

BAROQUE AT THE EDGE

La Nuova Musica FolkBaroque Texts and Translations

Danny Boy

Frederic Weatherley, 1848-1929

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are caling,
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling:
'Tis you, 'tis you must go, and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed, and white with snow;
'Tis I'll be here in sun-shine or in shadow.
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

But when ye come and all the flowers are dying,
if I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall hear, though soft, your tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be.
And you will bend and tell me that you love me,
and I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Nina Nanna al Bambino Gesù
Sleep My Darling
Trad. Neapolitan, Orazio (dell'arpa)
Michi, 1594-1641

Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Dormi figlio dormi amore,
Dormi Figlio dormi amore.

Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Sleep my Darling, sleep my Baby
Sleep my Darling, Sleep my Baby.

1. Conquel piantè quella voce
Bramio hime Brami la croce.
Or ch'è tempo di dormi-re
Dormi Figlio e non vagire,
Verra il tempo del dolore.
Dormi amore.

1. Well I ween, Thy note of sorrow
Sees the Cross in ev'ry morrow.
But tis now the time for sleeping;
Slumber, Son, and hush Thy weeping
Grief will come as soon as may be.
Sleep now, my Baby.

Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Dormi figlio dormi amore,
Dormi Figlio dormi amore.

Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Sleep my Darling, sleep my Baby
Sleep my Darling, Sleep my Baby

2. Ecco figlio la mammella qual ti piace,
questo o quell la succhia/amore/il sangue mio
che l'ha fatto buono Dio
per far lieto chi hapenato
Dormi amato.

2. Your sweet mouth with milk, now full,
Soon, all too soon, will taste sour wine and gall
But my dear tis time for sleeping
Slumber now, cease your weeping
Grief awaits you and sad parting
Gentle now, my darling

Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Dormi figlio dormi amore,
Dormi Figlio dormi amore.

*Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Sleep my Darling, sleep my Baby
Sleep my Darling, Sleep my Baby*

3. O che freddo figlio amato
può scaldarti col mio fiato
ho ben latte per nudrirti
manon panni per copirti
dormistretto al petto mio
Dormi Dio

*3. Now dearest babe against the bitter chill,
I can warm you and keep you from ill
With my breath I keep you warm,
and with my milk I keep you from all harm
Sleep tight in your swaddling bands
Sleep God in my loving hands*

Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Dormi figlio dormi amore,
Dormi Figlio dormi amore.

*Ninna Nanna, Ninna Nanna
Sleep my Darling, sleep my Baby
Sleep my Darling, Sleep my Baby*

Die Kunst des Küssens

Andreas Hammerschmidt, 1611/12 - 1675

1. Nirgend hin als auf den Mund,
da sinkt's in des Herzens Grund,
nicht zu frei, nicht zu gezwungen,
nicht mit gar zu fauler Zungen.

*Nowhere but on the mouth,
Then it sinks to the bottom of the heart
Not too freely, not too forced,
Not with nasty, stinking tongues.*

2. Nicht zu wenig, nicht zu viel,
beides wird sonst Kinderspiel,
nicht zu laut und nicht zu leise,
beider maß ist rechte Weise.

*Not too little, not too much!
Or both will be just childish things.
Not too loud, and not too quiet,
Both in measure is the right way.*

3. Nicht zu nahe, nicht zu weit;
Dies macht Kummer, jenes Leid.
Nicht zu langsam, nicht zu schnelle,
Nicht ohn' Unterschied der Stelle.

*Not too close, not too far.
This brings sorrow, that one woe.
Not too dry, not too moist,
Like Adonis gave to Venus.*

4. Nicht zu harte, nicht zu weich,
Bald zugleich, bald nicht zugleich.
Nicht zu trocken, nicht zu feuchte,
Wie Adonis Venus reichte.

*Not too hard, not too soft.
Sometimes together, sometimes not together.
Not too slowly, not too fast.
Not without variety in place.*

5. Halb gebissen, halb gehaucht,
Halb die Lippen eingetaucht,
Nicht ohn' Unterschied der Zeiten,
Mehr alleine denn bei Leuten.

*Half biting, half brushed.
Half lip dipped in lip.
Not without variety in time.
More alone than among people.*

6. Küsse nun ein jedermann,
Wie er weiß, will, soll und kann!
Ich nur und die Liebste wissen,
Wie wir uns recht sollen küssen.

*May everyone kiss now
As he knows, wants, should and can.
Only I and my dearest know
How we should kiss each other aright.*

The Plaint

Henry Purcell, 1659-1695

O let me,
O, let me weep!
O, let me,
O, let me weep!
O let me, forever ever weep,
Forever weep!

My eyes no more, shall welcome sleep.
I'll hide me from the sight of day,
And sigh my soul away.

O let me,
O let me weep!
O, let me,
O, let me weep,
O let me forever weep,
Forever weep!

He's gone, his loss deplore;
He's gone his loss deplore
And I shall never see him more
I shall never see him more, never see him more

If I were a Blackbird

When I was a young girl my fortune was sad,
I once went a courting a true sailor lad,
I courted him dearly, by night and by day,
But now for a sailor he's gone far a-way.

If I were a black bird I whistle and sing,
I'd follow that vessel my true love sails in,
And on the top rigging I'd there build my nest,
And lay there all night on his lily white breast.

My Love's tall and handsome in ev'ry degree,
His parents despise him because he love me.
Although they despise him and say what they may,
with breath in my body I'll love him always.

He promised to meet me at Bonney Brown Fair,
And buy me blue ribbons to tie in my hair.
And if I should meet him, I'd crown him with joy,
And kiss the sweet lips of my true sailor boy.

If I were a scholar, could handle my pen,
just one private letter to him I would send,
I'd write and I'd tell him, of my grief and woe,
and follow the ocean to him I would go.