

## MOSTLY MADRIGALS - Texts and Translations

### Sing We and Chant/Chaunt It

Sing we and chant/chaunt it while love doth grant it  
Not long youth lasteth, and old age hasteth;  
Now is best leisure to take our pleasure.  
All things invite us now to delight us.  
Hence, care, be packing! No mirth be lacking!  
Let spare no treasure to live in pleasure! *fa la la*, etc.

### Thule, the Period of Cosmography

Thule, the period of cosmography,  
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulfurious fire  
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;  
Trinacrian Aetna's flames ascend not higher.  
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

### Drop, Drop Slow Tears

*Source: The Cyber Hymnal #1270*

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet,  
Which brought from Heav'n the news  
and Prince of Peace.  
Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat;  
To cry for vengeance: Sin doth never cease.  
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears;  
Nor let His eye see Sin, but through my tears.

### Cruel, Behold my Heavy Ending

Cruel, behold my heavy ending,  
See what you wrought by your disdain.  
Causeless I die, love still attending  
Your hopeless pity of my complaining.  
Suffer those eyes which thus have slain me,  
With speed to end their killing power,  
So shall you prove how love doth pain me,  
And see me die still yower (yours).

### Si, Ch'io Vorrei Morire

Si, ch'io vorrei morire,  
ora ch'io bacio, amore,  
la bella bocca del mio amato core.  
Ahi, car' e dolce lingua,  
datemi tanto umore,  
che di dolcezza in questo sen' m'estingua!  
Ahi, vita mia, a questo bianco seno,  
deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno!  
Ahi, bocca! Ahi, baci! Ahi, lingua!  
Torn' a dire: Sì, ch'io vorrei morire!

### The Nightingale

The Nightingale, the Organ of delight,  
the nimble Lark, the Blackbird, and the Thrush,  
and all the pretty quiristers of flight,  
that chant their Music notes in ev'ry bush:  
Let them no more contend who shall excel,  
the Cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

### The Andalusian Merchant

The Andalusian merchant, that returns  
Laden with cochineal and China dishes,  
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns,  
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes!  
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wond'rous I,  
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

### O Care Thou Wilt Despatch Me

O, Care, thou wilt despatch me,  
If music does not match thee.  
Fa la la.  
So deadly dost thou sting me,  
Mirth only help can bring me.  
Fa la la.

### Draw On, Sweet Night

Draw on, Sweet Night, best friend unto those cares  
That do arise from painful melancholy.  
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,  
that unto thee I consecrate it wholly.  
Sweet Night, draw on! My griefs when they be told  
to shades and darkness find some ease from paining,  
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,  
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

### Si, Ch'io Vorrei Morire (Translation)

Yes, I would like to die,  
now that I'm kissing, sweetheart,  
the luscious lips of my darling beloved.  
Ah! dear, dainty tongue,  
give me so much of your liquid  
that I die of delight on your breast!  
Ah, my love, to this white breast  
ah, crush me until I faint!  
Ah mouth! Ah kisses! Ah tongue!  
I say again: Yes, I would like to die!

### **Loquebantur**

Loquebantur variis linguis  
Apostoli magnalia Dei, Alleluia!  
Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto, et coeperunt loqui:  
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

### **Sing Joyfully**

Sing joyfully to God our strength;  
Sing loud unto the God of Jacob!  
Take the song,  
And bring forth the timbrel,  
The pleasant harp, and the viol.  
Blow the trumpet in the new moon,  
Ev'n in the time appointed,  
And at our feast day.  
For this is a statute for Israel,  
And a law  
Of the God of Jacob.

### **Domaredansen**

Nu vilja vi begynna en domaredans,  
men domar'n är inte hemma.  
Alla de som i domardansen gå,  
deras hjärtan skola brinna.  
Alla säga de: hå, hå, hå. Alla säga de: nå, nå, nå.  
Har du drömt om din käraste i natt,  
skall du mot ljuset le.

### **Svatba**

Zadade se, Stoiane le, tamna me magla goliama  
Ne mi bilo, Stoiane le, nai bilo tezhka  
Mi svatba boliarska.

### **Ergen Deda**

Ergen Deda Cherven Deda,  
ei taka pataka...  
Nakrivil e kalpacheto, na na gore na na dore,  
Paotide osteloto, Ta se fana na oroto,  
Na oroto domomite, Svite momi pobegali.  
Ostanala nalmaikata, nalmaikata: Angelina!

### **Au Joly Jeu**

Au joly jeu du pousse avant, Il fait bon jouer.  
L'aultrier m'aloie esbaloyer,  
Je rencontray la belle au corps gent,  
Soubzriant doucement, la vois baiser.  
Elle en fait doute, mais je la boute,  
Laissez, laissez, laissez trut avant.  
Pour ung reffuz me fault laisser,  
Propos luy tins amouusement,  
Soubzriant doucement, la vois baiser.  
Elle riotte, Dance sans notte...

### **Loquebantur (Translation)**

Apostles spoke in many languages  
of the great works of God, Alleluia!  
They were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak:  
Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

### **Strike it up Tabor**

Strike it up, tabor, and pipe us a favour;  
Thou shalt be well paid for thy labour.  
I mean to spend my shoesole to dance about the maypole.  
I will be blithe and brisk,  
Leap and skip, hop and trip, turn about in the rout,  
Until very weary joints can scarce frisk.  
Lusty Dick Hopkin, lay on with thy napkin;  
The stitching cost me but a dodkin.  
The morris were half undone,  
wert not for Martin of Compton.  
O well, said jiggling Al'ce,  
Pretty Jill, stand you still; Dapper Jack means to smack.  
How now, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, you dance false.

### **Domaredansen (translation)**

Now will we begin a judge's dance,  
but the judge is not at home.  
All those that get into the judge's dance,  
their heart shall burn.  
All say (them): oh! oh! oh! All say: no! no! no!  
(If you) have dreamed of your dearest last night,  
shall you smile at the light.

### **Svatba (Translation)**

A great dark fog is gathering, Stoiane.  
It wasn't a great dark fog, Stoiane,  
but it was very much a sad boyar wedding.

### **Ergen Deda (Translation)**

The old bachelor, red-faced old man,  
like this and like that, (nonsense syllables)  
wearing his peasant hat sideways, tipped up and down,  
He went to the village, and joined the circle dance,  
to dance next to the maidens, but the maidens ran away.  
Only the youngest one stayed, the youngest: Angelina!

### **Au Joly Jeu (Translation)**

In this game of flirtation, you've got to be a good player!  
The other day when I was out walking  
I met a beautiful girl with a super body  
Smiling sweetly, I wanted to kiss her  
But she had her doubts, and I first pushed her away  
And then I encouraged her (led her on)  
In the light of her refusal, should I let the matter drop?  
So then I spoke lovingly to her  
Smiling sweetly, I wanted to kiss her  
She laughed and her body danced without music...

**To My Mistris, I Burning in Love**

I burne and cruel you, in vaine  
Hope to quench me with disdain;  
If from your eyes, those sparkles came,  
That have kindled all this flame.  
What bootes it me, though now you shrowde  
Those fierce Comets in a cloude?  
Since all the flames that I have felt,  
Could your snow yet never melt,  
Nor, can your snow (though you should take  
Alpes into your bosome), slake  
The heate of my enamour'd heart.  
But with wonder learne Loves art!  
No seas of yce can coole desire,  
Equall flames must quench Loves fire:  
Then thinke not that my heat can dye,  
Till you burn as well as I.

**Se Per Havervi, Oime!**

Se per Havervi, oimè, donato il core,  
nasce in me quell'ardore,  
donna crudel, che m'ard'in ogni loco,  
tal che son tutto foco.  
E se per amar voi, l'aspro martire  
mi fa di duol morire,  
miser, che far debb'io  
privo di voi che sete ogni ben mio?

**To One That Desired to Know My Mistris**

Seeke not to know my love, for shee  
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;  
Her milde aspects are mine, and thou  
Shalt only find a stormy brow:  
For if her beautie stirre desire  
In me, her kisses quench the fire.  
Or, I can to Love's fountaine goe,  
Or dwell upon her hills of snow.  
But when thou burn'st she shall not spare  
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.  
Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, no spye  
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye;  
Search hidden Nature, and there find  
A treasure to inrich thy mind;  
Discover Arts not yet reveal'd  
But let my Mistris live conceal'd;  
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,  
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know!

**Se Per Havervi, Oime! (Translation)**

If, alas, when I gave you my heart,  
There was born in me that passion,  
Cruel Lady, which burns me everywhere  
So that I am all aflame,  
And if, loving you, bitter torment  
Makes me die of sorrow,  
Wretched me! What shall I do  
Without you who are my every joy?