

O perlaro gentil

O perlaro gentil, se dispogliato
Se' per l'inverno ch'ogni fior nasconde,
Nel tempo novo dolc' e 'nnamorato

Ritorneranno li fiori e le fronde,
Ma io dolente quanto più vo innanzo
Nell' amor di costei più disavanzo.

Ahi, lasso a me, non vol più ANNAmorarmi
La bianca man che pur soleva toccarmi.

Segugi a corda

Segugi a cord'e can per la foresta,
In su, in giù, in qua, in là abbaiano:
- Bau, bau, bau! -
E cacciator chiamando e confortando:
- Ve' lla, ve' lla, ve' lla! -
- Dragon, Dragon te', te'! -
- Ollà, ollà, ollà! qua l'è, qua l'è! -
- Vien qua, vien qua, vien qua,
ché qui son gli orsi! -
Sentiva, quando ad altra caccia corsi
Poco lungi dal bosco.

Al suon de' corni e della gran tempesta
D'una valle a uscì la villanella.
- Ai, ai, ai, da, da!
Da' a la volpe! - Allora la presi
E la madre - Vien qua, lasci andar le bebè! -
- Ci, ci, ci, ci- - Deh, sì, deh, sì, deh, sì! -
- Deh, no, deh, no, deh, no, perché non voglio! -
Pur l'abbracciai che non le valse orgoglio
E portà'la nel bosco.

Che cos'è quest'amor

Che cos'è quest'amor che 'l ciel produce
Per far più manifesta la tua luce?

Ell'è tanto vezos' onest e vagha,
legiadr' e gratios' adorn' e bella,
ch'a chi la guarda, subito 'l cor piagha
con gl'ochi bel che lucon più che stella.

E a cuj lice star fiso a vederla
Tutta gioya e virtù in se conduce.

Che chos'è quest'amor ...

O gentle honeyberry tree

O gentle honeyberry tree, though you are undressed
By the winter, which has hidden all your flowers,
In the new season of sweetness and love

Your flowers and your leaves will return,
But I am grieving because the more I go on
In this woman's love, the more I lose ground.

Alas! the white hand which used to touch me
Is no longer willing to ANNimate me

Tr. Giovanni Carsaniga

Hounds on leashes

Hounds on leashes and dogs in the forest,
Up, down, here, there, barking:
- Woof! woof! woof! -
And the hunter yelling and encouraging
- See there! see there! see! -
- Draco, Draco, you, you! -
- Hello, hello, hello! Here it is! Here it is! -
- Come here, come here, come here,
the bears are here! -
I heard this when another hunt ran past
in the woods nearby.

With the sound of horns and a great bluster
The peasant girl came out of a valley.
- Hey, hey, hey! Come on! Come on!
Give it to the fox! - Then I caught her
And the mother - Come here! Let the baby go! -
- here, here, here, here! - Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes! -
- Oh no, oh no, oh no! Because I don't want to! -
Yet I embraced her, though it didn't make her proud,
And took her into the woods.

Tr. Naomi McMahon

What is this, Love

What is this, Love, which heaven produces
To make your light shine brighter?

She is so charming, fine, and pleasant,
Graceful and fair, adorned and beautiful,
That he who looks at her suddenly aches in his heart
For her lovely eyes, which shine brighter than stars.

And whoever is allowed to fix his gaze on her
Brings out all joy and virtue in himself

What is this, Love...

Tr. Naomi McMahon

Occhi miei lassi

Occhi miei lassi, mentre ch'io vi giro
 Nel bel viso di quella che v'ha morti,
 Pregovi siate accorti,
 Ché già vi sfida Amore, ond'io sospiro.

Morte pò chiuder sola a'miei pensieri
 L'amoroso camin che [g]li conduce
 Al dolce porto de la lor salute;
 Ma puossi a voi celar la vostra luce

Per meno obgetto, perché meno interi
 Siete formati, et di minor virtute.
 Però, dolenti, anzi che sian venute

L'ore del pianto, che son già vicine,
 Prendete or a la fine
 Breve conforto a sí lungo martiro.

Francesco Petrarca, Canzoniere 14

My weary eyes

My weary eyes, there, while I turn you
 Towards the lovely face of her who slays you,
 I pray you guard yourself
 Since, already, Love challenges you, so that I sigh.

Only Death can close from my thoughts
 The loving path that leads them
 To the sweet doorway of their blessing;
 But your light can hide itself from you

For less reason, since you are formed
 As lesser entities, and of less power.
 But, grieve, before the hour of tears

Is come, that is already near,
 Take to the end now
 Brief comfort from such long suffering.

Tr. A.S. Kline (lieder.net)

Vedi le valli e i campi

Vedi le valli e i campi che si smaltano
 Di color mille,
 et con la piva e'l crotalo
 Intorno ai fonti i pastor lieti saltano.
 Vedi il montan di Friso et segna et notalo,
 Clonico dolce, et non ti vinca il tedio
 Ch'in pochi di convien che'l sol percotalo.

Behold the Valleys and Fields

Behold the valleys and fields how they are enameled
 With a thousand colors;
 and how with bagpipe and castanet
 The joyous shepherds dance about the fountains.
 Behold the Ram of Phrixus, and mark and note it,
 Sweet Clonico; and let not tedium master you
 For in a few days the sun must surely strike it.

Languisco e moro, ahì, cruda!

Languisco e moro, ahì, cruda!
 Ma tu fera cagion della mia sorte,
 Deh, per pietà consola
 Sì dolorosa morte
 D'una lagrima sola,
 Onde dica per fin del mio languire:
 "Hor che pietosa sei, dolc'è 'l morire."

I languish and die, O cruel lady!

I languish and die, O cruel lady!
 But you, heartless cause of my destiny,
 Pray, have pity, and ease the agony
 Of such a grievous death
 Even with a single tear.
 Then I will say, as my torments end:
 "Now that you show mercy, it is sweet to die."

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Ecco, mormorar l'onde
 E tremolar le fronde
 A l'aura mattutina e gli arborscelli,
 E sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
 Cantar soavemente
 E rider l'oriente.

The waves murmur

The waves murmur
 And the leaves quiver
 In the morning breeze with the little shrubs;
 On the green branches, the lovely birds
 Sing sweetly,
 And the east smiles.

Ecco già l'alba appare
 E si specchia nel mare
 E rasserena il cielo
 E [le campagne] imperla il dolce gelo,
 E gli alti monti indora.

The dawn has come,
 Mirrored in the sea;
 It clears the sky,
 Brings pearls of sweet dew,
 And gilds the high peaks.

O bella e vaga Aurora,
L'aura è tua messaggera,
E tu de l'aura
Ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.

Torquato Tasso

Lovely, gracious dawn,
The breeze heralds you,
And you the breeze,
which soothes every burnt-out soul.

Tr. Nicholas Jones

Comment qu'a moy

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne
Soies, dame d'onnour,
Si m'estes vous procheinne
Par penser nuit et jour.

Car souvenir me meinne,
Si qu'ades sans sejour
Vo biaute souverainne,
Vo gracious atour,
Vo manière certainne,
Et vo fresche coulour
Qui n'est pale ne veinne,
Voy toudis sans sejour
Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

Dame, de grace pleine,
Mais vo haute valour,
Vo bonte souverainne,
Et vo fine doucour
En vostre dous demeinne
M'ont si mis que m'amour,
Sans pensée vilainne,
Meint en vous que j'aour
Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

Mais desirs qui se peinne
D'acroistre mon labour
Tenra mon cuer en peinne
Et de mort en paour,
Se Dieus l'eure n'ameinne
Qu'a vous, qui estes flour
De toute flour mondeinne,
Face tost mon retour
Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

Ma belle dame souverainne

Ma belle dame souverainne,
Faites cesser ma grief dolour
Que j'endure pour vostre amour
Nuit et jour, dont j'ay tres grant painne.

Ou autrement, soies certainne,
Je finneray dedens brief jour.
Ma belle dame...

No matter how far

However far from me
You may be, noble lady.
You are near to me
In thought night and day.

Your memory remains with me
So that straightaway without ceasing
Your surpassing beauty.
Your graceful attire.
Your assured manner
And your fresh complexion
Which is neither pale nor wan
I always see without ceasing.
However far from me...

Lady, full of grace.
But your great worth.
Your surpassing goodness
And your delicate sweetness
In your gentle power
Have so placed me that my love.
Without any unworthy thought.
Rests in you whom I adore.
However far from me...

But Desire, who strives
To increase my labours.
Will keep my heart in distress
And in terror of death.
If God does not bring the happy hour
When to you, who are the flower
Of all earthly flowers.
I soon make my return.
However far from me...

Tr. Jennifer Garnham

My beautiful sovereign lady

My beautiful sovereign lady,
Make my deep grief stop
Which I am enduring for your love
Night and day, and which gives me very great pain.

Or else, be certain,
I will die in only a few days.
My beautiful sovereign lady ...

Il n'i a jour en la sepmainne
Que je ne soye en grant tristour;
Se me veulliés par vo doulcour
Secourir, de volonte plaine.
Ma belle dame ... Que j'endure ...

There is not one day in the week
When I am not in great sadness;
So please be willing, in your sweetness,
To help me, wholeheartedly.
*My beautiful sovereign lady ... Which I am
enduring...*

Tr. David Wyatt (lieder.net)

Qui n'a le cuer rainpli

Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie
Mallement peut gracios chans trover.
Je le sai bien et si le peus prover,
Mout me desplaist,
mais ainsi faut que soie.

The man whose heart is not filled

The man whose heart is not filled with true joy
Will have a hard time composing pleasing songs;
This I know and can attest;
It displeases me much,
but that is the way it has to be.

Pluiseurs en son ten ceste propre voie,
Lesquels dire porroient sans fausser:
Qui n'a le cuer rainpli...

There are many in this same situation
Who can say without falsehood:
The man whose heart is not filled ...

Autre ne sai, certes, que dire doie,
Fors que Dieu tous tells cuers reconforter
Veuille, qui peut toute grace donner,
Car on peut bien dire si haut qu'on l'oie:
Qui n'a le cuer rainpli... Je le sai bien...

I know surely nothing else I should say
But that may God comfort all such hearts,
God who can give every grace;
For we may well say, and loud enough to be heard:
The man whose heart is not filled... This I know...

Tr. Lawrence Rosenwald

Donnés l'assault

Donnés l'assault a la fortesse
De ma gratieuse maistresse,
Hault dieu d'amors, je vous supplie;
Boutés hors m'adverse partie
Qui languir me fait en destresse.

Sound the attack

Sound the attack on the fortress
Of my gracious mistress
High god of love, I beg you;
Boot out my enemy
Who makes me disheartened in distress.

C'est d'Anuy, qui par sa rudesse
De moy grever point ne se cesse
Envers ma dame gente et lye.
Donnés l'assault...

This comes from Annoyance, who by his harshness
Never ceases to burden me
Regarding my noble and glad lady.
Sound the attack...

Faictes venir tost en l'adresse
Au secours, par vostre noblesse,
pitié, Mercy et Courtoisie.
La belle soit par vous saisye,
Car le tarder trop si me blesse.
Donnés l'assault... Boutés hors...

Do come soon to help me
In the attack, by your nobility
Pity, mercy and gallantry.
May the lovely lady be seized by you
For the delay wounds me too much.
Sound the attack...Boot out...

Tr. David Wyatt (lieder.net)

Las! sans espoir

Las! Sans espoir je languis à grand tort,
Pour la rigueur d'une beauté si fière,
qui sans ouïr
mes pleurs ni ma prière
Rit de mon mal si violent et fort

Alas, hopeless I pine

Alas, hopeless I pine in great wrong
For the harshness of a beauty so proud
which not listening
to my weeping nor my prayer
Laughs at my ills so violently, so hard –

De la beauté
dont j'espérais support,
Pour mon service
et longue foi première,
Je ne reçois que tourment
et misère,
Et pour secours je n'attends que la mort.

Mais telle dame est si sage et si belle
Que si quelqu'un la veut nommer cruelle
En me voyant traité cruellement,

Vienne au combat ici je le défie,
Il connaîtra qu'un si dur traitement
Pour ses vertus m'est une douce vie.

Pierre de Ronsard

Languir me fais

Languir me fais
sans t'avoir offensée,
Plus ne m'escriptz,
plus de moy ne t'enquiers,
Mais nonobstant aultre Dame ne quiers:
Plus tost mourir, que changer ma pensée.

Je ne dy pas t'amour estre effacée,
Mais je me plains de l'ennuy que j'acquiers,
Et loing de toy humblement te requiers
Que loing de moy, de moy ne sois faschée.

Clément Marot

Le chant des oyseux

Prima Parte

Reveillez vous, coeurs endormis
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.
A ce premier jour de may,
Oyseaulx feront merveillez,
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay
Destoupez vos oreilles.
Et farirariron (etc...)
Vous serez tous en ioye mis,
Car la saison est bonne.

Seconda parte

Vous orrez, à mon advis,
Une dulce musique
Que fera le roy mauvis (le merle aussi)
D'une voix autentique.
Ty, ty, pyty, ti, chou, ty, thouy, chouti,
Tu que dis tu?
Le petit sansonnet de Paris. Le petit mignon

Of the beauty
from which I'd hoped for support,
For my service,
and for my first and long-lasting faithfulness.
But I receive nothing but torment
and wretchedness
And I expect help only from death.

But that lady is so wise and beautiful
That if anyone tried to call her cruel,
Seeing me cruelly treated,

Let him come and fight, here I challenge him;
He should know that such harsh treatment
Over her virtues is for me a sweet life.

Tr. David Wyatt (lieder.net)

You make me pine away

You make me pine away,
though I haven't offended you.
You've stopped writing to me,
or asking after me.
But despite this I do not desire any other lady:
I'd rather die than change my mind.

I don't say that your love has vanished,
But I do complain of the anguish I receive.
And far from you I humbly beg you
Not to be angry at me.

Tr. Peter Low (lieder.net)

The song of the birds

Part One

Awake, sleepy hearts,
The god of love calls you.
On this first day of May,
The birds will make you marvel.
To lift yourself from dismay,
Unclog your ears.
And fa la la la la (etc...)
You will be moved to joy,
For the season is good.

Part Two

You will hear, I advise you,
A sweet music
That the royal song thrush will sing (the blackbird, too)
In a pure voice.
Ty, ty, pyty, ti, chou, ty, thouy, chouti,
What are you saying?
The little starling of Paris. The little darling.

Qu'est là bas, passe, villain.
Sainte tête Dieu!
Il est temps, d'aller boire.
Au sermon, ma maitresse,
À saint Troten voir saint Robin,
Montrez le tétin, le douz musequin!
Guillemette, Colinette, il est temps d'aller boire.
Rire et gaudir c'es mon devis,
Chacun s'i habandonne.

Terza parte

Rossignol du bois joli,
À qui la voix résonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennui
Vôtre gorge jargonne.
Frian, teo, tu, coqui, oy, ty, trr,
Tu, huit, teo, frian, tycoon, turri, quibi.
Tu, foquet, fi, frian, fi, ti, trr, huit, tar, turri, quibi.
Huit, qui larra, fi, turri, turri, tibi.
Fuiez, regrets, pleurs, et souci,
Car la saison l'ordonne,
Car la saison est bonne.

Quarta Parte

Arrière, maître coucou,
Sortez de notr'chapitre;
Chacun vous est maltenu,
Car vous nêtes qu'un trâître.
Coqu, par trahison, en chacun nid
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.

Reveille vous, cueurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

Who goes there? Sparrow, you villain!
Good heavens!
It's time to go drinking.
Off to "Mass," mistress mine,
Let's take a walk to see "Saint Robin"
Show your tit, that cute little thing!
Guillemette, Colinette, it's time to go drinking.
To laugh and rejoice is my device,
Each with abandon.

Part Three

Nightingale from the lovely woods
In which the voice resounds,
You babble on and on
To relieve your sorrow.
Frian, teo, tu, coqui, oy, ty, trr,
Tu, huit, teo, frian, tycoon, turri, quibi.
Tu, foquet, fi, frian, fi, ti, trr, huit, tar, turri, quibi.
Huit, qui larra, fi, turri, turri, tibi.
Away with regrets, tears, and cares,
For the season commands it,
For the season is good.

Part Four

Away with you, master cuckoo,
Leave our assembly;
You have mistreated everyone,
For you are nothing but a traitor.
You deceitfully cuckold every nest,
Laying eggs that no one requests of you.

Wake up, sleeping hearts,
For the god of love summons you!