

Dies irae, dies illa

solvat saeculum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
per sepulchra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

Preces meae non sunt dignae:
sed tu bonus fac benigne,
ne perenni cremer igne.

Lacrymosa dies illa
qua resurget ex favilla
iudicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Pie Iesu Domine,
dona eis requiem. Amen.

La Passacaglia della vita

Oh come t'inganni
se pensi che gl'anni
non hann' da finire,
bisogna morire.

A day of wrath; that day,
it will dissolve the world into glowing
ashes,
as attested by David together with the
Sibyl.

The trumpet's wondrous call sounding
abroad
in tombs throughout the world
shall drive everybody forward to the
throne.

My prayers are not worthy:
but Thou, of Thy goodness, deal
generously (with me),
that I burn not in the everlasting
flame.

That day will be one of weeping
on which shall rise again from the
embers
the guilty man, to be judged.
Therefore spare him, O God.
Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest. Amen.

English translation by Paul Archer

O how you deceive yourself
if you think your time
won't come to an end,
we have to die.

È un sogno la vita
che par sì gradita,
è breve gioire,
bisogna morire.
Non val medicina,
non giova la China,
non si può guarire,
bisogna morire.

Non vaglion sberate,
minarie, bravate
che caglia l'ardire,
bisogna morire.
Dottrina che giova,
parola non trova
che plachi l'ardire,
bisogna morire.

Non si trova modo
di scoglier 'sto nodo,
non val il fuggire,
bisogna morire.
Commun'è statuto,
non vale l'astuto
'sto colpo schermire,
bisogna morire.

La morte crudele
a tutti è infedele,
ogn'uno svergogna,
morire bisogna.
È pur ò pazzia

Life is a dream
that seems so pleasing
but is briefly enjoyed,
we have to die.
Of no avail is medicine,
of no use is quinine,
we cannot be cured,
we have to die.

It's no use ranting
and railing, the bravado
that stiffens courage,
we must die.
No guiding doctrine
finds the words
to allay our fears,
we have to die.

There's no means
to untie this knot,
there's no escape,
we must die.
It's our common fate,
no cunning ploys
can fend it off,
we must die.

Cruel death
betrays us all,
shames each of us,
die we must.
It's just lunatic

o gran frenesia,
par dirsi menzogna,
morire bisogna.

Si more cantando,
si more sonando
la Cetra, o Sampogna,
morire bisogna.

Si muore danzando,
bevendo, mangiando;
con quella carogna
morire bisogna.

I Giovani, i putti
e gl'Huomini tutti
s'hann'a incenerire,
bisogna morire.

I sani, gl'infermi,
i bravi, gl'inermi
tutt'hann'a finire,
bisogna morire.

E quando che meno
ti pensi, nel seno
ti vien a finire,
bisogna morire.

Se tu non vi pensi
hai persi li sensi,
sei morto e puoi dire:
bisogna morire.

and frenetic
to tell lies about it,
die we must.

We die when singing,
we die when playing
the zither, the bagpipe,
die we must.

We die when dancing,
drinking and eating;
trapped in our bodies,
die we must.

Youngsters and toddlers
and all of humanity
are burnt to ashes,
we have to die.

The healthy, the sick,
the brave, the helpless,
all come to an end,
we have to die.

And when you are least
expecting it, you will
come to your end,
we have to die.

If it's not on your mind,
you've lost your senses,
and are dead, so you can say:
we have to die.

Se que me muero

Sé que me muero
me muero de amor
y solicito el dolor.

Aún muriendo de querer
de tan buen aire adolezco,
que es más de lo que padezco
lo que quiero padecer.

Y no pudiendo exceder
a mi deseo el rigor.

Sé que me muero
me muero de amor
y solicito el dolor.

Lisonjéame la suerte
con piedad tan advertida,
que me asegura la vida
en el riesgo de la muerte.

Vivir de su golpe fuerte
es de mi salud primor.

Sé que me muero
me muero de amor
y solicito el dolor.

Sino alla morte

Sino alla morte

I know I die
I die of love
and I request the pain.

Even while dying of love
I suffer of such great appearance
that is more than I suffer
what I want to suffer

And harshness is unable
to exceed my desire.

I know I die
I die of love
and I request the pain.

Praise my luck
with such advised piety,
that assures me life
in the risk of death.

To live off its powerful blow
is my health's artfulness.

I know I'm dying
I'm dying of love
and I request the pain.

By Sebastiano Baldini, 1615-1685.

Trans. By Richard Kolb

Until death,

Mi protesto d'adorarvi,
Voglio amarvi
A dispetto del tempo
E della sorte,
Sino alla morte
L'inanellato crine,
Che biondeggia superbo in masse
d'oro,
Per le man dell'età divenga argento;
L'amorose rovine
Della vostra beltà ch'io tanto adoro,
Calpesti il tempo a consumarle intento

Resti ogni lume spento
Delle pupille, e d'ostrì e di cinabri
Veggansi impoverir le guance e i labri.

Pur del pensiero
Che nudre l'alma,
Havrà la palma
Il cieco Arciero.
Al desio ch'a voi s'aggira,
Che per voi sempre sospira,
Goderò del mio core aprir le porte

Sino alla morte.
Turbi la fede mia
Il tosco de gl'amanti,
La ministra de' pianti,
L'origin d'ogni mal: la gelosia.
Servirò la tiranna

I vow that I will adore you.
I want to love you
in defiance of time
and fate,
until death.
Let your adorned locks,
magnificently resplendent in masses of
gold,
be turned to silver by the hand of age;
Let the beloved ruins
of your beauty that I so adore
be trampled by time intent on
consuming them.
Let every light be spent
from your eyes and let the scarlet and
vermilion
of your cheeks and lips become
impoverished.
Even against thought
that nourishes the soul,
the blind archer
will take the prize.
The desire that surrounds you,
that sighs for you continuously,
will delight in opening the door of my
heart
until death parts us.
Let my trust be troubled
by the poison of lovers,
that overseer of tears,
the origin of every ill: jealousy.
I will serve the tyrant

Ch'a morir mi condanna,
Tra cure ne' martir, fra le ritorte
Sino alla morte.
Scuota la mia costanza
La nemica d'amore,
La madre del dolore,
La furia d'ogni cor: la lontananza.
In adorar costei
Con tutti i voti miei,
Mi vedrà quale Anteo sorger più forte
Sino alla morte.
Può la fortuna
Trarmi lontano,
Ma sempre invano
Gl'affanni aduna.
Aque non serba il fiume dell'oblio,
Che bastino a temprar l'incendio mio,
Poiché ad estinguer l'amoroso foco
Ci vuol un mare, anzi ch'un mare è
poco.
Io so ch'alle faville degl'amanti,
Tutti i mari alla fin non son bastanti.

O Death, Rock me Asleep

O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest;
Let pass my weary, guiltless ghost out
of my careful breast.

that condemns me to death,
amidst the cares of misfortune, amidst
trials,
until death.
Let my faithfulness be troubled
by the enemy of love,
the mother of suffering,
the frenzy of every heart: separation.
In adoring her,
by all my vows,
I will be seen, like Antaeus,* to rise
stronger than before, until death.
Let fortune
carry me afar,
yet always in vain
will it bring vexations.
The river of oblivion doesn't hold
enough water to quell my passion,
for to extinguish the fire of my love
would take
an ocean, and even an ocean is too
little.
I know that all the oceans of the world
are not
equal to the sparks that fly between
lovers.

Attrib. Anne Boleyn, 1501-1536

Toll on the passing bell
Ring out the doleful knell,
let the sound my death tell.
Death doth draw nigh.
Sound my death dolefully, for now I
die.

Farewell, my pleasures past: My pains
alone.
In prison strong, who can express, alas
they are so strong.
My dolours will not suffer strength,
My life for to prolong,
Lest my woe work his cruel hope
That I must taste. This misery.

Cantigas d'amigos

Ondas do mar de Vigo,
se vistes meu amigo?
E ai Deus!, se verra cedo?

O sea waves of Vigo,
have you seen my lover?
O God, will he be back soon?

Ondas do mar levado,
se vistes meu amado?
E ai Deus!, se verra cedo?

O turbulent sea waves,
have you seen my lover?
O God, will he be back soon?

Mandad'ei comigo,
ca ven meu amigo.
E irei, madr' a Vigo

Word came today:
my friend's on his way,
and I'm going, mother, to Vigo.

Comigo'ei mandado,
ca ven meu amado.
E irei, madr' a Vigo

Today came the tidings:
my friend is arriving,
and I'm going, mother, to Vigo.

Ca ven meu amigo
e ven san' e vivo.
E irei, madr' a Vigo

My friend's on his way
and is alive and well,
and I'm going, mother, to Vigo.

Quantas sabedes amar amigo,

Treides comig' a lo mar de Vigo.
E bannar nos emos nas ondas.

All girls who know what it means to
love,
come with me to the sea at Vigo,
and we'll bathe in the waves.

Quantas sabedes d'amor amado.
Treides comig' alo mar levado.
E bannar nos emos nas ondas.

All girls who know what loving means,
come with me to the risen sea,
and we'll bathe in the waves.

Treides comig' a lo mar de Vigo.
E veeremo-lo meu amigo.

E bannar nos emos nas ondas.

Come with me to the sea at Vigo
and there we'll see the good friend I
love
and we'll bathe in the waves.

Mia irmana fremosa, treides comigo
a la ygreia de Vigo, u e o mar salido.

E miraremos las ondas.

Lovely sister, come with me
To the church in Vigo where the sea is
rough,
And we will gaze at the waves.

Mia irmana fremosa, treides de grado
a la ygreia de Vigo, u e o mar levado.

E miraremos las ondas.

Lovely sister, come willingly
To the church in Vigo, where the sea is
up,
And we will gaze at the waves.

A la ygreia de Vigo, u e o mar salido,

e verra i mia madre e o meu amigo.

To the church in Vigo where the sea is
rough,
And my mother and my friend will

E miraremos las ondas.

Ay ondas que eu vin ver
Se me saberedes dizer
Por que tarda meu amigo sen min.

Interrote Speranza

Interrotte speranze, eterna fede,
fiamme e strali possenti in debil core;

nutrir sol di sospir un fero ardore

e celar il suo mal quand'altri il vede;

seguir di vago e fuggitivo piede

l'orme rivolte a volontario errore;

perder del seme sparso e'l frutto e'l
fiore

e la sperata al gran languir mercede;

far d'uno sguardo sol legge ai pensieri

e d'un casto voler freno al desio,

e spender lacrimando i lustru interi:

questi ch'a voi, quasi gran fasci invio,
donna crudel, d'aspri tormenti e fieri,

come,

And we will gaze at the waves.

Oh Waves that I came to see,
Can you possibly tell me
Why my lover tarries without me?

Broken hope, eternal faith,
powerful flames and rays in the weak
heart;

with just one sigh nourish the fervant
ardour

and hide your weakness from others;

follow from the wandering, fugitive
foot

the tracks that lead towards willful
erring;

lose from the widespread seed both
fruit and flower

and the expected mercy from the great
anguish;

from just one look dictate the laws of
thought

and with chaste resolution stifle the
desire,

and tears shall flow for lustrums;

I send you a large bunch
of harsh and dire torments, cruel lady,

saranno i trofei vostri e'l rogo mio.

that shall be your trophy and my
damnation.

Interrotte speranze, eterna fede,
fiamme e strali possenti in debil core;

Broken hope, eternal faith,
powerful flames and rays in the weak
heart;

nutrir sol di sospir un fero ardore

with just one sigh nourish the fervant
ardour

e celar il suo mal quand'altri il vede;

and hide your weakness from others;

Lamento della Ninfa

Trans. Paolo Montanari

"Amor", dicea, il ciel
mirando, il piè fermo,
"dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?"

- O Love - she said,
Gazing at the sky, as she stood -
Wheres the fidelity
That the deceiver promised? -

Miserella.

Poor her!

"Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più."

- Make my love come back
As he used to be
Or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore. -

Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

Poor her! She cannot bear
All this coldness!

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i suoi martiri
più non dirammi1 affè.

- I dont want him to sigh any longer
But if hes far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
Anymore, I swear!

Perché di lui mi struggo,

Hes proud

tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai."

Sí tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
cosí ne cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

Tirsi Morir Volea

Tirsi morir volea,
Gl'occhi mirando di colei ch'adora;
Quand'ella, che di lui non meno ardea,
Gli disse: "Ahimè, ben mio,
Deh, non morir ancora,
Che teco bramo di morir anch'io."
Frenò Tirsi il desio,
Ch'ebbe di pur sua vit'allor finire;
E sentea morte, e non poter morire.

Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him
He will come to pray to me again.

If her eyes are more serene
Than mine,
O Love, she does not hold in her heart
A fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those
lips
Kisses as sweet as mine,
Nor softer. Oh, dont speak!
Dont speak! you know better than that!
-

So amidst disdainful tears,
She spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

Thyrsis desired death,
looking into the eyes of the girl he
adored,
when she, who burned no less for him,
said to him, "Alas, my dear,
oh, do not die yet,
for I desire to die with you."
Thyrsis reined in his desire
to end his life alone;
but he felt death in not being able to
die.

E mentr'il guardo suo fisso tenea
Ne' begl'occhi divini
E'l nettare amoroso indi bevea,
La bella Ninfa sua, che già vicini
Sentea i messi d'Amore,
Disse, con occhi languidi e tremanti:
"Mori, cor mio, ch'io moro."
Cui rispose il Pastore:
"Ed io, mia vita, moro."

Così morirono i fortunati amanti
Di morte sì soave e sì gradita,
Che per anco morir tornarono in vita.

Ay, que me abraso

¡Ay, que me abraso
de amor en la llama!
¡Qué dulce violencia!
¡Qué tierna regala!
Celestes incendios
al pecho motivan,
que anhela el tormento
que es gloria del alma.

O guerra misteriosa
en la forma gloriosa,
vivamente contemplo
a quien erige templo,
ansiosa el alma mía,
remedio de mi ciega fantasía.

And while he kept his gaze fixed on
those
beautiful divine eyes
and drank the amorous nectar,
his beautiful nymph, who felt
love's beckonings drawing nigh,
said with languid and trembling eyes,
"Die, my heart, for I die."
The shepherd answered her,
"And I, my life, die."

So the fortunate lovers died so sweet
and
welcome a death,
that they returned to life to die again.

Trans. By Francisco J. Fernández Díez

Oh, I burn of love
in the flame!
What sweet violence
it tenderly gives!
Celestial fires
motivates the breast,
which longs for torment
as the glory of the soul.

Oh mysterious and
yet glorious war,
lively my soul
sees the one who
constructs this temple,
cure for my blind fantasy.

No deje de arder
mi fiel corazón;
será la ocasión
de mi merecer,
no, no deje de arder;
verá que en su fuego
la dicha halla luego
de mi padecer.

Anime, amor, la llama
del celestial incendio,
seré en sus puras alas
glorioso fénix si renazco al cielo.

Avive la materia
mi amor y mi deseo,
prestando mis suspiros
al aire que voraz anima el fuego.

El corazón la ofrenda
será, pues el primero
fue quien al dueño mío
franqueó las puertas del humano
templo.

Y en tan celestiales
divinos incendios,
al suave amoroso
suspiro que exhala,
repita mi pecho
su fiel consonancia.

Don't stop burning yourself,
my faithful heart,
this will be the time
of rewards to deserve.
No, don't stop burning,
you will realize that in it's fire
joys you will find
after suffering.

Love, fuel the flame
of this celestial fire,
If I am reborn to heavens
I will be like a phoenix of pure wings.

Fuel the flame
my love and my desire
giving my sighs
to the fierce air that fuels the fire.

The heart will be the
offering, because he was
the first that, to my Lord,
opened the gates of the human
temple.

And in such celestial
and divine fires,
the soft amorous
sigh that I exhale,
must be repeated
in faithful consonance, by my breast.

Ciaccona di Paridiso e dell'Infero

Attr. Francisco Ratis, Trans. By Paul Archer

O che bel stare è stare in Paradiso
Dove si vive sempre in fest'e riso
Vedendosi di Dio svelato il viso
O che bel stare è star in Paradiso.

Oh how nice it is to be in Paradise
Where we live in the Elysian fields
Seeing the face of God revealed,
Oh how nice it is to be in Paradise.

Ohimè che orribil star qui nell'inferno
Ove si vive in pianto e foco eterno
Senza veder mai Dio in sempiterno
Ahi, ahì, che orribil star giù
nell'inferno.

Oh how horrible it is here in hell
Where we burn in eternal fire
Without ever seeing God appear,
Oh how horrible it is here in hell.

Là non vi regna giel, vento, calore,
Che il tempo è temperato a tutte
l'hore
Pioggia non v'è, tempesta, nè baleno,
Che il Ciel là sempre si vede sereno.

Here we don't suffer ice, wind and
heat
The weather is temperate all the time
There's no rain or storms or lightning,
Here in Heaven it's always peaceful.

Il fuoco e 'l ghiaccio là, o che stupore
Le brine, le tempeste, e il sommo
ardore
Stanno in un loco tute l'intemperie
Si radunan laggiù, o che miserie.

There's fire and ice here, oh it's awful,
The frosts, the storms, and the
scorching heat
We're in a place of such terrible
weather
Oh we're gathered here in such misery.

Havrai insomma la quanto vorrai

We have here all we could ever wish
for

E quanto non vorrai no haverai
E questo è quanto, o Musa, posso dire

And we have nothing that we dislike,
There's so much more, O Muse, I could

Pero fa pausa il canto e fin l'ardire.

say

But I'll pause the song, not daring to say more.

Quel ch'aborrisce qua la tutto havrai

Ah we have everything that is abhorrent

Quel te diletta e piace mai havrai

Nothing we like, never any pleasure,

E pieno d'ogni male tu sarai

We're surrounded by evil and badness

Disperato d'uscime mai, mai, mai!

Desperate to escape but never, never, never!

Schiarazula Marazula / Danza de la Muerte

Yo soy la muerte cierta a todas criaturas

I am the certain death of all creatures

que son y serán en el mundo durante; who are and who will be for as long as the earth shall last;

demandando y digo: "¡Oh, hombre!, por qué curas

I ask and I say, "Oh man, why do you care so much about

de vida breve en punto pasante?"

a life which is so short and fleeting?"

A la dança mortal venit los nascidos

Come to the dance of Death – come hither even

que en el mundo soes de cualquiera estado,

The last, the lowliest – of all rank and station;

el que non quisiere a fuerça e amidos

Who will not come, shall be by scourges driven;

fazerle he venir muy toste parado.

I hold no parley with disinclination!