

Madre non mi far monaca

Madre non mi far monaca
Che non mi voglio far,
Non mi tagliar la tonaca
Che non la vuoi portar;
Tutt'il di in coro
Al vespr' et alla messa
E la madr' Abbadessa
Non fa se non gridar
Che posse la crepar!

Mother don't make me a nun
For I don't want to be one,
Don't tear the habit
Only because you do not want to wear it;
All day long in the choir
At vespers and mass
And the mother abbess
Does nothing but cry
That she may die!

(as cited in Michele Pario, *di Canzonette e madrigaletti spunali*, Parma 1610)

Here the Deities approve

Here the Deities approve
The God of Music and Love;
All the talents they have lent you,
All the blessings they have sent you,
Pleas'd to see what they bestow,
Live and thrive so well below.

(Christopher Fishburn)

If Music be the Food of Love

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

(Henry Heveningham)

Susanne

[Recit]

Contre le saison trop ardente
Susanne, d'une eau claire empruntoit la fraîcheur;
Et cachez pour la voir, deux Vieillards qu'elle
enchante,
D'un regard attentif irritoient leur ardeur.

In the heat of the day
Susanna sought the refreshment of clear water,
And hidden to watch her, two old men whom she
enchanted,
With an attentive gaze inflamed their ardor.

Air

Indiscrette Jeunesse,
Qui suivez les Amours,
Ne croyez pas que la vieillesse,
Contre-eux vous garde aucun secours.

Indiscreet Youth,
You who follow Love;
Do not think that old age
Gives you any help against it.

Celuy qu'Amours entraîne,
Dans son jeune printemps,
Traîne toujours sa chaîne,
Jusqu'à ses derniers ans.

He whom Love enthralls
In his young springtime
Still drags Love's chain
Until his last years.

Recit

Les beautés de Susanne animent leur audace,
Ces odieux Amants osent se découvrir,
Leur amour, joint à la menace,
Veut l'effrayer ou l'attendrir.

Susanna's charms arouse their boldness,
These odious lovers dare to reveal themselves;
Their love, joined with a threat,
Tries to intimidate or persuade her.

Air

Cédez, il faut vous rendre,
À nos ardents desirs;
Pourrez-vous vous défendre,
Des plus charmants plaisirs.

Yield, you must surrender yourself
To our burning desires;
Will you be able to defend yourself
Against the most charming pleasures?

Soulagez notre peine,
Ou dès ce même jour;
Redoutez une haine,
Egale à notre amour.

Soothe our pain,
Or from this day forward
Fear a hatred
Equal to our love.

Recit

Ils doivent l'accuser d'une ardeur criminelle,
Que la Loy punit de la mort;
Pour vaincre sa vertu rebelle,
C'est de ce piège adroit que se sert leur transport.

They must accuse her of a criminal passion
That the law punishes with death;
To overcome her rebellious virtue
Their rapture employs this clever trap.

Inhumains, est-ce ainsi que vous prétendez plaire?

Inhuman ones, is it thus that you claim to please?

Susanne, quel peril! hélas! qu'allez-vous faire?

Vous rendrez-vous à leur courroux,
Pour éviter la mort,
La meritez-vous?

Recit mesuré

Non, dit l'Heroïne constante,
Vous pouvez me faire perir;
Mais s'il me faut mourir,
Je mourray du mois innocente.

Air

Que la même ardeur nous anime,
Un cœur innocent ne craint rien;
Non, pour luy le jour n'est un bien,
Que quant il en jouït sans crime.

Susanna, what peril, alas! What are you going to do?

Will you surrender yourself to their rage
In order to escape death,
Will you deserve that?

No, says the faithful heroine,
You can make me perish,
But if I must die,
I shall at least die innocent.

May the same passion animate us:
An innocent heart fears nothing;
No, for it [the heart] the day is good
Only when it is enjoyed without sin.

(Text by Antoine Houdar de La Motte;
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The Collected Works, Vol. 3, edited by Mary Cyr,
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