

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 1 October 2023
7.30pm

Vox Luminis

Sophia Faltas soprano (as Anima)
Raffaele Giordani tenor (as Corpo & Tempo)
Massimo Lombardi tenor (as Consiglio & Mondo)
André Pérez Muíño alto (as Intelletto)
Jan Kullmann alto (as Piacere)
Roberto Rilievi tenor, Guglielmo Buonsanti bass (as doi compagni)
Tuomo Suni violin
Birgit Goris viola
Ronan Kernea gamba
James Munro violone
Josué Melendez cornetto
Simen Van Mechelen trombone
Joren Elsen trombone
Laura Agut trombone

Victoria Cassano soprano (as Angelo Custode)
Estelle Lefort soprano (as Vita Mondana)
Lorant Najbauer bass (as Anime Damnate)
Zsuzsi Tóth soprano (as Anima Beate)
Korneel Van Neste alto
Olivier Berten tenor
Lionel Meunier bass, artistic director
Joost Swinkels trombone
Simon Linné theorbo, guitar
Justin Glaie theorbo, guitar
Bor Zuljan cetterone, lute
Sarah Ridy harp
Lies Wyers lirone, gamba
Anthony Romaniuk organ

Emilio de' Cavalieri (c.1550-1602) Rappresentazione di Anima, et di Corpo (1600)



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Where did opera begin? Monteverdi's *Orfeo* (1607) is the earliest masterpiece, a work with a place still in the repertoire, some will argue. Others will point to Jacopo Peri's *Dafne* (1597), or – since that survives only in fragments – to the composer's *Euridice* (1600). The wildcard in the debate, however, is always **Emilio de' Cavalieri's** *Rappresentazione di Anima, et di Corpo*. Premiered in Rome in February 1600, this uncategorisable piece of music-theatre is certainly the earliest of the works to survive with its music complete, as well as the first to be published. But is it really an opera? It's a question that has kept musicologists wrangling for decades.

The answer lies unhelpfully (but much more interestingly) somewhere at the junction of the two opposing arguments: whether an opera or oratorio, *Rappresentazione* is the product of a nation and an age fizzing with 'marvellous invention' and wealthy patrons eager to fund it. Spoken drama and sung music were coming together for the first time, colliding in different ways, generating innovative new forms and styles, both sacred and secular.

A Roman nobleman, Cavalieri honed his instinct for theatre in Florence, a member of the influential Camerata and a colleague and competitor of Peri and Caccini. When the Duke of Tuscany celebrated his marriage in 1589, it was Cavalieri who masterminded the elaborate sequence of masque-like *intermezzi* performed to mark the occasion. And in the decade that followed he composed a number of pastorals – proto-operas in miniature.

But *Rappresentazione* represented something grander and more ambitious. That Cavalieri understood the significance of the piece is clear from its elaborate printing. The most extravagant music volume printed in early modern Rome, the work was also the first to include a complete libretto alongside the musical score. Still more notable were the series of prefaces published as part of the volume – practical instructions for the staging of the work: a blueprint for 17th-century dramaturgy.

While the piece was first performed in a sacred context – in the Oratory of St Philip Neri in Vallicella, to audiences filled with cardinals – the prefaces leave little doubt that the performance was staged, and both staging and costumes were integral to the composer's conception of a holistic work combining spoken word, drama, solo song, choruses, instrumental *ritornelli* and pitched declamation – the game-changing *recitar cantando*, ancestor to recitative, that Cavalieri was among the first composers to employ. While performing forces are not specified beyond 'doubled voices and a good quantity of instruments' (and the work can be scaled up or down as desired), the composer does suggest that the musicians are divided into three separate groups, adding a further spatialised element to a performance modern producers would probably call 'immersive'.

While not strictly Biblical, the drama is a sacred one – playing out the central tenets of the Counter-Reformation as an elaborate allegory. The drama, as the title suggests, is a dialogue between the Soul and the Body, the libretto the work of Father Agostini Monni. Anima (Soul) and Corpo (Body) are on a quest, journeying through the world in search of answers. They are confronted with a series of temptations and arguments presented by figures like Piacere (Pleasure), Mondo (World) and Vita Mondana

(Worldly Life), who all urge the pair to chase delight in life, to seek riches, honours and physical pleasure.

They are warned by Consiglio (Advice) and Intelletto (Intellect) however that they must renounce such distractions and instead seek lives of service and humility, to do good not for fear of punishment but because it is right. Rather than aspire to Heaven (or Hell, where they witness wicked souls being punished) Anima and Corpo vow to live good lives on earth, and the work ends with a general celebration: earth itself could be heaven, they proclaim, if only we could all live in harmony with one another.

Praising Cavalieri's music, Alessandro Guidotti (the score's editor) lauds his ability to drive listeners 'to tears and laughter', arguing that he is the musician who first proved that 'this style can move listeners to devotion'. It's this pioneering philosophy – of music as engine of drama rather than simply accompaniment, decoration or meditation – that animates this unusual work, placing it much closer to Monteverdi's operas in spirit than to the more arms-length Baroque oratorios that would follow. The genesis of this new style comes, Guidotti explains, from an attempt to recreate Classical dramas – works, members of the Camerata seem to have believed, which were delivered in heightened, chant-like song rather than speech.

The guiding philosophy is that words should lead – no mean feat when they come in fairly unvaried, emphatic rhyming couplets, forcing the composer to use all his ingenuity to vary pace and create fluidity. Scoring is light and textures translucent (instruments are even instructed to perform behind the scenes, from a position where they will be invisible to the audience), and the new style of solo monody puts text front and centre, either in simple quasi-recitative or freer arioso. Singers were originally instructed not to embellish their lines, so as not to obscure the words, and not to force their voices or strain for too much volume, lest both text and emotion should be lost.

Breaking up these sections are more densely coloured strophic songs, choruses and dance-driven instrumental passages. The composer relishes the dramatic scenarios thrown up by the three-act drama – visions of heaven and hell, the pomp and glitter of Mondo and Piacere's gentle sensuality. The latter enters with two companions who accompany their own lively dances on tambourine and chitarrone, while the contrasting visions of Heaven and Hell in Act III are vividly characterised, complete with condemned souls wailing in eternal fire, while the pious bask in eternal sunlight. Each act ends with a musical climax: Acts I and II with extended orchestral sinfonias (for which the composer demands 'a great number of instruments') while Act III offers two alternatives: a sequence of instrumental dances or an eight-part chorus, lively with imitative counterpoint.

If *Rappresentazione* is no rival to *Orfeo* (or even *Euridice*) in purely musical terms, this intriguing work has an important place in musical history: an experiment whose questions and tensions would continue to compel composers from Monteverdi to Wagner and beyond.

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Emilio de' Cavalieri (c.1550-1602)

Rappresentazione di Anima, et di Corpo (1600)

Agostino Manni

Atto Primo

Scena Prima

Tempo

Il tempo, il tempo fugge,
La vita si distrugge;
E già mi par sentire
L'ultima tromba, e
dire:
'Uscite da la fossa
Ceneri sparse, et ossa.
Sorgete anime ancora,
Prendete i corpi or ora;
Venite a dir il vero,
Se fu miglior pensiero
Servire al Mondo vano,
O al Re del Ciel soprano?
Sì che ciascun intenda,
Apra gli occhi, e
comprenda,
Che questa vita è un vento,
Che vola in un momento;
Oggi vien fuore,
Doman si muore:
Oggi n'appare,
Doman dispare.'
Faccia dunque ognun prova,
Mentre il tempo li giova,
Lasciar quant'è nel Mondo,
Quantunque in sé
giocondo:
Et opri con la man, opri col
core:
Perché del ben oprar frutto è
l'onore.

Scena Seconda

Choro

Questa Vita mortale,
Per fuggir presto, ha l'ale:
E con tal fretta passa,
Ch'a dietro i venti, e le saette
lassa.
Veloce il giorno e
ratto
Corre a la notte: a un
tratto
Dispar l'Estate, e l'
Verno
Tal che da un punto sol vassi
a l'eterno.
Il tempo, che non dura,
Ci logora, e ci misura.
Ahi come in un momento
Dà il Ciel la vita,

Act One

Scene One

Time

Time, time flies,
life ends in dissolution;
and I seem to hear already
the last trump, and a
voice that says:
'Come forth from the grave,
scattered ashes and bones.
Arise, souls, once again,
assume your bodies now.
Come, and speak the truth:
Which was the better idea,
to serve the frivolous World,
or the King of Heaven?
So that everyone may know,
let them open their eyes
and understand
that this life is but wind
that passes in a moment;
today it emerges,
tomorrow it dies,
today it appears,
tomorrow vanishes.'
Therefore do all you can
while there is yet time,
to leave all Worldly things,
however pleasant in
themselves,
and work with your hands
and your heart:
because work well done
brings honour.

Scene Two

Chorus

This mortal Life
flies fast for it has wings,
and passes with such speed
that it outpaces winds
and arrows.
Fleeting is the day and
quickly
speeds towards the night:
suddenly
Summer disappears, and
Winter too
and both as one vanish
into eternity.
Time, which does not last,
consumes and limits us.
Alas, in one short moment
Heaven gives us life

E se la porta il vento!
Ma la vita, ch'è breve,
Il saggio odiar non
deve,
Per ciò che il tempo corto
Fa giunger tosto al desiato
porto.

Scena Terza

Intelletto

Ogni cor ama il bene,
Nessun vuol star in pene:
Quindi mille
desiri,
Quindi mille
sospiri,
E riso insieme, e lutto
Si sentono per tutto:
Et io che l'ben
tant'amo,
Dal cor profondo i'
chiamo,
Ahi chi potrà saziare
Queste mie voglie avere?
La ricchezza? No, no,
Che me saziar non può:
L'honor? Ma che mi
dà,
Se più bramar mi
fa?
Piacer? A che mi giova.
Se mi dà sete
nova?
Una cosa io vorrei,
Che sola può saziar gli affetti
miei:
Vorrei nel cor
impresso
Quel ben, ch'ogn'altro ben
chiude in se stesso:
Vorrei, se tanto desiar mi
lice,
Esser in Ciel con Dio sempre
felice.

Scena Quarta

Il Corpo

Anima mia che
pensi,
Perchè dogliosa stai,
Sempre traendo guai?

L'Anima

Vorrei riposo e
pace:
Vorrei diletto e gioia,
E trovo affanno e
noia.

and the wind bears it away!
But even though life is short,
the wise man must not
despise it,
for the brevity of time
soon brings him to the
longed-for haven.

Scene Three

Intellect

All desire heart's ease,
no one wants to suffer:
thence come countless
desires,
thence come countless
sighs,
and laughter and lamenting
are heard everywhere.
And I who love
contentment,
cry from the depths of my
heart,
Ah, what can satisfy
my humble wants?
Riches? No, no,
they cannot satisfy me.
Honour? But what can
confer it
if it leaves me wanting
more?
Pleasure? What good is that
if it makes me thirst for
more?
One thing I should like
which alone can satisfy
me:
I would like locked in my
heart
that blessing that includes
all other blessings:
I want, if such desiring is
permitted,
to be in Heaven with God
forever happy.

Scene Four

Body

My soul, tell me your
thoughts,
why you are sorrowful,
always beset with troubles?

Soul

I want to rest and be at
peace,
I want delight and joy,
but find grief and
annoyance.

Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Il Corpo
Ecco i miei sensi prendi,
Qui ti riposa, e
godi
In mille varii modi.

Body
Listen to my advice:
Rest here and find
enjoyment
in countless different ways.

L'Anima
Non vo' più ber
quest'acque,
Ché la mia sete ardente
S'infiamma maggiormente.

Soul
I will drink no more of
these waters,
for my burning thirst
is only further inflamed.

Il Corpo
Prendi gli onor del
Mondo,
Qui gioir quanto
vuoi
Qui saziar ti puoi.

Body
Accept the honours of
the World,
here you can enjoy
yourself to the full
and sate yourself.

L'Anima
No, no, ch'io so per
prova,
Con quanto assenzio e
fele
Copre il suo falso miele.

Soul
No, no, for from
experience I know
with how much
wormwood and gall
it spikes its false honey.

Il Corpo
Alma, d'ogn'altra cosa
Tu sei più bella e vaga:
In te dunque ti appaga.

Body
Soul, you are more beautiful
than any other thing:
so be content with yourself.

L'Anima
Già non mi feci io stessa:
E come in me potrei
Quetar gli affetti miei?

Soul
I did not create myself,
so how could I find fulfilment
in myself?

Il Corpo
Lasso, che di noi fia!
Se ritrosa sei tanto,
Starenci sempre in pianto?

Body
Alas, what will become of us!
If you are so obstinate,
must we always weep?

L'Anima
Questo no, se m'ascolti
E se meco rimiri
A più alti desiri.
Terra, perchè mi
tiri
Pur alla terra?
Hor segui il voler mio,
Et amendue riposaremci in
Dio.

Soul
No, not if you listen to me
and fix your eyes, like mine,
upon higher goals.
World, why do you still
drag me
down to earth?
Now do as I command,
and both of us will find
repose in God.

Il Corpo
Ah! chi mi dà consiglio?
A qual di due
m'appiglio?
L'Anima mi conforta,
Il senso mi trasporta,
La carne mia mi tenta
L'eterno mi spaventa:
Misero che far deggio...

Body
Alas! Who will advise me?
Which of these two
should I follow?
The Soul consoles me,
the senses enrapture me,
the flesh tempts me,
eternity frightens me.
Poor me, what shall I do...

Attaccarommi al peggio?
No, no, che non è giusto
Per un fallace
gusto,
Per breve piacer
mio,
Perder il Ciel, la Vita eterna, e
Dio.
Si ch'ormai Alma mia,
Con teco in compagnia
Cercherò con amore
Il Ciel, la vita eterna, e 'l mio
Signore.

decide at random?
No, no, it would not be right
to lose, through bad
judgement,
for a brief moment of
pleasure,
Heaven, eternal life and
God.
So now, my Soul,
in your company
I shall seek lovingly
Heaven, eternal life and
my Lord.

Scena Quinta

Scene Five

Choro
Il Ciel clemente ogn'or grazia
e favore
Quaggiù versa e
comparte;
Apre la man divina il gran
Signore,
E le sue grazie in parte.
Alme, ch'in terra ricevete il
dono,
Benedite il Signor, perch'egli
è buono.
Benigno ha il volto, il fronte
ogn'hor sereno,
Risguarda, ode, e
risponde:
Ha pietosa la man, paterno il
seno,
E i falli altrui
nasconde,
Castiga lento, e presto dà
perdono:
Benedite il Signor, perch'egli
è buono.
Fate festa al Signore organi,
E corde,
Timpano, cetre, e
trombe,
Il Salmo, e l'Inno in armonia
concorde,
Insiem col suon rimbombe:
Canti ogni lingua
E dica insiem col suono:
Benedite il Signor, perch'egli
è buono.

Chorus
Grace and favour does
merciful Heaven
ever send down and
distribute;
the great Lord opens his
hand
and imparts his grace.
Souls on earth that
receive his gift
bless the Lord, for he is
good.
His face is benign and
always serene,
he looks, listens and
responds;
his hand is generous, his
heart paternal,
and the failings of others
he hides,
he is slow to punish and
quick to forgive:
bless the Lord, for he is
good.
Praise the Lord with organs
and stringed instruments,
with kettledrums, lyres
and trumpets,
let psalms and hymns
combine in harmony
and resound together.
Let every tongue sing
and with the music say:
Bless the Lord, for he is
good.

Atto Secondo

Act Two

Scena Prima

Scene One

Choro
Benedite il Signor, perch'egli
è buono.

Chorus
Bless the Lord, for he is
good.

*Scena Seconda**Consiglio*

La nostra vita in terra
 Altro non è che guerra:
 Ch'aspri nemici intorno
 Ci stan la notte e 'l giorno:
 E con arte e inganno
 Spesso cader ci fanno:
 Il Mondo si fa bello
 Col vetro, e con l'orpello:
 La carne con mal'opre
 I vermi suoi ricopre:
 E questa Vita ancora
 Il suo cener indora,
 Si che il soldato eletto
 Armisi il fronte, e 'l
 petto,
 Di fè prenda la maglia,
 E venga a la battaglia:
 Che ogn'uom, ch'a Dio s'è
 dato,
 Bisogna esser
 tentato.
 Ma felice chi
 strinse
 Il suo nemico e vinse,
 Che in premio se li dona
 Nel Ciel scettro, e
 corona.

*Scena Terza**Choro*

O quanti errori e tenebre
 L'umane menti ingombrano!
 O in quanti abissi giacciono
 I cor, ch'ogn'or vaneggiano!
 Perché tra fango e polvere
 Il cor de l'uom
 tant'avidò
 Va ricercando il giubilo,
 Solo in Ciel
 rinchiudesi
 Mirate o menti cupide,
 Del Ciel le fonti
 limpide,
 E del Mondo impurissimo
 Lasciate l'acque torbide.
 Qual incanto, qual
 fascino
 Il cor vi preme, et
 occupa
 Prender per cibo il
 tossico,
 E dar la morte a l'anima?

*Scene Two**Counsel*

Our earthly life
 is nothing but war.
 Fierce enemies encircle us
 by night and day,
 and with skill and tricks
 often cause us to fall.
 The World embellishes itself
 with glass and tinsel,
 the flesh covers its worms
 with evil works,
 and Life itself
 gilds its ashes.
 Therefore the soldier elect
 should arm his head and
 breast,
 don the chain-mail of faith
 and enter the battle.
 All who give themselves
 to God
 must perforce face
 temptation.
 But happy are they who
 challenge
 the enemy and win,
 for their reward in Heaven
 shall be a sceptre and a
 crown.

*Scene Three**Chorus*

Oh, what sin and darkness
 encumber the human mind!
 Oh, in what abysses lie
 hearts that live on fantasies!
 Why in mud and dust
 does the greedy heart of
 man
 go seeking the delight
 that is only found in
 Heaven?
 Behold, O covetous mind,
 the limpid springs of
 Heaven,
 and leave the murky waters
 of the tainted World.
 What enchantment, what
 fascination
 compels your heart, and
 forces it
 to accept poison as your
 food,
 and so to kill the soul?

*Scena Quarta**Il Piacere con due
compagni*

Chi gioia vuol, chi
 brama
 Gustar spassi e
 piacere
 Mentre il tempo lo
 chiama,
 Venga, venga a godere,
 Getti gli affanni suoi,
 Corra a gioir con noi.
 Gli augelli pargoletti
 Cantan su gli arbuscelli:
 I pesci semplicetti
 Guizzano pei ruscelli,
 E invitano al piacere
 Con numerose schiere.
 Ridono i prati erbosi,
 C'han coloriti i manti;
 Le selve, e i boschi
 ombrosi
 Son lieti, e festeggianti:
 Ogni piaggia fiorita
 A l'allegrezza invita.

Il Corpo

A questi suoni e
 canti,
 Alma, muover mi sento,
 Come la foglia al vento.

L'Anima

Come ti cangi
 presto?
 Sta' forte e non temere,
 Quest'è falso piacere.

*Il Piacere con due
compagni.*

O canti, o risi, o graziosi
 amori,
 Fresch'acque, prati molli,
 aure serene,
 Grate armonie, che rallegrate
 i cori,
 Conviti, pasti, e saporite
 cene,
 Vesti leggiadre, e dilettoni
 odori,
 Trionfi, e feste d'allegrezza
 piene,
 Diletto, gusto, giubilo e
 piacere,
 Beata l'alma, che vi può
 godere.

*Scene Four**Pleasure with two
Companions*

Whoever looks for joy,
 whoever longs
 for amusement and
 pleasure
 whenever opportunity
 arises,
 come, come to enjoy,
 throw cares away,
 run to find delight with us!
 The young birds
 sing in the bushes,
 the simple fish
 dart in the streams,
 and invite you to enjoyment
 in all their many shoals.
 The grassy meadows smile
 bedecked with colour;
 the forests and shady
 woods
 are happy and rejoicing;
 every flowery slope
 invites to merriment.

Body

These sweet sounds and
 songs,
 Soul, have swayed me
 like a leaf in the wind.

Soul

How can you be changed
 so easily?
 Stand firm, and fear not,
 this pleasure is unreal.

*Pleasure with two
Companions*

O songs, O smiles, O
 sweet dalliance,
 cool streams, lush
 meadows, soft breezes,
 delightful music
 gladdening the heart,
 banquets, dinners and
 tasty dishes,
 pretty clothes and sweet
 perfumes,
 victory celebrations and
 gay festivities,
 delight, indulgence, mirth
 and pleasure,
 blessed be the soul that
 can enjoy you.

L'Anima
Non vi cred'io no, no,
Li vostri inganni io so:
Tutte le vostre cose
Che paion dilettose,
Al fin son tutte amare:
Beata l'alma, che ne sa
mancare.

Soul
I do not believe you,
I know your tricks:
all the things you describe
as delightful,
prove bitter in the end.
Blessed be the soul who
can do without them.

Il Piacere con due compagni. *Pleasure with two
Companions*
Cacciate via i pensieri
Torbidi, tristi e
neri,
Aprite, aprite il petto
Al piacer, e al diletto,
Aprite, aprite il core
A la gioia, e a l'amore,
Dolce diletto,
Ch'allegra il petto,
Soave ardore,
Gioia del core.

Soul
Do away with all thoughts
that are troubling, sad
and gloomy.
Open your heart
to pleasure and delight,
open your heart
to happiness and love,
to sweet delight
that gladdens the heart,
to voluptuous passion,
the joy of the heart.

L'Anima
Via, via false
Sirene,
Di frodi e inganni
piene.
Il fin del vostro canto,
Occupi sempre il pianto:
Ogni diletto è breve.
Ma quel ch'affliggerà,
Finir non deve.

Soul
Begone, begone, false
sirens
with your tricks and
deceptions!
Your song
always ends with tears.
Every pleasure is short,
but that which distresses
has no end.

*Il Piacere con due
compagni.* *Pleasure with two
Companions*
Or poi che non vi aggrada
La lieta compagnia,
Ce n'andarem per strada,
Dov'altri ci
desia:
Che per aver contento,
Verranno a cento a
cento.

Soul
Since you do not appreciate
jolly company,
we'll be on our way
to a place where we are
wanted:
for to acquire happiness
they will flock in their
hundreds.

Scena Quinta *Scene Five*

Il Corpo *Body*
Non so s'è stato bene
Lasciar tanto piacer,
Che 'l Mondo tiene.

Soul
I do not know if it was right
to abandon all the pleasures
in the World.

L'Anima *Soul*
Vò dimandarne al Cielo,
Ch'il ver mai non asconde,
Vediam quel che
risponde.
Ama il mondan
piacer l'huom saggio, o
fugge?
...Fugge
... Fly from it.

Soul
I shall enquire of Heaven,
which never hides the truth,
and we'll see how it
responds.
Does the wise man love
worldly pleasure or fly
from it?
... Fly from it.

Che cosa è l'huom ch'i cerca
E cerca invano?
...Vano
Chi dà la morte al cor, con
dispiacere?
...Piacere
Come la vita ottien chi vita
brama?
...Ama
Ama del Mondo le bellezze, o
Dio?
...Dio
Dunque morrà chi 'l
piacer brama: è
vero?
...Vero
Or, quel ch'il Ciel t'ha
detto,
Ecco io raccolgo intiero:
Fuggi vano piacer, ama Dio
vero.

What is the man who seeks
and seeks in vain?
... Vain.
What deadens the heart,
grief?
... Pleasure.
How does one who
desires life obtain it?
... By love.
By loving the beauty of
the World, or God?
... God.
So one who seeks for
pleasure will die, is that
true?
... True.
Now, what heaven has
revealed,
I shall summarise:
Fly vain pleasure, love the
true God.

Scena Sesta

Scene Six

L'Angelo Custode
Fortissimi guerrieri,
Che gl'inimici alteri
Avete discacciato,
M'ha qui 'l Signor mandato,
Ch'in ogn'impresa
forte
Il cor vi
riconforte.
Altra pugna vi resta
Faticosa e molesta,
Ma non temete punto,
Che son per voi qui giunto
E in ogni caso
strano
Vi porgerò la mano.

Guardian Angel
Valiant warriors
who have routed
your proud enemies,
the Lord has sent me to you
that in every difficult
undertaking
I should bring comfort to
your hearts.
Another battle faces you,
hard and wearisome,
but do not fear,
I have come to help you,
and whenever you are in
difficulty
I shall lend you a hand.

Choro
Altri doman le
fiere,
Altri trionfan de le genti
allere,
Ma sopra ogni
guerriero
Fort'è, chi vince il senso
lusinghiero.

Chorus
Some men tame wild
beasts,
others triumph over their
opponents,
but the strongest warrior
of all
is he who conquers the
flattery of sense.

Scena Settima

Scene Seven

Il Mondo
Io son il Mondo
Che di grandezze abbondo
E 'l braccio mio stupendo
In ogni parte stendo.
Miei son tutti i tesori,
Tutti gli argenti e gli ori,
Le superbe ricchezze...

The World
I am the World
that abounds with grandeur,
and my stupendous arm
reaches everywhere.
Mine are all the treasures,
all the gold and silver,
the magnificent riches...

Le famose bellezze...
I principati degni,
I poderosi Regni:
Chi mi vorrà
servire,
E dov'io vo', venire,
Con molto suo diletto,
Gran cose li prometto.

Il Corpo
Alma, gran cose intendo,
Se 'l Mondo dice il
vero,
Vorrei mutar
pensiero.

L'Anima
Et anch'io sto pensando
S'insieme potess'io
Servire al Mondo e a Dio.

L'Angelo Custode
Non si può aver due
cori,
E servire due Signori.
Ch'uno in un modo
regge,
L'altro ha contraria legge.
Servite solamente
A Dio, Signor possente.

Il Mondo
Quanto intorno ha la
Terra,
Quanto il mar cinge e serra
E dove il Ciel si
stende,
Tutto da me dipende.
Tutto nel seno accoglio,
E io dono a chi voglio.

La Vita Mondana
Io son la cara vita
Tanto da voi gradita.
Bella, vaga e
vezzosa,
Allegra e baldanzosa,
Che con prontezza dono
Quant'ho di bello, e buono:
Se voi servir volete
Al Mondo, che vedete,
Vi darò con amore
De la mia vita il fiore:
Vi darò lunghi i giorni,
E d'allegrezza adorni.
State aspettando forsi,
Quando sian gli anni scorsi?
Quando la chioma imbianca,
Quando la vita manca?

The famous beauties...
The dignified principalities,
the mighty Kingdoms.
To those who decide to
serve me
and follow where I lead,
I promise great things
for his delight.

Body
Soul, I hear great things;
if the World is telling the
truth,
I think I will change my
mind.

Soul
And I too am considering
whether I could serve
both the World and God.

Guardian Angel
One cannot have two
hearts,
nor serve two Masters,
for if one commands one
thing,
the other will disagree.
Serve only
God, the mighty Lord.

The World
All that there is upon the
Earth.
all that the sea embraces,
and everywhere the Sky
extends,
all depends upon me.
I gather it all into myself
and give to whom I please.

Worldly Life
I am the beloved life
you find so pleasant.
Beautiful, desirable and
charming,
merry and self-confident,
that readily gives
all that is fair and good.
If you decide to serve
the World you see,
I shall give you, with love,
the very best I have:
I shall give you a long life
and a merry one.
Would you rather wait
until the years have fled?
Until your hair is white,
and life is spent?

L'Angelo Custode
Non è, chi bene
attende,
Tutt'or quel che
risplende:
Servite pur adesso
A Dio, che v'è
concesso:
Che doman poi chi sa
Quel che di voi
sarà?
Alma, al nemico ardente
Rispondi arditamente.

L'Anima
Io che porto con me
L'immagine del Re;
Io fatta con onore
Simile al mio
Fattore,
C'ho da far io col
Mondo,
Che passa e cade al
fondo?

Il Mondo
Miratemi a
l'aspetto,
Io do quel che prometto:
Prendete il ben presente,
Vivete allegramente.

L'Anima
Io che son spirito e mente
Che dura eternamente,
C'ho da far con la
Vita
Che tosto fa partita?

Il Mondo
Te n'avedrai ben tu,
Se ne contrasti più.

L'Angelo Custode
Questo malvagio ingrato
È fango inorpellato:
Questa falsa e lasciva,
È Morte, che par
viva.
Or venga, e vegga il Mondo
Quel ch'è la Vita e 'l
Mondo:
Spoglia quest'empio e
vede
Quel che il tuo cor non crede.

Guardian Angel
Those who are attentive
know
that all is not gold that
glisters.
Serve God, therefore,
for that has been granted
you.
For who can know
what will happen to you
tomorrow?
Soul, to this fervid enemy,
respond with courage.

Soul
I who carry with me
the image of my King;
I who was nobly created
in the likeness of my
Creator,
what have I to do with the
World
that passes and falls
down to the abyss?

The World
Look at me, at my
appearance:
I give what I promise:
Settle for the present good,
live a merry life.

Soul
I who am spirit and mind
that last for all eternity,
what have I to do with the
Life
that is but fleeting?

The World
You'll see soon enough,
if you continue to argue.

Guardian Angel
This noxious villain
is dressed-up dust:
this deceitful trollop
is Death, who only
appears to be alive.
Now come and let all see
what Life and the World
really are:
undress the villain and
behold
that which your heart
does not believe.

<i>Il Corpo</i> Metti giù questa spoglia, C'ho di vederti voglia.	<i>Body</i> Remove that garment, for I would see you as you are.
<i>Il Mondo</i> Ahi! L'angelica forza Per qual cagion mi sforza?	<i>The World</i> Alas! Why is the angelic power constraining me?
<i>Il Corpo</i> O come il mondo tutto È poverello e brutto! Ben ti conosco a i panni, Non più, non più m'inganni.	<i>Body</i> Oh, how wretched and ugly is the world! I well know your disguise, but you will never again deceive me!
<i>Choro</i> O miseri amatori, Ch'al Mondo date i cori, Mirate quanto è vile Quel ch'a voi par gentile: E quanto è trista sorte Abbracciar quel che vi conduce a morte.	<i>Chorus</i> O miserable admirers who give your hearts to the World, see just how base is that which you thought good, and how sad your fate would be if you were to embrace that which leads to death.
<i>L'Angelo Custode</i> Dispoglia ancor costei.	<i>Guardian Angel</i> Disrobe the other, too.
<i>La Vita Mondana</i> Ohimé, che non vorrei!	<i>Worldly Life</i> Alas, I do object!
<i>Il Corpo</i> Ahi miserabil sorte! Dunque la vita è morte? Dunque l'humana vita È morte rivestita?	<i>Body</i> Alas, what a dreadful fate! So life is really death? So human life is really death disguised?
<i>L'Angelo Custode</i> Poi c'havere scoperto L'inganno ricoperto, Con disdegnosa mano Cacciateli lontano.	<i>Guardian Angel</i> Now that you have discovered the deception of disguise, with scornful hand drive them far away.
<i>Il Corpo e L'Anima</i> Via via, Mondo fallace, Via via, Vita fugace: Ite a trovar gli sciocchi, C'hanno abbagliati gli occhi. O quanta nebbia e ombra Gli occhi mortali ingombra!	<i>Body and Soul</i> Begone, begone, false World, begone, begone, brief Life! Go to seek out the fools whose eyes are blinded. Oh how thick the mists and shadows that encumber mortal eyes!

<i>Scena Ottava</i> <i>L'Angelo Custode</i> Al forte vincitore È debito l'onore. L'onor ch'è apparecchiato Nel Ciel che fa beato: Sì ch'ormai da la terra, C'havete vinta in guerra, Volgete il cor e 'l viso, E i passi al Paradiso.	<i>Scene Eight</i> <i>Guardian Angel</i> To the mighty victor is honour due. The honour that has been prepared in Heaven to confer blessing. For now that on the earth you have won the battle, turn your heart and face and steps to Paradise.
<i>Gli Angeli, nel Cielo che si apre</i> Venite al Ciel, diletti, Venite benedetti, Che queste sedi belle Furon fatte per voi sopra le stelle: Lasciate pur la terra, Dov'è perpetua guerra; Salite al Ciel con volo glorioso, Dov'è pace, e riposo, Dove senz'alcun velo Si vede il Re del Cielo.	<i>Angels, seen in Heaven as it opens</i> Come to Heaven, beloved ones, come, blessed souls, for these beautiful seats were prepared for you above the stars. Leave the earth behind, where war is never-ending; rise in glorious flight to Heaven, where there is peace and rest, where with no obscuring veil you will see the King of Heaven.
<i>Scena Nona</i> <i>Choro</i> Dopo brevi sudori Poter dal caldo, e 'l gelo Salir beato al Cielo Ai sempiterni honori Dal Mondo pien di mali, È sorte avventurosa de' mortalì. Poter dopo le prove L'uomo frale, e mendico, Ma di virtute amico, Salir in alto, dove Son ricchezze immortali, È sorte avventurosa de' mortalì. Dagli abissi terreni, Dove regna la Morte, Poter salir per sorte Ai sommi eterni regni Che non hanno altri eguali,	<i>Scene Nine</i> <i>Chorus</i> After brief toils to be able, above heat and ice, to rise, blessed, to Heaven and to everlasting honours, leaving this World full of evils, is the happy lot of mortals. For man, frail and beggarly but a friend to virtue, to be able, after trials, to rise on high where immortal riches are is the happy lot of mortals. From the abysses of the earth where Death reigns supreme, to rise up as was promised to the sublime, eternal realms that have no equal,

E' sorte avventurosa de'
mortalì.
Amar il bene eterno,
Salir al Ciel
superno,
Fuggir del Mondo i
mali,
E' sorte avventurosa de'
mortalì.

that is the happy destiny
of mortals.
To love the eternal good,
to rise to the Heavens
supernal,
to escape the evils of the
World,
that is the happy destiny
of mortals.

Atto Terzo

Act Three

Scena Prima

Scene One

L'Intelletto
Salite pur al Cielo,
Che nel Ciel Dio si
vede,
Del cor ricca
mercede.

Intellect
Rise up to the Heavens,
for in Heaven you will see
God,
rich recompense for the
heart.

Il Consiglio
Fuggite pur l'Inferno,
Dov'alberga ogni
male,
Dov'è il verme
immortale.

Counsel
Flee from Hell,
where all evil has its
dwelling,
where dwells the
immortal serpent.

L'Intelletto
Salite pur al Cielo
Dove s'odono i canti
Degli Angeli e dei Santi.

Intellect
Rise up to the Heavens
where the songs are heard
of the Angels and the Saints.

Il Consiglio
Fuggite pur l'Inferno,
Dove s'odon le voci
Degli Angeli feroci.

Counsel
Flee from Hell,
where the voices are heard
of the fallen Angels.

Choro
Fugge il nocchier l'infesta
Del mar fiera tempesta.
Ma più s'han da
fuggire
Del Ciel gli sdegni e l'ire.

Chorus
The sailor flees the ruinous
tempest of the stormy sea.
But there is greater cause
to flee
the wrath of Heaven.

L'Intelletto
Nel Ciel sempre è
allegrezza,
Nel Ciel sempre è la
Luce,
Ch'eternamente luce.

Intellect
In Heaven there is
perpetual cheerfulness,
in Heaven there is
perpetual Light
that shines eternally.

Il Consiglio
Ne l'Inferno è spavento,
Ne l'Inferno è dolore,
Le tenebre e l'orrore.

Counsel
In Hell there is fear,
in Hell there is pain,
darkness and horror.

L'Intelletto
Nel Ciel son le ricchezze,
Nel Ciel sono i tesori,
E i sempiterni honori.

Intellect
In Heaven are riches,
in Heaven are treasures
and everlasting glory.

Il Consiglio
Ne l'Inferno ogni tempo
Misera e infamia sta,
Vergogna e povertà.

Counsel
In Hell there is perpetual
distress and infamy,
shame and poverty.

L'Intelletto
Nel Ciel sono i palazzi
Fatti di pietre d'oro,
Di mirabil lavoro.

Intellect
In Heaven there are palaces
made of gold and jewels,
marvellously wrought.

Choro
Cerca altri a tutte l'hore
Le gemme di valore:
Ma più s'han da cercare
Del Ciel le gemme rare.

Chorus
Others never cease to seek
for valuable jewels:
but rather should they seek
Heaven's own rare jewels.

Il Consiglio
Ne l'Inferno vi stanno
Le spelonche e le grotte,
Dove alberga la notte.

Counsel
In Hell there are
caverns and grottoes
where night dwells.

L'Intelletto
Nel Ciel è Primavera
Che l'Paradiso
infiora
E in sempiterno
odora.

Intellect
In Heaven it is springtime
that strews Paradise with
flowers
and everlastingly
perfumes it.

Il Consiglio
Nel profondo è l'Inferno,
L'immondizia e l'fetore
D'abominoso odore.

Counsel
In the depths is Hell,
filthiness and fetidness
that abominably stinks.

Scena Seconda

Scene Two

Il Consiglio
Voi che siete la giù
Che vi tormenta
più?
Che cosa è nell'Inferno?

Counsel
You who are down below,
what is your greatest
torment?
What is there in Hell?

*Le Anime dannate, da una
bocca d'Inferno.*
Il fuoco, il fuoco eterno.
Crudel, crudel peccato
Per cui ci ha
condannato
Il giudice superno
Al foco, al foco eterno.

*The Souls of the Damned,
from the mouth of Hell*
Fire, the everlasting fire.
Cruel, cruel sin
for which we have been
condemned
by the almighty judge
to the eternal flames.

Scena Terza

L'Intelletto

Alme ch' in Ciel godete,
Qual premio in Ciel
avete
Più nobile e più
degnò?

*Le Anime Beate, nel Cielo
che si apre*

Eterno, eterno Regno:
O Regno, o Regno
eterno:
O ben sommo e
superno
Che mai non giunge al segno:
Eterno, eterno Regno.

*L'Anima, L'Intelletto, Il Corpo,
Il Consiglio*

O gran stupore!
O grave errore,
Ch'uomo mortale
D'un tanto male,
Ch'eterno dura,
Sì poco cura!
O gran stupore!
O grave errore,
Ch'uomo mortale
Regno
immortale,
Ch'eterno dura,
Stolto non cura!

Scena Quarta

Il Consiglio

Anime sfortunate
L'altiere voci alzate
Che vi è toccato in sorte?

*Le Anime Dannate, da una
bocca d'Inferno*

Eterna, eterna Morte,
Ahi! ci è toccata in
sorte:
Morte, che mai non more
Sepolta nel dolore,
Aspra penosa, e forte.
Eterna, eterna Morte.

Scena Quinta

L'Intelletto

Alme beate e belle,
Lassù sopra le stelle
Qual cosa è più gradita?

Scene Three

Intellect

Souls that rejoice in Heaven,
what reward that you
have in Heaven
is most noble and most
worthy?

*Blessed Souls in Heaven,
which now opens*

Eternal, eternal Kingdom:
O kingdom, eternal
kingdom,
O highest and supernal
good
that never ends.
Eternal, eternal kingdom.

*Soul, Intellect, Body,
Counsel*

Oh how astounding!
How grave the error
of mortal man
to take so little thought
for such torment
that will last for ever!
Oh how astounding!
How grave the error
of mortal man
foolishly to take so little
thought
for the eternal kingdom
that will last for ever!

Scene Four

Counsel

Ill-fated souls,
raise your contrary voices:
What fate has befallen you?

*Souls of the Damned,
from a mouth of Hell*

Eternal, everlasting Death,
alas, is the fate that has
befallen us:
Death, that never dies
entombed in grief,
bitter, painful and strong.
Eternal, everlasting Death.

Scene Five

Intellect

Fair and blessed souls,
up there above the stars
what pleases you most?

*Le Anime beate, nel Cielo
che si apre*

Eterna, eterna vita:
Vita che vive e
regna,
Dolce, celeste e degna,
Sempre, sempre gradita.
Eterna, eterna vita.

*L'Anima, L'Intelletto, Il Corpo,
Il Consiglio*

O gran stupore!
O grave errore,
Ch'uomo mortale
D'un tanto male,
Ch'eterno dura,
Sì poco cura!
O gran stupore!
O grave errore,
Ch'uomo mortale
Regno
immortale,
Ch'eterno dura,
Stolto non cura!

Scena Sesta

Il Consiglio

Alme, la pena e 'l
danno
Che vi dà tanto affanno,
Finir si deve mai?

*Le Anime Dannate, da una
bocca d'Inferno*

Non mai, non mai, non mai.
O sempiterni guai
Che non finiscono mai!
Non mai, non mai, non mai.

Scena Settima

L'Intelletto

Alme la vostra Gloria
Ne l'eterna memoria
È per durar mai sempre?

*Le Anime beate, nel Cielo
che si apre*

Sì, sempre, sempre,
sempre.
Sempre, sempre sarà,
E mai non finirà:
E con perpetue tempore,
Durerà sempre, sempre.
Sempre, sempre.

*Blessed Souls in Heaven,
which now opens.*

Eternal, everlasting life:
Life that is alive and
prevailing,
sweet, divine and dignified,
always and ever pleasing.
Eternal, everlasting life.

*Soul, Intellect, Body,
Counsel*

Oh how astounding!
How grave the error
of mortal man
to take so little thought
for such torment
that will last for ever!
Oh how astounding!
How grave the error
of mortal man
foolishly to take so little
thought
for the eternal kingdom
that will last for ever!

Scene Six

Counsel

Souls, the punishment
and the pain
that are afflicting you,
will they ever cease?

*Souls of the Damned,
from a mouth of Hell*

Never, never, never.
O everlasting woes
that never end!
Never, never, never.

Scene Seven

Intellect

Souls, will your Glory
last in eternal memory
for evermore?

*Blessed Souls in Heaven,
which now opens*

Yes, forever, forever,
forever,
forever, forever will it last,
and never, ever end.
And with perpetual vigour
will it last forever, forever,
forever, forever.

L'Anima, L'Intelletto, Il Corpo, Il Consiglio
 Ognun faccia sempre bene,
 Che la morte in fretta viene.
 Ami Dio, ch'è suo Signore,
 Fugga il Mondo ingannatore;
 E perchè ha errato,
 Del suo peccato
 Con pura fede
 Chiegga mercede:
 Faccia opre bone e la sua vita emende,
 Che da un momento sol, l'Eterno pende.

Soul, Intellect, Body, Counsel
 Let everyone do good always,
 for death comes hurrying.
 Love God, for he is your Lord,
 flee the deceitful World;
 and because you have erred,
 pray for mercy upon your sin with simple faith.
 Do good works and amend your life,
 for Eternity hangs upon a moment.

Il Corpo e L'Anima
 Come cervo assetato
 Corre al fonte bramato,
 Così da noi si brama e si desia
 Salir al Ciel con voi per erta via.
 Ma prima insiem cantiamo,
 E l'gran Signor lodiamo.

Body and Soul
 As the thirsty deer
 longs for the cooling stream,
 so do we long and desire
 to climb the steep path to Heaven with you.
 But first let us sing together
 and praise the mighty Lord.

Scena Ottava

Scene Eight

Tutti
 Gloria sia a Dio superno
 Che vive in sempiterno:
 A l'alto e gran Signore
 Sia sempiterno honore.

All
 Glory be to the supernal God
 who lives forever.
 To the great and mighty Lord
 be everlasting honour.

Le Anime beate, & gli Angeli
 Chiamiamo tutto il Mondo,
 E con canto giocondo
 Cantiam, cantiam gioiosi
 Di Dio le laudi e i fatti gloriosi.

Blessed Souls and Angels
 Let us summon all the World,
 and with cheerful song
 let us sing joyfully
 the praises and the glorious works of God.

Scena Nona

Scene Nine

Tutti
 O Signor santo e vero
 Che del mondo hai l'impero.
 O Signor santo e forte,
 Domator de la morte,
 Donator de la vita,
 Somma bontà infinita:
 A te Signor, a te Gloria e laude si de';
 A te sommo Signor supremo e degno

All
 O true and holy Lord,
 ruler of the world,
 O mighty and holy Lord,
 conqueror of Death,
 giver of life,
 the highest, infinite goodness:
 To thee, O Lord, to thee glory and praise are due;
 to thee, O Lord of all,
 supreme and noble,

Sia gloria eterna e sempiterno Regno.
 be eternal glory and everlasting Power.

L'Intelletto
 Voi ch'ascoltando state,
 Perché non giubilate?
 Non più, non più pensosi:
 Tutti lieti e gioiosi
 Con festa giubiliamo,
 Con giubilo cantiamo,
 Fugga lontano il lutto:
 Festa, festa per tutto!

Intellect
 You who are listening,
 why do you not rejoice?
 Be anxious no more:
 Be happy and joyful,
 let all rejoice,
 and with exultation sing;
 dispel all mournfulness:
 let there be festivity for all!

Tutti
 Gratie, Hinni, laudi
 E giubili d'amore
 Canti la lingua,
 E le risponda il cuore

All
 Thanksgiving, hymns, praises,
 rejoicing in love,
 let the tongue sing,
 and let the heart answer it!

L'Anima
 Ogni lingua, ogni core
 Dia laude al mio Signore,
 Che l'alme poverelle
 Da terra alza a le stelle.
 Vi prego, alme dilette,
 Al ben oprar elette,
 Come da serpe irato
 Fuggite dal peccato:
 E liete a i vostri alberghi ritornate
 E con voi riportate
 Questo ricordo mio:
 Ch'eterno regno avrà chi serve a Dio.

Soul
 Let every tongue and every heart
 give praises to my Lord,
 who raises wretched souls
 from the earth to the stars.
 I pray you, beloved souls,
 choose to do good works
 and flee sin as you would
 an angry serpent:
 And happily to your homes return
 and carry in your memory
 these words of mine:
 He who serves God shall
 have eternal life.

Choro
 Tenga ognun, tenga nel core,

Chorus
 Let everyone remember
 in his heart

Ch'al fuggir son preste l'ore:
 Et è forza, ch'ognun lassi
 Tutto il ben, ch' in terra stassi.

that the hours pass swiftly away:
 and everyone perforce
 must leave behind
 all the bounty of the earth.

Ne c'inganni il mondo rio,
 Ch'ogni ben nasce da Dio:
 Et a l'opre sante e buone
 Rispondono nel Ciel scettri, e corone.

Let not the evil world deceive us,
 for all goodness comes from God:
 and good and holy works will be
 rewarded in Heaven with sceptres and crowns.

Festa**Celebration***Tutti*

Chiostri altissimi, e stellati,
Dove albergano i beati,
Luna, Sol, Stelle
lucenti

Fate in Ciel dolci concenti;

Tutto il Mondo pieno sia
D'allegrezza, e d'armonia.

Re del mundo e gran
Signore
Giubilate e dentr' à i core
D'ogni sesso, d'ogni etate
Donne e Huomini cantate
Con fanciulli e verginelle
Canzonette allegre e belle.

D'arpe, lire, organi, e
trombe,
L'aria, e terra, e mar
rimbombe,
L'aure vaghe, il suon
giocondo
Portin via per tutto il Mondo,
E toccando il suono il
core,
Senta giubili d'amore.

Voi di Dio fedele amanti
Genti giuste, huomini santi
Gratie eterna à Dio rendete
Gigli, e rose insiem
spargete,
E co' l' gigli, e con le rose
Lodi eterne, e gloriose

Voi celesti hierarchie
Fate nove melodie
Ecco un'altra nova stella
Tutta chiara, tutta bella
Verso il Ciel vola splendete,
Perchè luca eternamente.

Congiungete Angeli buoni,
Congiungete i canti, e i suoni:
E qua giù la terra
ancora,
Mentre lieta il seno
infiora,
Con il canto, e con il riso
Corrisponda al
Paradiso.

All

Highest starry cloisters
where the blessed dwell,
Moon and Sun, shining
Stars,

make sweet music in
Heaven;

let all the World be full
of gaiety and harmony.

Kings of the world and
great lords,
rejoice in your hearts;
each sex and every age,
Women and Men, sing,
with boys and girls,
lovely cheerful songs.

With harps, lyres, organs
and trumpets,
let the air, the earth and
the sea resound,
let the graceful breezes
carry the joyful sound
throughout the World,
and, as it plays that
music, let the heart
feel the joys of love!

You who faithfully love God,
just people, holy men,
give eternal thanks to God,
scatter lilies and roses
together,
and with the lilies and roses
eternal and glorious praises.

You celestial hierarchies
make new melodies;
see, another new star,
all bright, all fair,
flies splendidly to Heaven,
for it shines eternally.

Join, good Angels,
join in songs and music:
and here below, let the
earth too,
all the while happily in
flower,
with song and laughter
rejoice in answer to
Paradise!