

# Arcadiana

## Liedteksten

zo 16 mrt / 16:00

Elisabeth Hetherington & ADAM Quartet

### Caccini Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,  
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,  
D'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,  
Dubitar non ti vale  
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli, è il mio amore.

Amarilli, beloved:  
you are my heart's desire.  
This is my true love.  
Don't you know I adore you ?  
No, do not fear, do not fear and do not  
doubt. I am yours forever.  
Look deep inside me: what is written in my  
heart: Amarilli my only true love.

### Luzzaschi Ch'io non t'ami cor mio?

Ch'io non t'ami cor mio?  
Ch'io non sia la tua vita e tu la mia,  
che per nuovo desio  
e per nuova bellezza io t'abbandoni?  
Prima che questo sia,  
morte non mi perdoni.  
Ma se tu sei quel cor onde la vita  
M'è sì dolce e gradita,  
Fonte d'ogni mio ben, d'ogni desire,  
Come posso lasciarti, e non morire?

That I do not love you, my heart?  
That I am not your life and you mine?  
That for a new desire  
and for a new hope I abandon you?  
Before this happens  
may death not forgive me;  
but if you are that heart for which my life  
is so sweet and pleasant to me,  
source of all my good, of all my desire,  
how can I leave you and not die?

### Monteverdi Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto  
Lucente e minacioso,  
Quel dardo velenoso  
Vola a ferirmi il petto:  
Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo  
E son da me diviso.  
Piagatemi col sguardo,  
Sanatemi col riso.

That scornful little glance  
gleaming and threatening -  
that poisonous dart -  
Shoots out and strikes my heart.  
Charms that have set me on fire,  
and have divided me.  
Wound me with a glance  
Heal me with laughter!

Armatevi pupille  
D'asprissimo, d'asprissimo rigore,  
Versatemi su'l core  
Un nembo di faville,  
Ma 'l labro non sia tardo  
A rattivarmi ucciso.  
Feriscami quel sguardo,  
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Eyes be armed  
with roughest rigor  
pour on my heart  
a cloudburst of sparks!  
But let not the lips be late  
in reviving my corpse;  
let that glance wound me  
but that laughter heal me.

Begli occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!  
Io vi preparo il seno.  
Gioite di piagarmi,  
Infin ch'io venga meno.  
E se da vostri dardi  
Io resterò conquiso,  
Ferischino quei sguardi,  
Ma sanimi quel riso.

To arms sweet eyes!  
I prepare my breast for you:  
take joy in wounding me  
until I faint.  
For if by your darts  
I remain conquered,  
Wound me with those glances!  
But heal me with that laughter.

amare

**De Rore Ancor che col partire**

Ancor che col partire  
Io mi sento morire  
Partir vorrei ogn' hor, ogni momento:  
Tant' il piacer ch'io sento  
De la vita ch'acquisto nel ritorno:  
Et cosi mill' e mille volt' il giorno  
Partir da voi vorrei:  
Tanto son dolci gli ritorni miei

Even though by leaving  
I feel myself dying  
I would like to leave every hour, every  
moment:  
So much pleasure that I feel  
Of the life that I acquire in returning:  
And so a thousand and a thousand times a  
day  
I would like to leave you:  
So sweet are my returns

**Caccini Dalla porta d'oriente**

Dalla porta d'oriente  
Lampeggiando in ciel usciva  
E le nubi coloriva  
L'alba candida e lucente,  
E per l'aure rugiadosa  
Apria gigli e spargea rose.

From the eastern gate  
Flashing in the sky came  
And colored the clouds  
The white and bright dawn,  
And through the dewy breezes  
It opened lilies and scattered roses.

Quand'al nostr'almo terreno  
Distendendo i dolci lampi  
Vide aprir su i nostri campi  
D'altra luce altro sereno;  
E portando altr'alba il giorno  
Dileguar la notte intorno.

When on our high land  
Stretching out the sweet lightning  
It saw our fields open  
Of another light another serene;  
And bringing another dawn the day  
Disperse the night around.

Ch'a sgombrar l'oscuro velo  
Più soave e vezzosetta,  
Una vaga giovinetta  
Accendea le rose in cielo,  
E di fiamme porporine  
Feria l'aure matutine.

That to clear away the dark veil  
More sweet and charming,  
A lovely young girl  
Lighted the roses in the sky,  
And with purple flames  
She struck the morning breezes.

L'alba in ciel s'adira e vede  
Che le toglie il suo splendore  
Questa nova alba d'amore,  
E già volge in dietro il piede,  
E stillar d'amaro pianto  
Già comincia il roseo manto.

The dawn in the sky gets angry and sees  
That it takes away its splendor  
This new dawn of love,  
And already turns its foot back,  
And drips of bitter tears  
Already begins the rosy mantle.

**Schubert Auf dem Wasser zu singen**

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden  
Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves  
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,  
on gently shimmering waves of joy.  
The soul, too, glides like a boat.  
For from the sky the setting sun  
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel  
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.  
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem  
Flügel  
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,  
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel  
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Alas, with dewy wings  
time vanishes from me on the rocking  
waves.  
Tomorrow let time again vanish with  
shimmering  
wings, as it did yesterday and today,  
until, on higher, more radiant wings,  
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

**Schubert So laßt mich scheinen**

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,  
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!  
Ich eile von der schönen Erde  
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,  
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;  
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,  
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten  
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,  
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten  
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,  
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.  
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;  
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

**Caroline Shaw Cant voi l' aube dou jor venir**

Cant voi l' aube dou jor venir,  
Nulle rien ne doi tant haïr,  
K' elle fait de moi departir  
Mon amin, cui j' ain per amors.

Or ne hai riens tant com le jour, Amins,  
ke me depart de vos.

Je ne vos puis de jor veoir,  
Car trop redout l' apercevoir,  
Et se vos di trestout por voir  
K' en agait sont li enuious.

Or ne hai riens tant com le jour, Amins,  
ke me depart de vos.

Quant je me gix dedens mon lit  
Et je resgairde encoste mi,  
Je n' i truis poent de mon amin,  
Se m' en plaing a ons amerous.

Biaus dous amis, vos en ireis,  
A Deu soit vos cors comandeis.  
Por Deu vos pri, ne m' oblieis!  
Je n' ain nulle rien com vos.

Or ne hai riens tant com le jour, Amins,  
ke me depart de vos.

Thus let me seem till thus I become.  
Do not take off my white dress!  
I shall swiftly leave the fair earth  
for that dark dwelling place below.

There, for a brief silence, I shall rest;  
then my eyes shall open afresh.  
Then I shall leave behind this pure raiment,  
this girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings  
do not ask who is man or woman,  
and no garments, no folds  
enclose the transfigured body.

True, I lived free from care and toil,  
yet I knew much deep suffering.  
Too soon I grew old with grief;  
make me young again for ever!

When I see the coming of dawn,  
there's nothing I must hate so much,  
for it makes me leave  
my friend, whom I truly love.

I hate nothing as much as day, my love,  
which parts me from you.

I can't see you in the daytime,  
for fear we'll be noticed,  
and this I tell you truly:  
the envious are watching us.

I hate nothing as much as day, my love,  
which parts me from you.

When I lie in my bed,  
and look to my side,  
I and no trace of my beloved,  
and so I complain to true lovers.

Beautiful, sweet love, you will leave.  
May God watch over your body.  
By God I beg you, don't forget me!  
I love nothing so much as you.

I hate nothing as much as day, my love,  
which parts me from you.

### **Caroline Shaw Other Song**

Find where you go - Behind the glare is what I know  
The melody climbs higher - The song is in the fold  
The harmony is cold - What's old is new  
is ever, ever told - I go where you are  
I know there is no assigned melody - The song is in the fold  
The harmony is cold - What's old is new  
is ever, ever told - Find the line.  
I go wherever you go.

### **Purcell Fairest Isle**

Fairest isle of isles excelling, seat of pleasures and of loves,  
Venus here will choose her dwelling, and forsake her Cyprian groves.  
Cupid, from his fav'rite nation, care and envy will remove;  
Jealousy, that poisons passion and despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining, sighs that blow the fire of love,  
Soft repulses, kind disdain, shall be all the pains you prove.  
Every swain shall pay his duty, grateful every nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty, those shall be renown'd for love.

### **Traditional She moved through the Fair**

My young love said to me my mother won't mind  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind  
He went away from me and this he did say  
'It will not be long love till our wedding day.'

He went away from me and he moved through the fair  
And slowly I watched him move here and move there  
He went his way homeward with one star awake  
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake

I dreamed last night that my young love came in  
He came in so sweetly, his feet made no din;  
He stepped close beside me, and this he did say  
'It will not be long love, till our wedding day'

### **Di Lasso Musica, Dei donum optimi**

Musica, Dei donum optimi,  
trahit homines, trahit deos.  
Musica truces mollit animos,  
tristesque mentes erigit,  
vel ipsas arbores  
et horridas movet feras.

Music, the gift of the very best God,  
carries away men, carries away gods.  
Music softens harsh characters  
and buoys up sad minds;  
it moves even the trees themselves  
and the horrid wild beasts.