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CIRCA 1500

Emily Van Evera, *soprano* · Nancy Hadden, *flute*
Erin Headley, *viola da gamba, lirone*
Christopher Wilson, *lute, guitar* · Robert Meunier, *lute*

CIRCA 1500 is a mixed consort devoted, as its name suggests, to performing the music of the Renaissance, especially that of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. The members of CIRCA 1500 are all specialists in the field of early music. Their individual knowledge and performing experience has enabled the group to develop a polished and exuberant style which is based on a study of historical sources and instruments. Since the group began in 1982 they have been active as a touring and recording ensemble, with numerous engagements in Europe and Great Britain.

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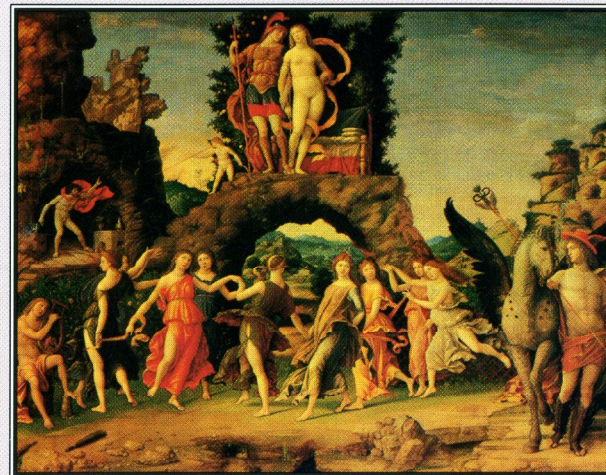
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CHANDOS



RENAISSANCE MUSIC

from the Courts of Mantua and Ferrara



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If you follow these suggestions, the Compact Disc will provide a lifetime of pure listening enjoyment.

• **A Chandos Digital Recording**

- Recording Producer: Brian Couzens
- Sound Engineer: Ralph Couzens
- Assisting Engineer: Bill Todd
- Recorded in the Church of St. Barnabas, North Finchley, London in September 1983
- Front Cover Painting: "Parnassus" by Andrea Mantegna, courtesy of Louvre/Lauros-Giraudon
- Sleeve Design: Gary Thorpe

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The arrival in 1490 of Isabella d'Este (1474-1539) at the court of Mantua as the bride of Francesco Gonzaga (1466-1519) marked the awakening of a new era in Italian music. Whereas the musical life at Mantua and other courts of northern Italy had previously reflected the prevailing taste for Franco-Flemish music, Isabella commissioned both poetry and music by native Italians, resulting in a musical idiom whose roots lay in the popular performing practice of declaiming poetry to the accompaniment of a *lira da braccio* or lute. The artistic climate created by her patronage fostered the development of the *frottola*, the genre of Italian song that flourished during the decades either side of 1500. The musical developments at Mantua soon spread to other courts, and those composers and performers who excelled in the new style were much sought after throughout the north of Italy.

Marchetto Cara and Bartolomeo Tromboncino, two of the most highly esteemed musicians of their day, are known to us as the outstanding composers of *frottole*. Tromboncino (c1470-c1535) was the most prolific of the frottolists. He was in service at Mantua from 1494 until sometime between 1502 and 1506, travelling often to other courts. He was greatly valued by Isabella and Francesco, in spite of his stormy nature. His most notorious act was that of murdering his wife, Antonia "with great cruelty... for having found her at home alone in a room with Zoanmaria de Triomfo", an offence to which Isabella responded by imploring Francesco to have mercy. He also fled Mantua at least twice without permission. After one such flight in 1501, Francesco wrote angrily that Tromboncino had left despite "having been better paid by us, and having been given more favours, kindnesses, and liberties than any other of our courtiers". Yet they chose to overlook each offence, perhaps because of Tromboncino's invaluable contribution to the musical life – and thereby the prestige – of the Mantuan court. He entered the service of Lucrezia Borgia at Ferrara in 1506, where he remained as late as 1513, after which little is known of him. His epitaph contains the following lines:

"Who will now sing to us with a divine voice?
Who will compose with such celestial notes?
Who will play with such a sonorous lira?"

Marchetto Cara (1465-1525) "following in the footsteps of Josquin, taught the world how to compose music." Cara enjoyed a long and stable career at Mantua, beginning his service there in 1494 and remaining throughout his life. In addition to his responsibilities as *maestro di cappella*, he performed as a singer and lutenist at courts throughout the north of Italy, often with his wife, the singer Giovanna Moreschi. We learn something of Cara's musical nature in a passage from Baldassare Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* (1528):

"Consider music, the harmonies of which are now solemn and slow, now very fast and novel in mood and manner. And yet all give pleasure, although for different reasons, as is seen in Bidone's manner of singing which is so full of artifice, so quick, vehement, impassioned and has such various melodies that the spirits of his listeners are stirred and catch fire, and are so entranced that they seem to be lifted upwards to heaven. No less moving in his singing is our Marchetto Cara, only with a softer harmony, for in a manner serene and full of plaintive sweetness he touches and enters our souls, gently impressing a delightful passion upon them."

The music of the frottlists reflected the aims of contemporary humanism in its attentiveness to poetic form and rhythm. It was believed that the classical Greeks had attained a perfect unity of poetry and music, and this the Italians also sought to achieve. Of the Italian poetic forms set to music the *barzelletta* was most favoured, and other forms included the *strambotto*, *oda*, *capitolo*, sonnet and *canzone*. The poetry ranges from Petrarch's inspired and exquisite verse to delicately fashioned amorous texts and rough-hewn *barzellette*. *Laude* were composed to devotional texts, often in Latin, sung on feast days or as part of religious plays.

The origins of the two anonymous vocal works, each highly distinctive, can only be speculated upon. *Se mai per maraveglia* is unique in both musical style and subject. A dramatic evocation of the passion of Christ, it may have been sung as part of a sacred play. *Chui dicese non l'amare* is one of four pieces printed in Petrucci's *Frottole Libro Sexto* (1505) which are striking for their highly melismatic vocal lines and cadential dissonances. The texts of two are by the renowned poet-improvisor Leonardo Giustiniani (c1383-1446), and *Chui dicese* and its companion pieces may be written examples of his improvisational style.

The rise of the *frottola* was due in large part to the enterprising efforts of the Venetian publisher Ottaviano Petrucci. His first book of *frottole* was offered to the public in 1504, followed by ten more books in rapid succession until 1514. Rival publishers in Rome, Siena and Naples followed Petrucci's lead with fifteen collections of *frottole* between 1510 and 1531, spreading the wealth of new music to all parts of Italy.

The variety of instrumentation represented in pictorial and musical sources suggests that the *frottola* was performed in many different ways. Petrucci published arrangements for voice and lute (1509, 1511, 1520), and intabulations for solo keyboard and for lute were also published. Mixed consorts of two lutes, bowed strings and winds were often depicted in Italian paintings of the period, and accounts of musical evenings at the Este and Gonzaga palaces affirm that the Italians enjoyed a wide spectrum of instrumental colours and combinations, ranging from solo singing accompanied by a single lute or *lira de braccio* to consorts, both like and mixed, of winds and strings. Of special interest on this recording is the use of the *lirone*, the larger relative of the seven-stringed *lira da braccio*. The *lirone* is distinguished from the *lira da braccio* not only by its larger size but also by its greater number of strings and unique tuning which allows the bowing of full sustained chords. The *lirone* corresponds to a *lira* which the poet-improvisor Atalante Migliorotti described in a letter to Francesco Gonzaga in 1505:

"With my modest ability I am introducing a new, unheard and unknown method of playing with a new and unknown type of

lira. I shall add strings so that there are twelve, some attached to the tailpiece and some on the fingerboard, in perfect and consummate harmony."

The earliest publication of lute music, Francesco Spinacino's *Intabulatura de Lauto* (1507), contains settings of chansons, dances and *ricercari* in an idiomatic style which represents a tradition of lute ornamentation and improvisation practiced by players of the time. *Ricercari* were often played as preludes to more extended vocal or instrumental compositions. The Thibault lute manuscript incorporates a prelude and interludes in the lute accompaniment to *Vale diva*. The *Calata* is from the same source. The duo *cantus cum tenor* comes from *Musica Duorum* (Rome, 1521), a collection of forty-five textless duets, or *bicinia* by the frottola composer Eustachio Romano.

Italian dance music was popular throughout Europe during the sixteenth century. The new *pavane*, *gagliarde* and *saltarelli* were included in virtually every collection of lute music. Ensemble settings are rare, although a few manuscript sources preserve four-part settings. These dances superseded the fifteenth-century *basse danse* at the time when the growing taste for *frottole* ousted the Franco-Flemish chanson. The new Italian dances with their tuneful melodies (often adapted from popular songs such as *El Marchese di Saluzzo*), well-defined phrases, and strong harmonic character have much in common with the frottola style.

The painting reproduced on the cover, *Parnassus* by Andrea Mantegna, was especially commissioned by Isabella d'Este for her private *studiolo* and completed in 1497. *Parnassus* is rich in its allusions to music. The nine Muses dance and sing in the centre. Apollo, the god of music, sings to his lyre; Mercury holds his panpipes. Sacred springs whose waters give poetic inspiration flow from under the hoof of Pegasus. There is an exchange between Vulcan (who as Tubal Cain took part in Jubal's discovery of the laws of harmony) and Amor, whom Plato deemed "a composer so skilled that he is the cause of composing in others." Presiding over all are Mars and Venus, who can be viewed as symbolic representations of Francesco and Isabella, peacefully united above a harmonious world in which the arts, and above all music, flourish.

Nancy Hadden and Emily Van Evera

RENAISSANCE MUSIC from the Courts of Mantua and Ferrara

Mal un muta per effecto (Barzelletta)

Mal un muta per effecto
El suo proprio naturale;
Ben far no, ben si pò male
Ad ogn'un al suo dispecto.

Mal un muta per effecto
El suo proprio naturale.

Ogni cosa sua natura
Seguitar e di mestiero;
Non è arte nè misura
Che mai faci el falso verso;
Non è bianco quel ch'è nero,
Come chiar vede la vista;
Non si pente un alma trista
Cangie el tempo per suo aspecto.
Mal un muta...

L'armelin per non manchiarse
Pria al nemico vien in mano;
Mal la rana vile aparse
Lieta fori del paltano;
Chi è gentil, chi è vilano
Ala fin si manifesta;
Non arar la regal vesta
Cangie el tempo per suo aspecto.
Mal un muta...

Orna ben di sella e freno
Lassi nel misero e vile,
Chè per questo non è apieno
Un caval acto e gentile;

One cannot truly
Change one's nature;
Unable to do good, well able to do harm,
Each to his own vice.

One cannot truly
Change one's nature.

Everything naturally
Follows its own course.
Neither Art nor Science
Ever fashioned truth from lies.
What is white is not black,
As is plain for all to see.
A sinning soul does not repent
Despite Time's changing face.
One cannot truly...

The ermine, to avoid being stained
When confronted by its enemy, comes into one's hands.
The fearful frog is never happy
Outside its pond.
The good and the bad
All come to light in the end.
Do not pawn the royal robe
Despite Time's changing face.
One cannot truly...

A richly jewelled saddle and bridle
Are only mean and cruel shackles
To curb the freedom
Of a noble horse.

Sta el porcho nel porcile,
Glie convien che gli è el suo loco;
Sempre da calore el focho
Cangie el tempo per suo aspetto.
Mal un muta...

Mille prove ò già fatto io
In costei d'amor ver priva,
In cui posi el pensier mio
Per voleria tener viva;
E nel mondo faria diva
D'alta etèrna e d'amor fama;
Ma el sul mal e'l tristo brama,
Cangie el tempo per suo aspetto.
Mal un muta...

Vale diva, vale in pace

Vale diva, vale in pace,
Che propitio el ciel te sia.
Seben parti, più che pria
Tua memoria in mio cor giace.

Vale diva, vale in pace,
Che propitio el ciel te sia.

Lieta sia tua dipartita,
Lieti sian tutti i toi passi.
Solitaria sia mia vita,
Sol fra boschi alpestri e lassi.
Tu te parti e qui me lassi.
Fatto sia quel che a te pince.

Vale diva, vale in pace,...

El celeste e dolce riso
Che me prese, e'l tuo bel sguardo
Fatto m'ha da me diviso,
Tal ch'ognhor aghiaccio et ardo.
Nel mio cor firmato ha il dardo
Amor pravo e pertinace.

Vale diva, vale in pace,...

A pig lives in a pigsty
And that is its proper place.
Fire always gives its heat
Despite Time's changing face.
One cannot truly...

A thousand tokens have I showered
Upon her who shows no love,
Keeping her in my thoughts
Where she has ever lived,
Desiring her to be in this world
A goddess of great and eternal renown;
But cruelty and harshness is all her love
Despite Time's changing face.
One cannot truly...

(Barzelletta)

Go now, goddess, go in peace,
May Heaven smile upon you.
Though you depart, more than before
Your memory shall dwell within my heart.

Go now, goddess, go in peace,
May Heaven smile upon you.

May your going be joyful
And joyful be your ways.
My life shall be solitary,
Alone in the sad mountain woods,
For you depart and leave me here.
Let it be as you will.

Go now, goddess, go in peace,...

That sweet and loving smile
And your glance that so bewitched me
Have so severed my heart
That I burn and freeze each hour.
Love has set a seal upon my heart
With his sharp and cruel arrow.

Go now, goddess, go in peace,...

Poi che'l tuo corso fatale
Te conduce in altra parte,
Non scio dir altro che vale.
Ben che vale el cor mi sparte.
Prego voglie ricordarte
Del mio amor tanto tenace.
Vale diva, vale in pace,...

Se in tuo petto casto e degno
Amor può con sua gran forza,
Prego lassi qualche segno
Ch'el mio foco alquanto asmorza.
Vanne, poi che'l ciel ti sforza,
Ben che assai mi pesa e spiace.
Vale diva, vale in pace,...

Poi che volse la mia stella

Poi che volse la mia stella
Per mirar l'alta beltade
D'un'alpestra villanella
Che perdese libertade,
Cantar voglio mille fiade
Per sfogar il cieco ardore:
Che fa la ramacina caro amor
Deh che fa la che non ven?

Vage e bella in sé racolta
Io la vidi in un chiar fonte
A lavar la prima volta
Ch'io mirai sua bella fronte
Tal che ognhor per piani e monte
Vo cantando a tutte l'hore:
Che fa la ramacina,...

Quante volte alla dolce ombra
D'uno abetto un faggio un pino
Come fa l'hom che disgombrà
Suo crudele e fier destino
Da la sera al matutino
Ho cantato con fervore:
Che fa la ramacina,...

Since Fortune demands
That you walk another way
I cannot but say "go"
Though your going breaks my heart,
May you retain the remembrance
Of my devoted love.
Go now, goddess, go in peace,...

If Love's great power
Has moved your chaste and virtuous heart,
Make some little sign
That my fire might be cooled.
Since Heaven has decreed it, go now,
Though it grieves and weighs upon my heart.
Go now, goddess, go in peace,...

(Barzelletta)

Since my fortune changed
And I saw the loveliness
Of a little mountain maid,
I have become enslaved,
And to quench my blind love
I shall sing a thousand songs.
How does my little one, my dearest love,
Oh what is she doing that she does not come?

Radiant, lovely and unaware
I first saw her comely face
As she was washing
By a clear pool,
And ever since, o'er hill and dale
All day long I sing:
How does my little one,...

Many times beneath the shade
Of birch, beech or pine,
As one who would shake off
His harsh and cruel fate,
I have fervently sung
From morn till night:
How does my little one,...

Mentre per le ombrose valli
Gli occeletti cantaranno
Mentre i liquidi cristalli
Giù dai monti scenderanno
Mai mei spirti non seranno
Stanchi de cantar col core:
Che fa la ramacina...

Aimè, ch'io moro (Strambotto)

Aimè, ch'io moro per ti, donna crudele,
E non ti curi del mio fidele servire.
Aimè, ch'io moro se'l tuo amaro fielle:
Non si conveve in dolce al mio martire.
Aimè, ch'io moro amor volgie le veglie
Se non che forza sia il cor finire.
Aimè, ch'io moro e tu più dura e forte,
Per il mio ben servire, mi doni morte.

Bona dies, bona sera (Barzelletta)

Bona dies, bona sera,
Io credea fosse a bon hora.
Passa il giorno, passa l'ora,
E perhò vien presto sera.

Bona dies, bona sera,
Io credea fosse a bon hora.

Ergo donna finche poi
Fa che'l tempo non t'incresca,
E misura i giorni toi.
Che mai piglia chi non pesca.
Presto il fuoco accende l'esca,
Fallo dunque volontiera.

Bona dies, bona sera...

As long as birds sing
In the shady vales
As long as crystal streams
Spill down the mountains
My spirit will never tire of singing
With all my heart:
How does my little one...

Alas! I am dying for you, cruel Lady,
And you take no heed of my faithful service.
Alas! I shall die if your bitter gall
Is not transformed into sweetness by my grief.
Alas! I am dying, for love keeps me awake
And will end my days despite my constant heart.
Alas! I am dying, and you are yet more cruel and tormenting,
And for my constancy, you give me death.

Good morning, good evening,
I thought it was still early.
The day flies, the hours fly,
And suddenly it's night.

Good morning, good evening,
I thought it was still early.

Therefore, Lady, while you can,
Make certain time does not pass you by,
And count well your days.
For he who does not fish catches nothing,
Fire quickly consumes kindling,
Therefore do it while you can.

Good morning, good evening...

O mia cieca e dura sorte (Barzelletta)

O mia cieca e dura sorte
Di dolor sempre nutrita,
O miseria di mia vita
Tristo anuncio a la mia morte.

Più dolente e più infelice
Son che alcun che viva in terra,
L'arbor son ch'è il vento atterra
Perché più non à radice.
Vero è ben quel che se dice
Ch'è mal va chi à mala sorte.
O mia cieca e dura sorte...

La cagion de tanto male
È fortuna e il crudo amore
Per che sempre de bon core
Servit'ho con fé immortale
La qual hor sciatò ha l'ale
E bandita da ogni corte.
O mia cieca e dura sorte...

Perché un viver duro e grave
Grave e dur morir conviene,
Fimir voglio in pianti e pene
Come in scoglio fa la nave
Ch'al fin rompe ogni suo trave
Poi che un tempo è stata forte.
O mia cieca e dura sorte...

Piglia exemplo ognun che vede
Scritto in la mia tomba obscura
Se ben son for di natura
Morto son per troppo fede
Per mi mai non fu mercede
Pietà m'ha chiuse le porte.
O mia cieca e dura sorte...

O my blind and cruel Fate,
Ever nourished by my grief,
O wretchedness that is my life,
Sad presage of my death.

I suffer more and am more wretched
Than any living creature upon this earth,
I am the tree the wind casts down
Because it has no roots.
Truly as the saying goes,
It goes ill for him upon whom Fortune frowns.
O my blind and cruel Fate...

Fate and cruel Love
Are the cause of so much grief,
For with a good heart
And with faithful constancy I served
Her who cut my wings
And banished me from every court.
O my blind and cruel Fate...

As my life is hard and bitter
Such will be my death,
And I must end in tears and torment
As a ship that is wrecked upon a rock
When every beam is broken
Because it will not yield.
O my blind and cruel Fate...

Take heed all you who read
These words upon my gloomy tomb,
For I have left the world
And died for love.
For me there was no pity,
Mercy closed her doors to me.
O my blind and cruel Fate...

Dolores mortis (Lauda)

Dolores mortis me circumdederunt.
Onde, signor benigno, io chieggo aita.
Chè più non ha vigor l'alma smarita,
Et sicut fenon ossa mea amerunt.

Ceteri omnes me derelinquerunt.
Sol tu campar mi poi e darmi vita.
De, non tardar per tua bontà infinita,
Qua dies mei iam declinant.

Virgine bella (Lauda)

Virgine bella che del so vestita,
Coronata di stelle al sommo sole,
Piacesti sì ch'en te sua luce ascose
Amor mi spinge a dir di te parole
Ma non so encominciar senza tua aita,
E di colui che amando in te si pose
Invoco lei che ben sempre rispose
Chi la chiamò con fede;
Virgine s'è mercede
Misera extrema de l'umane cose.
Già mai ti volse, al mio priego t'inchina,
Soccorri a la mia guerra
Ben ch'io sia terra e tu del ciel regina.

Virgine pura d'ogni parte in terra
Del tuo parto gentil figliuola e madre
Ch'allumi questa vita e l'altra adorni
Per te il tuo Figlio e quel del Sommo Padre,
O fenestra del Ciel lucente, altera,
Venne a salvarne in su li estremi giorni.
E fra tutt'i terreni altri soggiorni
Sola tu fosti eletta.
Virgine benedetta,
Chè'l pianto d'Eva in allegrezza torni.

The pain of death encircles me,
Wherefore, loving Lord, I ask your aid.
For my fearful soul has no more strength,
And my bones wither like hay.

All others relinquish me;
Only you can make me live and give me life.
God, do not delay in your infinite goodness,
For my days are already in decline.

Beautiful Virgin, clothed by the Sun,
Crowned by the stars in the Highest Heavens,
Beloved of Him who hid His light in you,
Love urges me to speak to you these words
But I know not how to begin without your aid
And that of Him whose blessed seed you bore,
She I invoke who always answered whomsoever
Called to her in faith.
Virgin have pity
Upon the extreme wretchedness of human things,
You who never turn away, incline yourself to me
And help me in my plight
Though I am but earth and you the Queen of Heaven.

Virgin Most pure, unstained by all the world,
By that sweet birth, O Maid and Mother
You illumined this world and adorned that other,
Through you your Son and the Blessed Father,
O Window of the shining Heaven, High Lady,
Came to raise us up in the last day;
From all lands and all ages
You alone were chosen
Virgin Most Blessed
So that Eve's lament might turn to joy.

Fammi che puoi, de la sua grazia degno
Senza fine, O beata
Già coronata nel superno regno.
Amen.

(Canzone del Petrarca)

Ostinato vo' seguire (Barzelletta)

Ostinato vo' seguire
La magnanima mia impresa.
Fa mi amor quäl voi offesa
S'io dovessi ben morire.

Ostinato vo' seguire
La magnanima mia impresa.

Fame ciel fame fortuna
Bene o mal como a te piace
Nè piacer nè ingiuria alcuna
Per avilirmi o far più audace
Chè de l'un non son capace
L'altro più non po fugire.
Ostinato...

Vinca o perda io non attendo
De mia impresa altro che honore
Sopra il ciel beato ascendo
S'io ne resto vincitore
S'io la perdo alfin gran core
Mostrerà l'alto desiro.
Ostinato...

Chui dicese non l'amare

Chui dicese non l'amare
Meglio saria dicese mori mori
Quela ch'io la amo et amerazo
Mentre che dura la mia vita.

Lassa dir che son parole
Che già lasare non se pole.
Cui potria già mai campare
Senza spirito e senza chore?

Grant that I may be worthy to receive
That grace which has no end,
O Blessed One
Already crowned in Highest Heaven.
Amen.

I shall resolutely pursue
My noble enterprise.
Love would do me great wrong
If I were indeed to die.

I shall resolutely pursue
My noble enterprise.

O Heaven, O Fortune,
Send me good or ill as you will.
For neither pleasure nor pain
Will strengthen or weaken my resolve,
For I cannot have more of one,
Neither can I escape the other.
I shall resolutely pursue...

Whether I win or lose,
I do not hope from my enterprise
Other than honour
If I win, I shall ascend to heaven blessed.
If I lose, great courage
Will have shown a great heart.
I shall resolutely pursue...

One might as well ask me to die
As ask me not to love
Her whom I love, and shall love
As long as I have life.

One may say these are mere words
Never to be proven.
Yet who could live
Without a soul and without a heart?

Se mai per maraveglia (Capitolo)

Se mai per maraveglia alzando'l viso
Al chiaro ciel pensate, o cieca gente,
A quel vero signor dil paradiso.

Volgete gli occhi in qua, che ve presente
Non quella forma (ahimè), non quel dolore
Che contemplaron gli occhi de la mente.

Piangete il grave universal dolore
Piangeti l'aspra morte e l'crudo affanno
Se spirito di pietà vi punge il core.

Per liberarci da l'antico inganno
Pende come vedete al duro legno
E per salvarci dal perpetuo danno.

Dolce, caro, soave: altero pegno,
Sè perder, la propria vita: offrir il sangue
Per cui l'sol di vederlo non fu degno.

Ecco che hor vi dimostra il volto exangue
Le chiome lacerate: el capo basso
Come rosa dismessa in terra langue.

Qual huom esser porria di pianger lasso
Pensando a tal suplitio et a tal morte
Se ben havesse il cor d'un duro sasso?

Già le ferrate e inexpugnabil porte
De l'inferral reame ha rotte e prese
Per far il mondo più costante e torte
Et aspetarci con le braccia tese.

Hor vendut'ho la speranza (Barzelletta)

Hor vendut'ho la speranza
Che sì cara la comprai
E se ben ne ho perso assai
Patientia che gli è usanza.

If ever in wonder you should raise your face
To the clear heavens, O blind people,
Think of the true Lord of Paradise.

Turn your eyes this way that I may show you
Not that body, alas, not that grief,
But that which you may contemplate with your mind's eye.

Weep for the great sorrow of the world,
Weep for the bitter death and cruel suffering
If ever pity pierced your heart

To free us from original sin
And to save us from eternal damnation
He hangs, as you see, upon the hard wood.

Sweet, loving and gentle; as a noble ransom
He gave his very life: he offered his blood
For those who are not worthy even to look upon him.

Behold, he shows you his bloodless face.
The matted hair, the lowered head
Like a discarded rose withering upon the ground

What man is there who could weary of weeping
Thinking of such suffering and such a death
Though he were to have a heart of stone?

Already the locked and indestructable gates
Of the infernal realms have been broken and conquered
To make the world more constant and strong,
And he awaits us with outstretched arms.

I have just sold hope
For which I paid so dearly,
And if thereby I lost badly
Well – too bad, that's the way it goes.

Ogni merce vol ventura,
Io fu' in questa venturato
Forsi mo porrò più cura
In ogni altro mio mercato:
Ogni debito ho pagato
E ancor credito m'avanza.
Hor vendut'ho la speranza...

Se col credito che ho anchora
Più mi acade far contratto
Da speranza sempre in fora
D'ogni cosa ver a patto:
Stato e' l mal mio per un tratto
Più appetito che ignoranza.
Hor vendut'ho la speranza...

O insensati ciechi amanti
Voi che sempre stati sete
Di speranza gran mercanti
Al consiglio mio attendete
In speranza non spendete
Chè di inganno è propria stanza.
Hor vendut'ho la speranza...

Questi falsi desleali
Risi lachryme parole
Dolci sguardi son sensali
De chi speme vender suole.
Hor ne compri mo chi vole
Ch'io per me compro costanza.
Hor vendut'ho la speranza...

Every market is risky
And in this venture I was unlucky:
I shall learn to be more prudent
In all my other dealings.
I have paid off all my debts
And I have credit to spare.
I have just sold hope...

If with that credit I still have
I should make another contract,
I shall always exclude hope
From every new agreement:
For a while it was my bad luck
To have more ambition than sense.
I have just sold hope...

O silly blind lovers,
You who are such
Great merchants of hope,
Now listen to my counsel:
Do not trade in hope
For its value is always false.
I have just sold hope...

Those false deceitful smiles,
Honeyed words and tender glances
Are negotiators
For those who wish to sell.
Now you can buy some if you wish,
I, for my part, shall buy constancy.
I have just sold hope...

Translations Peggy Forsyth, ©1984, London

RENAISSANCE MUSIC – Circa 1500

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RENAISSANCE MUSIC

from the Courts of Mantua and Ferrara



- | | | | |
|----|--|----|--|
| 1 | MARCHETTO CARA (1465-1525)
Mal un muta per effecto (3:08) | 11 | BARTOLOMEO TROMBONCINO
Virgine bella (4:04) |
| 2 | BARTOLOMEO TROMBONCINO (c1470-c1535)
Vale diva, vale in pace (4:35) | 12 | ANONYMOUS
Se mai per maraveglia (6:34) |
| 3 | ANONYMOUS
Saltarello, Baxela un tratto (0:48) | 13 | ANONYMOUS
Saltarello, El marchese di Saluzzo (1:40) |
| 4 | MARCHETTO CARA
Bona dies, bona sera (1:10) | 14 | EUSTACHIO ROMANO (fl. c1500-1525)
Cantus cum tenor (1:40) |
| 5 | FRANCESCO SPINACINO (fl. c1507)
Ricerca (1:17) | 15 | ANONYMOUS
Chui dicese non l'amare (2:58) |
| 6 | MARCHETTO CARA
O mia cieca e dura sorte (7:11) | 16 | BARTOLOMEO TROMBONCINO
Ostinato vo' seguire (2:42) |
| 7 | ANONYMOUS
Calata (1:55) | 17 | ANONYMOUS
Pavana, La cornetta (2:11) |
| 8 | MARCHETTO CARA
Aime, ch'io moro (3:27) | 18 | MARCHETTO CARA
Hor vendut'ho la speranza (2:57) |
| 9 | BARTOLOMEO TROMBONCINO
Poi che volse la mia stella (3:56) | | |
| 10 | DIOMEDES (fl. c1508)
Dolores mortis (1:39) | | |

CIRCA 1500

TT = 55:10 DDD

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