

Passacaglie d' amore

Works by Falconieri, Monteverdi, Merula, Frescobaldi, Strozzi, Krieger, Purcell, Heermann, Marini, Nisini and Taubert

Heidi Maria Taubert Soprano
Instrumenta Musica
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Original Language**English Translation**

Translator: Taryn Knerr

- 01 Ciaccona** from *L'Eroica à tre* in *Il primo libro di canzone*
(Neapel 1650)
Composer: Andrea Falconieri (um 1585–1656)

- 02 Quel sguardo sdegnosetto**
Composer: Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
Text: author unknown

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
lucente e minacioso
quel dardo velenoso
vola a ferirmi il petto
bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo
e son da me diviso
piagatemi col sguardo
sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
d'asprissimo rigore
versatemi su'l core
un nembo di faville
ma'l labro non sia tardo
à ravvivarm'ucciso
feriscami quel sguardo
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl'occhi à l'armi à l'armi
io vi preparo il seno
gioite di piagarmi
in fin ch'io venga meno
e se da vostri dardi
io resterò conquiso
ferischino quei sguardi
ma sanami quel riso.

This disdainful glance

This disdainful glance,
Flashing and threatening,
This poisoned arrow
Flies to pierce my heart.
Graces which consume me
And from which I am parted:
Wound me with one glance,
Heal me with one smile.

Arm yourselves, oh eyes,
With granite-like pitilessness,
Pour out a torrent of sparks
Over my heart!
Yet let your lips know no delay
In restoring me to life again.
Wound me with one glance,
Heal me with one smile.

Beautiful eyes, take up your weapons!
I bare my breast to you.
Take pleasure in my pain,
'Til all my senses fail.
And when I am finally slain
By your arrows,
Though these glances wound,
May these smiles revive me once more.

03 Sentirete una canzonetta

Composer: Tarquinio Merula (1595–1665)

Text: author unknown

Sentirete una canzonetta
sopra al bel bocchin
del mio vago e dispietato Amor
ch'ogn'hor nel cor mi tormenta e fa
sospirare per sua gran beltà.

Sentirete un soave canto
sopra al bel nasin
del mio vago e dispietato Amor
ch'ogn'hor nel cor mi tormenta e fa
sospirare per sua gran beltà.

Sentirete la doglia acerba
che mi fa morir
per il vago e dolce caro ben
ch'ogn'hor nel cor mi tormenta e fa
sospirare per sua gran beltà.

Sentirete d'amor la piaga
che mi fa languir
per un ciglio dispietato e fer
ch'ogn'hor d'ardor mi tormenta e fa
sospirare ma non ha pietà.

Sentirete per chioma d'oro
che son gionto al fin
belle trecce ma spietate si
ch'ogn'hor il cor m'allacciate ohime
che ne godo ma non so perché.

04 from Partite sopra la Monica in Toccate e partite
d'intavolatura, Libro 1 (Rom 1615)**

**Prima parte | Seconda parte | Quarta parte |
Sesta parte | Nona parte | Undecima parte**

Composer: Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)

05 L'Eraclito amoroso

Composer: Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)

Text: author unknown

Udite amanti la cagione
oh Dio ch'è lagrimar mi porta
oh Dio nell'adorato e bello Idolo mio
che si fido credei là fede è morta.

You shall hear a song

You shall hear a song
About the beautiful little mouth
Of my pretty and pitiless
Love, who forever torments my heart
And before whose beauty I sigh.

You shall hear a sweet song
About the lovely little nose
Of my pretty and pitiless
Love, who forever torments my heart
And before whose beauty I sigh.

You will hear of the bitter pain
Of which I die
For the pretty and sweet love,
Who forever torments my heart
And before whose beauty I sigh.

You will hear of the agony of love
Through which I languish
For a pitiless and unyielding glance
That torments my every passionate hour
And sees me sigh, yet without mercy.

You will hear of the golden tresses
(and so I draw to a close):
beautiful, cruel braids
That tightly enwrap my heart, alas,
But, though I know not why, please me.

The amorous Heraclitus

Hear the cause, oh lovers,
O God, that brings me to tears:
O God: in my beloved, beautiful
And trusted idol, my faith is dead.

Vaghezza hò sol di piangere
mi pasco sol di lagrime
il duolo è mia delitia
e son mie gioie i gemiti.

Ogni martire aggradami
ogni dolor diletta mi.
I singulti mi sanano
i sospir mi consolano.

Oh Dio nell'adorato e bello Idolo mio
che si fido credei là fede è morta.

Ma se là fede negami
quell'incostante e perfido
almen fede serbatemi
sin alla morte ò lagrime!

Ogni tristezza assalgami
ogni cordoglio eternisi
tanto ogni male affliggami
che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

My only desire is to weep,
Only by my tears am I nourished,
Grief is my delight
And lamentations my joy.

Every torment pleases,
Every pain delights me,
My sobs heal me,
And sighing consoles me.

O God: in my beloved, beautiful
And trusted idol, my faith is dead.

Yet if faithfulness disavows me,
Inconstant, vile,
At least you remain true,
O tears, until death!

May every sadness assail me,
Every affliction be endless,
All evil torment me,
Kill me, and bury me under the earth.

06 Einsamkeit, du Qual der Hertenzen

Composer: Johann Philipp Krieger (1649–1725)

Text: Paul Thymich (1656–1694)

Einsamkeit, du Qual der Hertenzen,
du verderbst mir alle Lust.
Will ich nur ein wenig schertzen,
finden sich die größten Schmertzen
in der abgezehrten Brust.
Einsamkeit, du Qual der Hertenzen,
du verderbst mir alle Lust.

Einsamkeit, du Qual der Seelen,
du betrübst mich biß in Todt:
deine Pein ist nicht zu zehlen,
wolt ich sie auch gleich verhehlen,
käm ich in die größte Noth.
Einsamkeit, du Qual der Seelen,
Du betrübst mich biß in Todt.

Loneliness, you heart's affliction

Loneliness, you heart's affliction,
You mar my every pleasure.
Should the wasted breast
Seek a little joy,
It finds the greatest pain.
Loneliness, you heart's affliction,
You mar my every pleasure.

Loneliness, you heart's affliction,
I expire from your sadness.
Your torments cannot be counted,
With greatest labor,
I could not conceal them all
Loneliness, you heart's affliction,
You expire from your sadness.

07 Musick for a while

Composer: Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

Text: John Dryden (1631–1700) / Nathaniel Lee (1653–1692), from „Oedipus“ (based on Sophokles)

Musick for a while
shall all your Cares beguile
wond'ring how your Pains were eas'd
and disdainig to be pleas'd
till Alecto free the Dead
from their eternal Band
till the Snakes drop from her Head
and the Whip from out her Hand.
Musick for a while
shall all your Cares beguile.

08 Was willst du dich betrüben** aus *Devoti musica*

cordis, Hauss- und Hertz-Musica (Breslau 1630)

Composer: Johann Heermann (1585–1647)

Arrangement: Ercole Nisini

Why are you afflicted from *Devoti musica cordis, Hauss- und Hertz-Musica* (Breslau 1630)

09 Homo fugit velut umbra – Passacalli della vita

Composer: Anonymus

Text: author unknown

Man flees like a shadow – Life's Passacaglia

O come t'inganni
se pensi che gl'anni
non hann' dà finire
bisogna morire.

È un sogno la vita
che par sì gradita
è breve il 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

O how you deceive yourself
When you believe that the years
Will never come to an end;
Each of us must die.

Life is a dream
That seems so pleasant,
Yet fleeting is the delight,
Each of us must die.

Medicine can offer no remedy,
Quinine can offer no remedy,
There is no cure,
Each of us must die.

Wailing is of no use,
Nor threats, nor boasts,
Against this outrage:
Each of us must die.

No knowledge in the world
Can offer words to appease
This outrage:

bisogna morire.

Non si trova modo
di scoglièr stò nodo
non val il fugire
bisogna morire.

Commun'è il statuto
non vale l'astuto
stò colpo schermire
bisogna morire.

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

Si more danzando
bevendo, mangiando
con quella carogna
morire bisogna.

La Morte crudele
à tutti è infedele
ogn'uno svergogna
morire bisogna.

È pur ò pazia
ò gran' frenesia
par dirsi menzogna
morire bisogna.

Deh sveglia il Letargo
è fà gl'occhi d'Argo
hor più non dormire
bisogna morire.

Etern'il martire
etern'è il gioire
che dopp'hà seguire
bisogna morire.

È morta tua fede
che forsi non crede
dover ciò seguire
bisogna morire.

I Giovan', i Putti
è gl'Homini tutti
s'han'a incenerire

Each of us must die.

There is no recourse to which one can turn
And break these knots.
Fleeing is futile,
Each of us must die.

It is true of all,
Even the wisest
Cannot shield himself from this blow,
Each of us must die.

Whether singing,
Or playing the hurdy-gurdy
Or the bagpipes,
Each of us must die.

Whether dancing,
Or drinking or eating,
In this body
Each of us must die.

Death is cruel
And betrays us all,
Humiliates every one of us,
Each of us must die.

And yet, o madness,
O great rage,
It seems that we deceive ourselves,
Each of us must die.

Awaken the sleeping
And look with Argus' eyes,
It is too late to sleep,
Each of us must die.

Eternal is the suffering,
Yet eternal the joy
That follows,
Each of us must die.

Your faith is dead.
Perhaps you do not believe
That you will be led on.
Each of us must die!

The young men and the boys
Must, as all mankind,
Become dust,

bisogna morire.

I sani, gl'infermi
i bravi, gl'inermi
tutt'han'à finire
bisogna morire.

È quando che meno
ti pensi nel seno
ti vien à fenire
bisogna morire.

Se tù non vi pensi
hai persi li sensi
sei mort'è poi dire
bisogna morire.

10 **Ninna nanna della guerra**

*Composer: Ercole Nisini (*1971)*

Text: Trilussa (1871–1950)

Ninna nanna, pija sonno
ché se dormi nun vedrai
tante infamie e tanti guai
che succedono ner monno
fra le spade e li fucili
de li popoli civili...

Ninna nanna, tu nun senti
li sospiri e li lamenti
de la gente che se scanna
per un matto che commanna;
che se scanna e che s'ammazza
a vantaggio de la razza...
o a vantaggio d'una fede
per un Dio che nun se vede,
ma che serve da riparo
ar Sovrano macellaro.

Chè quer covo d'assassini
che c'insanguina la terra
sa benone che la guerra
è un gran giro de quatrini
che prepara le risorse
pe' li ladri de le Borse.

Fa' la ninna, cocco bello,
finché dura 'sto macello:
fa' la ninna, chè domani

Each of us must die.

The healthy, the sick,
The brave, the helpless,
Every life will have an end,
Each of us must die.

And at the moment
It is least expected
Your end shall come
Each of us must die.

When you think of it no longer,
And your senses have left you,
Then you are insensible and can say:
Each of us must die.

Lullaby from war

Ninna nanna, go to sleep,
For if you sleep, you shall not see
The outrages and troubles
Of the world
Between the swords and guns
Of civilized people...

Ninna nanna, then you will not hear
The sighs and laments
Of the people who slaughter one another
At the command of a madman;
Who slay and massacre
For the sake of their race ...
Or for the sake of a faith
In an invisible god
Who serves as an excuse
For the sovereign butcher.

This horde of murderers
Who drench the earth with blood
Know full well that war
Is the great business venture
Providing means
For the thieves of the stock exchange.

Sleep, my sweet,
As long as this slaughter lasts:
Sleep, for tomorrow

rivedremo li sovrani
che se scambieno la stima
boni amichi come prima.
So' cugini e fra parenti
nun se fanno complimenti:
torneranno più cordiali
li rapporti personali.

E riuniti fra de loro
senza l'ombra d'un rimorso,
ce faranno un ber discorso
su la Pace e sul Lavoro
pe' quer popolo cojone
risparmiato dar cannone!

11 Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna

Composer: Tarquinio Merula

Text: author unknown

Hor ch'e tempo di dormire
dormi figlio e non vagire
perché tempo ancor verrà
che vagir bisognerà
deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa
fa la ninna ninna na.

Chiudi quei lumi divini
come fan gl'altri bambini
perché tosto oscuro velo
priverà di lume il cielo
deh ben mio...

O ver prendi questo latte
dalle mie mammelle intatte
perché ministro crudele
ti prepara aceto e fiele
deh ben mio...

Amor mio, sia questo petto
hor per te morbido letto,
pria che rendi ad alta voce
l'alma al Padre su la croce
deh ben mio...

Posa hor queste membra belle
vezzosette e tenerelle
perché poi ferì e catene
gli daran acerbe pene
deh ben mio...

We will see rulers once more
Who respect one another,
Friends as before.
They are cousins, and among relatives
One does not merely exchange pleasantries:
Personal relationships
Become more cordial.

And gathered together again,
Without a shadow of remorse,
They will give us beautiful speeches
About peace and work,
To these stupid people,
Spared the cannon!

Sacred Lullaby

Now that it is time to sleep,
Sleep, my son, and do not cry
Because the time will come
When you will have to cry.
Alas, my love, alas, my heart,
Go to sleep, go to sleep.

Close those bright, divine eyes,
As all children do,
For soon a dark veil
Will rob the heaven of its light.
Alas, my dear...

Take this milk
From my pure breast,
For even now
A cruel minister prepares you vinegar and gall.
Alas, my love ...

My love, let this breast
Be a soft bed for you,
Before, crying aloud upon the cross,
You return your soul to the Father.
Alas, my love ...

Rest your beautiful limbs,
Graceful and tender,
For manacles and chains
Will soon cause them bitter pain.
Alas, my love ...

Queste mani e questi piedi
ch'or con gusto e gaudio vedi
ahime, com'in varii modi
passeran acuti chiodi.

Questa faccia gratiosa
rubiconda hor più che rosa
sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno
con tormento e grand'afanno.

Ah con quanto tuo dolore
sola speme del mio core
questo capo e questi crini
passeran acuti spini.

Ah ch'in questo divin petto
amor mio dolce diletto,
vi farà piaga mortale
empia lancia e di sleale.

Dormi dunque figliol mio
dormi pur redentor mio
perché poi con lieto viso
ci vedrem in Paradiso.

Hor che dorme la mia vita
del mio cor gioia compita
taccia ognun con puro zelo
taccian sin la terra e'l cielo.

E fra tanto io che farò?
Il mio ben contemplerò
ne starò col capo chino
fin che dorme il mio bambino.

These hands and these feet,
Upon which I look now with joy,
Alas, in how many ways
Will sharp nails pierce them.

This fair countenance,
Surpassing in rosiness,
Will be besmirched with blows and spitting
With pain and great suffering.

Alas, with how much pain,
You only hope of my heart,
Will this head and this hair
Soon be pierced with sharp thorns.

Alas, that into this divine breast,
My dear, sweet love,
The ignominious spear shall perfidiously bore
A mortal wound.

Therefore sleep, my son,
Sleep, my redeemer,
For with a glad countenance
We will meet again in paradise.

Since my life is sleeping,
My heart and my complete joy,
Let every one keep a pure and fervent silence;
Let earth and sky do likewise.

And what is my own part, the while?
I will contemplate my love,
Wait patiently with sunken head,
As long as my dear child sleeps.

12 Sonata sopra la Monica**

Nr. 45 from *Sonate, Symphonie, Canzoni, Pass'emezzi, Baletti, Corenti, Gagliarde & Retronelli à 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. & 6. Voci, Per ogni Sorte d'Instrumenti*, op. 8 (Venice 1626)
Composition: Biagio Marini (1594-1663)
Text: traditional song

Madre non mi far monaca
che non mi voglio far,
non mi tagliar la tonaca
che non la vuo' portar .
Tutt'il dì in coro
al vespre'et all messa,

Mother, do not force me to be a nun,
I do not want it. ^[L]_[SEP]
Do not sew me a habit
Because I won't wear it.
The whole day in the choir
At vespers and mass,

e la madr'abadessa
non fa se non gridar,
che possela creppar!

And the Mother Superior
Does nothing but scream.
May she perish!

13 Ciaccona Tempora mutantur

Composer: Ercole Nisini

Text: two Latin sayings

Tempus fugit, amor manet. | Tempora mutantur
et nos mutamur in illis.

Time flees, love remains. | Times are changing |
And we are changing with them.

14 Gib Frieden

Composer: Heidi Maria Taubert (1978) / Ercole Nisini

Text: Ernst Moritz Arndt

Gib Frieden, Herr, gib Frieden,
du milder Liebeshort!
Einst bist du abgeschieden
mit süßem Freudenwort:
Ich geb' euch meinen Frieden,
wie ihn die Welt nicht gibt,
verheißen und beschieden
dem, der mich glaubt und liebt.

Grant us peace

Grant us peace, Lord, grant us peace,
You gentle haven of love!
Once you departed
With sweet words of joy:
I give you my peace,
Such as the world does not give,
Promised to, and bestowed upon
Him who loves and trusts in me.

Gib Frieden, Herr, gib Frieden!
Die Welt will Streit und Krieg,
der Stille wird gemieden,
der Wilde hat den Sieg,
und Unruh' herrscht auf Erden
und Lug und Trug und List –
Ach! Laß es stille werden,
du stiller Jesus Christ!

Grant us peace, Lord, grant us peace!
The world wants strife and war,
Tranquility is shunned,
The savage triumphs,
And unrest reigns on earth
And lies and deception and stealth –
Alas! Let it be peaceful,
O peaceful Jesus Christ!

Gib Frieden, Herr, gib Frieden,
du milder Liebeshort!
Dann wird es schon hienieden
ein Paradiesesort,
und Sorgen fliehn und Schmerzen
aus jeder schweren Brust,
in Freuden glühn die Herzen
in Lieb' und Himmelslust.

Grant us peace, Lord, grant us peace,
You gentle haven of love!
Here below will then become
A paradise,
And sorrow and sighing will flee
From every breast,
Hearts glow with joy
In love, and heavenly rapture.

**The three pieces by Frescobaldi, Heermann and Marini treat in various ways a melody that was widespread in the 16th and 17th century: the *Canzona La Monica*, also known in other variants as *Une jeune fillette* or as the choral *Von Gott will ich nicht lassen*.