TRAITOROUS LOVE
Texts and Translations

Amore traditore, BWV 203 – J.S. Bach
Anonymous Text

I. Aria
Amore traditore, Tu non m'inganni più.
Non voglio più catene, Non voglio affanni, pene,
cordoglio e servitù.

II. Recitativo
Voglio provar, Se posso sanar
l'anima mia dalla piaga fatale,
e viver si può senza il tuo strale;
non sia più la speranza Lusinga del dolore,
e la gioja nel mio core,
più tuo scherzo sarà nella mia costanza.

III. Aria
Chi in amore ha nemica la sorte,
è follia, se non lascia d'amar,
sprezzi l'alma le crude ritorte,
se non trova mercede al penar.

I. Aria
Traitorous love, you will deceive me no more.
I no longer want chains, I no longer want anxieties, pains,
heartache and slavery.

II. Recitative
I want to try to see if I can cure
my soul from the fatal wound,
and be able to live without your arrow;
let hope no longer be a flatterer of my grief,
and the delight in my heart
will no more be your joke within my constancy.

III. Aria
If someone has destiny for his enemy in love,
it is madness not to cease from loving.
his soul should despise the cruel bonds
if he does not find a reward for his suffering.

Vier Arietten, Op. 82 – Ludwig van Beethoven
Text by Pietro Metastasio

III. & IV. L'amante impaziente
Che fa il mio bene?
Perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languire cosi!
Oh come è lento nel Corso il sole!
ogni momento si, mi sembra un di!

I. Dimmi, ben mio
Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami,
dimmi che mia tu sei.
e non invidio ai Dei
la lor' divinità!
Con un tuo sguardo solo,
cara, con un sorriso
tu m'apri il paradiso
di mia felicità, si!

II. T'intendo, si, mio cor
T'intendo, si, mio cor,
con tanto palpitar,
So che ti vuoi lagnar
che amante sei.
Ah! taci il tuo dolor,
ah! soffri il tuo martir
Tacilo, tacilo e on tradir
l'affetti miei, l'affetti miei!

III. & IV. The Impatient Lover
What is my dearest doing?
Why do they not come?
Do they want to see me suffer thus!
Oh how slow the sun is in its course.
every moment, yes, to me seems like a day!

I. Tell me, my beloved
Tell me, my beloved, that you love me.
tell me that you are mine.
and I will not be envious to the gods
of their divinity!
With one look from you,
dearest, with one smile
you open for me the paradise
of bliss, yes!

II. I hear you, my heart
Yes, I hear you my heart
with such so much beating,
I know that you want to lament
that you are in love.
Ah! quiet your sorrow,
ah! endure your suffering
Be silent, be silent and do not betray
my affections!

Drei Gedichten von Michelangelo – Hugo Wolf
Text by Michelangelo Buonarroti

Wohl denk ich oft
Wohl denk ich oft an mein vergang'nes Leben,
wie es vor meiner Liebe für dich war;
kein Mensch hat damals acht auf mich gegeben,
ein jeder Tag verloren für mich war;
ich dachte wohl, ganz dem Gesang zu leben,
auch mich zu flüchten aus der Menschen Schar.
genannt in Lob und Tadel bin ich heute,
und, dass ich da bin, Wissen alle Leute!

Indeed I think
Indeed I think on my past life,
I try to recollect as I was once,
no one paid attention to me then,
every day was wasted for me;
I thought only to be a poet and to reach some height,
I wish to flee from all people
I've heard the mention of my name in praise and criticism,
And that I exist, - that is known by all.

Alles endet, was entstehet
Alles endet, was entstehet. Alles, alles rings vergehet,
denn die Zeit flieht und die Sonne sieht,
dass alles rings vergehet, Denken, Reden, Schmerz und Wonne;
und die wir zu Enkeln hatten
schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,
wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch, froh und traurig, so wie ihr,
und nun sind wir leblos hier, Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet.
Alles endet, was entstehet. Alles, alles rings vergehet.

All ends that has existed
All ends that has existed. All, all around dies,
for the time flies, and the sun sees
That all around dies, thinking, speaking, pain and joy;
And those grandchildren we had
Vanished as the day to the shadows,
like a vapor in the wind's breath.
We were indeed humans as well, happy and sad, just as you,
and now we are lifeless here, we are only dust, as you see.
All ends that has existed. All, all around dies.

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht
Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht von Gott,
der sie erschuf? ist es der Strahl
von andrer Schönheit aus dem Jammertal,
der in mein Herz Erinnrung weckend bricht?
ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
das Aug' und Herz mir füllt mit einem Mal
in unbegreiflich glüh'nder Qual,
die mich zu Tränen bringt? ich weiß es nicht.
Was ich ersehne, fühle, was mich lenkt,
ist nicht in mir: sag mir, wie ich's erwerbe?
Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines andren Huld;
darein bin ich, seit ich dich sah, versenkt.
Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein, ein Süß und Herbe –
daran sind, Herrin, deine Augen schuld.

Does my soul feel the longed-for light
Does my soul feel the long-desired light of God,
who created it? Or is it the ray
of other beauty from the valley of misery
that breaks in my heart awakening memory?
Is it a sound, a dream-image,
that eye and heart fills me at once
with inconceivable burning anguish
that brings me to tears? I know it not.
What I long for, feel, what guides me,
is not in me, tell me, how can I acquire it?
To me it is shown indeed only by another's graciousness;
Into which I have sunk since I saw you.
I am driven by yes and no, by sweet and bitter –
for that, mistress, your eyes are to blame.

Drei Gesänge, D. 902 – Franz Schubert
Text by Pietro Metatstasio

I. L'incanto degli occhi
Da voi, cari lumi, dipende il mio stato;
voi siete I miei Numi, voi siete il mio fato.
A vostro talent mi sento cangiar.
Ardir m'inspirate, se lieti splendate;
se torbidi siete, mi fate tremar.

I. The song of the eyes
Upon you, dear eyes, depends my state of being;
you are my gods, you are my fate.
at your will I feel myself change,
You inspire in me boldness, if you shine with happiness;
if you are turbulent, you make me tremble.

II. Il traditor deluso
Recitativo
Aimè, io tremo!
io sente tutto inondarmi il seno di gelido sudor!
Fugga si, ah quale? Qual'è la via? Chi me l'addita?
Oh Dio! che ascoltai? che m'avvenne?
Ove son io?

II. The traitor deceived
Recitative
Alas, I tremble!
I feel completely inundated in my breast with freezing sweat!
Flee then, ah which? Which is the way? Who will show me?
Oh god! what did I hear? What has happened to me?
Where am I?

Aria
Ah l'aria d'intorno lampeggia, sfavilla;
ondeggia, vacilla l'infido terren!
Qual notte profonda d'orror mi circonda!
che larve funeste, che smanie son queste!
che fiero spavento mi sento nel sen!

III. Il modo di prender moglie
Or sù! non ci pensiamo, coraggio e concludiamo,
al fin s'io prendo moglie, sò ben perché lo fò.
Lo fò per pagar i debiti, la prende per contanti,
di dirlo, e di ripeterlo, difficoltà non ho.
Fra tanti modi e tanti di prender moglie al mondo,
un modo più giocondo del mio trovar non sò.
Si prende per affetto, si prende per rispetto,
si prende per consiglio, si prende per puntiglio,
si prende per capriccio, è vero, si o nò?
Ed io per medicina di tutti i mali miei
un poco di sposina prendere non potrò?
Ho detto e'l ridico, lo fò per li contanti,
lo fanno tanti e tanti anch'io lo faro.

Aria
Ah, the air all around flashes, sparkles;
Surges, the treacherous ground sways!
What night of deep horror surrounds me!
what fatal ghosts, what mania!
what fierce fright I feel in my breast!

III. The way of taking a wife
Now then! Let us not think, courage and let it be decided.
In the end if I take a wife, I know why I will do it.
I will do it to pay the debts, I will take her for the money,
to say it and repeat it, I do not have difficulty.
Among the many ways to take a wife in the world,
I do not know another way happier than mine.
One takes for affection, one takes for respect,
one takes for advice, one takes for spite,
one takes for a whim, is it true, yes or no?
And as a medicine for all my ills,
should I not be able to take a wife?
I have said it and repeated, I will do it for the money,
so many others do, and so will I.

Selections from *Italienisches Liederbuch* – Hugo Wolf
Text by Paul Heyse after Italian folk songs

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:
ach, wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!
Nun ließ der Herr mich meinen Wunsch Erlangen
und schickt mir eine, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
und senkt den Kopf – und spielt die Violine.

How long it is that is has been my desire
How long it is that it has been my desire:
ah, that a musician loved me!
Now the Lord allows me to obtain my wish
and sends to me one, with milk white skin and rosy cheeks.
There he comes with gentle expression,
and lowers his head and plays the violin.

Mein Liebster singt am Hause in Mondenscheine
Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,
und ich muss lauschend hie rim Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab' ich geweint,
weiss nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint' ich vor Sehnen;
blind haben mich gemacht die blut'gen Tränen.

My lover sings outside in the moonlight
My lover sings outside in the moonlight,
and I must lie here in the bed listening.
I turn away from my mother and weep,
my tears are blood, which will never dry up.
I have wept a broad stream by my bed,
because of my tears, I cannot see if it is morning.
Out of longing, I have wept a broad stream;
the tears of blood have blinded me.

Schweig' einmal still
Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verw¨nschtes Singen.
Und tribst du es bis morgen fr¨h so fort,
doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen
Schweig' einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög' ich vor.

Be Silent at once
Be silent at once, you nasty babbler!
Your damned singing disgusts me.
And even if you keep it up until tomorrow morning,
you would still not succeed in singing an attractive song.
Be silent and go to bed!
I would prefer the serenade of a donkey over you!

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
in der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

I have a lover living in Penna
I have a lover living in Penna,
another in the plain of Maremma,
one in the beautiful port of Ancona,
the fourth, I must go to Viterbo;
Another one lives in Casentino,
the next lives with me in the same town,
and I have yet another in Magione,
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

Tre Sonetti di Petrarca, S. 270a – Franz Liszt
Text by Francesco Petrarca

I. Pace non trovo (Sonetto 104)
Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,
e temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:
e volo sopra'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
e nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m'ha in priggion, che non m'apre, n´serra,
né per suo mi ritien, n´scioglie il taccio,
e non m'uccide Amor, e non mi sferra;
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trahe d'impaccio.
Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e grido;
e bramo di perir, e cheggio aita;
ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:
pascomi di dolor piangendo rido;
egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.
In questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.

II. Benedetto sia il giorno (Sonetto 47)
Benedetto sia'l giorno, e'l mese, e l'anno,
e la stagione, e'l tempo, e l'ora, e'l punto
e'l bel paese e'l loco ov'io fui giunto
da' duo begli occhi che legato m'ànno;
e Benedetto il primo dolce affanno
ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
e l'arco e le saette ond'i' fui punto,
e le piaghe, ch'infinoal cor mi vanno.
Benedette le voci tante, ch'io
chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,
e i sospiri, e le lagrime, e'l desio;
e benedette sian tutte le carte
ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,
ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non v'ha parte.

III. I' vidi in terra angelici costumi (Sonetto 123)
I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
e celesti bellezze al mondo sole,
tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole,
che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.
E vidi lagrimar que duo bei lumi,
ch'han fatto mille volte Invidia al sole;
Ed udi'sospirando dir parole
che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.
Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce concento
d'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.
Ed era'l cielo all'armonia s'intento
che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e'l vento.

I. I find no peace
I find no peace, and I am not of a mind to make war,
I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze again:
and I fly about the heavens, and I lie in the ground;
I hold nothing, yet embrace all the world.

I am in a prison, which neither opens nor closes,
neither holds nor frees from the toil,
love neither kills nor releases me
not wanting me to live, not lifting the torment,
Without eyes I see; and without a tongue I cry;
I long to perish, yet I beg for help,
I hate myself, at the same time, I love others;
I fill myself with pain; crying I laugh
death and life I equally despise.
In this state I am, lady, because of you.

II. Blessed is the day
Blest be the day, and the month, and the year,
and the season, and the time, and the hour, and the moment,
and the beautiful country, and place, where I was met
by two beautiful eyes which have me bound,
and blessed is the first sweet twinge
that I had when with love I was joined,
and the bows and the arrows that pierced,
and the wounds, which at last go into my heart.
Blessed be the many echoes that I,
calling the name of my dear Laura, have resounded,
the sighs and the tears and the desire;
and blessed be all the letters
on which her fame I have published, and my thoughts
that are of her, yes, that others have no part.

III. I saw on earth angelic features
I saw on earth angelic features,
and heavenly beauties unequaled in the world;
such that I remember with pleasure and pain:
as much as I look, they seem like dreams, shadows and mists.
And I saw tears from those two beautiful eyes,
which have many times made the sun to envy;
and I heard words spoken with sighs
so that the mountains would move away and stop the streams.
Love, reason, valor, mercy, and pain
Made that cry a sweeter concert
than any other the world has ever heard.
And heaven was gripped by the harmony so
that not a leaf on the branch was seen to move.
Such sweetness has filled the air and the wind.