fiery torment.
 For it shall never be
 My Lady to pity will be moved.*

*O my ever tearful eyes without respite,
 Never look again
 At her enchanting visage
 That made you feel in Heaven,
 For where there is pity
 My Lady will never dwell.*

*And if my cruel destiny
 Wills that my suffering
 Only end in death,
 Let Death then cut this knot of love,
 For surely will I die long before
 My Lady will have pity on me.*



*To the serenity of your visage,
 My adorable coquette,
 My heart, so sweetly ensnared,
 Flies on the wings of a sigh.
 But when your eyes
 Turn cold in anger and shoot
 Clouds of wounding arrows*

Troppo rigidi
Onde gridar deggio sempre languendo:
Soccorri, soccorri, Mia Lilla, ch'io moro.
O strani dolori!
Mio caro tesoro,
Soccorri, ch'io moro.

D'un tuo vezzoso ardire,
Qual ape intorno al miele
Sen gira il mio desire,
E tutto gioia spiro ognhor fedele,
Ma, se sdegnata laceri
Implacabile,
Ahi che mi stempri e maceri,
Formidabile;
Onde gridar deggio...

Al gioir d'un tuo riso,
Tortorella amorosa,
Pende dal tuo bel viso
Tutta l'anima mia, lieta e gioiosa.
Ma quando il ciglio inturbidi,
Fiera e rigida,
Ahi, che mi sbrani e turbidi
L'alma frigida,
Onde gridar deggio...

Deh, non far più ch'io miri
Quei tuoi belli occhi irati,
Fa ch'il tuo fido aspiri
Goder gioie d'Amor, frutti bramati.
Che, se placata godoti
Pazientissima,
T'adoro e sempre lodoti
Cortesissima;
Onde cantando andrò, felice amante.
Mia Lilla, mia Lilla,

*That are so hard to bear
That, languishing, I am moved to cry:
Succour me for I'm dying, my Lilla!
Such strange pains!
Help me, my darling,
Or I will die for sure.*

*When you dare to be so adorably seductive,
Just like a bee around sweet honey
My passionate desire turns entirely to you
And, forever faithful, I live in pure joy.
But if in implacable anger
You lash at me,
Alas, your fearful power
Sickens and destroys me so
That languishing I am moved to cry...*

*At a joyful flashing of your laughter,
My loving dove,
My whole soul, happy and joyful,
Is intent on your lovely face,
But when you frown
In cold anger,
You storm and tear apart
My frightened soul so
That languishing I am moved to cry...*

*Please never let me see again
Your beautiful eyes flashing in anger,
Let your faithful lover hope
To rejoice in the longed for joys of Love,
For if I rejoice at your forbearance
When you calm down,
I adore and praise you always
When you are most courteous, so
That, a happy lover, I'll be moved to sing:
O Lilla, my Lilla,*

Che sperì, che taci.
Amore sfavilla,
Congiungasi i baci
O molli o mordaci.

*You hope and keep silent.
Love is in full bloom:
Let our lips be joined in kisses
Either languid or passionate.*



18

Io non vo' pianger più.
Mira e infinga tu
Quanto pur sai.
Ai lusinghieri rai
Occhi di talpa havrò.
Se tu sarai Sirena, Aspe io sarò.

*No more will I cry!
Look and feign
With all your art.
Blind as a mole
I'll be to your enticing looks.
If a siren you will be, an asp will be I.*

Se ti manca pietà,
Che val tua beltà,
Lidia spietata?
D'una gemma pregiata
Picciol ghiaccio talhor
Oscuro il lume fa, vile il valor.

*If you are not capable of pity,
To what end is your beauty,
Cruel Lydia?
A bit of frost sometimes
Will darken all the brightness
Of a precious stone and cheapen it.*

Ben m'udisti cantar,
Ben m'udisti lodar
I tuoi sembianti,
Ma furono i miei canti
D'huomo che, coi martir
Costretto è da reo giudice a mentir.

*You heard me sing,
You heard me praise
The features of your face,
Yet mine was the song
Of a man who, under torture,
Is made to lie by a wicked judge.*

Vuoi che creda al tuo ben?
Anco l'angue crudel
Piace e alletta,
Anco il fuoco diletta,
Anco il ciel è seren
E pur quest' arde, e quel vibra il balen.

*Should I believe in your love?
Even a vicious snake
Can be pleasing and attractive;
Fire, too, will give pleasure,
The sky may appear serene,
But the one will burn, the other strike you
with lightning.*

Rimirar più non suol
A l'esca il cor, ma sol
Hor mira il vischio.
Ogni gioia ha il suo rischio
E libertade al fin
È un tesoro celeste, è un ben divin.

*My heart no longer
Wonders at the bait;
It now looks for the trap.
All happiness has
A margin of risk,
But freedom is a god-given, heavenly gift.*



19

Superbetta, sei pur colta.
Al fuggir non havrai scampo
Questa volta.
Dolce campo
Fian d'amor l'herbett'e i fiori.
Odi, Clori, il mio desio.
Com'amica ti vogl'io.

*For all your pride, you are caught, my Dear,
And won't be able to run away
This time.
Our sweet bed
Of Love will be sweet herbs and flowers.
Chloris, hark to my desire,
I yearn for your love.*

Di che temi, semplicetta?
Perché fuggi Amor, repent
Qual saetta?
Dolcemente,
Sotto l'ombre vaghe e amene
Tante pene fian temprate
Da quest' aure dolci e grate.

*Don't be afraid, simple girl;
Why do you so swiftly run from Love
Like an arrow?
O so sweetly,
In this pleasant shade,
All your worries will be cured
By these sweet and fragrant breezes.*

Vedi l'Alba che c'invita,
Odi l'Aura e il mormorio,
Dolce vita
Di quell rio,
Che con piedi di cristalli
Par che balli; e quelle fronde
Che, piegate, bacian l'onde.

*See how Dawn is bidding us.
Listen to the breeze and the murmur,
O so lively,
Of that brook.
With crystal feet
It seems to dance, while those branches,
All bent down, kiss the gentle waves.*

Vedi come volan snelli
Verdi, bianchi, gialli e azzurri
Quegli augelli,

*See those birds how neatly do they fly,
White and green, blue and yellow,
In the sky.*

E i sussurri
Ferman spesso d'aura e venti,
Che, ridenti, vanno loro
Per amor formando un choro.

Vedi come per le strade
Vola l'Alba e su' fiori
Di rugiade
Stilla humori.
Così dolci effetti e cari
Non impari; taci, taci,
Lacia, lascia ch'io ti baci.



20

Cruda e proterva,
Nemica d'amore,
Fai dunque conserva
D'asprezze il tuo core.
A tanta mia fede
Dai morte in mercede.
Ahi fiera, Ahi spietata!
A me che t'adoro tu sei così ingrata.
Me stesso abborrisco che tanto t'ho amata.

Se l'oro nei crini
Natura ti pose,
Nei labbri i rubini,
Nel volto le rose,
Dal tempo sie in breve
Oro il viso, il crin neve.
Ahi fiera, Ahi spietata!
A me che t'adoro tu sei così ingrata.
Me stesso abborrisco che tanto t'ho amata.

*Of winds and air
Of they still the murmurs
Which, smiling, form,
For them, a loving chorus.*

*See how, on the roads,
Dawn flies and distills
Fresh dew-drops
On all the flowers.
Such sweet, such pleasing things
You don't wish to learn; but hush,
Just let me, let me kiss you.*

*Proud and haughty,
The true enemy of love,
You make your heart
A preserve of harshness.
You offer me death
In exchange for my faithful love.
O cruel and pitiless one!
You are so ungrateful to him that adores you.
I hate myself for loving you so.*

*If Nature put gold in your hair
Rubies on your lips,
Roses on your cheeks,
Time will soon enough
Put gold on your cheeks
And snow in your hair.
O cruel and pitiless one!
You are so ungrateful to him that adores you.
I hate myself for loving you so.*

La neve del seno,
Degli occhi i bei rai
Per cui venni meno
Et arsi e gelai,
Languenti e cadute
Vedrò in mia salute.
Ahi fiera, Ahi spietata!
A me che t'adoro tu sei così ingrata.
Me stesso abborrisco che tanto t'ho amata.

*The snow in your breast,
The sparkling in your beautiful eyes
That caused me to faint
And made me in turn burn and freeze,
I will see extinguished and droopy.
I will be well then,
O cruel and pitiless one!
You are so ungrateful to him that adores you.
I hate myself for loving you so.*



21

Folle, folle chi crede
Che quell'infido core
Sia tempio mai di fede
Oppur nido d'Amore.
Ella sol ama e sospira
Colui ch'ultimo la mira.

*He is mad who believes
That deceitful heart
To be a temple of trust
Or a nest of Love.
She only loves and desires
The last one who notices her.*

Esca ad ogni favilla,
Bersaglio ad ogni strale,
Tosto avvampa e sfavilla,
Tosto ha piaga mortale.
Ella sol ama e sospira
Colui ch'ultimo la mira.

*Fuel for the smallest of sparks,
A target for every arrow,
She's instantly on fire
Instantly she is mortally wounded.
She only loves and desires
The last one who notices her.*

Più salda al vento è fronda,
Men leggiera è la spuma,
Più ferma in aria è piuma,
Men volubile è l'onda.
Ella sol ama e sospira
Colui ch'ultimo la mira.

*A leaf will withstand much longer the wind,
Foam is much more consistent,
Far less mobile is a plume in the air,
Far less mutable the mutable wave.
She only loves and desires
The last one who notices her.*

Ne le sue reti presa,
Poiché un'anima vede,
Tosto la mente intesa
Voglie a novelle prede.

*When she spots a soul
Caught in her snare,
Instantly her mind is set upon
Wanting new preys.*

Ella sol ama e sospira
Colui ch'ultimo la mira.

Io non però ti accuso
Se più in un momento
Centò pensier e cento;
Anzi Lidia ti scuso,
Poiché fuor de le lor salme
In te vivono mille Alme.

22

Sprezzami, Bionda, e fuggimi,
Straziami pur e struggimi.
Cruda in amar,
Sta sempre e sdegnosa.
Qual diva pietosa,
Ti voglio adorar.

Perché a te sola,
Ben che spietata,
Dal cor beata
L'alma s'en vola
Tal che, senz'altro premio bramar,
Ti voglio adorar.

Dunque sta pur durissima
Et ognhor meco asprissima,
Sorda al pregar,
Sta sempre rubella.
Qual diva novella
Ti voglio adorar.

Che 'l tuo veleno,
Aspe d'amore,
Ebro sì il core
Rendemi el' seno,

*She only loves and desires
The last one who notices her.*

*I do not scold you
If, in a moment, you hold
Hundreds, hundreds of thoughts.
On the contrary, I excuse you,
Since, out of their bodies,
In your heart you hold thousands of souls.*



*Bionda, spurn and avoid me,
Torment me and tear me apart,
Ever cruel in love,
Be always disdainful.
Yet, as a compassionate deity
I will always adore you.*

*For to you alone,
Though so heartless,
My soul joyfully flies
From within my heart.
And, wishing no other reward,
I will always adore you.*

*Go on being harsh,
Always be cruel to me.
Deaf to my entreaties,
Be ever inimical to me.
Yet, as a new kind of deity
I will always adore you.*

*Your venom,
Love asp that you are,
So inebriates my heart
Within my breast*

Ch'ad altra gioia senza aspirar
Ti voglio adorar.

Fa ch'alla fine atterrimi
Doglia, ch'in tomba serrimi,
Ch'io, nel mancar
Fra strazij e offese,
Qual diva cortese
Ti voglio adorar.

Che nel troncarmi,
Parca vitale,
Mio fil mortale,
Vita puoi darmi
Tal che, senza altra morte bramar,
Ti voglio adorar.

Florido, in pace, languido
Sì disse a Bionda e, pallido
L'empia ascoltar
Non volle, fuggendo;
Riprese ei dicendo:
Ti voglio adorar.

Ella più allhora
Move il piede ingrato;
Quel, come alato
Seguela, e plora,
Né de dir mesto sapea restar:
Ti voglio adorar.

*That, wishing no other joy,
I will always adore you.*

*Cause me such sorrow
And drive me to the grave,
Yet, as I'll be dying
Torn and tormented,
As a kind deity
I will always adore you.*

*For, as you're cutting
The thread of my life,
Life-giving Parca that you are,
You give me such life
That, wishing no other death,
I will always adore you.*

*Thus Florido, languid and at peace,
Spoke to Bionda, and, pale as he was,
Did not care to listen
To the wicked one, and fled
Saying once more:
I will always adore you.*

*Ungrateful, she moves her feet
Even faster in the other direction;
As if he had wings,
He follows her sadly lamenting
And could not stop saying again:
I will always adore you.*



23

Breve è la vita, Amor,
Lunga la speme
Onde m'allett' il cor,
E quelle pene

*Love, Life is short
While the hopes
That make my heart rejoice
And the pain*

Onde per te languì tanto il cor mio
Tropo, ah, pur troppo ancor pianger degg'io.

Quanta si deggia fè
Ad un bel viso
Il so per prova, ohimè;
Così trae fiso
A mirar sua beltà fera fallace
Che poi divora altrui, cruda e vorace.

Tu ti nutri, crudel,
Solo del sangue
Del servo tuo fedel
E quindi esangue
Porta consparso ogni più fido amante
Del color della morte il suo sembiante.

Occhi belli però
Di qualche pianto
Con voi patteggerò,
Ma non già tanto
Ch'al foco dei sospir stillato, il core
Dal lume di quest'occhi esca poi fuore.

Sempre, sempre languir
Sarebbe morte
E non Amor seguir,
E se per sorte
Deggio in Amore i giorni miei fornire,
Vuò di dolcezza, e non di duol, morire.

L'alma vi adorerà
Pur ch'un sol raggio
Rimiri di pietà.
Così in viaggio
Chiede qualche ristoro il Pellegrino
Per più franco seguir lungo cammino.

*That caused my heart to suffer so
I must lament, so much lament again.*

*Alas, I have too well experienced
The cost of true love
for such a wondrous face.
Thus a deceitful serpent
Attracts its prey to gaze transfixed at its beauty
Only to devour it ravenously in its cruelty.*

*You feed, o cruel one,
Only on the blood
Of your faithful servant,
And that is why, in their pallor,
The faces of all faithful lovers
Bear all over the colour of death.*

*For you, beautiful eyes,
Some tears I am willing
To barter still,
But not so many,
That, distilled by the fire of my sighs,
My heart may fall out with the light of my eyes.*

*It would be death for sure
To languish all the time,
And not a Love pursuit;
And if, by chance,
Must I end my days in Love,
In happiness, not in sorrow do I wish to die.*

*My soul will only adore you
So long as I can see in you
At least one ray of pity.
Thus, along his wandering,
Does the pilgrim beg for some refreshment
All the better to continue on his long way.*





Petrarch's *Canzoniere* comprises 365 poems plus an introductory sonnet, one poem for each day of the year, taken to represent the entire cycle of life. Alessandro Grandi's *Cantade et Arie* contains 24 compositions, we might say, one for every hour of the day to signify the much shorter season of youth and love.

Indeed, the poems set to music by Grandi show a consistent view of love. If youth naturally inclines to love, love appears to be, for the most part, a painful and sorrowful experience. If it can sometimes provide the uncomplicated joy of conquest and seduction, which is always the basis of its initial, sensual attraction, it soon turns into a form of hopeless bondage, desperate longing, tragic unhappiness, alienation. The lady who's the object of love is not the Petrarchan ideal, but a concrete woman, whose main attribute seems to be mere physical beauty that will eventually fade with age. Women should be aware that their attractiveness is only temporary and should, therefore, reward their lovers. Instead, they appear to merely enjoy their power over them and rejoice in humiliating them. The only way out, the solution to the pains of love, is to fall out of love. Regaining one's freedom and rational control is the only healing process for the disease that is love.

It must be said as well that these poems show such a consistent uniformity of style and language that it is tempting to suggest a possible single authorship. The author has a solid grasp of the literary language and writes with elegance and metrical skill, though, at times, he could do *better*. Moreover, he has a Venetian accent that has not been corrected through visits to other cities. He writes:

E tu, ninfa cara,
La pena mia *nara*

Nara instead of *narra* is an unforgivable poetic licence that only in Venice and nowhere else in Italy could be justified by the necessity of a rhyme. This and some other facile phrases and rhymes show that the author wrote somewhat in a hurry, less concerned for elegance of diction than rhythmic structure. Consider moreover that more than half of the poems have refrains after each stanza, that others have longer lines particularly positioned or other devices to invite or suggest musical repetition, and the realization is inescapable that they were written to be set to music, if not with music in mind already.

Grandi calls his compositions *Cantade*. The word is Venetian for *Cantate*, and even today, in the lands influenced by the Venetian dialect, when people gather to sing, they call it *far una cantada*, a situation where words cannot exist without music and vice versa. This must have been the pretext for introducing the word into the musical vocabulary. It is for all of these reasons that I believe Alessandro Grandi is the author of both words and music. I am aware that an exception has been made for *Sprezzami*, *Bionda*, e *fuggimi*, but this may just be a case where the exception confirms the rule.

—Gabriele Erasmi, PhD

For over thirty years Gabriele Erasmi has taught, at McMaster University, Italian, Comparative Literature, Romance and Indo-European Linguistics. He has given papers at more than fifty national and international Conferences, has published numerous articles and a couple of books. He is profoundly interested in music and has given papers and published articles on Verdi and Rossini, and has collaborated with Alan Walker on a documentary book on Liszt.



Bud Roach



Described by the Toronto star as a “must-hear lyric tenor”, **Bud Roach** performs frequently with Canada’s leading ensembles of both early and contemporary music. Regular appearances include the Toronto Consort, the Aradia Ensemble, Soundstreams Canada, the Musicians in Ordinary, Talisker Players, the Elmer Iseler Singers, the Toronto Continuo Collective, and his own early music vocal ensemble Capella Intima.

He began his musical career as an oboist, earning a Master of Music degree from Yale University, and holding positions with several orchestras in the U.S., including the Toledo Symphony and Buffalo Philharmonic.

Since beginning anew as a tenor in 2005, and forming Capella Intima in 2008, Bud has focussed his efforts on presenting music outside of the traditional canon, with an emphasis on the somewhat lost art of the self-accompanied singer. He has brought the same spirit of musical discovery to his premiere performances of works by many Canadian composers, including Christopher Butterfield, Andrew Staniland, Jeffrey Ryan, R. Murray Shafer, Norbert Palej, and Melissa Hui.



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Terry King, (b.1938)





“Bridge of Sighs” *Terry King, (b.1938)*