

Sospiri del Corpo

May 21st 7:30pm – Olivet Congregational Church, Saint Paul
May 22nd 4:00pm – The Art Gallery at Hennepin Methodist, Minneapolis



Janna Kysilko, soprano · **Maria Jette**, soprano
Phillip Rukavina, Lute · **Bruce Jacobs**, Organ · **Mary Burke**, Viola Da Gamba
Joe Dolson, Baroque Violin · **Ginna Watson**, Baroque Violin

Begli occhi	Barbara Strozzi 1619-1677
Tugend ist der beste Freund, SWV 442	Heinrich Schütz 1585-1672
Paratum cor meum, SWV 257	Schütz
Güldne Haare, gleich Aurore, SWV 440	Schütz
Trio Sonata Opus 3, No. 3 in B \flat Major	Arcangelo Corelli 1653-1713
Sul Rodano Severo	Strozzi

Intermission



Filli, mirando il cielo	Giovanni Felice Sances 1600-1679
Voi baciatrici	Sigismondo d'India 1582-1629
Chi nutrisce tua speme	d'India
O leggiadri occhi	d'India
Trio Sonata Opus 3, No. 2, in D Major	Corelli
Lagrimosa beltà	Sances

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Begli occhi

Voi pur, begli'occhi, sete
porte d'un paradiso,
voi tra le scherzo e 'l riso
in ciel m'introducete
Ma tanto il cor m'ardete
che dal mio foco eterno
per le porte del ciel corro all'inferno.

Sì, bel seno, che tu sei
una neve animata,
sì che tua giogia grata
consola gl'ardor miei.
Ma tanto alfin godei
che grande a poco a poco
fra le falde di gel provo il mio foco.

Voi pur, bei crini, adoro,
cari dolci legami,
voi, preziosi stami
del mio ricco tesoro.
Ma della selva d'oro
se non mi fate un dono,
fra le miniere d'or povero io sono.

No, no, pomi e rubini,
che voi non paregiate
di quelle labbra amate
i coralli divini.
Ma non mai ne' giardini
di quella bella bocca
coglier quanti vorrei baci mi tocca.

Tugend ist der beste Freund

Tugend ist der beste Freund,
die uns allzeit pflegt zu lieben,
wann die schöne Sonne scheint
und die Wolken uns betrüben,
reisen wir gleich hin und her,
über Land und über Meer,
es ist ihr kein beschwer.

Sie weiss nichts von Menschen Gunst,
wie es zwar manches Freund hier machet,
der aus falscher Liebesbrunst
frölich klagt und kläglich lachet,
der zwar gut ist von Gesicht
und sich aller Treu' verspricht,
das Herze meint es nicht.

Beautiful eyes, you are indeed
doors to paradise:
with a tease and a laugh
you take me to heaven.
But my heart burns so fiercely
that my everlasting flame causes me to run,
from the doors of heaven to hell.

Beautiful breast, you are
living snow.
O how your graceful throat
feeds my passionate fire.
Yet so sublime is my delight,
that as it grows, little by little,
my fire burns amidst the snow.

I adore you, beautiful hair,
dear sweet bindings,
precious threads
of my rich treasure.
But if you won't give me
some of that golden tangle,
I'm impoverished amid these goldmines.

No, no, apples and rubies,
you don't compare with
the divine corals
within those beloved lips.
Yet never, in the garden
of that beautiful mouth, could I
gather enough kisses to satisfy my yearning.

Virtue is the best friend
who always loves us,
when the beautiful sun is shining
and the clouds sadden us,
we travel back and forth,
over land and sea,
it is no grievance to her.

She knows nothing of people's favor,
as many a friend does here,
who - out of false loving heat -
complains gleefully and laughs miserably,
though he is good in face
and pledges loyalty to himself,
the heart does not mean it.

Als das leichte Glücke mich,
schien ein wenig zu erhebe,
wollte der und jener sich
in der Todt auch für mich geben:
nun ein kleiner rauher Wind,
nur zu wittern sich beginnt,
ist niemand der sich find't.

Doch will ich von meinem Muth,
auch das mind'ste noch nicht schreiten,
und gedenken das mein Gut,
währen wird zu allen zeiten:
dann mein Trost in Glück und Noth,
hier und da in Ehr und Spott,
ist Tugend und ist Gott.

Paratum cor meum

Paratum cor meum, Deus, paratum cor meum;
cantabo, et psallam in gloria mea.
Exsurge, gloria mea; exsurge, psalterium et cythara;
exsurgam diluculo.
Confitebor tibi in populis, Domine,
et psallam tibi in nationibus.

Güldne Haare, gleich Aurore

Güldne Haare, gleich Aurora,
ihr verirret, und verwirret
mein jung's Herze ohne Scherze,

Rundes Stirnlein, weiss wie Elfnbein,
auf dir wohnet Venus Sohne
Und verwundet mich zur Stunde.

Klare Äuglein, glänzend Sternlein,
euer Glanz tödtet mich ganz,
eure Strahlen machen mich Qualen.

Corall'n Mündlein, scheeweiss Händlein,
rosfarb Wangen, ihr habt g'fangen mich führwahre ganz
und gare.

Wo nicht sendet Venus b'hende
Hulf mir Armen mit erbarmen, ach, ich sterbe
und verderbe.

When the giddy happiness
seemed to lift me up a little,
one or the other wanted
to give himself up in death for me:
now a little rough wind,
only begins to smell itself,
is no one to find himself.

But I do not want to step
in the least of my courage,
and think that my assets
will last for all times:
then my consolation in happiness and hardship,
here and there in honor and ridicule,
is virtue and is God.

My heart is steadfast, O God; I will sing,
yea, I will sing praises, even with my glory.
Awake, psaltery and harp; I will awake the dawn.
I will give thanks unto Thee, O LORD, among the
peoples; and I will sing praises unto Thee among the
nations.

Golden tresses, like the dawn
you mislead and confuse
my young heart, it's no joke.

Rounded little brow, white like ivory
upon you lives the son of Venus
and wounds me at this moment..

Clear eyes, shining little stars,
your gleam kills me completely,
your radiance torments me.

Little coral mouth, little snow-white hand,
Rosy cheeks, you have captured me
Thoroughly and completely.

If Venus doesn't quickly send
merciful help to me, ah, I die and waste away.

Sul Rodano severo

Sul Rodano severo giace tronco infelice
di Francia il gran scudiero,
e s'al corpo non lice tornar di ossequio pieno
all'amato Parigi, con la fredd'ombra almeno
il dolente garzon segue Luigi.
Enrico il bei, quasi annebbiato sole,
delle guance vezzose cangiò le rose in pallide viole
e di funeste brine macchiò l'oro del crine.
Lividi gl'occhi son, la tocca langue,
e sul latte del sen diluvia il sangue.

"Oh Dio, per qual cagione"
par che l'ombra gli dica "sei frettoloso andato
a dichiarar un perfido, un fellone,
quel servo a te sì grato, mentre, francese Augusto,
di meritar procuri il titolo di giusto?
Tu, se 'l mio fallo di gastigo è degno,
ohimè, ch'insieme insieme dell' invidia che freme
vittima mi sacrifichi allo sdegno.

Non mi chiamo innocente: purtroppo errai, purtroppo
ho me stesso tradito a creder all'invito
di fortuna ridente."

Ma che dice lui? Tu, Sire - ah, chi nol vede?
tu sol, credendo troppo alla sua fede,
l'hai fatto in regia corte
bersaglio dell'invidia e reo di morte.

Mentre al devoto collo tu lui stendevi quel cortese
braccio, allor lui davi il crollo,
allor tu l'apprestavi il ferro e 'l laccio.

"Quando meco godevi di trastullarti in solazzevol gioco,
allor l'esca accendevi
di mine cortigiane al chiuso foco.

Nella grazia del mio re mentre in su troppo men vo, di
venir dietro al mio pie' la fortuna si stancò,
Onde ho provato, ah! lasso,
come dal tutto al niente è un breve passo."

Luigi, a queste note di voce che perdon supplice chiede,
timoroso si scuote e del morto garzon la faccia vede.
Mentre il re col suo pianto
delle sue frette il pentimento accenna
tremò parigi e torbidossi Senna.

By the pitiless Rhone lies the hapless body
of France's noble squire, and though the body has not
been allowed the return with funereal honors
to his beloved Paris, at least in his cold shade
the unfortunate youth attends Louis.
Like a clouded sun, the fair Henry's rosy cheeks
are changed to pale violet, and his golden hair
is stained with a deathly frost.
The eyes are livid, the mouth droops,
and blood flows upon his milky white breast.

"Oh God, why" (the ghost seems to say) "were you so
hasty to pronounce as a traitor, a felon,
that servant whom you esteemed so well,
while yet, Majesty of France, you claim to deserve
the title of Just?
Even if my failing is worthy of punishment, alas,
together with seething envy you sacrificed me as a
victim to anger.

I do not claim innocence: alas, I erred,
I betrayed myself, trusting in the enticement
of smiling fortune. I do not claim innocence."

But what is he saying? You, Sire, ah, who doesn't
see it? You alone, believing too much in his loyalty,
made him in your royal court
a mark for envy and deserving of death.

While about his devoted neck you extended your
gracious arm, you also contrived his fall,
you consigned him to the sword and trap.

"When you enjoyed yourself with me,
sporting in pleasant games, you then ignited the tinder
of the courtiers' mines of hidden flame.

While by the favor of my King I ventured too high,
fortune tired of following in my footsteps.
Thus I have learned, alas,
how from everything to nothing is but a tiny step."

Louis, at these words of a voice that pleads for pardon,
trembles with fear and gazes on the face of the dead
youth. While the King, with his tears,
shows remorse for his haste,
Paris trembles and the Seine becomes turbulent.

Filli, mirando il cielo

Filli, mirando il cielo,
Dicea dogliosa e 'ntanto,
Empia di calde perle un bianco velo

"Io mi distillo in pianto,
D'amor languisco e moro,
Nè ritrovo pieta, o ciel, o stelle.
Io mi son giovinetta e 'l crin ho d'oro,
E colorite e belle
Sembran le guancie mie rose novelle.
Ahi, qual sarà 'l tormento
Quand'havrò d'oro il volto e 'l crin d'argento?"

Voi baciatrici

Voi baciatrici,
saettatrici,
pungenti rose
trombe amorose,
O bocch'innamorate,
mordete, sfidate,
ferit'e piagate.

Amor non tiene,
piu dolce bene,
de cari baci
che voi mordaci,
belle bocche formate,
mordete, sfidate,
ferit'e piagate.

Chi nutrisce tua speme

Chi nutrisce tua speme cor mio,
chi fiamma cre'a tuoi desiri,
chi radolcisce il fiel de tuoi martiri?
E chi ti doppia e chi t'inaspra i guai?
Ma chi t'ancide e chi t'avviv'anciso?
di duo begl'occh'il riso.

O leggiadri occhi belli

O leggiadri occhi belli,
occhi miei cari,
vivi raggi del ciel
sereni e chiari,
poiché tanto bramate
di vedermi languire,
di vedermi morire,
occhi belli che adoro,
mirate ch'io moro.

Phyllis, gazing at the heavens,
spoke her grief and soaked
her white veil with scalding tears:

"I dissolve in weeping:
I languish and die of love.
Have you no pity, O heaven, O stars?
I am a maiden, and I have golden hair,
And beautifully colored
my cheeks resemble new roses.
What torment will it be
when I have a golden face and silvery hair?"

You kisses,
arrowheads,
prickly roses,
amorous trumpets.
O enamored love,
bite, challenge,
wound and plague.

Love does not contain,
anything sweeter,
then dear kisses
that bite us.
Beautifully formed mouths,
bite, challenge,
wound and plague.

Who nourishes your hope, my heart,
who flames your desires,
who sweetens the gall of your suffering?
And who doubles you and who gives you bitter troubles?
But who kills you and who makes you live again?
Two beautiful eyes.

Oh graceful, lovely eyes,
my beloved eyes,
living rays from heaven,
so bright and clear,
since you desire so much
to see me languish,
to see me die,
lovely eyes that I adore,
see how I die.

O serene mie luci,
o luci amate,
tanto crude al mio amor
quanto spietate,
poiché tanto godete
della fiamma ch'io sento
del mio grave tormento
deh miratemi un poco
e gioite al mio foco.

Oh bright lights,
oh beloved lights,
so cruel and merciless
to my love,
since you so enjoy
the fire that I feel
from my severe affliction,
oh look at me a little
and rejoice in my fire.

Lagrimosa beltà

Lagrimosa beltà
Per cui già nott' e dì
Cotanto sospirai, come sei tu
Divenuta così?
Il barbaro chi fu,
Qual cor pien d'impietà
Potuto ha incrudelir contro di te?

Tearful beauty,
for whom once night and day
I sighed so much,
What has brought you to this?
Who was the barbarian?
whose heart full of cruelty
could harden itself against you?

Misero, ben lo so,
Né poi negarlo a fé,
Il tempo fù, l'età
Che tanto vale e può.
Inlanguidito ha'l sen,
Ha scolorito l'or del tuo bel crin.

Unhappy one, well I know
(nor can you deny it, in truth)
that time and age
can and will do so much.
Your bosom has sagged,
the gold of your beautiful hair has faded.

Mirate donne, il fin,
Mirate che vien men
Ogni cosa mortal:
Col tempo arte non val,
Questo e colpo comun,
Schernir nol puote alcun;

See, ladies, the end;
see how all mortal things
come to an end.
Art cannot contend with time:
its impact affects everyone,
and no-one can defend themselves against it;

La pioggia vien tal hor,
Dopo il seren, e dopo il lampo, il tuon.
Chi si mostrò crudel
Non merita perdon,
E l'esser infedel
A gl'amanti e di turca empio rigor
Aspetta col simil.

rain sometimes follows clear skies,
and thunder follows lightning.
Ah! for being cruel,
The enemy of pity and forgiveness,
is the pitiless severity
of an infidel woman.
So turn your breast and heart
to pity and humility.

Rendete donne il cor,
Tutto pietoso e humil,
Imparate a lasciar quel fasto alter,
Raddolcite il pensier,
Il bello non risplende in costei più,
Né si può dir qui fu.
Dunque, chi bram' haver lunga beltà
Usi, usi pietà.

Learn from such a spectacle
to leave those haughty displays;
soften your thoughts.
Here beauty no longer shines,
nor can one tell that it once existed here;
so, then, she who would enjoy lasting beauty
should exercise compassion.