

LINCOLN
CENTER | presents

Mostly Mozart

Thursday Evening, August 19, 2004, at 8:00

Saturday Evening, August 21, 2004, at 8:00

Text & Translation

I Don't Want to Love

Non voglio amare

Text: Anonymous

Non voglio amare
Per non penare,
Ch'amor seguendo
Di duol sen va
L'alma struggendo
Di pene amare.
Non vo' più amare,
No, no, no, no.

Chi vive amando,
S'è cieco amore?
S'è cieco amore,
Come ch'egli è,
Il mio dolore
Non può mirare.
Non vo' più amare,
No, no, no, no.

Fuggir vogl'io
Quest'empio e rio
S'amor è crudo,
Come ch'egli è,
Fanciullo ignudo,
Che mi può dare?
Non vo' più amare,
No, no, no, no.

Ah, che non si conviene

Text: Giovanni Battista Guarini

Ah, che non si conviene
romper la fede a chi la fe' mantiene.
Il mio fermo voler è quell'istesso
lontan da voi, ch'esservi suol
appresso;
né può cangiarlo morte,
né mia malvagia sorte,

I Don't Want to Love

I don't want to love
so as not to suffer;
since love, following on
sorrow, goes on
to consume the soul
with bitter pain.
I wish to love no more,
no, no, no, no.

Who lives in love,
if Love is blind?
If Love is blind
as he is,
he cannot see
my sorrow.
I wish to love no more,
no, no, no, no.

I wish to flee
that wicked evil-doer;
if Love, the naked boy,
is as cruel
as he is,
what can he offer me?
I wish to love no more,
no, no, no, no.

It Is Not Right to Break Faith

It is not right to break faith
with one who keeps faith.
My firm desire remains the same
far from you as it does near you,

nor can death change it,
nor my unfortunate fate,

ma ferma come a l'onda immobil
scoglio
e viver vostro e morir vostro i
voglio.

Zefiro torna

Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti

L'aer fa grato e' il pié discioglie a l'onde
E, mormorando tra le verdi fronde,

Fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori

Note tempran d'amor care e
gioconde;

E da monti e da valli ime e
profonde

Raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e'l sole,
Sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
Fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,

L'ardor di due begli occhi e'l mio
tormento,

Come vuol mia ventura, hor piango
hor canto.

S'el vostro cor, madonna

Text: Giovanni Battista Guarini

S'el vostro cor, Madonna,

Altrui pietoso tanto,

Da quel suo degno

Al mio non degno pianto

Tal hor si rivolgesse

E una stilla al mio languir ne dess,

but firm as a rock to the wave

I wish to live and die yours.

Zephyr Returns

Zephyr returns and with his sweet
breath

freshens the air and ruffles the waters,
and, murmuring through the green
branches,

makes the flowers in the field dance to
his music.

Phyllida and Cloris, garlands
decking

their hair, sing sweet and joyous love
songs;

and sonorous caverns re-echo the
harmony

from high mountains and deep valleys.

Dawn rises more lovely in the heavens,
and the sun spreads more golden rays;
purer silver decks Thetis' fair
cerulean mantle.

Only I, through desolate and lonely
woods,

as my fate decrees, now weep, now sing

of the brightness of two lovely eyes and
of my torment.

If Your Heart, My Lady

If your heart, my lady,

so merciful to others,

would at times turn

from its seemly tears

to my unseemly weeping

and a tear-drop bestow upon my
grieving,

Forse nel mio dolore
Vedria l'altrui perfidia
E'l proprio errore;
E voi seco direste:
Ah, sapess'io
Usar pietà come pietà desio!

Eccomi pronta ai baci

Text: Giambattista Marino

Eccomi pronta ai baci;
Baciarmi, Ergasto mio,
Ma bacia in guisa
Che dei denti mordaci
Nota non resti nel mio volto incisa;
Perché altri non m'additi e in essa poi

Legga le mie vergogne e i baci tuoi.
Ahi! tu mordi e non baci,
Tu mi segnasti, ahi! ahi!
Poss'io morir se più ti bacio mai.

Lamento della ninfa

Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Non havea Febo ancora
Recato al mondo il di
Ch'una donzella fuori
Del proprio albergo uscì.

Sul pallidetto volto
Scorgeasi il suo dolor.
Spesso gli veniva sciolto
Un gran sospir dal cor.

Si calpestando fiori
Errava hor qua, hor là,
I suoi perduto amori
Così piangendo va:

Amor, dicea, e'l ciel
Mirando, il piè fermò,
Amor, dov'è la fé
Che'l traditor giurò?

perhaps in my pain
it would see the malice of others
and its own erring;
and you with it would say:
Ah, if I knew how
to have mercy as I need it myself!

Here I Am, Ready for Kisses

Here I am, ready for kisses;
kiss me, my Ergasto,
but kiss in such a way
that no trace of biting teeth
may leave a scar to mark my face;
so that others may not point to it and
in it
read my shame and your kisses.
Ah! You bite and do not kiss,
you leave a tell-tale sign, ah! Ah!
May I die if I ever kiss again.

Lament of the Nymph

Phoebus had not yet given
the day back to the world,
when a damsel came out
of her own house.

On her pale face
her suffering
was plainly to be observed,
a deep sigh often rose from her heart.

Crushing the flowers underfoot,
she strayed back and forth,
bemoaning her
lost love.

Love! she cried, and paused,
looking up to heaven:
Love, where is the fidelity
that the betrayer swore?

Fa che ritorni il mio
Amor com' ei pur fu,
O tu m'ancidi ch'io
Non mi tormenti più.

Miserella, ah più no, no
Tanto gel soffrir non può.
Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
Se non lontan da me,
No, no suoi
martiri più non dirammi affè.

Perchè di lui mi struggo
Tutt' orgoglioso sta,
Che sì, s'io'l fuggo
Ancor mi pregherà.

Se ciglio ha più sereno
Colei ch'el mio non è,
Già non rinchiude in seno
Amor sì bella fé.

Né mai sì dolci baci
Da quella bocca havrà,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
Taci, che troppo il sa.

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
Spargea le voci al ciel.
Così ne' cori amanti
Mesce Amor fiamma e gel.

Soave libertà

Text: Gabriello Chiabrera

Soave libertà,
Già per sì lunga etate
Mia cara compagnia,
Chi da me ti disvia?
O Dea desiata
E da me tanto amata,
Ove ne vai veloce?

Send back my lover,
as he once was;
or kill me,
so that I may no longer torment myself.

Ah, wretch! No, no further!
She cannot bear so much coldness.
I don't want him to sigh
unless he is far from me,
no, no, because he no longer
will tell me what ails him.

If I torture myself for his sake
he is unmoved,
but if I flee from him,
he will again bid me.

Even though she may have
a prettier face than mine,
Love has not endowed her heart
with equal fidelity.

Never again will he receive such sweet
kisses
from that mouth,
and none more tender—ah, say no
more,
say no more, he knows it only too well.

As between angry tears
the cries rise up to heaven,
so in lover's hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

Sweet Freedom

Sweet freedom,
for so long a time
my dear companion,
who will deprive me of you?
Beloved Goddess
by me much loved,
where are you fleeing so quickly?

Lasso, che ad alta voce
 Invan ti chiamo e piango.
 Tu fuggi ed io rimango
 Stretto in belle catene
 D'altr'amorose pene
 E d'altro bel desio.
 A Dio per sempre, a Dio.

Alas, aloud and in vain
 I call and implore you.
 You run away and I remain
 ensnared in beauteous chains
 of love for another
 and other allurements.
 Farewell for ever, farewell.

Jesu, Meine Freude

Jesu, meine Freude

Text: St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans
 and Johann Franck

Jesu, meine Freude,
 Meines Herzens Weide,
 Jesu meine Zier!
 Ach wie lang, ach lange
 Ist dem Herzen bange
 Und verlangt nach dir!
 Gottes Lamm, mein Bräutigam,
 Süßer dir soll mir auf Erden
 Nichts sonst Liebers werden.

Es ist nun nichts Verdammliches an
 denen, die in Christo Jesu sind, die
 nicht nach dem Fleische wandeln,
 sondern nach dem Geist.

Unter deinen Schirmen
 Bin ich vor den Stürmen
 Aller Feinde frei.
 Lass den Satan wittern,
 Lass den Feind erbittern,
 Mir steht Jesus bei!
 Ob es itzt gleich kracht und blitze,
 Ob gleich Sünd und Hölle schrecken;
 Jesus will mich decken.

Jesus, My Joy

Jesus, my joy,
 my heart's repose,
 Jesus, my treasure!
 My heart
 has long been troubled
 and desirous of thee.
 Lamb of God, my bridegroom,
 without thee, nothing good
 can be my earthly lot.

Damnation befalls not those who are
 in Christ, and who pursue not the
 flesh but the spirit.

Beneath thy shield
 I am protected from the raging
 of all my enemies.
 Let Satan storm,
 let the evil one rage,
 Jesus will stand by me
 through thunder and lightning,
 against sin and hell
 Jesus will protect me.

Denn das Gesetz des Geistes, der da
lebendig machet in Christo Jesu,
hat mich frei gemacht von dem
Gesetz der Sünde und des Todes.

For the law of the spirit, which gives
life in Christ Jesus, has liberated
me from the law of sin and death.

Trotz dem alten Drachen,
Trotz des Todes Rachen,
Trotz der Furcht dazu!
Tobe, Welt, und springe;
Ich steh hier und singe
In gar sichrer Ruh!
Gottes Macht hält mich in acht;
Erd und Abgrund muss verstummen,
Ob sie noch so brummen.

Despite the old serpent,
despite death's vengeance,
despite fear of death!
The world may rave and be overthrown,
yet I stand here and sing
in confident tranquility;
I respect God's might;
earth and abyss will be silenced
although now so vociferous.

Ihr aber seid nicht fleischlich, sondern
geistlich, so anders Gottes Geist in
euch wohnet. Wer aber Christi
Geist nicht hat, der ist nicht sein.

But ye are not of the flesh but of the
spirit, so strangely does God dwell
in you. But he who has not the
spirit of Christ is not his.

Weg mit allen Schätzen,
Du bist mein Ergötzen,
Jesu, meine Lust!
Weg, ihr eitlen Ehren,
Ich mag euch nicht hören
Bleibt mir unbewusst!
Elend, Not, Kreuz, Schmach und Tod

Away with all riches,
thou art my delight,
Jesu, my desire.
Away with vain honors,
I'll not hear your temptings,
do not enter my mind!
Misery, distress, affliction, shame and
death

Soll mich, ob ich viel muss leiden,
Nicht von Jesu scheiden.

shall not part me from Jesus,
though I must suffer much.

So aber Christus in euch ist, so ist der
Leib zwar tot um der Sünde willen;
der Geist aber ist das Leben um der
Gerechtigkeit willen.

When Christ is in you, the body is
dead to sin, but the spirit is life for
the sake of righteousness.

Gute Nacht, o Wesen,
Das die Welt erlesen,
Mir gefällst du nicht.
Gute Nacht, ihr Sünden,
Bleibet weit dahinten,
Komme nicht mehr ans Licht!
Gute Nacht, du Stolz und Pracht!
Dir sei ganz, du Lasterleben,
Gute Nacht gegeben!

Farewell to the being
that chooses this world;
I love thee not.
Farewell, sins,
stay behind me,
never come to light again.
Farewell, pride and pomp.
Life of wickedness,
I bid you farewell.

So nun der Geist des, der Jesum von
den Toten auferwecket hat, In
euch wohnet, so wird auch dersel-
bige, der Christum von Den Toten
auferwecket hat, eure sterblichen
Leiber lebendig Machen, um des
willen, dass sein Geist in euch
wohnet.

Weicht, ihr Trauergeister,
Denn mein Freudenmeister,
Jesus, tritt herein.
Denen, die Gott lieben
Muss auch ihr Betrüben
Lauter Zucker sein.
Duld' ich schon hier Spott und Hohn,

Dennoch bleibst du auch im Leide,
Jesu, meine Freude.

Now the spirit of him who raised Jesus
from the dead lives in you; the
same who raised Jesus from the
dead shall give life to your mortal
bodies because the spirit lives in
you. Ye spirits of sadness, depart
hence, for Jesus enters, the lord of
my joy.

Ye spirits of sadness, depart hence,
for Jesus enters,
the lord of my joy.
To those whom God loves
even their sorrow
must be sweetened.
Here I endure mockery and scorn even
now,
yet, still suffering, thou art
Jesus, my joy.