

Love Songs

Dianna Morgan

Set me as a Seal.....Rene Clausen

If Music be the Food of Love.....Henry Purcell

Though Amaryllis Dance in Green..... William Byrd

Lady When I Behold.....John Wilbye

Hark Ye Lovely Saints.....Thomas Weelkes

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Ich weiss mir ein Meidlein.....Orlando di Lasso

Fahet uns die Fühse.....Melchior Franck

Herzlich tut mich erfreuen.....Michael Praetorius

Rise Up My Love.....Healy Willan

Set me as a Seal.....Rene Clausen

Set me as a seal upon your heart

as a seal upon your arm

for love is strong as death

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for love is strong as death

Many waters cannot quench love

neither can the floods drown it.

Set me as a seal upon your heart

as a seal upon your arm

for love is strong as death

If Music be the Food of Love.....Henry Purcell

If music be the food of love,

Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;

For then my list'ning soul you move

To pleasures that can never cloy.

Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare

That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Though Amaryllis Dance in Green.....William Byrd

Though Amaryllis dance in green,
like Fayrie Queene,
and sing full clear,
Corina can with smiling cheer:
yet since their eyes make hart so sore,
hey ho, I'll love no more.

Love yee who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighes and teares prevaile,
what shall I doe but say therefore,
hey ho, I'll love no more.

Lady When I Behold.....John Wilbye

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours
My eyes presents me with a double doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses

Hark Ye Lovely Saints.....Thomas Weelkes

Hark, all ye lovely saints above,
Diana hath agreed with Love,
His fiery weapon to remove. Fa la la.
Do you not see
How they agree?
Then cease, fair ladies; why weep ye? Fa la la.

See, see, your mistress bids you cease,
And welcome Love, with love's increase;
Diana hath procured your peace. Fa la la.
Cupid hath sworn
His bow forlorn
To break and burn, ere ladies mourn. Fa la la.

Zefiro Torna.....Claudio Monteverdi

Zefiro torna, e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e 'l pie 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.

Lirum Bililirim.....Rossino Mantovano

Refrain: Lirum bililirim, li-lirum, lirum, lirum.
Deh si soni la sordina.
Tu m'intendi ben, Pedrina,
Ma non già per il doverum.

Le ses an che t'vo mi ben,
E che t'son bon servidor,
Ma t'aspet che l'so ben
Ch'al fin sclopi per amor.
Deh, non da plu tat dolor,
Tu sa ben che dig il virum.

Ta recordet quant t' me des
La tua fe si alegrement,
E ch'a Ivagnel t' me giures
De volim per to servent,
Mi per litra incontinent
At resposi cum suspirum.

Quant apensi al temp passat
E che t'ho servita indaren,
Am doni desperat
Al demoni da l'inferen.
Masno m'aidi ques inverem,
Em voi da te parturum.

Con po t' mal soffri traitora
Che ch'si vivi desperat?
Dam audenza almac un'hora
Che sero al tut pagat.
Fam un scrit e suglat
Del mio bon fidel servirum.

Zephyrus returns, and with sweet accents makes
the air pleasing and loosens his foot from the
waves, murmuring among the green branches,
makes dance the flowers in the meadows.

Phyllis and Chloris, garlands on their brow,
temper their sweet and joyous notes of love; and
from the mountains and the valleys low and deep
sonorous caverns echo their harmony.

Dawn rises more lovely in the heavens, and the
sun spreads forth more rays of gold; while purer
silver adorns Thetis' fair cerulean mantle.

Only I, wandering through abandoned, lonely
woods, the brightness of two lovely eyes and my
torment, as my fortune wills it, I weep, I sing.

Refrain: Lirum bililirim, li-lirum, lirum, lirum.
Ah, sound the muted instrument.
You hear me well, Pedrina
and not just out of duty.

I have loved you for six years,
and been a good servant to you,
but I've been waiting for you so long
that I shall end by bursting with love.
Ah, don't give me more grief;
you know well that I speak the truth.

Remember when you gave me
your troth so joyfully,
and on the Gospel swore
that you wanted me to serve you,
and I, unable to find the words,
did answer you with a sigh.

When I think of the time that's passed
and of how I've served you in vain,
despairing, I give myself
to the devil himself in hell.
But if you don't help me this winter,
I shall take my leave of you.

Faithless woman, how can you bear
to let me live in such despair?
Give me an audience of just one hour
and I shall be quite satisfied.
Put your seal on a document
declaring my good and faithful service.

Crud' Amarilli.....Giaches de Wert

Cruda Amarilli,
Che col nome ancora
D'amar, ah! lasso! amaramente insegni;
Amarilli, del candido ligustro
Più candida e più bella,
Ma dell'aspido sordo
E più sorda, e più fera e più fugace,
Poi che col dir t'offendo,
I' mi morirò tacendo.
Ma grideran per me le piagge e i monti
E questa selva a cui
Sì spesso il tuo bel nome
Di risonar insegno.
Per me piangendo i fonti
E mormorando i venti,
Diranno i miei lamenti.

Cruel Amaryllis,
Your name yet teaches one
To love, alas! Bitterly;
Amaryllis, than the white lily
More white, and more beautiful,
But than the mute asp
More mute and more fierce and more fleeting,
Since speaking I offend,
I shall die silently.
Yet the shores and the mountains
And these woods shall cry out for me
Whom so often taught them to repeat
The echo of your lovely name.
For me the fountains will weep
And the winds will murmur,
As they tell of my laments.

Si Ch'io Vorrei Morire.....Claudio Monteverdi

Sì, ch'io vorrei morire,
ora ch'io bacio, amore,
la bella bocca del mio amato core.

Yes, I would like to die,
now that I'm kissing, sweetheart,
the luscious lips of my darling beloved.

Ahi, car' e dolce lingua,
datemi tanto umore,
che di dolcezza in questo sen' m'estingua!

Ah! dear, dainty tongue,
give me so much of your liquid
that I die of delight on your breast!

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!

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!

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 eyes, April in your face?

Mein Schifflein.....Johann Hermann Schein

Mein Schifflein lief im wilden Meer,
geschlagen von Sturmwinden;
Das Segel war zurissen sehr,
Kein Ruder konnt ich finden.
Kein Schiffman da vorhanden war,

My little ship ran on the wild sea,
Struck by stormy winds;
The sail was badly torn,
I could find no oar.
There was no skipper at hand,

Auf allen Seiten war Gefahr,
kein Sternlein ließ sich blicken:
Wie bet', wie gab ich gute Wort.
bis endlich durch gewünschten Port
mich Amor tät erquicken.
Drum ich dem Göttlein blind zu Dank
mein Herz vovir mein Lebelang.

Danger was on all sides,
No little star was to be seen.
How I prayed, how I offered good words,
Until finally I approached the wished-for port,
And Cupid revived me.
So I give thanks to the little blind god
From my heart for the rest of my life.

Ich weiss mir ein Meidlein.....Orlando di Lasso

Ich weiß mir ein Meidlein hübsch und fein,
Hüt du dich!
Es kann wohl falsch und freundlich sein,
hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!
Sie hat ein licht goldfarbenes Haar...
Und was sie red't, das ist nicht wahr...
Sie gibt dir'n Kränzlein fein gemacht...
Für einen Narr'n wirst du geacht...

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
take care!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!
She has hair of a golden hue...
And what she says, it is not true...
She gives thee a garland woven fair,
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear...

Fahet uns die Fühse.....Melchior Franck

Fahet uns die Fühse, die kleinen Fühselein,
die die Weinberg verderben. Denn unser
Weinberg haben Augen gewonnen.
Mein Freund ist mein, und ich bin sein, der vnter
den Rosen weidet.
Bis der tag kühl wird, und der Schatten weicht.
Kehre um, werde wie ein Rehe, mein Freund, oder
wie ein junger Hirsch auf den Scheidebergen.

Catch us the foxes, the little foxes,
the ones that ruin the vineyards.
For our vineyards are in blossom.
My beloved is mine, and I am his;
he pastures his flock among roses.
Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, turn,
my beloved, be like a gazelle or like a young stag
on the jagged mountains.

Herzlich tut mich erfreuen.....Michael Praetorius

Herzlich tut mich erfreuen die fröhlich
Sommerzeit, all mein Geblüt erneuen, der Mai
viel Wollust geit. Die Lerch tut sich erschwingen
in ihrem hellen Schall, Lieblich die Vöglein
singen, voraus die Nachtigall.

The happy summertime makes me rejoice
heartily, All my blood is renewed, as May brings
lots of delight, The lark entertains itself with its
bright call, The little birds sing lovingly, above all
the nightingale.

Der Kuckuck mit sei'm Schreien macht fröhlich
jedermann, Des Abends fröhlich reihen beim
Tanze alle dann, spazieren zu dem Brunnen pflegt
man in dieser Zeit, all Welt sucht Freud und
Wonne mit Reisen fern und weit

The cuckoo with its cries makes everyone happy,
In the evening everyone lines up to join in the
dance, We pledge ourselves at this time to have
fun by the river, the whole world seeks joy and
delight with wanderings far and wide.

Darum lob ich den Sommer und auch die Maizeit
gut, die wendt uns allen Kummer und bring viel
Freud und Mut. Der Zeit will ich genießen,
dieweil ich Pfennig hab; und wenn es tut
verdrießen, der fall die Stiegen ab!

Thus I love the summer well, and also May-time,
They send away all sadness and bring lots of joy
and courage, I will enjoy this time while I have
even a penny, And when it's all gone, I'll just lay
me down!

Rise Up My Love.....Healy Willan

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear upon the earth.
The time of the singing of birds is come.