

# Marin Baroque



## *Love Endures*

### TRANSLATIONS

#### ***Quel Sguardo Sdegnosetto***

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

from Scherzi Musicali cioè Arie et Madrigali

That haughty little glance,  
bright and menacing,  
that threatening dart  
is flying to strike my breast.  
O beauties for which I burn,  
That part me from myself:  
wound me with your glance,  
but heal me with your smile!

Arm yourself, O eyes,  
with sternest rigor;  
pour upon my heart  
a cloud of sparks.  
But let lips not be slow  
to revive when I am slain.  
Let the glance wound me;  
but let the smile heal me.

O fair eyes: to arms, to arms!  
I am preparing my bosom as your target.  
Rejoice in wounding me,  
even until I faint!  
And if I remain vanquished  
by your darts,  
let your glances strike me –  
but let your smile heal me.

#### ***Ombra Mai Fu***

Georg F. Handel (1685-1759)

from Xerxes, HWV 40

Never was a shade of any plant  
More dear and lovely, or gentle.

***Vedrò con mio Diletto***  
from Giustino, RV 717

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

I will see with joy,  
the soul of my soul,  
the heart of this heart  
full of content.

And if from the one I love,  
I must be parted,  
I'll be sighing in sorrow  
every moment.

***Si Dolce e' tormento***  
from Quarto scherzo delle Ariose Vaghezze

Claudio Monteverdi

So sweet is the torment  
That fills my heart  
I can gladly live  
With her cruel beauty.  
In beauty's heaven  
Vanity increases  
And pity gets lost;  
But always my faith  
Will be a rock against  
The wave of pride.

There is no respite  
From fire and ice;  
I'll only find respite  
At heaven's door...  
If the fatal hit  
Of a straight arrow  
Wounds my heart,  
Reversing my fate  
From the deadly arrow  
I will heal my heart...

False hope  
Leads me onward,  
Neither pleasure nor peace  
Descends on me  
And the cruel woman  
I adore denies me  
The relief of her favour;  
Amid infinite pain  
Amid betrayed hopes,  
My faith stays alive.

***Bel Piacere***  
from Agrippina HWV 6

Georg F. Handel

It is great pleasure  
to enjoy a faithful love!  
it pleases the heart.

Splendor is not measured by beauty  
if it does not come from a faithful heart.

***Chiome D'Oro***

from Seventh Book of Madrigals

Golden tresses, gleaming treasure,  
you bind me in a thousand ways  
whether braided or flowing free.

Choice pearls of purest white,  
When the roses that conceal you  
reveal you, you wound me.

Lively stars that sparkle  
with such beauty and such charm,  
if you smile you slay me.

Precious, seductive  
coral lips I love,  
if you speak I am blessed.

Oh dear bonds in which I take delight!  
Oh fair mortality!  
Oh welcome wound!

Claudio Monteverdi

***Damigella Tutta Bella***

from Scherzi Musicali a Tre Voci

Maiden, all-beautiful,  
pour, O pour out that sweet wine;  
make fall the dew  
distilled from rubies

In my heart there is a river of pain  
that comes from deep love;  
but I would cast it out  
and leave it immersed in these depths.

Maiden, all-beautiful,  
you cannot satisfy me with wine  
let fall the drops of dew  
from the distilled topaz.

New flames engulf me  
and my heart is consumed with a new fire;  
if you do not help me  
I will become another Mongibello (volcano).

The cooler it becomes,  
The more I burn constantly  
It is my fate to be consumed  
and transformed in this way.

Claudio Monteverdi

