

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1676) was an unusual figure for her time. Born in Venice to a household servant, she was adopted by the famous poet and nobleman Giulio Strozzi and treated as his own daughter, although speculations whether she might actually have been his illegitimate child have never been confirmed. He saw to it that she received training as a musician, studying composition with Cavalli and others. Although as a woman in 17th-century Italy she could not have a public career, her talents as a singer became widely known, and her father set up a private society to display her gifts to other wealthy connoisseurs of art: the *Accademia degli Unisoni*. These evening gatherings were opportunities for musicians and poets to share their works and engage in cultural discussions with other artists. Strozzi quickly became the focal point of this circle, surrounded by gentlemen delighted by her singing and her own compositions.

Due partly to her father's assistance, Strozzi was able to publish eight books of her compositions during her lifetime, a rare opportunity even among her more famous male contemporaries. These publications reveal a searching intelligence and a restless creativity not hampered by the demands of public taste; her compositions are distinguished by a tendency to distort the boundaries of form to suit her dramatic purpose. The vast majority of her output, entirely vocal music, are solo songs or cantatas (a form once attributed to her invention), and are clearly intended to be performed by Barbara herself, accompanied by her own lute playing. However, scattered through her publications are works for two or more singers, particularly in her first opus, *Il primo de' madrigali a 2,3,4,5 voci*, which contains the largest count of ensemble pieces. This recording draws duets from across the body of her work, and reveals a great variety in her ideas about this form.

The two large-scale duets from opus 1 (pub. 1644) are the most elaborate duets on our recording. **Mercè di voi**, titled *Sonetto Proemio dell'opera*, or "Initial Sonnet in the Opus," is obviously composed to announce Strozzi's presence to her contemporaries and to posterity. Set to a text written by her father, this piece opens with a bold claim to have been crowned with the laurel wreath, and predicts that its composer will "perhaps be called a new Sappho." The duet continues as a marvelous illustration of the art of making music, which the text compares to the art of love. The many meter and sectional changes, which do not always coincide with the form of the poem, signal Strozzi's restless and dramatic language. The virtuosity and exquisite vocal writing are typical of all her works, and testify eloquently to her great powers as a performer. **Canto di bella bocca** is cut from the same cloth. Here the text speaks about listening to a lovely singer, and of the pleasure which that brings. The unequal ranges of the two voices affords Strozzi the opportunity to exploit the contrast in sound between the alto register and the brilliant soprano voice.

The opus 2 duets (pub. 1651) explore a different path. **La riamata** is a haunting piece on a ground, with a ritornello for optional obbligato accompaniment, realized in our performance by two violas da gamba. The strongly modal character of the harmony accentuates the mournful quality of the music, which nevertheless seeks to climb out of its depression with a stunning shift of register in the third verse. This piece makes its effect, unlike the majority of Strozzi's pieces, by static repetition rather than by startling contrast. **Gli occhi superbi** is the most madrigal-like duet on the recording, closely resembling the earlier compositions of Monteverdi. Set in an unusual key, f minor, the oddly-colored harmony is used to highlight the contradictions in the text. Where the text describes the singer "invoking a stone," for instance, the vocal line strangely truncates the harmonic gesture; this jarring chord perfectly mimics the harshness of the lyric. **I baci** is a delightful rondo which energetically explores the pleasures of kisses. But Strozzi tinkers with form even here; after the rondo plays out, she drops out the other parts for the last singer to whisper "and fall silent."

Strozzi's later publications feature more and more solo compositions and fewer duets. While the cantatas become larger and more ambitious, the opus 3 duets (pub. 1654) are generally miniatures that distill the drama into vivid moments of beauty. **Begli occhi**, alternating a swinging triple meter with expressive sighs of passion in recitative style, climaxes with a *presto* quick three alternating with a slower triple meter section, finally dissolving into a cadenza reminiscent of the opus 1 duets. **Mentita**, originally composed for two alto voices, is here transposed up a fourth into the soprano range. The emotional weight of the words is powerfully etched; the spiteful denial whips by in semi-whispered sixteenth-notes, while the declaration of love is sadly enunciated in descending sequences. At the end, where the injured lover tries to kiss away his pain, the rising sequence leaping into dissonant harmonies captures the sentiment of the text perfectly.

Sospira, respira is the lone ensemble piece from opus 6 (pub. 1657). Atypically in triple meter throughout, its interest lies in the dialogue of opposing thoughts between the two voices. This schizophrenic quality is resolved - temporarily - by the middle section, where the two voices seek motivic agreement. The sweeping roulades swirl about like a whirlwind, snapping off at the end like the crack of a whip. Like the text, the piece ends suspended and unresolved.

NICOLÒ FONTEI (d. ca. 1674) is primarily known today for some church music and for his connection to Barbara Strozzi through the *Accademia degli Unisoni*. During his time in Venice, he became a regular member of the singer's circle, and composed three books of music set to her father's poems, entitled *Bizzarie poetiche poste in musica*, or "Poetic Oddities set to Music." The music from the second book (published in 1636), from which all our selections come, was expressly written for Strozzi to sing, and she is referred to in his dedication as Giulio's *virtuosissima cantatrice*, "most talented singer." The majority of the pieces in Book II are solo songs, with a small collection of duets and ensembles at the end.

Fontei's music, while referring continually to Strozzi's obvious technical skill, provides an interesting foil to her compositions. His pieces are lovely paragons of form, with a melodic gift that delights the ear. In response to Giulio Strozzi's dry, witty, and often jejune texts of love, Fontei provides clever turns of harmony and rhythmic variety. **Io v'adoro** is an excellent example of this. The opposing emotions of the first section are captured in subtle shifts of character; later, as the text becomes more sardonic, syncopated figures suggest a worldly bitterness. The reference to "donna Barbara" at the end is possibly a nod towards the *prima donna*! The **Dialogo - Clori e Tirsi** is a complete change of tone. Here the two lovers are in total agreement with each other, and even make reference to marriage, certainly an uncommon subject for love poetry in the seventeenth century! The consonance of two souls is portrayed largely by sequential motives that crescendo in intensity, and a creative use of unisons that literally meld the two voices together. The whole piece has an effect similar to the great chamber duets of Heinrich Schütz.

Fiera lite adopts the pose of scorn for love. Here the two singers debate which is worse: to have loved and lost, or never to have loved at all. The answer: since they are both bad, better not to love at all! Fontei playfully contrasts active stretto figures, indicating argument, with a painful adagio sequence of suspensions. The resolution is set as a giddy presto that borrows the famous clichè of "battle" music best known from Monteverdi's madrigals, but here it is employed with a sly wink. **La vita solitaria** is a much simpler piece, a lovely two-part strophic song extolling the virtues of the solitary life in contrast to the troubles of love and ambition. It is distinguished by Fontei's melodic resources and a wonderful detail of offset suspensions between the two voices in the second half.

Fortunato cantore (Dialogo - Filli e Tirsi) is the masterpiece of book II. Ostensibly a love duet, the two characters immediately describe each other as birds: the great eagle and the young eaglet, learning to fly. What follows becomes a combination flying lesson and, by implication, singing lesson, as the younger bird learns the glories of soaring to heaven and garnering the "praise of mortals" along the way. All of this is a veiled tribute to Strozzi's fame and talent, especially as it was most likely written for her to sing with a student or protegee. In the middle there is even a moment when the flight becomes derailed and the older bird helps the younger right herself. The piece ends with an extended cadenza that underlines the "lesson" theme by exploiting imitative figures to build up a virtuosic climax.

We have included two of Fontei's solo songs to round out the collection. These songs are strophic, and extremely brief; they are intimate pieces that suggest an evening's entertainment for a circle of cognoscenti. Both Giulio Strozzi's wit and Nicolò Fontei's artistry, however, are fully on display in these songs. **Non maledico** displays a sardonic, bitter tone with dark humor, claiming that the second man who was deceived by a woman is responsible for the suffering of all future lovers. The lively, accusatory first section is contrasted with a swinging triple meter second half, which depicts the catastrophic fate of all lovers. **Felice nascita** is a song about the dawn of love, and the purity of its line shimmers with dazzling beauty. It is an exquisite miniature that shows off Fontei's ability to exploit harmonic color for expressive effect.

Sonetto Proemio dell'opera op.1 (G. Strozzi)

Mercè di voi, mia fortunata stella!
 Volo di Pindo in fra i beati Cori
 e coronata d'immortali allori,
 forse detta sarò Saffo novella.
 Così l'impresa faticosa e bella
 sia felice del canto e de gl'amori;
 che s'unisco le voce i nostri cori
 non disunisca mai voglia rubella.
 O che vaga e dolcissima armonia
 due alme fanno, due alme innamorate e fide,
 che quel che l'una vuol l'altra desia.
 Che gioisce al gioir, ch'al rider ride,
 nè mai sospiran, ch'el sospir non sia
 d'una morte che sana e non uccide.

Canto di bella bocca - op. 1 (G. Strozzi)

Che dolce udire una leggiadra bocca,
 tutta lieta cantar versi d'amore.
 Vaga, vezzosa voce,
 con passaggio veloce
 t'alletta, ti circonda, anzi ti tocca
 e dentro va quasi a baciarti il core.
 Che dolce udire una leggiadra bocca,
 tutta lieta cantar versi d'amore.
 Mentre musico labbro spiega d'Amore i pregi.
 Altro non dice
 quel canoro felice
 che le gioie che senti,
 che i dilette che provi,
 che i tuoi piaceri nuovi,
 i tuoi vecchi contenti.
 Dillo, o mio core; che dolce udire una leggiadra bocca,
 tutta lieta cantar versi d'amore.
 Quell'aura armonizzar da una gorga canora
 ti ranuiva e ristora
 ti fa l'alma beata.
 Folle sei se non godi, se non cominci,
 qua giù ristretto in un caduco velo,
 Tirsi, a gustar le melodie del Cielo.

La Riamata da chi amava - op. 2

Dormi, dormi, o mio dolore,
 addormentati, o mia pena,
 i sospiri ei pianti affrena,
 posa in stabil core.
 Pace datevi, o speranze,
 acquietatevi, o desiri,
 dilungatevi, o martiri,
 in eterne lontananze.
 Cieco duol mi affliggi a torto,
 ch'alle gioie Amor mi vuole
 e mi rende il mio bel Sole,
 la mia vita, il mio conforto.
 Alma mia, riedi a godere
 che desir con tanto affetto,
 corri, o core, al cor diletto,
 torna al ben, torna al piacere,
 alma mia, torna al godere.

Initial Sonnet of the Opus

Thanks to you, my star of good fortune!
 With Pindaric flight among the blessed choirs
 and crowned with the immortal laurel,
 perhaps I will be called a new Sappho.
 Thus it is a difficult and beautiful task
 to be happy in song and in love;
 when our voices are united
 a rebellious wish will never separate our hearts.
 O what lovely and sweetest harmony
 two souls make, two loving and faithful souls,
 so that what the one wishes the other desires.
 To delight in joy, to laugh at laughter,
 nor ever sighing, unless that sigh be
 from a death that heals and does not kill.

Song of the beautiful mouth

How sweet to listen to a delightful mouth
 joyously singing verses of love.
 Lovely, charming voice,
 with rapid scales,
 allures you, surrounds you, also touches you
 and sinks within almost to kiss your heart.
 How sweet to listen to a delightful mouth
 joyously singing verses of love.
 While the musical lip describes the rewards of love.
 Nothing is expressed
 by that happy singer
 other than the joys that you feel,
 the delights you experience,
 than your new pleasures,
 your old contents.
 Tell it, o my heart; how sweet to listen to a delightful
 mouth joyously singing verses of love.
 That air, harmonized by a singing throat
 renews you and restores you,
 makes your soul blessed.
 You are foolish if you do not enjoy, do not begin,
 hampered here below in a mortal veil,
 Tirsis, to taste the melodies of heaven.

The Former Lover's Revival of Love

Sleep, sleep, o my sorrow,
 fall asleep, my suffering,
 restrain the sighs and laments,
 still them in a quiet heart.
 Be at peace, o hopes,
 quiet yourselves, o desires,
 exile yourselves, o torments,
 into the eternal distance.
 Blind suffering afflicts me wrongly,
 since Love wished to delight me
 and to give me my beautiful sun,
 my life, and my comfort.
 My soul, return to enjoy
 what you desire with such affection,
 run, o heart, to the beloved heart,
 return to happiness, return to pleasure,
 my soul, return to delight.

Gl'occhi superbi - op. 2

Occhi superbi sì, ma però cari;
 un guardo sol da voi richiede
 il mio amor, la mia fede,
 mà voi mi siete de pietade avari.
 Spietatissimi rai, oh, quante ai vostri altari
 io spargo homai con sospiri devoti
 lagrime, preghi, e voti;
 e non m'avvedo ahi lasso
 ch'adoro un marmo e che scongiuro un sasso.
 Oh di orgoglio e bellezza esempi rari,
 occhi superbi sì, ma però cari.

I Baci - op. 2

Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci;
 unite l'alme vanno
 su'l labbro ad incontrarsi;
 col bacio l'alme fanno
 nel cor gran colpi darsi.
 vezzosette si accordano,
 viperette si mordano,
 mà sono i lor dolcissimi furori
 grand' union dei cori.
 Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci,
 bacia mia bocca, bacia e taci.

Begl'occhi - op. 3 (Loredano)

Mi ferite, oh begli occhi.
 Pensate che farebbono quei baci
 sì cocenti e mordaci;
 langue l'anima e il cor vien meno.
 Ahi, ahi, ch'io vi moro in seno!
 Pensate che farebbono gli strali
 sì pungenti e sì mortali;
 langue l'anima e il cor vien meno.
 Ahi, ahi, ch'io vi moro in seno!
 Ma forse non morirò senza vendetta,
 ch'al fin chi morte dà la morte aspetta.

Mentita - op. 3 (Loredano)

S'io vi giuro, mia vita,
 ch'io v'amo,
 voi mi date, con parole spietate,
 subito una mentita.
 Io, che sensi ho vivace,
 corro l'affronto
 a scaricar coi baci.

Sospira,**-respira, - op. 6**

amato,
 -sprezzato, -
 mio core,
 -traditore, -
 chi t'ingannò?
 - chi ti fidò? -

Nò, nò pene non più!
 È sprezzata d'amor la servitù.

Chi mi tiene?

Proud eyes

Proud eyes, indeed, but nevertheless dear;
 a single glance from you stirs up
 my love, my devotion,
 but you are miserly of pity.
 Spiteful rays, oh, how many times at your altar
 I have scattered with devoted sighs
 tears, prayers, and oaths;
 and I do not realize, alas,
 that I worship a statue and invoke a stone.
 O rare example of pride and beauty,
 proud eyes, indeed, but nevertheless dear.

Kisses

O sweet, o dear, o desired kisses;
 souls come together
 to meet upon lips;
 with a kiss souls make
 great wounds occur in hearts.
 Charmingly they agree,
 like little vipers they bite,
 but their sweetest frenzy
 is a great union of hearts.
 O sweet, o dear, o desired kisses,
 kiss my mouth, kiss and fall silent.

Lovely Eyes

You wound me, o lovely eyes.
 Think what those kisses
 so burning and biting would do;
 the spirit languishes and the heart faints.
 Ah, that I die within my breast!
 Think what those rays
 so piercing and so fatal would do;
 the spirit languishes and the heart faints.
 Ah, that I die within my breast!
 But perhaps I will not die without revenge,
 for, in the end, whoever gives death expects death.

Denial

If I swear, my life,
 that I love you,
 with spiteful words you respond
 immediately with a denial.
 I, whose feelings are sensitive,
 hurry to relieve the insult
 with kisses.

Sigh,**- breathe, -**

beloved,
 - spurned one, -
 my heart,
 - betrayer, -
 who deceives you?
 - who is faithful to you? -

No, no, no more suffering!
 The servitude of love is rejected.

Who holds me?

- catene -
desiri
- sospiri -
contenti
- tormenti -
chi m'inganna?
- una tiranna. -

- chains -
desires,
- sighs, -
pleasures,
- torments, -
who deceives me?
- a tyrant. -

Nicolò Fontei - Duets (Giulio Strozzi)

Io v'adoro e non v'amo,
vi temo e non vi bramo,
che bramar non si deve
quel che mai si riceve.
Un Tantalo sarei,
che sempre all'acque fuggitive appresso
va burlando se stesso.
Stolto è ben chi s'affanna
in bramar signoria di donna
e donna Barbara e tiranna.

Dialogo - Clori e Tirsi

Spesso mutano stanza i nostri cori,
amorosi passaggi.
Tu Clori ti fai Tirsi
Io Tirsi mi fò Clori.
- Io Clori mi fò Tirsi,
tu Tirsi ti fai Clori, -
Il mio cor nel tuo petto
gode un grato ricetto,
- e'l mio dentro di te giocondo alberga. -
Si bacian l'alme insieme
e prima e poi tornano a ribaciarsi e ne gl'ingressi,
tornano a ribaciarsi e nei ritorni suoi.
Ma più cari viaggi i nostri cor hor fanno,
i nostri cor che vanno hoggi ad unirsi
e ch'un solo sarà Cloride e Tirsi.

Fiera lite hoggi è tra noi.

Ciascun narra i danni suoi,
ciascun piange il ben perduto;
l'hà però questi goduto,
io non hebbi mai tal sorte.
A chi peggio di noi fece la morte?
Amor giudice non sà
dir di noi chi peggio stà.
Ambedue son pene eguali,
ambedue son due gran mali.
S'il gioire e'l non gioire
egualmente è gran martire,
è meglio non amar alcuna.
Se l'amar è cosa dura,
esser vogl'io nell' amorse imprese
Soldato di ventura,
Cavalier di fortuna.
Sì, sì, ch'è meglio non amar alcuna.

I adore you and don't love you,

I fear you and don't desire you,
for one must not desire
that which can never be obtained.
I would be a Tantalus,
who constantly approaching the fleeing waters
deceives himself.
He is foolish indeed who suffers
in desiring the dominion of a lady,
a barbarous and tyrannical lady.

Dialogue - Cloris and Tirsis

Our hearts often change abodes,
with loving steps.
You Cloris make yourself Tirsis,
I Tirsis make myself Cloris.
- I Cloris make myself Tirsis,
you Tirsis make yourself Cloris. -
My heart in your breast
enjoys a lovely welcome,
- and mine within yours a delightful shelter. -
Thus our souls kiss each other
and again and again return to kiss on leaving,
return to kiss on their return.
But dearer journeys our hearts make now,
our hearts that go now to unite
so that one alone will be Cloris and Tirsis.

We have a fierce dispute between us today.

Each tells of his sufferings,
each laments his lost good;
he for having enjoyed these things,
I, for never having such a fate.
What worse things could death do to us?
Love, as judge, cannot say
which of us has it the worst.
Both are equal suffering,
both are two great evils.
If to enjoy and not to enjoy
are equally great torments,
it is better not to love anyone.
If to love is a hard thing,
I wish to be, in the enterprise of Love,
a soldier of fortune,
a mercenary.
Yes, yes, it's better not to love anyone.

La Vita Solitaria

Per tue gioie, o mondo misero,
miei pensier un qua non risero,
negl'amori,
negl'honori,
non trovai che pene e tedio.
Di due rai luce homicida
mi ferì;
m'assalì
speme vana in corte infida.
più non sento hor tal assedio
che il mio mal fu'l mio rimedio.

Quanto ohimè per cure illecite
son qua giù l'alme solecite!
vago riso
e l'un bel viso
mostra gioia e da suplitio.
Mar di corte ha i suoi naufragi;
fedeltà
non fidà
fra quei fieri austri malvagi;
l'huom fa vela al proprio esito,
e'l suo porto e'l precipitio.

La tua gioia mai non varia,
bella vita solitaria;
tra quest' erbe
le superbe
mie follie deponge e scarico;
grado eccelso un huom beato
mai non fe,
felic'è
d'alterezza un cor spogliato;
se di questa ei resta scarico
il piacer anco è ramarico.

Dialogo - Filli e Tirsi

Fortunato cantore,
tu, l'aquila di Giove eccelsa e grande,
mi rassembri che spande
dall' uno e l'altro polo felicissimo il volo.
Cantatrice beata, tu sei quell' aquilletta
che di seguir la madre al chiaro lume,
su le tenere piume, fortunata s'affretta.
Ergite dunque meco, e con alzate belle
sorvoliamo alle stelle.
Vola pur, ch'io ti seguo arditamente e presto;
che feroce l'artiglio e l'occhio ho desto.
Non temer del Sol il raggio;
fissa pur nel Dio, in'cente
giovinetta, l'occhio ardente;
segui il bel viaggio.
M'arde il cor di bel desio,
che di gloria avido gode,
ama sol premio di lode
frà mortali il volo mio.
Ahi dove pendi e vai?
Ohimè, che piombo in terra!
Qual vento mi fa guerra.

The Solitary Life

For your delights, o wretched world
my thoughts will not smile a bit,
among loves,
among honors
I found nothing but pain and tedium.
The murderous light of two eyes
wounded me;
and I was assailed
by vain hopes in a treacherous court.
Now I no longer feel such assaults
since my evil has become my remedy.

How much, alas, with illicit cares
are souls troubled down there!
A pretty smile
and a lovely face
promises joy and provides torment.
The sea of the court has its shipwrecks,
loyalty
has no faith
among these ill-meaning fierce winds;
the sailor sets his sail at his own destruction,
and his port is the precipice.

Your delights never vary,
lovely life of solitude,
among your grasses
my proud
follies I shed and scrape off;
the highest estate a contented man
never made,
happy is
a heart stripped of pride;
if he remains free of this,
even sorrow will be a pleasure.

Dialogue - Filli e Tirsi

Filli Fortunate singer,
you, eagle of Jove excellent and great,
it seems to me that your most happy flight
extends from one pole to the other.
Tirsi Blessed singer, you are that little eaglet
that happily hastens to follow your mother to the
clear light upon tender feathers.
Rise up with me then, and with lovely soaring
let us climb to the stars.
Filli Fly then, so I can follow you eagerly and quickly,
with my fierce talons and my sharp eye.
Tirsi Do not fear the rays of the sun;
fix on God alone, innocent young one,
your burning eye;
follow the beautiful path.
Filli My heart burns with lovely desire,
enjoys glory avidly,
loves only the reward of praise
for my flight among mortals.
Tirsi Ah, where are you heading?
Filli Alas, I fall to the earth!
This wind makes war with me.

Tirsi, ana, chiò cauo.

Su, su, libratì meglio sul remigio dell' ale,
snodati, sciogliti, muoviti eguale.
Già mi sostento e parmi
col tuo dolce ricordo, di più sicura allarmi.
Già sormontiam le stelle,
già siamo in Paradiso in sen di Giove;
ci hanno condotte al fine queste leggiadre prove.

Nicolò Fontei - solo songs

Non maledico io, nò,
colui ch'il primo fu
che bella Donna amò
misero s'ingannò.
Ma tu, secondo, tu,
ch'al primo non credesti
e per le Donne ardesti
Ahi troppo t'arrogasti
ch'il sapere l'amasti.
Cadde al tuo brutto esempio il terzo e poi
ogn'amante ha seguito i falli tuoi.

Che forze havevi di
che presumesti entrar,
dove altri non usci?
Dove il primo peri?
Ah perche non troncar
l'ordine degl'amori?
La serie degl'ardori?
Così fosti o secondo
la rovina del mondo.
Cadde al tuo brutto esempio il terzo e poi
ogn'amante ha seguito i falli tuoi.

Felice nascita di core Amante

Due soli ch'un bel viso
in due pupille aprì
con l'aurora d'un riso
m'apriro al core un amoroso di.
Il mondo al suo contorno
mai vidde dal suo Apollo
un sì bel giorno.

Quei rai di cui s'indora
lo Dio dello splendor,
di lei che il cor m'accora
son furto de begl'occhi, e dei crin d'or.
Tutto dal Cielo il vago
è della Bella mia debole imago.

O fortunato die,
se il duol no'l scurerà.
O liete sorti mie,
se dritto a miei desiri ei sorgerà!
E, come avviva il core,
sarammi di sua notte Hespero Amore.

Tirsi, help, I in raising.

Tirsi Up, up, balance better on the oars of your wings,
loosen, stretch, and move them equally.
Filli Already I am steady and I seem,
with your sweet reminder, to fly more securely.
Both Already we have overtaken the stars,
already we are in Paradise in the bosom of Jove;
We have brought to an end these pretty trials.

I do not curse, no,
that wretch who was the first
who deceived himself
that a beautiful Lady loved him.
But you, second one,
who did not believe the first
and burned for women,
ah, you boastfully claimed
to know that you were loved.
The third fell at your hideous example and since then
every lover has followed your mistakes.

What power was given you
that you presumed to enter,
where others did not emerge?
Where the first perished?
Ah, why did you not cut off
the queue of lovers?
The sequence of the infatuated?
Thus it was you, o second one,
who was the ruin of the world.
The third fell at your hideous example and since then
every lover has followed your mistakes.

The happy birth of a loving heart

Two suns that opened in a lovely face
as two eyes
with the dawn of a smile
opened to my heart one loving day.
The whole sphere of the earth
never witnessed from its Apollo
such a beautiful day.

Those rays which gild
the god of splendor,
are stolen from her who saddens my heart;
from her eyes, and from her golden tresses.
All the beauty of heaven
is the weak image of my lovely one.

O happy day,
if not darkened by grief.
O happy my fate,
if directly to my desires she rises!
And, as my heart is revived,
Love will be Hesperus to its nights.