

“A PATIENT ENDURING”

**Kristina Boerger and Sarah Brailey, voice
Brandon Jack Acker, lute, theorbo, percussion
Dave Alcorn, audio and video**

Roma gaudens jubila	Anonymous 13 th century

A dialogue on a kisse	Henry Lawes (1596-1662)
Lady, if you so spite me	John Dowland (1563-1626)
Mourn, mourn	John Dowland
O, Solitude	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Lost is my quiet	Henry Purcell

Dame, ne regardes pas	Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377)
Doulz amis	Guillaume de Machaut
Riches d'amour	Guillaume de Machaut

Prelude in A minor	Robert de Visée (1650-1725)

Begli occhi io non provo	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643)
I baci	Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)
Begli occhi	Barbara Strozzi

Alas, departynge is ground of woo	Anonymous 15 th century

*With thanks to Baroque Artists of Champaign-Urbana
and Grace Episcopal Church of Madison*

Roma gaudens jubila
Mentis procul nubila
Splendor expellat hodie
Splendor pacis et gloriae
Fidelibus lugentibus
Ortus de tuo principe.

Syon ergo filia
Surge de tristitia!
Salutis adest dominus
Ut tuo fiat terminus
Exilio cum gaudio,
Jam regem regum suscipe.

Anon.

Rome, rejoice and be glad!
Far away let the mind's shadows
be driven today by the brilliance --
a brilliance of peace and glory,
to the mourning faithful
a gift born from your prince.

So, daughter of Sion,
arise from your sadness!
The Lord of Salvation is here
to put an end
to your exile with joy --
Receive now the King of Kings.

Translation, Jerise Fogel

Dialogue upon a kisse

*Among thy fancies tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kisse?*

I shall resolve you what it is:
It is a creature born and bred
betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
by love and warmth and warm desires fed,
and makes more sweet the bridal bed.

It is an active flame that flyes
first to the babies of the eyes,
and charms it there with lullabyes,
and stills the bride, too, when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear
it frisks, it flies, now there, now here.
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near.
'Tis here and there and everywhere.

Has it a voycing vertue?

Yes.

How speaks it, then?

Do you but this: part your joyn'd lips,
then speaks the kiss.
And this Love's sweetest language is.

Has it a Body?

Aye, and wings,
with thousand various colorings,
and as it flyes it sweetly sings.
Love honey yields but never stings!

Anon.

Lady, if you so spite me,
wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me?
Sure that my heart, oppress'd and overcloyed,
may break thus overjoyed,

If you seek to spill me,
come kiss me sweet and kill me.
So shall your heart be eased,
and I shall rest content and die well pleased.

Anon.

Mourn, mourn:
Day is with darkness fled.
What heav'n now governs earth?
Oh, none but hell, in heaven's stead,
chokes with his mists our mirth.

Mourn, mourn:
Look now for no more day
nor night but that from hell.
Then all must as they may
in darkness learn to dwell.

But yet this change must needs change our delight,
that thus the sun should harbor with the night.

Anon.

O solitude, my sweetest choice:
places devoted to the night,
remote from tumult and from noise,
how ye my restless thoughts delight!

O solitude, my sweetest choice,
o heavens, what content is mine
to see these trees – which have appeared
from the nativity of time,
and which all ages have revered –
to look today as fresh and green
as when their beauties first were seen.

O, how agreeable a sight
these hanging mountains do appear,
which th'unhappy would invite
to finish all their sorrows here
when their hard fate makes them endure
such woes as only death can cure.

Katherine Philips

Lost is my quiet forever,
ever lost is life's happiest part.
Lost all my tender endeavors
to touch an insensible heart.
But though my despair is past curing,
and much undeserv'd is my fate,
I'll show by a patient enduring
My love is unmov'd as her hate.

Anon.

Dame, ne regardes pas
a vostre valour,
ne à moy, se je sui bas,
mais loial Amour
regardez qui par douçour
m'a donné d'un amoureux dart
par vostre dous plaisant regart.

Dont je sui si en vos las
qu'adès par savour
humblement sans estre las
reçoy ma douleur.
Las! et vos cuers n'a tenour
de l'ardure qui le mien art
par vostre dous plaisant regart.

Doulz amis, oy mon compleint:
a toy se plaint et complaint
par deffaut de tes secours

mes cuers qu'amours si contreint
que tiens remeint dont mal meint.
Ay, quant tu ne me secours

en mes langours car d'ailleurs
n'est riens qui confort m'amaint.

S'en croist mes plours tous les jours
quant tes cuers en moy ne maint.

Riches d'amour et mandians d'amie,
povres d'espoir et garnis de desir,
pleins de douleur et diseteux j'aïe,
loing de merci, familiare de mesir,
nulz de tout ce qui me puet resjoir
sui pour amer et de mort en paour,
quant ma dame me het et je l'aour.

Lady, look not
to your own worth,
nor at me, for I am base,
but to faithful Love;
see with what sweetness
he has dealt me his loving dart
by your sweet and pleasing glance.

Thus am I caught in your snare,
that – unceasingly pleased,
humbly and unwearied –
I receive my pain.
Alas! and no mercy has your heart
for the ardor burning mine own
by your sweet and pleasing glance.

Sweet lover, hear my complaint:
to you laments and protests
for want of your rescue

my heart, which love so ensnares
that it remains yours and does me ill.
Ay, if you will not rescue me

in my languishing, then nothing anywhere
can give me comfort.

My weeping increases every day
that your heart abides elsewhere.

Rich in love and begging for a lover,
impoverished of hope and mantled in desire,
full of grief and destitute am I,
far from mercy, acquainted with misery,
bare of all that could give me joy,
dogged by love and in terror of death,
for my lady hates me, and I adore her.

N'il n'est confors de ma grief maladie
qui me puist de nulle part venir,
car une amour s'est en mon cuer nourrie
dont je ne puis jouir ne repentir
ne vivre lié ne mourir ne garir
ne bien avoir fors languir à dolour,
quant ma dame me het et je l'aour.

Texts, Machaut

Begli occh'io non provo
fierezza o dolore.
Io pianti non trovo
nel regno d'Amore,
Qual'or mi mirate
con sguardi amorosi
scherzate vezzosi.

Voi labbra ridenti
quest' alma beate
si cari gli accenti
si dolci formate.
Se i denti scoprite
con rare bellezze,
nutrite dolcezze.

Ma lass', io pavento
che un ciel bello e puro
al soffio d'un vento
si cangi in oscuro,
quest' aura che spira,
quel guardo che alletta
s'adira e saetta.

Anon.

I baci

Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci!
Unite l'alme vanno
sul labbro ad incontrarsi.
Col bacio l'alme fanno
nel cor gran colpi darsi.

Vezzosette si accordano;
vipерette si mordano.
Ma sono i lor dolcissimi furori
grand union dei cori.
Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci!
Bacia, mia bocca, e taci!

Anon.

There is no comfort for my grievous ills
that can reach me from any quarter,
for my heart consumes itself in such a love
that I can neither rejoice nor repent
nor live in delight nor die nor heal
nor have any good thing, only suffering and pain,
for my lady hates me, and I adore her.

Translations, K. Boerger

Beautiful eyes, I feel
no pride nor pain.
I find no mourning
in the kingdom of Love
when you regard me
with adoring glances
or tease me with your charms.

Laughing lips,
you bless this soul.
How dear the tones,
how sweet the form.
When you reveal your teeth
with that uncommon allure,
your sweetness feeds me.

But alas, it affrights me
how like a clear and beautiful sky
that in one gust of wind
goes dark,
this breath that sighs,
that glance that entices,
turns angry and impales me.

Trans., K. Boerger

O sweet, o precious, o coveted kisses!
United, souls go
to meet at the lips.
With kisses, souls
batter their hearts.

Little charmers, they grace each other.
Little vipers, they bite each other.
But in their sweetest fury
is the deep joining of hearts.
O sweet, o precious, o coveted kisses!
Kiss, o my mouth, and be silent!

Trans., K. Boerger

Begli occhi

Mi ferite, o begli occhi.
Pensate che farebbono
quei baci sì cocenti e mordaci;
langue l'anima, langue
e il cor vien meno.
Ahi ch'io vi moro in seno.

Pensate che farebbono
gli strali sì pungenti e mortali;
Langue l'anima, langue
e il cor vien meno.
Ahi ch'io vi moro in seno.

Ma forse non morò
senza vendetta
ch'ai fin chi morte
da, la morte aspetta.

Loredano

Alas, departyng is ground of woo.

Othyr songe can I not singe.
But why part I my lady fro,
syth love was cause of our meetyng.
The bitter teris of her weeping
myn hert hat perished so mortally
that to the deth hit will me bringe,
but yf I see her hastily.

Anon.

You wound me, oh beautiful eyes.
Take care for their power,
those kisses so scorching and biting!
My soul languishes, languishes,
and my heart expires.
Ay, for I die in your bosom!

Take care for their power,
these arrows so piercing, so lethal.
My soul languishes, languishes,
and my heart expires.
Ay, for I die in your bosom!

But perchance I may not die
unavenged,
for in the end: upon the one who deals death,
death waits!

Trans., K. Boerger