

WIGMORE HALL 125

Monday 24 November 2025
7.30pm

The Four Humours

Nardus Williams soprano
Elizabeth Kenny lute

Sigismondo D'India (1582-1629)
John Dowland (1563-1626)
Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)
Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)
John Dowland

Barbara Strozzi
Johannes Hieronymus Kapsberger (c.1580-1651)
Barbara Strozzi
John Dowland
Matthew Locke (c.1621-1677)

Settimia Caccini (c.1591-1660)
Alessandro Piccinini (1566-1638)
John Blow (1649-1708)

John Eccles (1668-1735)
Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Francesco Rasi (1574-1621)
Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)
Alfonso Ferrabosco (1543-1588)
Philip Rosseter (c.1567-1623)
Anon
Benedetto Ferrari (1603-1681)

Black Bile

Lamento d'Olimpia (pub. 1623)
Melancholy Galliard
L'Eraclito amoroso Op. 2 (pub. 1651)
Away delights (c.1612)
In darkness let me dwell (pub. 1610)

Phlegm

Sete pur fastidioso (pub. 1659)
Bergamasca (1640)
Amor dormiglione Op. 2 (pub. 1651)
Time's eldest son (pub. 1600)
The delights of the bottle (1675)

Interval

Yellow Bile

Già sperai, non spero or più (c.1630-60)
Corrente (1639)
Lysander, I pursue in vain (A Mad Song) from
Amphion Anglicus (1700)
I burn, I burn
Apritevi inferni (c.1663)

Blood

O che felice giorno (1608)
Odi, Euterpe, il dolce canto (1602)
Galliard
When Laura smiles (pub. 1601)
This merry pleasant spring
Amanti io vi sò dire (pub. 1641)



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*Some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions, all to run one way.*
- Ben Jonson (1572-1637), *Every Man in His Humour*

The four humours were first codified by the Ancient Greeks. Tantalisingly, they may have their origins in even older traditions, with the cultures of Ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia or India suggested as the source. However, through Hippocrates and later Galen, humourism began to emerge as a system of medicine, with four vital bodily fluids identified: blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. A significant imbalance of one of these was thought to have negative physical consequences, with each humour having its own specific maladies.

Blood was considered the body's fuel, an abundance of which gave rise to a sanguine temperament – active, enthusiastic and positive. Yellow bile was the humour of ambition and aggression, which could easily spill over into anger or irrationality. Black bile was associated with melancholy, with the word deriving from Ancient Greek for black bile *μέλαινα χολή* (melaina kholé). Finally, phlegm, a general term in this case for any clear secretion, was associated with listlessness, lethargy and perhaps, being a little too laid-back... With this, a clear association was built between the four humours and the four temperaments. As we go through the programme we will see that further layers of symbolism accumulated around the humours, including corresponding seasons, stages of life, appearance, and much more.

With such a rich tapestry of association, it is unsurprising to find that humourism informed much artistic creation. It is commonplace to think about Shakespeare through the prism of the humours. Indeed an abundance of a particular humour accounts for the temperament of some of his most iconic characters, Falstaff – phlegmatic, Hamlet – melancholy, Lady Macbeth – choleric, and Viola – sanguine. Ben Jonson's 1598 play *Every Man in His Humour* initiated an entire genre in which characters' actions were informed entirely by this familiar framework of temperament. To me, this is absolutely fascinating – Jonson is an exact contemporary of many of the composers featured in the programme tonight – so we are able to see how ingrained humourism was in the thinking of the time.

Rarely do we think about music in these terms, and yet lute song is indelibly associated with melancholy. The reasons for this can be assigned to various factors; from the cult of Melancholy in the late 16th and 17th centuries; the strong association between Dowland, the archetypal lute song composer, and melancholy; to the simple and

timeless urge to express sadness through song, as evinced by the continuing popularity of melancholic songs into the present day. Though we tend, however, to think far less about the other humours. So tonight's programme is an attempt to readdress this.

We begin on familiar ground with melancholy. Opening with *Lamento d'Olimpia* by **Sigismondo d'India**, a *tour de force* of emotional distress, and a superlative example of the lament – a cornerstone of 17th-century monody. *Melancholy Galliard* displays **Dowland's** mastery of melancholy, through its oxymoronic title – historically the galliard was an athletic and lively dance, and yet is reimagined here in a new guise (and played on the theorbo, emphasising its dark and serious character). This juxtaposition highlights the nuance of melancholy in music, particularly its potentially cathartic effects. As Dowland writes in 1604 'teares, vnfit guests in these ioyfull times, yet no doubt pleasant are the teares which Musicke weepes, neither are teares shed alwayes in sorrowe, but sometime in ioy and gladnesse'. **Barbara Strozzi** was the most widely published composer of secular song in the 17th Century. Like Dowland, she was a master of nuance. Her *L'Eraclito amoroso* is very self-consciously cathartic – 'every pain delights me... sighs console me'. **Robert Johnson** directly connects us back to the orbit of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson – he provided music for dramas by both playwrights. Both his *Away delights*, and *In darkness let me dwell* by **Dowland**, are perfect exemplars to finish our short tour of melancholy.

Whilst we frequently find phlegmatic characters in literature, the presence of this humour is somewhat more opaque in music, yet it is not without its examples. **Strozzi's** wonderfully arch *Sete pur fastidioso* satirises a rather apathetic lover (juxtaposed with the undoubtedly choleric counterpart). An excess of phlegm was thought to cause somnolence, so phlegm naturally became the humour of sleep represented here in Strozzi's musing *Amor dormiglione*. Correspondingly, phlegm was also the humour of old age as seen in *Time's eldest son, Old Age*. Another element, from the emblems of phlegm, was its position as the 'wet' humour. As such, phlegmatic people were considered more prone to drunkenness. And so we end the first half with **Matthew Locke's** self-explanatory *The delights of the bottle*.

There is a certain incongruity between monody and yellow bile/choler. A composer who chooses to write for the intimate combination of voice and lute would not typically be wishing to express a bellicose sentiment – there are other instrumental configurations that lend themselves far more readily, however, appearances can be deceiving. We often define **Settima Caccini** in terms of her

familial relationships – daughter of Giulio Caccini, and sister of Francesca Caccini, yet she was one of the most celebrated singers of her age. In *Già sperai, non spero or più* we see her speaking of revenge and war. **John Blow**'s musical career began as organist of Westminster Abbey, against a backdrop of the relative peace of Restoration England, but his great collection *Amphion Anglicus* (1700) explores the full gamut of emotion in song. In 'Lysander I pursue in vain' love becomes the new battlefield as 'the God of War fights the God of Love'. The choleric temperament was understood to be at risk of degenerating into madness. 'Mad song' was a popular musical genre in 17th-century England; replete with extreme emotions, unpredictable changes of mood, and general musical complexity. **John Eccles**'s *I burn, I burn* combines mad song with the element associated with yellow bile – fire. This section concludes with

another invocation of war – *Apritevi inferni* by **Giacomo Carissimi**.

Our journey through the world of the humours has taken us through some extreme emotions. But to round off, we hope we can regain our balance with an exploration of blood/sanguinity. First we bound along with **Francesco Rasi**'s ecstatic *O che felice giorno*, and are uplifted by **Giulio Caccini**'s optimistic *Odi, Euterpe. When Laura smiles* by **Philip Rosseter** continues in a similar vein, and the anonymously composed *This Merry Pleasant Spring* is an ode to the affiliated season of blood. Finally, **Benedetto Ferrari**'s *Amanti, io vi so dire* strikes a suitably carefree note.

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Black Bile

Sigismondo D’India (1582-1629)

Lamento d’Olimpia
(pub. 1623)
Sigismondo D’India

Misera me! Sia
vero,
Bireno? ah! troppo è ver,
ohimè tu parti!
L’ancore hai sciolte, ah!
dispiegati lini!
E ciò poss’io veder, ciò
posso dire,
Idolo mio crudele, e non
morire?

Ove t’en fuggi?
Ohimè dove t’en
vai?
Arresta il corso, empio,
empio Bireno!
Riedi, deh riedi
ancora!
Ecco il porto d’Amor fra
queste braccia.
Perchè t’esponi al mar crudo
et infido
Lasciando ogni tuo ben su
questo lido?

Bireno, O mio Bireno,
Ma s’a me ti sei
tolto -
Che dico mio?
Già mio, ah! non più
mio!
O tradita mia fede, O van
desio!
Cinta dall’acque e dal mio
pianto amaro
Non havrò nave che mi porti
a riva;
Ah!, come parlo, ahimè
come son viva?
Ov’andrò? Che farò sola e
smarrita?
Chi lassa mi soccorre aita,
aita?

Olympia’s Lament

I am in despair! Can it be
true,
Bireno? Alas, it is all too true;
alas, you have left me!
You have weighed anchor
and unfurled your sails!
How can I witness such a
thing, speak of it,
my heartless beloved,
and not die?

Where are you running
to? Alas, where are you
going?
Stop, o pitiless
Bireno!
Come back, come back to
me!
Love’s haven lies within
my arms.
Why risk the cruel and
faithless sea
and abandon the one you
love upon this shore?

Bireno, my Bireno –
but, if you have chosen to
leave me,
why do I say ‘my’? Once
mine, you are no longer
so!
O faith betrayed, o vain
desire!
Surrounded by the waves
and my bitter tears,
I shall have no ship to
bear me to shore;
how am I able to speak,
how am I still alive?
Where shall I go? What shall
I do, alone and in turmoil?
Alas, who will save me?
Help, help!

O Bireno, Bireno, ah, foss’io
stata quando pria ti viddi,
O ciec’ afatt’, o sonnacchiosa
almeno
Come in questa crudel notte
si ria
In cui teco perdei l’anima
mia.
Ohimè ch’io moro! Ohimè
chi mi da vita?
Chi lassa mi soccorre? Aita!
aita!

Son quella pur che fatta
prigionera
De l’amor tuo già di prigion ti
trassi;
Quella che già ti die la Patria
e’l Regno,
Quella che per te vidd’il caro
Padre
E gl’amati Fratelli estinti e
morti,
E tu mi lasci ingrato et io non
moro.
Ah!, quanto più mi strazi, io
più t’adoro.

Qui nel deserto horror di
questo lido,
Lacera preda, ohimè, di
crude belve
Rimano pur,
crudele.
Ov’andro? Che farò sola e
smarrita?
Chi lassa mi socorre? Aita!
aita!

Se non mi porge aita il mio
Bireno
A chi lassa la chiedo?
Ahi!
Torna, deh torna e
mira
La tua Olimpia tradita che
già spira.
Torna sol a vederla!
Ecco la
esangue
Che, trafitta dal duol,
morendo langue.

O Bireno, alas, if only
when I first saw you
I had been blind or at
least sleeping,
as I was on this cruel, dark
night
on which I lost my soul
when I lost you.
Alas, I am dying! Alas,
who will rescue me?
Who will save me in my
despair? Help, help!

And yet I am she who,
taken captive
by your love, rescued you
from captivity;
she who gave you her
land and throne,
who for your sake saw her
dear father
and beloved brothers
slain;
you abandon me and yet I
do not die.
Alas, the more I suffer,
the more I love you.

I am doomed to remain
here, cruel man,
amid the horror of this
forsaken shore,
and fall prey to the claws
of wild beasts.
Where shall I go? What shall
I do, alone and in turmoil?
Alas, who will save me?
Help, help!

If my Bireno will not come
to my aid,
who else will heed my
despairing call? Alas!
Turn back, turn back and
see
how your Olympia,
betrayed, is dying.
Turn back and look at
her! Behold, she is close
to death,
fatally wounded by grief,
she lies dying.

Ah, che tu sei fuggito
Tu sei, lassa, sparito!
Ma fuggi pur, ti seguirò,
crudele;
Ti seguirò precipitando a volo
Tra le volubil'onde e i duri
scogli,
Ultrice furia forsennata
errante.

Ma ohimè, che sento? Qual
horror gelato
Per le vene del cor serpe e
s'avanza?
O dolor vivo, O morta mia
speranza!
Ah! ch'in mortal pallor mi
discoloro!
S'aggiaccia il sangue! Io
tremo, io manco, io moro!
Ah! che stracciar mi sento a
poco a poco!
Il piè vacilla, ah! lassa! E' cor
vien meno.
Ah!, ch'io manco,
Ah! che more il cor nel
seno.

And yet you have fled,
alas, you have vanished!
You may run, but I shall
pursue you, heartless one;
I shall fly in pursuit of you,
over the capricious seas
and obdurate rocks,
a crazed and vengeful
Fury who never rests.

But alas, what feeling is
this? What dread chill
creeps onwards through
my veins to my heart?
O living pain, o my dead
hope!
Alas, I am struck by a
mortal pallor!
My blood is turning to ice!
I tremble, I faint, I die!
Alas, I feel my body being
slowly torn to shreds!
My legs will not bear me,
alas! My heart is failing.
Alas, my strength is
fading; alas, my heart is
dying within my breast.

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Melancholy Galliard

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

L'Eraclito amoroso Op. 2 (pub. 1651)

Heraclitus in Love

Udite amanti la cagione, oh
Dio,
Ch'a lagrimar mi porta:
Nell'adorato e bello idolo
mio,
Che sì fido credei, la fede è
morta.

Vaghezza ho sol di
piangere,
Mi pasco sol di
lagrime,
Il duolo è mia delizia
E son miei gioie i gemiti.

Ogni martie
aggradami,
Ogni dolor diletta mi,
I singulti mi sanano,
I sospir mi consolano.

Listen you lovers, to the
cause, oh God,
of my weeping:
in my handsome and
adored idol,
whom I believed to be
faithful, faith is dead.

I have pleasure only in
weeping,
I nourish myself only with
tears.
Grief is my delight
and moans are my joys.

Every anguish gives me
pleasure,
every pain delights me,
sobs heal me,
sighs console me.

Ma se la fede negami
Quell'incostante e perfido,
Almen fede
serbatemi
Sino alla morte, o lagrime!

But if that inconstant traitor
denys me constancy,
at least let my devotion
serve me
until death, o tears.

Ogni tristezza
assalgami,
Ogni cordoglio eternisi,
Tanto ogni male affliggami
Che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

Every sadness soothes
me,
every sorrow sustains itself,
every ill afflicts me so much
that it slays and buries me.

Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)

Away delights (c.1612)

John Fletcher

Away, delights! go seek some other dwelling,
For I will die.
Farewell, false hope! thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity stay
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee! Mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to overflow me
Shall be as I:
For ever will I rest, while poor maids cry
'Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee! Men cannot mock us in the clay.'

John Dowland

In darkness let me dwell (pub. 1610)

Anonymous

In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me,
The walls of marble black that moist'ned still shall weep,
My music hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes and bedded to my tomb
O, let me living die, till death do come.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Phlegm

Barbara Strozzi

Sete pur fastidioso
(pub. 1659)
Marc Antonio Corraro

‘Sete pur fastidioso’
Mi disse Lilla un dì,
E con ciglio ritroso,
Mirandomi parti.
Stupido in un istante,
Amator vaneggiante,
Io di gir o restar
irrisoluto,
Il suo troppo parlar mi rese
muto.
‘Sete pur dispettoso’
Gridò Lilla con me,
Ma nel volto vezzoso
Vermiglia ella si fè.
Avvido de favori,
Ammirai quei colori,
Ma però vidi ben che quel
rossore
Nacque da sdegno sol, ma
non d’amore.

You’re just plain
tedious

‘You’re just plain tedious’
Lilla said to me one day,
and looking at me with
arched eyebrows she left.
I was stunned in an instant,
a bewildered lover,
not knowing if I should go
or stay,
her talking too much left
me speechless.
‘You’re positively annoying,’
Lilla cried out to me,
but her pretty face
turned red.
Wanting to gain favor
I admired her color,
but then I saw clearly that
the redness
came only from anger,
not from love.

Johannes Hieronymus Kapsberger
(c.1580-1651)

Bergamasca (1640)

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Amor dormiglione
Op. 2 (pub. 1651)
Anonymous

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai
Che mentre dormi tu
Dormon le gioie mie,
vegliano i guai
Non esser, non esser, Amor,
dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco
Strali, strali, su,
su
Foco, foco, su, su!

Sleepyhead Cupid

Cupid, no more sleeping!
Up, up, wake up right now,
for while you sleep
my joys sleep, troubles
are wakeful.
Don’t be useless,
Cupid!
Arrows, arrows, fire,
arrows, arrows, get up,
get up,
fire, fire, get up, get up!

O pigro o tardo
Tu non hai senso
Amor melenso
Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
Che nel mio ardore
Tu dorma Amore:
Mancava questo!

Oh you idle laggard,
you’ve got no sense!
Foolish Cupid,
cowardly Cupid,
ah, what can I do?
In spite of all my ardor
you slumber:
that’s all I need!

John Dowland

Time’s eldest son (pub. 1600)
Anonymous

Time’s eldest son, Old Age, the heir of Ease,
Strength’s foe, Love’s woe, and foster to Devotion,
Bids gallant youths in martial prowess please,
As for himself, he hath no earthly motion,
But thinks sighs, tears, vows, prayers, and sacrifices,
As good as shows, masks, jousts, or tilt devises.

Then sit thee down, and say thy *Nunc Dimittis*,
With *De profundis*, *Credo* and *Te Deum*,
Chant *Miserere* for what now so fit is,
As that, or this, *Paratum est cor meum*,
O that thy Saint would take in worth thy heart,
Thou canst not please her with a better part.

When others sing *Venite exultemus*,
Stand by and turn to *Noli aemulari*,
For *Quare fremuerunt* use *Oremus*;
Vivat Eliza for an *Ave Mari*,
And teach those swains that lives about thy cell,
To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

Matthew Locke (c.1621-1677)

The delights of the bottle (1675)
Anonymous

The delights of the bottle and the charms of good wine,
To the power and pleasures of love must resign:
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be past,
The debauches but till the next morning will last.
But love’s great debauch is more lasting and strong;
For that often lasts a man all his life long.

Love and wine are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world but for these to confuasion would fall;
Were it not for the pleasure of love and good wine,
Mankind for each trifle their lives would resign:
They’d not value dull life, nor would live without thinking,
Nor would kings rule the world, but for love and good
drinking.

Yellow Bile

Settimia Caccini (c.1591-1660)

Già sperai, non spero or più (c.1630-60)

Anonymous

Già sperai, non spero or più, Riso e gioco, dolce foco amor già fu.	Once I had hope, now my hope is lost, love was once a sweet flame, laughter and play.
--	--

Hor ch'a morte ei ti saetta, cor tradito, Vanne ardito alla vendetta.	Now that his arrow has fatally wounded you, o heart betrayed, go fearlessly towards vengeance.
---	--

Sdegno amato, ognun dirà, Son tue palme tornar l'alme in libertà.	Beloved disdain, all will say that setting souls free is a victory for you.
---	---

Gran possanza in te si serà, Perché sfidi, poi ch'uccidi Amore in guerra?	There must be great power within you: why sow despair, since you slay Love in war?
--	---

Alessandro Piccinini (1566-1638)

Corrente (1639)

John Blow (1649-1708)

Lysander, I pursue in vain (A Mad Song) from *Amphion Anglicus* (1700)

Anonymous

Lysander I pursue in vain;
Cruel Lysander, thus to fly me;
Belinda never must obtain
Who is so great, will still deny me?

But am I not the God of Love?
Bring my trusty arms:
Weak beauty must successless prove;
This dart is stronger charms.

Ah! Feeble arms and hurtless dart!
Nothing, nothing Belinda can prevail
Alas, what hopes to wound a heart
Arm'd with a double coat of mail?

She that could noble conquests boast
Now falls a victim to disdain and shame
Belinda is forever lost;
Mad that I loved and not suppressed the flame;

See, see now it rises to the sky
And turns a blazing star;
The frightened earth looks pale and cries:
It threatens universal war.

Two armies already join battle above:
The God of War fights the God of Love
Stand firm, my batallions;
The tyrant shall yield;

My reserve of wing'd archers will carry the field:
They fly, smite, flank and rear
So now will I storm on castle i' th' air
The chariot of the sun in my rage overturning;

Consume the whole world
Since Belinda's a burning.

John Eccles (1668-1735)

I burn, I burn

Anonymous

I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,
I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,
My Brain consumes to Ashes,
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flashes,
Like Lightning flashes;
Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,
Which in a thousand, thousand Ages can't expire.
Blow, blow, blow,
Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow,
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
Tis sultry, sultry, sultry Weather
Pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiss,
It will hiss like a Coal,
But never, never be the cooler.
'Twas pride, hot as Hell, that first made me rebel,
From Love's awful Throne a curst Angel I fell;
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my self did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well;
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my self did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.
Adieu, adieu transporting Joys,
Adieu, adieu transporting Joys;
Off, off, off, ye vain fantastick Toys,
Off, off ye vain fantastick Toys,
That dress'd this Face and Body to allure,
Bring, bring me Daggers,
Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poyson, Fire,
For Scorn is turn'd into Desire;
All Hell, all Hell feels not the Rage,
Which I, poor I, which I, poor I endure.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Apritevi inferni (c.1663)
Domenico Benigni

Apritevi, Inferni,
Se al Re delle stelle,
Con voglie
rubelle,
Io non consacro i miei
pensieri interni.
Apritevi, Inferni.
Uditemi, o Cieli,
Nell'aspre saette
Scoccate vendette
Se fia che del mio cor Dio si
quereli;
Uditemi, o Cieli.
Si dolevasi un Reo che al fin
rimorso
Dalle colpe commesse
Su le pupille
istesse
Mandava il duolo a mendicar
soccorso;
E con irato
canto
Sciogliea le voci e lo seguiva
il pianto.
Ma tra confuse
oggetti,
E di sdegno e
d'amore,
Contro sé verso un Dio
colmo d'affetti
Il saggio peccatore
Per dar al suo dolor forze
eloquenti
Sol di lagrime armò quieti
lamenti.

A chi Dio non segue in
terra
Armi il Ciel una
congiura
E sdegnata la Natura
Non gl'intimi altro che
guerra,
Guerra, guerra, guerra, guerra.

Io che sempre tra
piaceri
D'empio mondo il piè
rivolsi
E non volsi
Porre il freno a miei
pensieri
Hor de sensi all'huom
tiranni
Ben ravviso le
catene,

Open up, infernal
realms

Open up, infernal realms,
if, my desires rebelling,
I do not devote my
innermost thoughts
to the King of the
stars.
Open up, infernal realms,
hear me, o heavens,
wreak vengeance
with bolts of lightning
if God should ever lament
of my heart;
hear me, o heavens.
So repentant was a guilty
man, remorseful
at last for his sins,
that he sent his contrition
to beg for help
through his
eyes;
having loosed his voice in
wrathful song,
he followed this with
weeping.
But amid a confusion of
aims,
anger toward himself,
devotion
to a God filled with
love,
the wise sinner
armed his laments with
silent tears alone,
to give eloquent force to
his grief.

Let heaven conspire
against any man
on earth who fails to
follow God,
and may Nature in her anger
wage war against him –
war,
war, war, war, war.

I who have always walked
among
the pleasures of a wicked
world
and have had no wish
to restrain my thoughts in
any way
do now clearly see the
chains
of those senses that
oppress mankind,

Né conviene
and how wrong it is to
worship
Adorar Numi d'affanni.
gods of pain and woe.
Empietà che di Cocito
Sinfulness, you who led me
Su l'arene mi traesti,
to the banks of the Cocytus,
Non son questi
such desires are not
I desir d'un cor pentito,
those of a repentant heart.
Contro il suo Redentor l'alma
The soul does not err
non erra.
before its Redeemer.

Blood

Francesco Rasi (1574-1621)

O che felice giorno
(1608)
Anonymous

O che felice giorno,
O che lieto ritorno,
Ravviva il cor già spento.
Quanta dolcezza sento!
O mia luce, o mia vita,
O mia gioia infinita.

Ecco 'l mio ben
ritorna,
E queste rive
adorna;
Eccone lieto il giro
Del bel guardo ch'io
miro.
Occhi belli, occhi cari,
Occhi del sol più chiari.

O what happy day

O what happy day,
o what blessed return
revives my lifeless heart.
What gentle calm I feel!
O my light, o my life,
o my infinite joy.

Behold, my love has
returned,
and now adorns these
shores;
see the merry glint
in the fair eyes whose
gaze I meet.
Fair eyes, dear eyes,
eyes brighter than the sun.

Dolce hor mia vita
rende
Quel Dio ch'i cori
accende;
Amor che l'havea
tolto
Hor mi rende il bel
volto.
Il mio cor, il mio bene,
Il mio conforto e speme.

The god who sets hearts
ablaze
is filling my life with
sweetness;
After robbing me of my
beloved,
Cupid now returns him to
me.
My heart, my love,
my consolation and hope.

Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)

Odi, Euterpe, il dolce canto (1602) <i>Ansaldo Cebà</i>	Listen Euterpe
Odi, Euterpe, il dolce canto Ch'a lo stil Amor m'impetra Et accorda al dolce canto L'aureo suon della mia cetra, Ch'a dir quel ch'ei mi ragiona Troppo dolce amor mi sprona.	Listen, Euterpe, to the sweet song that Cupid begs me to sing, and to tune the sweet song to the golden tone of my lyre, to relate what he tells me so sweetly does love spur me.
Di notturno e casto velo La mia Lidia il sen copria; Ma la luna in mezzo il cielo Dolcemente il sen m'apria, Ch'a mirar sì bel tesoro Lampeggiò di fiamme d'oro.	Under the chaste veil of night my Lydia covered her breasts, but the moon, high in the heavens, gently revealed her breasts to me, and to see such lovely treasure it glowed with flames of gold.
Ma sì dolce ardeva il core, Ch'ogni fiamma ed ogni dardo In quel caro sen d'amore Rinfrescava ogni ora un guardo, E già m'era il cor ferito A le piaghe un dolce invito.	But my heart burned so gently that each flickering flame on those beloved breasts constantly refreshed my gaze, and sweetly invited pain into my already aching heart.

Alfonso Ferrabosco (1543-1588)

Galliard

Philip Rosseter (c.1567-1623)

When Laura smiles (pub. 1601)
Thomas Campion

When Laura smiles her sight revives both night and day.
The earth and heaven view with delight her wanton play.
And her speech with ever-flowing music doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untam'd despair.

Love hath no fire but what he steals from her bright eyes.
Time hath no power, but that which in her pleasure lies.
For she, with her devine beauties, all the world subdues,
And fills with heav'nly spirits my humble muse.

Anon

This merry pleasant spring
Anonymous

This merry pleasant Spring,
Hark,
Hark how the sweet birds sing
And carol in the copse and on the briar.

Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug!
The nightingale delivers.
It, it, it, it,
The sparrow sings his hot desire;
The robin he records,
The lark,
The lark he quivers.
O sweet,
As sweet as ever!
From strains so sweet,
Sweet birds deprive us never.

Benedetto Ferrari (1603-1681)

Amanti io vi sò dire

(pub. 1641)

Anonymous

Amanti, io vi sò dire
Ch'è meglio assai fuggire
Bella Donna vezzosa
Ò sia cruda ò
pietosa
Ad ogni modo e via
Il morir per amor è una
pazzia.

Non accade pensare
Di gioir in amare,
Amoroso contento
Dedicato è al
momento
E bella Donna al fine
Rose non dona mai senza le
spine.

La speme del gioire
Fondata è sù'l martire,
Bellezza e cortesia
Non stanno in compagnia,
Sò ben dir con mio
danno
Che la morte ed'amor
insieme vanno.

Vi vuol pianti a diluvi
Per spegner i vesuvi
D'un cor innamorato,
D'un spirito infiammato;
Pria che si giunga in
porto,
Quante volte si dice:
Ohimè son morto.

Credete'l à costui che per
prova può dir
Io vidi io fui. Se creder no'l
volete
Lasciate star che poco
importa à me.
Seguitate ad'amar ad'ogni
modo,
Chi dè rompersi il collo.
Non accade che schivi.
Od'erta ò
fondo
Che per proverbio senti
sempre dire
Dal destinato non si può
fuggire.

Lovers, let me tell you

Lovers, let me tell you:
It is wiser to turn away—
From beauty, from charm,
Whether she is merciful
or cruel.
In any case,
To die for love is
madness.

Do not imagine
That love brings lasting joy;
Its sweetness
Belongs only to the
moment.
And in the end,
A fair lady never gives roses
without the thorns.

The hope of happiness
Is built upon suffering;
Beauty and kindness
Rarely walk together.
I know this well, for I have
learned at my cost,
That love and death go
hand in hand.

It takes floods of tears
To quench the volcanoes
Of a heart in flames,
Of a spirit burning.
Before you reach safe
harbor,
How many times you cry:
'Alas, I am undone.'

Believe the one who
speaks from truth:
I saw, I was there. If you
will not believe,
Leave it be – it matters
little to me.
Go on loving as you
please;
He who is destined to fall
Cannot escape it.
Whether the path is steep
or deep,
You will always hear the
proverb:
What is fated cannot be
fled.

Donna so chi tu sei,
Amor so i fatti miei.
Non tresco più con
voi,
Alla larga ambi doi.
S'ogn'un fosse com'io
Saria un balordo Amor e non
un Dio.

Lady, I know who you are;
Love, I know my own affairs.
I will trifle with you no
more –
Away with you both!
If everyone were as I,
Love would be a fool, not
a god.

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