

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Il bianco e dolce cigno
Cantando more ed io
Piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio,
Stran' e diversa sorte!
Ch'ei more sconsolato,
Ed io moro beato,
Morte che gioia tutto e di desire.
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,
Di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

Jacques Arcadelt (c.1510-c.1568)

The sweet white swan
while singing dies and I
while weeping come to my life's end.
Oh strange and diverse fate!
for he dies disconsolate
and I die blessed
a death which as I die
fills me completely with joy and desire.
If in dying I feel no other grief,
I should be glad to die a thousand deaths a day.

Villancico: Ju me leve un bel maitín (15th Century) macaronic text in Castilian, French & Catalan arr. & tr. by Robert L. Goodale

Anonymous

Dindirin, dindirin, dindirin daña,
Dindirindin.

Ju me leve un bel maitín
Matineta per la prata.
Encontré le ruyseñor
Que cantava so la rama.
Dindirindin.

Ruyseñor, le ruyseñor,
Fácteme a questa embaxata.
Y diga olo a mon ami,
Que ju ja so maritata.
Dindirindin.

Dindirin, dindirin, dindirin daña,
Dindirindin.

In the morning I arose,
And I walked among the meadows;
There I met a nightingale
Who was singing in the treetops.

Nightingale, O nightingale,
Carry this message for me.
Tell my lover this for me:
That I am already married.

Pavan: "Tant qui Vivray" poem by Clément Marot (c.1496-1544)

Claudin de Sermisy (ca.1490-1552)

Tant que vivrai en âge florissant.
Je servirai d'amour le roi puissant,
En faits, en dits, en chansons et accords.
Par plusieurs jours m'a tenu languissant,
Mais après deuil m'a fait rejouissant.
Car j'ai l'amour de la belle au gent corps,
Son alliance, c'est ma finance:
Son coeur est mien, Le mien est sien.
Fi de tristesse, Vive liesse, puisqu'en amours,
puisqu'en amours, a tant de biens!

Quand je la veux servir et honorer.
Quand par écrits veux son nom decorer.
Quand je la vois et visite souvent,
Ses envieux n'en font que murmurer;
Mais notre amour n'en saurait moins durer.
Autant ou plus en emporte le vent,
Malgré en vie, toute ma vie
Je l'aimerai, Et chanterai:
C'est la première, C'est la dernière
Que j'ai servie, Que j'ai servie, Et servirai.

While I am in my prime
I will serve the mighty god of love
in deed, word, song, and harmony.
For a long time he left me languishing;
but afterwards he made me rejoice,
for now I have the love of a shapely beauty.
Her alliance is pledged to me,
Her heart is mine, and mine is hers.
Fie on sadness, long live gladness,
For there is so much good in love.

When I want to serve and honor her,
When by writings her name exalt,
When I see and visit her often,
It excites murmurings of envy,
But our love can endure that.
Whatever fortune may bring,
In this life, all my life,
I will love her and sing of her:
She is the first, she is the last,
Whom I serve and will serve.