

Come Lovers, Follow Me ~ Translations

Hassler: Nun fanget an
Come, let us sing a joyful song,
let instruments and lutes also resound.

Sweetly make music,
intended forever to be made,
the drum beats and sings,
that all's heard,
help us decorate our feast.

Hassler: Herzlieb
My darling, it's for you
I'm yearning night and day.
Your kisses sweet and true
Take all my grief away.

Could we but be united
in wedlock, you and I,
My heart would stay delighted
Until the day I die.

Willaert: Allons, allons gay
Come, come gaily, gaily, my pretty one, you and I.
My father's built a castle,
with gold and silver stones.
The king has not one so fair,
come gaily, my beauty, you and I.

Willaert: Vecchi Letrose
Spiteful old hags, you are good for nothing,
Only for lying in wait in the thicket.
Beat, beat, beat with your canes,
Spiteful old hags, murderous and mad!

Willaert: O bene mio
Light of my life, I beg of you one thing:
this evening kindly lend to me your ear,
and if anyone should come and find you there,
just shout, 'Anyone got any eggs for sale?'

Don't be afraid, just come, don't trouble to knock:
push the door and it will let you in,
and if anyone should come and find you there,
just shout, 'Anyone got any eggs for sale?'

At the window I shall wait till two o'clock,
at the window I shall wait to let you in,
and if anyone should come and find you there,
just shout, 'Anyone got any eggs for sale?'

Certon: La, la, la
La, la, la, shouldn't tell,
Shouldn't tell, shouldn't tell it to you
La la la, I'll tell you anyway
Oh la, la, la, I'll tell you anyway

In our town there is a man, who
Of his wife burns with jealousy
He's not jealous without cause,
She cuckolds him incessantly
La, la, la...

He's not jealous without cause,
She cuckolds him incessantly
He takes her over to the market
When she's there she makes most free
La, la, la...

Di Lassus: Bonjour mon coeur

Good day, dear heart! Good day, my charming maiden!
Good day, my own! Good day, my flower, love laden!
Ah, good day, my gentle sweetheart,
My nymph enchanting, good day,
Mine eyes' delight, my dear love.
My tender bud, my fresh and gentle spring flower,
My singing bird, my turtle dove in rose bower,
My winsome maid, my heart's delight and longing.
Good day, my sweet, my tyrant love.

Encina: Mas vale trocar

It is better to exchange pleasure for pain
than to live without love.

If you are thankful it is sweet to die,
to live in oblivion is not to live at all.
It is better to endure passion and pain
than to live without love.

It is a wasted life to live without love
it is a better living to know how to use it
It is better to grieve suffering pain
than to live without love.

Death is victory where affliction lives
hoping for glory
whoever suffers passion.
It is better to have the pressure of those pains
than to live without love.

Whoever grieves the most
enjoys love the most
since much care takes fear away;
So it is better to love in pain
than to live without love

Mathieu Gascongne: Je ne saurais ni chanter ni rire

[In old French - a rough gist follows]
I disdain singing and laughing,
All my pleasures are in crying.
I am far from my love,
That's why my poor heart is exploding.
Love me and caress me,
My kind goddess,
My lady love,
Often times I wish you
In my secret room
For our mutual pleasure.

Di Lassus: O Occhi Manza Mia

Oh my beloved's eyes, set in gold-blond lashes,
oh face more luminous than the moon,
Keep me in mind,
my lovely treasure,
Look upon me for a little while, and keep me happy.

Oh mouth like sugarloaf,
oh throat, that brings crowds in to suckle,
Keep me...

Oh heart, my beloved, most perfidious of hearts,
you are my treasure, you are my love!
Keep me...

Scandello: Bonzomo Madame

Good day, rich madam!
You are nice, galant and gracious!
You were more nice
when you were not so old.
Tam, tam, taridom...