



Saturday 14 October, 7.30pm

St George's Church

THE EXCELLENCE OF WOMEN

Fieri Consort

Hannah Ely *soprano*

Sarah Anne Champion and

Lucy Goddard *mezzo-sopranos*

Tom Kelly and Oscar Golden-Lee *tenors*

Ben Rowarth *bass*

with

Harry Buckoke *viola da gamba*

Toby Carr *lute, theorbo*

Aileen Henry *harp*

Maddalena Casulana c.1544–c.1590

Il primo libro di madrigali a cinque voci:

Come fiammeggia e splende

Aura, che mormorando al bosco

Così non senti mai novo furore

Io d'odorate frondi e di bei fiori

Se vedrem poi destarsi lieta e bella

Barbara Strozzi 1619–1677

Il primo libro di madrigali Op. 1:

Godere in gioventù

Casulana

Caro dolce mio, Amore

Tu mi dicesti, Amore

Strozzi

Il contrasto di cinque sensi

Casulana

Datemi pace, o duri i miei pensieri!

Il secondo libro di madrigali a quattro voci:

O notte, o ciel, o mar, o piagge, o monti

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Supported using public funding by

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Casulana	Dolci e vaghi augelletti O messaggier de miei pensieri
Strozzi	Le tre Grazie a Venere
Casulana	Bella d'Amor guerriera
Interval	
Casulana	Hai dispietato Amor Perchè al viso s'Amor portava insegna Tu sei Clitia il sol mio
Strozzi	Donne belle
Casulana	Faciami quanto vol fortuna ria Ben veggio di lontano il dolce lume Se da l'ardente humore
Casulana	Morte? Che vuoi? Sei voi sete (<i>instrumental</i>) Ben venga il pastor mio
Strozzi	A dio Lidia, mia bella <i>Cantate, ariette e duetti Op. 2:</i> Morso e bacio dati in un tempo
Casulana	Occhi vaghi e lucenti Come esser Ovunque volgi il piede E se ciò sia godrassi per noi



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The Excellence of Women: Casulana & Strozzi

In 1600, the Venetian writer Lucrezia Marinella (1571-1653) published her *The Nobility and Excellence of Women and the Defects and Vices of Men*, a response to the misogynist diatribe that circulated widely at the end of the 16th century. As a poet, Marinella sought to develop a genuinely female voice for lyric verse, and her polemic was equally ground-breaking: never before had a woman published a formal debate treatise, that not only defended women's intellectual and moral excellence but also pointed out men's shortcomings.

Marinella's life forms a chronological bridge between those of two women – Maddalena Casulana (c.1532–c.1590)* and Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677) – who also were trailblazers. Casulana was the first European woman to publish music under her own name, Strozzi the most prolific composer of secular music of the Venetian 17th century. Like Marinella, Casulana and Strozzi used publication to assert that women's creativity and skill were equal, if not superior, to that of men.

The dedication of Casulana's 1568 book of four-voice madrigals matches Marinella's title in its forthright brio, already done with masculine antipathy: "I want ... to show to the world (to the degree that it is granted to me in this profession of music) the foolish error of men who so greatly believe themselves the masters of high intellectual gifts, which – it seems to them – cannot be equally common among women." Similarly, the opening duet of Strozzi's Opus 1 declares her self-confidence: "crowned with the immortal laurel, perhaps I will be called a new Sappho."

Strozzi's musical development can easily be traced, from her first book of madrigals of 1643, to her final collection of *arie* of 1664. No doubt the choice of more old-fashioned polyphony for five voices ('Il contrasto de' cinque sensi') for her first publication was intended to signal her youthful mastery of 'serious' compositional style under the supervision of her teacher Francesco Cavalli, but thereafter she published almost exclusively solo and duet cantatas. It seems that, with few exceptions, she wrote for her own performance, as both singer and instrumentalist, with a virtuoso quality to both voice and accompaniment.

In her lifetime, too, Casulana was celebrated not only as a composer but also as a singer and instrumentalist. Her musical legacy has, up to now, rested on a single complete book of madrigals, her second four-voice book of 1570, and two incomplete books: the first four-voice book of 1568 and her only five-voice book, published in 1583. The 1570 book shows her to be – just as Strozzi was – an accomplished composer of song and chamber duet. Yet even within the constraints of four-voice composition, she is fond of chromatic twists and rich dissonances, aligning herself squarely with the avant-garde. She even hints at being Cipriano de Rore's disciple, using the opening of the master's 'O sonno' for her own 'O notte, o ciel, o mar.'

A full evaluation of Casulana's style and compositional range was hampered by the loss of the Alto partbook of her five-voice book. However, in October 2021, I was researching a chapter on a related topic when I stumbled across a record of two previously uncatalogued partbooks in a Russian library – including the missing Alto. The recovery of this modest, 24-page booklet effectively doubles the number of works by Casulana available for performance and study. The five-voice madrigals reveal her to be an expert polyphonist, adept at setting the fashionable, short but dense epigram ('Tu mi dicesti, Amore'), but just as skilled at handling multi-part texts by creating grand harmonic architecture (the canzona 'Aura, che mormorando al bosco intorno') – still with her penchant for chromaticism, but over a much larger scale. And yet her

affinity with song is never far away, with a graceful marriage of melody and text that makes each part a delight to sing.

Casulana and Strozzi were objectively brilliant exponents of their craft, and the publications by which we know them today were admired by their contemporaries. There is, nonetheless, a sense from some advocates that their accomplishments were particularly (or only) remarkable because they were women – the early modern equivalent of being “good, for a girl.” Strozzi, wrote in her Opus 5, “since the weaknesses of Woman inhibit me no more than any indulgence of my sex advances me...” suggesting she was past weary of condescension.

Marinella’s assertions that women and men are equal by nature – and that men claim superiority only through constraining women – seem remarkably modern. We can pause to think about just how long women have been aware of the social structures that create barriers to their creativity, and at the same time celebrate those excellent women who have managed nonetheless to create.

Laurie Stras 2022

* I am indebted to Catherine Deutsch of the Université de Lorraine, for sharing with me her as yet unpublished biographical work on Casulana.

The performers

Over the past 10 years, Fieri Consort have explored music from different corners of the European renaissance. The pioneering approach to harmony, word-painting and texture taken by those 16th-century composers has proved an inspiration for our projects which mix the past with the present. Performing without a conductor, Fieri presents innovative and engaging programmes, and specialises in the rich and varied tradition of 16th and 17th-century Italian repertoire. Performing both a cappella and accompanied by early instruments, Fieri’s interpretations are informed by the collective experience and knowledge of the group.

An alumni group from the BREMF Live! young artist scheme in 2014, Fieri were awarded the Cambridge Prize at the York Early Music Festival in 2017. Since then they have released five albums to critical acclaim, with their first disc ‘Tears of a Lover’ being awarded ‘Choral Choice’ of the month by BBC Music Magazine.

fiericonsort.co.uk

The texts

Unless otherwise noted, all translations by Laurie Stras

Come fiammeggia e splende

Come fiammeggia e splende,
Hor quindi, hor quinci il sole
Così di voi, Signore,
Luce l'alto valore.
Che preggio acquista a vostra nobil prole,
Ne perché siate tale
Vien da opra mortale
MA al RIO BEVEste l'ACQUA, che v'infuse
L'Alma virtù de le divine Muse.

How it blazes and shines,
now here, now there, the sun:
So from you, my Lord,
Burns lofty valour.
Such a prize will confer on your noble offspring,
since you are this way
because of mortal agency,
but at the stream you drank the water, which infused you
with the life-giving virtue of the divine Muses.

Aura, che mormorando al bosco

Prima parte

Aura, che mormorando al bosco intorno,
Tempri la fiamma de l'ardente sole.
Volati, prego, hor che su'l mezzo giorno
Te sola attenda e dorme il mio bel sole;
E vaga nel suo morbido soggiorno
Te assidi, e cingi^a di rose e viole
Il biondo crine e d'un sì nobil velo
Che non l'offenda mai caldo, né gelo.

Breeze, that murmuring around the wood
tempers the flame of the ardent sun,
Fly you, I beg, now that at noon
my lovely Sun waits for you alone, and sleeps;
And wander into her soft rest
Sit down by her and weave with roses and violets
and her golden locks such a noble veil
that heat nor cold will never bother her.

Seconda parte

Così non senti mai novo furore
Del freddo Borea combattendo il verno,
Né con turbato ciel, turbato humore
Discenda not'a darti affanno interno;
E'l vivo del tuo caro ardito ardore
Sia teco e nel tuo amante sempiterno:
Né gelosia lo spenga, o nova fiamma,
Lo scemi, o lo consumi a dramma a dramma.

Thus you will never hear the new furore
of the cold Borea combatting the winter,
nor will with turbulent heavens, turbulent water
come down [at night] to give you internal trouble;
and the life of your sweet, bold ardour
will be with you and in your lover forever:
Nor will jealousy extinguish it, o new flame,
or diminish it, or consume it bit by bit.

Terza parte

Io, d'odorate frondi e di bei fiori,
Che la felice Arabia in grembo asconde,
Te sacro un gran altar tra verdi allori^b
Ch'arda mai sempre qui vicino a l'onde;
E de le Ninfe de la nobil Clori
Meco la più leggiadra, in queste sponde,
Canterà le tue lodi ad una ad una
Finché col Sol il ciel tutto s'imbruna.

I, of the fragrant plants and the beautiful flowers,
that happy Arabia hides in her breast,
I will consecrate a grand altar in the green laurels
that will burn forever here by the waves;
and the loveliest of the noble Cloris's Nymphs,
with me on these shores,
will sing your praises to each other
until the sky darkens all [from] the Sun.

Quarta parte

E vedrem poi destarsi, lieta e bella,
Dal dolce sonno la mia cara luce,
E far con l'una e l'altra ardente stella
Invidia al sol quando più splende è luce;
E poi, cantando in questa parte e'n quella,
Con l'armonia che sol al ciel m'adduce
In novo stile, il tuo bel nome eterno
Farà per queste selve estate e verno.

And we will then see her wake up, happy and beautiful,
from sweet sleep, my dear light,
and make one and another burning star
envious of the Sun, since her light is brighter;
and then, singing in this place and in that,
in harmony with which the Sun leads me to heaven
in a new style, your beautiful eternal name
will make summer and winter for these woods.

Godere in gioventù (Giulio Strozzi)

Nel bel fior di gioventù
alle gioie aprire il seno,
donzelle, è gran virtù.

Chi tardi cominciò gode assai meno:
scherniti pentimenti,
che per comprar contenti,
non ha spaccio poi molto
l'argento d'un capel, l'oro d'un volto.

Nel bel fior di gioventù
alle gioie aprire il seno,
donzelle, è gran virtù.

È d'un corto mattin breve il sereno:
bellezze fuggitive,
estinte pria che vive,
in van l'arte vi aiuta,
non si racquista più beltà perduta.

Nel bel fior di gioventù
alle gioie aprire il seno,
donzelle, è gran virtù.

Caro dolce mio, Amore

Caro dolce mio, Amore,
Non mi fuggir, deh, Dio.
Se t'ho donato il core
Che più non vuoi del mio.
Deh non mi far languire
Ch'altro da te non bramo
Se non sol che tu m'ami quanto t'amo.

Tu mi dicesti Amore

Tu mi dicesti, Amore,
Quando de sì bel lume ardesti il core,
Che gl'occhi e l'armonia
Havrian fatto minor pena mia:
Hor che'l cantar non odo
E privo son del lume del bel volto,
Ritornami nel stato onde m'hai tolto.

Il contrasto di cinque sensi (Giulio Strozzi)

Chi di noi vaglia più,
e di gioia maggior ministro sia,
fiera lite ognor fu.
Io miro, io sento, io gusto, io fiuto, io tocco,
e nella donna mia
tal'hor, anco mercé d'un picciol bacio,
tutto trabocco.

In the fair flower of youth,
to open your breast to joy,
young women, is a great virtue.

Whoever begins late enjoys much less:
Scorn your regrets!
For the purchase of happiness
you won't get much
for the silver of a hair, or a face tanned to gold.

In the fair flower of youth,
to open your breast to joy,
young women, is a great virtue.

Serenity lasts only for a short morning,
Beauties are fleeting,
extinguished before they are alive
Artfulness will not help you,
nor can beauty lost be regained.

In the fair flower of youth,
opening your heart to joy,
oh maidens, is a great virtue.

My dear, sweet Love,
do not fly from me, oh God!
If I have given you my heart,
What more do you want than mine?
Oh, do not make me languish,
Since I long for nothing other than you,
save only that you love me as much as I love you.

You told me, Love,
When you inflamed your heart with such a beautiful light,
that the eyes and the music
would have done less injury to me:
now that I don't hear singing
and I am deprived of the light of the beautiful face,
Return me to the state from which you took me.

Which of us is worth the most,
and is the chief minister of joy,
has always been a fierce argument.
I see; I hear; I taste; I smell; I touch;
and into my lady sometimes,
thanks to just one little kiss,
I overflow, everything.

Tocca pur quanto sai,
che nel sol tocco Amore
il verace gioir non pose mai.
Ne sia giudice il cor mesto e languente;
"Ohimè" senti ch'il cor dentro ci dice,
ch'un sol bacio, ch'è niente, il fa felice.

Datemi pace, o duri i miei pensieri!

(Francesco Petrarca)

Datemi pace, o duri miei pensieri!
Non basta ben ch'Amor, Fortuna, et Morte
mi fanno guerra intorno e' n su le porte,
senza trovarmi dentro altri guerreri?

O notte, o ciel, o mar, o piaggie, o monti

(Vincenzo Quirino)

O notte, o ciel, o mar, o piaggie, o monti,
che sì spesso m'udite chiamar morte;
o valli, o selve, o boschi, o fiumi, o fonti,
che foste alla mia vita fide scorte;
o fere snelle che con liete fronti
errando andate con gioiosa sorte;
o testimon de miei sì duri accenti
date audientia insieme a miei lamenti.

Dolci e vaghi augelletti

Dolci e vaghi augelletti
Che per verdi boschetti
Soavi versi ogn' hor gite cantando,
Fate col vostro canto
Noto il mio largo pianto
A quella fera che m'infiamma e strugge,
E ride del mio male
Talché mercè con lei gridar non vale,
Poiché da me si fugge
Et io resto gridando,
"Rendimi il cor da me già posto in bando."

O messaggier de miei pensieri

O messaggier di miei pensieri, Amore,
Vanne dinanzi al mio Signor Gentile
E di, con atto riverente e humile,
Quanto ho desio di dimostrarlob il cuore.
Ma tosto che la man muove e lo stile,
Per honorarlo in parte,
Io mi sento mancar l'ingegno e l'arte.

Touch, then, as much you want,
for with touch alone Love
never brings true joy.
Let the sad, languishing heart be the judge of it;
"Alas!" you hear the heart within say to itself,
and then just one kiss, which is nothing, makes it happy.

Give me some peace, o cruel thoughts of mine!
Isn't it enough that Love, Fortune, and Death
wage war around and at my very gates,
without having to find more foes within?

O night, o sky, o sea, o shores, o mountains,
that so often hear me call upon Death;
o valleys, o forests, o woods, o rivers, o springs,
that have been faithful aides in my life;
you nimble beasts that with happy visages
go wandering with joyful destiny;
o witnesses to my so bitter complaints,
give audience together to my sad laments.

Sweet and lovely little birds
that among the green groves
wander singing sweet verses
make my immense weeping
manifest with your song
to that wild one who inflames and torments me
and laughs at my pain,
so much so that is not worth pleading with her,
since she flees from me
and I remain, wailing,
"Give me back the heart that I have already exiled."

O Love, messenger of my thoughts,
come before my gentle Lord
and say with a reverent and humble act
how much I want to show him my heart:
but as soon as the hand moves, and the pen,
to honour him in part,
I feel a lack of ingenuity and art.

Le tre Grazie a Venere

Bella madre d'Amore,
anco non ti ramembra
che nuda havesti di bellezze il grido
in sul Troiano lido
dal giudice Pastore?
Onde se nuda piaci
insin' a gl'occhi de' bifolchi Idei,
vanarella che sei,
perché vuoi tu con tanti adobbi e tanti
ricopirti a gl'amanti?
O vesti le tue Gratie e i nudi Amori,
o getta ancor tu fuori
gl'arnesi, i mantie i veli:
di quelle care membra
nulla, nulla si celi.
Tu ridi, e non rispondi?
Ah, tu le copri, sì, tu le nascondi,
che sai ch'invoglia più, che più s'apprezza
la negata bellezza.

Beautiful mother of Love,
do you not remember that you were naked
when you won the vote for beauty
on the Trojan shore,
in the shepherd's contest?
So if naked you pleased
the eyes of the peasants of Mount Ida,
vain one that you are,
why do you, with ever so many adornments,
conceal yourself from lovers?
O clothe your Graces and the naked little Cupids,
or you, too, discard
the armour, the mantles, and the veils:
of your dear limbs
let nothing, nothing be concealed.
You laugh, and don't respond?
Ah, you cover them, you hide them,
for you know that hidden beauty,
is more tempting and more prized.

Bella d'Amor guerriera

Bella d'Amor guerriera,
Che guerra e pace porti,
Ben la tua stirpe altera,
BARBARA, non par suoni altro che morti;
Ma l'Angelico nome,
I begli occhi e le chiome,
Il volto e gli atti accorti
Spiran dolci conforti.

Beautiful warrior of Love
you, who bring war and peace,
Indeed, your proud lineage,
Barbara, seems to announce nothing but deaths.
But the angelic name,
the beautiful eyes and the hair,
the face and the quick movements
whisper sweet comforts.

Hai dispietato Amor come consenti

(Bernardo Tasso)

Hai, dispietato Amor, come consenti
ch'io meni vita sì penosa e ria,
solcando un ampio mar d'aspri tormenti
per così lunga e perigliosa via.
Deh, perché fiato de benigni venti
non sospigne la stanca nave mia;
sicché, dopo un camin sì lungo e torto,
possa chiuder la vela in questo porto.

Oh, pitiless Love, how do you consent
that I lead a life so painful and wicked,
cleaving a wide sea of bitter torments
for such a long and perilous journey?
Oh, since the breath of benign winds
do not push on my tired vessel;
therefore, after such a long and misguided route
I might close my sail in this port.

Perchè al viso s'Amor portava insegna

(Francesco Petrarca)

Perch'al viso d'Amor portava insegna,
mosse una pellegrina il mio cor vano,
ch'ogni altra mi pareva d'honor men degna;
Et lei seguendo su per l'erba verdi,
udí dir alta voce di lontano:
"Ahi, quanti passi per la selva perdi!"

Because she bore Love's colours in her face
a pilgrim moved my proud heart –
all others seemed less worthy of honour;
and I following her along green grass,
I heard a loud voice cry out from far away:
"How many steps you are wasting in the forest!"

Alhor mi strinsi a l'ombra d'un bel faggio,
tutto pensoso; e rimirando intorno,
viddi assai periglioso il mio viaggio,
et tornai indietro quasi a mezzo il giorno.

Tu sei, Clitia, il sol mio

Tu sei, Clitia, il sol mio
e trasformato in te, Clitia, son io;
ch'a i rai del tuo bel volto
sempre mi giro e volto.
Haime! quando mai fia
ch'io sia il tuo sol, e tu la luce mia?

Donne belle (Gaudenzio Brunacci)

Donne belle, è vanità
il dire ch'il core
al male d'amore
rimedio non ha.

Altri ha fede alla speranza,
altri al tempo i voti porge,
altri pure alfin s'accorge
che non val la lontananza.
Io ch'a prova il fè
per pietà v'el dirò:
Il rimedio d'Amor è l'incostanza,
E credetelo a me, che così stà.

Donne belle ...

Non tormenta gelosia,
Credeltà non crucia il seno;
Siasi Adone, o sia Bireno,
Mai dira la sorte è ria.
Tal sempre in libertà
Alfin s'accorgerà
Che'l dolersisi d'Amore è una follia,
E credetelo a me, che così stà.

Donne belle ...

Facciami quanto vuol, Fortuna ria

Facciami quanto vuol, Fortuna ria,
che costante sarò sempre d'amarti,
e non pensar ch'io muti fantasia
né che per altro amor debba lasciarti.
Deh, restane secur, anima mia,
ch'io non farò pensier d'abbandonarti,
e se trovo il contrario per mia sorte
più che la vita havrei cara la morte.

So I clung to the shade of a beautiful beech,
all thoughtful; and looking around
I saw how dangerous was my journey;
and I turned back around noon.

You are, Clizia, my sun
and I am transformed, Clizia, in you;
that to the rays of your face
I ever turn and face.
Oh, when will it ever be
that I might be your sun, and you my light?

Beautiful ladies, it's foolish
to say that the heart
has no remedy
for lovesickness.

Some put their faith in hope,
others swear allegiance to time,
others realize that
separation is not a solution.
I, who know from experience,
in sympathy will tell you:
the remedy for love is inconstancy,
and believe me, that's how it is.

Beautiful ladies ...

Jealousy doesn't torment,
Cruelty doesn't torture the breast;
whether it's Adonis or whether it's Bireno,
they'll never say that fate is cruel.
Thus ever remaining free,
in the end you'll see
that suffering from love is folly,
and believe me, that's how it is.

Beautiful ladies ...

Translation by Richard Kolb

Regardless of what wicked Fortune does to me,
I will always be constant in loving you
and do not think that I might change my fancy
nor that for another love I should leave you.
So, rest assured, my soul,
I will not think about abandoning you,
And if I find the opposite as my fate
I would love death more than life.

Ben veggio di lontano il dolce lume

(Francesco Petrarca)

Ben veggio di lontano il dolce lume
ove per aspre vie mi sproni e giri,
ma non ho, come tu, da volar piume.
assai contenti lasci i miei desiri,
purché ben desiando i mi consume,
né le dispiaccia che per lei sospiri.

Indeed, I see in the distance that sweet light
with which you spur and steer me over harsh paths,
but I haven't wings to fly like you.
You leave my desires satisfied enough,
provided that desiring, I'm indeed consumed by them,
Nor does it displease you that I sigh for her.

Se da l'ardente humore

Se da l'ardente humore,
onde son gli occhi un fiume, ardendo il core,
Amor, io resto in vita
in questa acerba e dura dipartita.
piangete, occhi, piangete,
e quanto co 'l desio cresce l'ardore
tanto in voi, occhi miei, cresca l'humore.

If from the ardent humour,
of which the eyes are a river, the heart is burning,
Love, I stay alive,
in this bitter and hard departure.
Weep, eyes, weep,
and as much as the ardour grows with desire
so much in you, my eyes, grows the humour.

Morte! Che vuoi? (after Serafino Aquilano)

"Morte!" "Che vuoi?" "Te chiamo!" "Ecco,
m'appresso."
"Prendim' e fa che manchi il mio dolore."
"Non posso perch'in te non regna il core."
"Sì fa!" "Non fa! Fatte restituire,
ché chi vita non ha non può morire."

[Soul] "Death!" [Death] "What do you want?" "I'm calling
you." "Hold on, I'm coming."
"Take me and do what my grief cannot do."
"I cannot, because the heart no longer reigns in you."
"Yes, it does!" "No, it doesn't. Get it back,
for she who does not have life cannot die."

Ben venga il pastor mio!

Prima parte

"Ben venga il pastor mio/la mia nimpha anzi
il mio Sole,"
dicea sul vago lito al fin del giorno
con soavi parole
Lidia e Meri, ambi pieni di desio:
volavan d'ogni intorno
lieti scherzando i pargoletti Amori,
e in su le labbia lor s'uniro[no] i cori.

"Welcome, my shepherd/my nymph, and my Sun,"

said Lidia and Meri on the lovely shore, at the end of the
day, with sweet words,
both full of desire:
happy, frolicking, infant Cupids were
flying around everywhere,
and above their lips their hearts united.

Seconda parte

"A Dio, Lidia mia bella,"
"Caro mio Meri, a Dio, poich'el ciel vole,"
dicea sovra Arno a l'apparir del sole
Pastor afflito, aflitta pastorella.
Piangeva ei, piangeva ella,
piangea con essi Amore:
e quinci e quindi si divide il core.

"Farewell, Lidia, my beauty!"
"My dear Meri, farewell, because Heaven wishes [it]"
said the stricken shepherd, stricken shepherdess
upon the Arno at the rising of the sun.
He wept, she wept,
and Love wept with them,
and this way and that, the heart was broken in two.

Morso e bacio dati in un tempo

Precipitosamente, Amor e sdegno
corono su'l mio labro.
sdegno è di morsi
Amor di baci è fabro
confitto insieme, e consolato io vegno.

Recklessly, Love and Disdain
scamper on my lips.
Disdain of bites,
Love of kisses is made,
combined together, I am consoled.

Mordami il dente quando
bella bocca mi baci
che mordendo e baciando
bella bocca mi piaci.

The teeth bite me when
the beautiful mouth kisses me,
and in biting and kissing
the beautiful mouth pleases me.

Mordimi sdegno, mordi
grida lieto il mio core
pur che teco si accordi
dolce bacio d'amore.

Bite me, Disdain, bite,
cries my happy heart,
for with you is attuned
the sweet kiss of love.

Pene care e soavi,
nò, nò, che non mai gravi
del tuo bel dente le punture sono
offendimi così che te 'l perdono.

Dear and sweet pains,
no, no, for the wounds
of your beautiful teeth are never serious:
injure me so that I may forgive you.

Occhi vaghi e lucenti

Occhi vaghi e lucenti,
Albergo di cui sol e degno Amore,
Onde haveste valore
Di ralumar i miei ch'eran già spenti,
E l'alma ritornar entro al suo velo
Qual era fatto gielo:
Ch'ella di partir mossa era a volo,
Ma l'impediste voi per più mio duolo.

Lovely and shining eyes,
dwelling of which only Love is worthy,
from whence you have the ability
to relight mine, that are already extinguished,
and to return the soul within its veil
that was made of ice:
she was making to leave by flight,
but you held her back, to increase my suffering.

Ovunque volgi il piede

Prima parte

Ovunque volgi il piede,
Il Ciel ivi a Ragion benigno ride,
E s'indi poscia ei riede,
I fiori e l'erbe o 'l caldo o 'l ghiaccio ancide:
Fermati, dunque, in queste parti alquanto,
Sicchè 'l humil mio dir ti honori e 'l canto.

Wherever you turn your step,
Heaven there, with Reason, kindly laughs,
and then afterwards, if he goes away,
the flowers and the grass are killed by heat or ice:
Stop, then, in this place for a while,
so that I may honour you with my humble speech
and song.

Seconda parte

E se ciò fia, godrassi
Per noi soave un diletto Maggio,
Che chiaro il sol vedrassi
Tener temprato l'alto suo viaggio:
Meco cantando e i sacri Cigni approva,
Livia, lodar qual meraviglia nova.

And if that comes to pass, may you enjoy
through us a sweet and delightful May,
and may you see the bright sun,
holding tempered his high journey:
singing with me, and the sacred swans show,
Livia, to praise such a new marvel.