

Ecco La Primavera – Francesco Landini

Ecco la primavera,
Che'l cor fa rallegrare,
Temp'è d'annamorare
E star con lieta cera.

Noi vegiam l'aria e'l tempo
Che pur chiam' allegria
In questo vago tempo
Ogni cosa vagheça.

L'erbe con gran frescheça
E fior' coprono i prati,
E gli albori adornati
Sono in simil manera.

Ecco la primavera
Che'l cor fa rallegrare
Temp'è d'annamorare
E star con lieta cera.

Spring has come apace
To waken hearts to gladness;
Time for lovers' madness
And to wear a happy face.

The elements together
Are beckoning to mirth;
In this delightful weather,
Delight pervades the earth.

The grass in fresh rebirth
Helps meadows come a-flower,
And every branch and bower,
Is decked with kindred grace.

Spring has come apace
To waken hearts to gladness;
Time for lovers' madness
And to wear a happy face.

Revecy venir du Printans – Claude Lejeune

Refrain: Revecy venir du Printans.
L'amourez' et belle saizon.

Le courant des eaus recherchant,
Le canal d'été s'éclaircît:
Et la mer calme de ces flots,
Amolit le triste courrous:
Le Canard s'égay' se plonjant,
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol,
Retraverse l'air et s'en va.

(Refrain)

Le Soleil éclaire luizant,
D'une plus sereine clairté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se iou' et court et noircît
Et foretz et champs et coutaus,
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la prê' decouvre ses fleurs.

(Refrain)

De Venus le filz cupidon,
L'univers semant de ses trais,
De sa flamme va réchaufér.

Refrain: Here again comes the Spring,
the amorous and fair season.

The currents of water that seek
The canal in summer become clearer;
And the sea calms her waves,
Softens the sad anger.^[SEP]
The duck, elated, dives^[SEP] in,
And washes itself happily in the water.
And the crane breaks its path,
Crosses back and flies away.

(Refrain)

The sun shines brightly
With a most serene clarity:
From the cloud the shadow flies
And plays and runs and darkens
And forests and fields and hillsides,
Human labor makes green again,
And the prairie unveils its flowers.

(Refrain)

From Venus' son, Cupid,
The universe is seeded in milk,
Is warmed by his flames.

Animaus, qui volet en l'air,
Animaus, qui rampet au chams
Animaus, qui naget auz eaus.
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas,
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.

(Refrain)

Rion aussi nous: et cherchon
Les ébas et ieus du Printans
Toute chose rit de plaizir:
Sélebron la gaye saizon,

(Refrain)

Animals that fly in the air,
Animals that slither in the fields,
Animals that swim in the seas,
Even the unsentient ones,
Once in love, are melted by pleasure.

(Refrain)

So let us laugh: and let us seek out
The frolicking and the games of Spring
All the world laughs in pleasure:
Let us celebrate the happy season,

(Refrain)

El Grillo – Josquin Deprez

El grillo è buon cantore
Che tiene longo verso.
Dalle beve grillo canta.
Ma non fa come gli altri uccelli
Come li han cantato un poco,
Van de fatto in altro loco
Sempre el grillo sta pur saldo,
Quando la maggior el caldo
Alhor canta sol per amore.

The cricket is a good singer
He can sing very long
He sings all the time.
But he isn't like the other birds.
If they've sung a little bit
They go somewhere else
The cricket remains where he is
When the heat is very fierce
Then he sings only for love.

Now is the Month of Maying – Thomas Morley

Now is the month of maying, when merry lads are playing
Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la
Each with his bonnie lass, a-dancing on the grass
Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la

The Spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at Winter's sadness
Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la
And to the bagpipe's sound, The nymphs tread out the ground
Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la

Fie, then, why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la
Say, dainty nymph, and speak, shall we play barley break?
Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la

Vestiva I colli – Palestrina

Vestiva i colli e le campagne intorno
la primavera di novelli onori
e spirava soavi arabi odori,

Clothed the hills and the countryside around
Did Spring with fresh glories,
And breathed sweet Arabian fragrances,

cinta d'erbe, di fronde il crin adorno,
quando Licori, a l'apparir del giorno,
cogliendo di sua man purpurei fiori,
mi disse in guidardon di tanti ardori:
A te li colgo et ecco, io te n'adorno.

Così le chiome mie, soavemente
parlando, cinse e in sì dolci legami
mi strinse il cor, ch'altro piacer non sente:
onde non fia già mai che più non l'ami
degli occhi miei, né fia che la mia mente
altra sospiri desiando o chiami.

O Primavera – Claudio Monteverdi

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno,
bella madre de' fiori,
d'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
tu ben lasso ritorni,
ma senza i cari giorni
de le speranze mie;
ché del perduto mio caro tesoro
la rimembranza misera e dolente
tu ben sei quella
ch'eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella.
Ma non son io quel che già un tempo fui,
sì caro a gli occhi altrui.

Vezzosi Augelli – Giaches de Wert

Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette note
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote.
Sia caso o d'arte, or accompagna, ed ora
Alterni i versi lor la musica ora.

Sweet Honey Sucking Bees – John Wilbye

Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do you still
surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
as if the choicest nectar lay in them
wherewith you store your curious cabinets?

Girded with grasses and with flowers her tresses
adorned. When Licori at the appearance of
day, Gathering in his hand purple flowers, Said to
me: "In recompense of so much ardor For you I
gather them, and behold I you with them adorn."

Thus my hair, sweetly
Speaking, he girded,
And in such gentle hands he enfolded
My heart, that other pleasure it feels not,
Thus shall it never be that no more I love him,
He of my eyes, nor shall it be that my mind
For others sigh, or longingly call

Oh Spring, youth of the year,
lovely mother of the flowers,
of new grass and new loves:
regrettably, you come back
without the dear days
of my hopes;
because of my lost, beloved treasure
but the miserable and painful memory
you are, that not long ago
was so blithe and beautiful.
But I am no longer whom I used to be,
so dear to others' eyes.

The joyous birds hid under greenwood shade
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough;
The wind, that in the leaves and waters played,
With murmurs sweet now sung, and whistled
now. Ceased the birds, the winds loud answer
made, And while they sang, it rumbled soft and
low; Thus were it hap or cunning, chance or art
The wind in this strange music bore its part.

Ah, make your flight to Melisuavia's lips.
There may you revel in ambrosian cheer,
where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,
Keeping their springtide graces all the year.

Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get:
Sting not her soft lips, O, beware of that,
for if one flaming dart come from her eye,
was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die.

Selve Beate – Heinrich Schütz

Selve beate,
se sospirando in flebili susurri,
al nostro lamentar vi lamentaste,
gioite anco al gioire, e tante lingue
sciogliete quante frondi
scherzano al suon di queste,
piene del gioir nostro aure ridenti.

O happy woods,
since often you quietly sighed
and wept at our weeping,
then rejoice also in our joy, and use
as many tongues as all the leaves
that quiver at the sound of these
sweet winds, full of our rejoicing.

Le chant des oiseaux – Clement Janequin

Reveillez vous, coeurs endormis
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.
A ce premier jour de may,
Oyseaulx feront merveillez,
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay
Destoupez vos oreilles.
Et farirariron (etc...)
Vous serez tous en ioye mis,
Car la saison est bonne.

Awake, sleepy hearts,
The god of love calls you.
On this first day of May,
The birds will make you marvel.
To lift yourself from dismay,
Unclog your ears.
And fa la la la la (etc...)
You will be moved to joy,
For the season is good.

Vous orrez, à mon advis,
Une dulce musique
Que fera le roy mauvis
(le merle aussi)
D'une voix autentique.
Ty, ty, pyty. (etc...)
Rire et gaudir c'es mon devis,
Chacun s'i habandonne.

You will hear, I advise you,
A sweet music
That the royal song thrush will sing
(the blackbird, too)
In a pure voice.
Ti, ti, pi-ti (etc...)
To laugh and rejoice is my device,
Each with abandon.

Rossignol du boys ioly,
A qui le voix resonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennuy
Vostre gorge iargonne:
Frian, frian, frian (etc...)
Fuez, regrez, pleurs et souci,
Car la saison l'ordonne.

Nightingale of the pretty woods,
Whose voice resounds,
So you don't become bored,
Your throat jabbers away:
Frian, frian (etc...)
Flee, regrets, tears and worries,
For the season commands it.

Ariere maistre coucou,

Turn around, master cuckoo

Sortez de no chapitre.
Chacun vous donne au bibou,
Car vous n'estes q'un traistre.
Coucou, coucou (etc...)
Par traison en chacun nid,
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.

Reveillez vous, coeurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

Get out of our company.
Each of us gives you a 'bye-bye'
For you are nothing but a traitor.
Cuckoo, cuckoo (etc...)
Traacherously in others' nests,
You lay without being called.

Awake, sleepy hearts,
The god of love is calling you.

Non Vidi Mai – Luca Marenzio

Non vidi mai dopo nocturna pioggia
gir per l'aere sereno stelle erranti,
et fiammeggiar fra la rugiada e 'l gielo,
ch'i' non avesse i begli occhi davanti
ove la stancha mia vita s'appoggia,
quali io gli vidi a l'ombra di un bel velo;
et sí come di lor bellezze il cielo
splendea quel dí, cosí bagnati anchora
li veggio sfavillare, ond'io sempre ardo.

I never see the wandering stars
move through the calm air after night rain,
flaming more brightly among the dew and frost,
without seeing her eyes before me,
where the weariness of my life is soothed,
as I've seen them in the shadow of a lovely veil:
and as I saw the sky ablaze that day
with their beauty, so I see them still
sparkling through tears, so that I burn forever.

Felice Primavera I & 2 – Gesualdo

Felice primavera
De bei pensier fiorisce nel mio core
Novo lauro d'Amore
A cui ride la terra
e il Ciel d'intorno,
E di bel manto adorno
Di Giacinti e viole il Pò si veste.

Happy spring
With beautiful thoughts blossoms in my heart
New laurel of love
To which the earth
and the surrounding sky laughs
And with a beautiful mantle adorned with
hyacinths and violets she dresses.

Danzan le Ninfe oneste e i Pastorelli
E i susurranti Augelli in fra le fronde
Al mormorar dell'onde
e vaghi fiori
Donan le grazie à i pargoletti amori.

The honest nymphs and shepherds
dance And whisper joyously among the leaves
At the murmuring of the waves:
and vague flowers
Give thanks to the lovely ones

As Vesta Was – Thomas Weelkes

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a maiden queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds swain,
To whom Diana's darlings came running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana.

Ride La Primavera – Heinrich Schütz

Ride la primavera,
Torna la bella Clori;
Odi la rondinella,
mira l'herbette e i fiori.
Ma tu Clori più bella,
Nella stagion novella:
Serbi l'antico verno,
Deh, s'hai cinto il cor di ghiaccio eterno.
Perchè, ninfa crudel, quanto gentile,
Porti negl'occhi il sol, nel volt aprile?

Spring laughs,
The beautiful Clorinda returns;
Listen to the swallow
Behold the plants and flowers.
But you Clorinda, even more beautiful
In the new season.
Keep away from old Winter,
Oh, you have wrapped your heart with eternal ice.
Why, cruel nymph, so kind,
do you carry the sun in your eye?