

Early Music Society
OF THE ISLANDS



Airs de Cour and Courtly Airs

Lyrics

(French translations by H el ene Cazes)

What if a Day or a Moneth or a Yeare

What if a day or a moneth or a yeare
Crown Thy de lights with a thousand sweet contentings?
Cannot a chance of a night or an howre
Crosse thy desires with a thousand sweet tormentings?
Fortune, honour, beauty, youth, are but blossoms dying;
All our joyes are but toyes, idle thoughts deceiving;
None have power of an howre in their lives bereaving.

Earthe's but a point to the world, and a man
Is but a point to the world's compared centure:
Shall then a point of a point be so vaine
As to triumph in a seely point's adventure?
All is hassard that we have,
There is nothing biding.
Weal and woe, time doth goe,
Time is ever turning;
Secret fates guide our states,
Both in mirth and mourning.

Richt Soir Opprest

Richt soir opprest am I with paines smart
Both night and day makand my wofull moan
To Venus quein, that ladie hes my heart
Put in so gret distress with wo begone.
Bot gif that she send me remeid anone
I list no langer my lyf till induir
Bot to the death bound cairfull creatour.

Tho' I dar nocht do daylie observance
To hir that is the flour of womanheide,
Solace is caus of all this haill mischance
And chaingit all my game in wo and dreide.

Bot gif that Ladie send me no remeide
I list no langer my lyf till induir
Bot to the death bound cairfull creatour.

O plant of love with plesours infinete
The lustiest that ever was or sall,
Thair is no tongue can tell or pen can write
The bewties of that fre in special.
What sould I moir bot on [my] confort call
To hir that hes my heart, my heart in cuir
Bot to the death bound cairfull ceatour.

Joy the Person of My Love

Joy to the person of my love
Although she me disdain.
Fixt are by thoghts and may not move
And yet I love in vain
Shall I lose the sight of my joy and heart's delight?
Or shall I cease my sute?
Shall I strive to touch? Oh, no, it were too much:
She is forbidden fruit.
Oh, woe is me, that ever I did see
The beauty that did me bewitch.
Yet, out alace! I must forgo that face
The treasour I esteem'd so much.

O shal I range into some dale
Or to the mountains mourn?
Sad echoes shal resound my tale.
Ah, whither shall I turn?
Shal I by her live that no life to me will give
But deeply wounds my heart?
If I flee away, ah, will she not cry, Stay!
My sorrows to convert?
Oh no, no, no, she will not once say so
But comfortless I must be gone.
Yet though she be so thrawart unto me
I'll love her or I will love none.

A thousand good fortunes fal to her share
Although she hath rejected me
And fill'd my sad heart full of dispaire
Yet ever shall I constant be,
For she is the Dame my tongue shall ever name
Fair branch of modestie,
Choice of heart and mind, oh, were she half so kind
Then would she pitie me.
Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chast
And let me in thy bosom dwell.
So shall we gain the pleasur of love's pain.
Till then, my deirest deir, farewell.

I Saw My Lady Weep

I saw my Lady weepe
and sorrow proud to bee advanced so:
in those faire eies, where all perfections keepe,
Hir face was full of woe,
but such a woe (beleeve me) as wins more hearts,
than mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.

Sorow was there made faire,
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
Shee made hir sighes to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fayrer then ought ells,
The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,
Inough, inough, your joyfull lookes excells,
Teares kills the heart believe,
O strive not to bee excellent in woe,
Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

Fine Knacks for Ladies

Fine knacks for ladies, cheape choise braue and new,
Good penniworths but mony can not moue,
I keepe a faier but for the faier to view,
a begger may bee liberall of loue,
Though all my wares bee trash the hart is true,
The hart is true, the hart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts againe,
My trifles come, as treasures from my minde,
It is a precious jewell to bee plaine,
Sometimes in shell th' orienst pearles we finde,
Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine,
Of mee a graine, of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laces & gloues,
And diuers toies fitting a country faier,
But my hart where duety serues and loues,
Turtels, & twins, courts brood, a heauenly paier,
Happy the hart that thincks of no remoues,
Of no remoues, of no remoues.

Enfin la beauté que j'adore

Enfin la beauté que j'adore
Me fait cognaistre en son retour
Qu'elle veut que je voye encore
Ces yeux pour qui je meurs pour qui je meurs
d'amour.

Mais puis que je revoiy
La beauté qui m'enflame,
Sortez mes deslairs
Hostez-vous de mon ame.

Le ciel voyant que son absence
M'oste tout mon contentement,
Octroye à ma perseverance
La fin de mon cruel tourment

Mais puis que

Mes maux changes vous en delices,
Mon cœur arrestés vos douleurs,
Amour bannissez mes supplices,
Mes yeux ne versez plus de pleurs.

Et puis que

Cessés mortels de soupirer

Cessés mortels de soupirer,
Cette beauté n'est pas mortelle;
Il est permis de l'adorer,
Mais non pas d'estre amoureux d'elle.
Les Dieux tant seulement
Peuvent aymer si hautement.

Qui est celuy qui ne void pas
Que pour elle la terre est belle,
Que les fleurs naissent sous ses pas,
Que le jour luit plus beau pour elle,
Et les dieux seulement
Dignes d'aymer si hautement?

Jamais de si rares trésors
Le ciel n'enrichit autre dame,
Soit ou pour les beautés du corps,
Ou bien pour les vertus de l'ame.
Non les dieux seulement
Peuvent aymer si hautement.

Bref ces divenes qualités
Dont le ciel orna sa naissance,
Deffendent mesme aux déités
Non de l'aymer, mais l'espérance
D'obtenir en l'aymant
Sinon qu'un glorieux tourment.

Enfin la beauté que j'adore

At last, the beauty whom I adore
Lets me know on her return
That she wishes me to see again
These eyes for the love of which I am dying.

Now, as I see again
The beauty that inflames me,
Away with you, my displeasures,
Go, leave my soul.

Heaven, seeing that her absence
Takes away all my contentment,
Has granted to my perseverance
The end of my cruel torment.

Now, as I

My pains, turn into delights,
My heart, stop your suffering,
Love, banish my torment,
My eyes, shed no more tears.

And, as I

Cessés mortels de soupirer

Cease, mortals, your sighs,
This beauty is not of a mortal;
It is allowed to adore her,
But not to fall in love with her.
Only the Gods, indeed,
Can place their love so high.

Who would not see
That, for her the earth is beautiful,
That flowers appear under her feet,
That the day is brighter for her,
And that only the Gods
Deserve to place their love so high.

Never has heaven bestowed
Such rare treasures on any lady,
Be it for the beauties of her body
Or for the virtues of her soul.
No, only the Gods
Can place their love so high.

In short, these divine qualities,
Which heaven bestowed on her at birth,
Forbid to all, even deities,
Not the love of her but the hope
That, in loving her, one will obtain
Anything but a glorious torment.

Non ha sott' il Ciel

Non ha sott' il Ciel un servo Cupido
Di me più fedel
Mio core mi' alma
Ne porta la palma
Per tutto si sa,
Ch'un servo Cupido più fidel non ha.

Non é per mia fé
Nel regno d'Amore leal più di me,

A suono di Tromba
La fama rimbomba
Che tal fedeltà
Nel regno d'amore Cupido non ha.

Troncar non si può
Quel laccio d'amore che l'alma legò,
Ma vita serena
Fa dolce catena,
Contenta sarà
Ch'un cor più gioioso Cupido non ha

Consert de differents oyseaux

Il sort de nos corps emplumez
Des voix plus divines qu'humaines,
Qui tiennent les soucis charmez,
Et font dormir les peines.

Nous vous appellons à tesmoins,
Que si nos voix font de merveilles,
No Luths ne penetrent pas moins
Les cœurs, que les oreilles.

Gardez de vous abuser tous,
Ce seroyent choses bien estranges,
Si les Corbeaux & les Hybous
Chantoyent comme les Anges.

Nous sommes des Dieux deguisez,
Qu'en ce lieu ces beautez attirent,
Et c'est pour nos cœurs embrasez
Que nos bouches soupirent.

Non ha sott' il Ciel

Cupid does not possess under Heaven
A servant more faithful than myself:
My heart my soul
Holds dear
Everywhere people know,
That a more faithful servant, Cupid does not
possess.

There is not, I swear,
In the realm of Love (a servant) more loyal than
myself,
At the sound of the Trumpet
My fame resounds
That (a servant with) such fidelity
In the realm of love, Cupid does not possess.

One cannot break free (from)
That ensnarement of love which my soul tied
But life serene
Makes a sweet chain,
Content (my life) will be
That a (servant with a) heart more joyous,
Cupid does not possess.

Consert de differents oyseaux

Out of our feathered bodies
Come voices more divine than human,
Which bind our sorrows in their spells,
Put our pains to sleep.

We call you to witness
That, while our voices do wonders,
Our Lutes penetrate no less
Hearts than ears.

All of you, beware of deception,
It would be strange indeed
If crows and owls were to sing
Like angels.

We are gods in disguise
Whom these beauties have lured to this place,
And out of our burning hearts
Sigh our mouths.

Usurpator tiranno

ARIA

Usurpator tiranno
della tua libertà
sia Lilla altrui
che da gl'imperi sui
non riceve il mio amor
perdita o danno

Faccia'l geloso amante
che non t'oda ben mio
che non ti miri
Saranno I miei sospiri
a suo dispetto
d'amator costante

Procuri pur ch'io sia
esule dal tuo affetto
e dal tuo core
che non farà d'amore
abandoni già mai
l'anima mia

Disdegno in fra gl'ardori
armi la voce
a stratii miei rivolto,
non potrà far il stolto
che se ben tu non m'ami
io non t'adori

Ma che val ch'il rival
non mi possa impedir
ch'io non ti brami,
se per far ch'io non ami
l'adorar giova
poco amar non vale

Meta de tuoi diletta
fatto e novo amator
vago e felice
a cui concede e lice
il tuo voler del cor
gl'ultimi accenti

RECITATIVO

Seguane ciò che vuole
adorerò com'adorai
il tuo nome
le luci tue le chiome
saranno del mio cor
catena e sole

Usurpator tiranno

ARIA

Tyrannous usurper
of your liberty!
Let Lilla be another's
by his command
(and) not receive my love,
lost or damaged.

Let him be the jealous lover
who denies me the benefit of hearing
or seeing you.
My sighs shall be,
despite him,
of a constant lover.

Let him arrange, therefore,
that I be exiled from your affection
and from your heart.
(My heart,) which only expresses love,
will never abandon
my soul.

Let disdain, amongst his passions,
arm his voice
against my suffering.
He shall not play the foolish proud one.
If you truly do not love me
I will not adore you.

But what is the use? My rival
cannot impede me
from longing for you.
To pretend that I (do) not love (you,)
adoration helps.
Fondness is useless.

The aim of your delights
made for a new lover,
graceful and pleasing,
to whom you may concede,
from the will of your heart,
your final signals.

RECITATIVO

Come what may,
I shall adore as I have adored
your name,
your eyes, your hair,
(they) will be of my heart
the sunlight and chains.

Sii pur Lilla crudele
tenti per tormentarmi
angosce e affanni
non mi daranno gl'anni

ARIA

altro titolo mai
che di Fedele

So, Lilla be cruel.
Try to torment me
with anguish and suffering.
The years will not give me

ARIA

any other title, ever
than of a faithful lover