



2020 – 2021
INTERNATIONAL
CONCERT SERIES



*The Arizona Early Music Society, with the support of
The Tucson Desert Song Festival, presents*

The Secret Lover

Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)

January 24 at 3:00 pm through April 20, 2021, in a virtual streaming concert

TENET Vocal Artists

Jolle Greenleaf *soprano & artistic director*
Molly Quinn *soprano* **Virginia Warnken Kelsey** *mezzo-soprano*
Adam Cockerham *theorbo* **Hank Heijink** *theorbo*
Shirley Hunt *viola da gamba* **Jeffrey Grossman** *harpsichord*

PROGRAM

Unless otherwise indicated, the composer is Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)

CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED

Pensaci ben mio core

I'M BURNING IN SILENCE

Capona, Sferraina, and Ciaccona
Ardo in tacito foco

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (1580–1651)

WHAT CAN I DO?

Che si può fare

MY HEART OF STONE

Toccata quarta (1615)
Lagrime mie

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1543–1643)

WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE...

Recercada seguna sobre la Cancion "Doulce Memoire"
Il Lamento (Sul Rodano Severo)

Diego Ortiz (c.1510–c.1576)

I DON'T WANT IT TO BE LIKE THIS!

Così non la voglio

This concert is presented with the generous support of the Tucson Desert Song Festival, and all of our generous private and foundation donors. Thank you all for your support, whether in your donations of tickets or monies, to keep early music and musicians going through these difficult times.



The Arizona Early Music Society has received a Tucson CARES for Arts and Culture Grant funded by the City of Tucson We Are One/Somos Uno Resiliency Fund administered by the Arts Foundation for Tucson and Southern Arizona. The Tucson CARES for Arts and Culture Grant program directs federal relief funds allocated to the City of Tucson through the Coronavirus Aid, Relief, and Economic Security (CARES) Act.

The Arizona Early Music Society has received an AZ Organizational Relief Grant (ORG). Administered by the Arizona Commission on the Arts, the AZ ORG Program directs relief funds allocated by Governor Doug Ducey from the State of Arizona's Crisis Contingency and Safety Net Fund in support of arts and culture organizations across the state.

The Tucson Desert Song Festival brings an extraordinary lineup of renowned vocal stars and the premiere of a TDSF commissioned work by one of the world's most important opera composers for the ninth annual winter festival, January 15 to February 12, 2021, in beautiful, warm, sunny Tucson. The festival's theme, "Songs of Love," will celebrate and explore the relationship between music and our most profound emotion.

NOTES

Four hundred years after her birth, Barbara Strozzi remains an anomaly. Not only a woman composer—herself relatively rare—Strozzi was also a performer, independent of court or church, and a canny adapter to print culture, making her the period's most published composer (male or female) of secular vocal music. Seven volumes of Strozzi's music survive (an eighth is lost); a handful of other pieces survive in anthologies or manuscripts. Excepting one volume of sacred songs, all of Strozzi's music is secular, typically dealing with romantic love—a notable exception is "Il lamento (Sul Rodano severo)," which responds to a contemporary political execution. Genres range from lighter strophic forms (*ariette, canzonette*) to complex, multi-section cantatas.

The illegitimate daughter of a domestic worker, later adopted by the poet, librettist, academician, and libertine (himself the illegitimate son of an illegitimate son) Giulio Strozzi, in whose house she lived from a young age, Strozzi went on to become the unmarried mother to at least four children. Scholars have assumed her participation in sex work; her identification as a courtesan is supported by the bared flesh of the *Female musician with Viola da Gamba* by Bernardo Strozzi (no known relation), widely believed to be a portrait of the composer.

Strozzi's music adds to the vague sense of sexual impropriety that swirls around her private life, not least because she published widely in a genre—the chamber cantata—that was closely identified with intimate performance, elite audiences, and erotic texts. Unlike her male

contemporaries, who rarely—if ever—published such music, Strozzi's oeuvre was available for purchase, in improvisatory settings that implied her own performance practice. Given her gender, the transactional nature of this calculus is clear. It is useful, however, to think of her publications in relation to influential instrumental composers such as Girolamo Frescobaldi or Biagio Marini. Both men published work that illustrated their improvisational practice, contributing to an increased compositional and instrumental specificity.

Strozzi's music seems deliberately constructed to suggest that the singer is making things up: listen, for example, to the opening section of "Che si può fare," where the melody unfolds over a repeated bass, or to the very first word of "Lagrima mia": a descending melisma over a held bass note, the vocal line sobs and falters and the sad tears of the character are not just described but enacted. Strozzi's aesthetic relies on the *arioso* style—midway between recitative and aria—crafting a tight association with the specific affect of a given passage. Sectional changes provide contrasts, mirroring important textual breaks or poetic changes. Though Strozzi did not (to our knowledge) perform or write opera, her music is operatic in the best sense: lyrical, highly expressive, depicting the emotional life of a speaking (singing) character. She excelled at long melismatic passages in which the voice itself becomes pure sound; this conjunction of technical virtuosity and emotional affect quite literally puts the singer (here also the composer) on display.

At Barbara's baptism, her mother was described as Isabella Griega (Spanish for Greek). In Giulio's first will, Isabella Garzoni *della Greghetta* ("called the little Greek woman") was listed as his heir, "not"—he hastened to add—"because of any unpaid debt, but rather in recognition of the long and faithful service she, together with her daughter [then aged 8 ½], has given to me over many years, not having had from me any wage or salary." In modern terms, to work "many years" without wage or salary amounts to slavery, and indeed, in early modern Italy, domestic slavery of foreign women—including Greek Orthodox women—was common.

As the child of an ethnically-marked unpaid domestic worker, certain aspects of Barbara Strozzi's life appear less radical, not least her early education in music, since life as a *cortegiana onesta* or a professional singer would have been a distinct step up the social scale. Many scholars have argued that her adoption by Giulio implies his (natural) paternity, which may well be true. Yet even for an acknowledged libertine, Giulio's efforts to sponsor Barbara into public life were unorthodox; more typical for natural daughters was marriage to a friend (thus guaranteeing access to the "correct" social class) or entry into a convent. Interestingly enough, three of Barbara's four children entered monastic orders, suggesting that by the third generation, the family had greater respectability.

In closing, let Strozzi speak for herself: "feminine weaknesses hold me back no more than any of the sufferings of my sex."

—Emily Wilbourne

BIOGRAPHIES

Hailed as a “golden soprano” and “a major force in the New York early music-scene” (*The New York Times*), soprano **Jolle Greenleaf** is one of today’s foremost figures in the field of early music. Balancing a career as a leading soloist and an innovative impresario, she is in great demand both as a guest artist and as the artistic director of TENET Vocal Artists, a premier New York-based ensemble specializing in early music. She is a celebrated interpreter of the music of Bach, Buxtehude, Handel, Purcell, and most notably, Monteverdi. She has performed as a soloist in venues throughout the U.S., Scandinavia, Europe, and Central America for important presenters including Vancouver Early Music Festival, Denmark’s Vendsyssel Festival, Costa Rica International Music Festival, Puerto Rico’s Festival Casals, Utrecht Festival, at Panama’s National Theater, and San Cristobal, the Cathedral in Havana, Cuba.

Acclaimed for her “radiant sweetness” by *The New York Times*, **Molly Quinn** has garnered praise for her thought provoking and delightful interpretations of music from the medieval to the modern. She has collaborated with notable arts organizations around the globe including the Knights NYC, TENET Vocal Artists, Portland Baroque Orchestra, Apollo’s Fire, Folger Consort, Bang on a Can All-Stars, Trinity Wall Street, Ascension Music, Clarion Music Society, Saint Thomas Fifth Avenue, Pacific Baroque Orchestra, North Carolina Baroque Orchestra, Seraphic Fire, Ensemble VIII, Bach Collegium San Diego, Quicksilver Ensemble, and Acronym. Molly has also garnered acclaim for her work crossing genres in classical, folk, and contemporary music. She was dubbed “pure radiance” by *The Los Angeles Times* for her work with Bang on a Can All-Stars in *Steel Hammer*. She was a festival soloist at the Staunton Music Festival, and appeared as a featured soloist at the Carmel Bach Festival. She was a featured soloist on Trinity Wall Street’s Grammy Nominated recording of Handel’s *Israel in Egypt*. She has performed as a soloist in international venues Shostakovich Hall in St Petersburg, Teatro Nacional de Costa Rica, the Arts Center of NYU Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates, Vancouver’s Chan Centre, San Cristobal Cathedral in Havana, Cuba and the Carmen Alto Convent in Quito, Ecuador.

Noted by *The New York Times* as an “elegant,” “rich-toned alto” with “riveting presence,” mezzo-soprano **Virginia Warnken Kelsey** is known for her heartfelt interpretations of 17th and 18th century opera and oratorio. In recent seasons, Virginia has appeared as a soloist with the New York Philharmonic, Los Angeles Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, BBC Symphony Orchestra, Seattle Symphony, Cincinnati Symphony, Philharmonia Baroque, Boston Early Music Festival, Spoleto Festival, Carmel Bach Festival, TENET, Trinity Wall Street Choir, Seraphic Fire, Bach Collegium San Diego, among many others. Also recognized for her exciting and unique performances of avant-garde 20th and 21st century works, Virginia is an original member of the groundbreaking Grammy Award®-winning alternative-classical vocal band Roomful of Teeth. Lauded by *The New Yorker*, *Rolling Stone*, *NPR*, and *The New York Times*, Roomful of Teeth is a vocal project dedicated to mining the expressive potential of the human voice.

Early music artist **Adam Cockerham** specializes in theorbo, lute, and baroque guitar. Beginning his performance career as a classical guitarist, he then gravitated toward historical plucked

strings, preferring the collaborative opportunities of chamber music from the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. As an accompanist and continuo player, Cockerham has performed with numerous ensembles in New York and San Francisco. He founded voice and plucked string duo Jarring Sounds with mezzo-soprano Danielle Sampson, and helped form chamber ensemble Voyage Sonique. Beyond chamber music, Cockerham concentrates on 17th-century Italian opera and has been involved in numerous modern world premiere performances with companies such as Innsbrucker Festwochen der Alten Musik and Ars Minerva. Cockerham is a doctoral candidate at the Juilliard School.

Hank Heijink has played all over the world with leading ensembles such as the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra with Ton Koopman, Orchestre d'Auvergne, Mark Morris Dance Group, and the Wooster Group. As a member of the European Union Baroque Orchestra, he toured extensively throughout Europe, Asia, and Scandinavia. He has collaborated with Nigel North and Christina Pluhar, among others, and has taken part in productions including Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, John Blow's *Venus and Adonis*, Cavalli's *La Didone*, and Monteverdi's *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*, among others. As a regular member of TENET, Mr. Heijink can be heard on the ensemble's entire discography and as a soloist on *UNO + ONE: Italia Nostra* and *The Secret Lover*. A native of Eindhoven in the Netherlands, he holds a performance degree from the Royal Conservatory of the Hague, a master of arts degree in computer science, and a Ph.D. in social sciences.

Shirley Hunt brings fierce imagination and integrity to the music of the Renaissance and Baroque eras. In high demand as viola da gamba soloist and continuo cellist, Ms. Hunt performs extensively with the nation's leading period instrument ensembles including Boston Baroque, Handel and Haydn Society, Trinity Baroque Orchestra, The Sebastians, TENET, Sonnambula, and RUCKUS. As a soloist, she has performed at DePaul University, the Museum of Fine Arts (Boston), the Boston Public Library, WGBH Pindrop Sessions, and Ashmont Hill Chamber Music in Dorchester. As a chamber musician, she has performed at the Morgan Library & Museum, the Library of Congress, the Strathmore Mansion, Caramoor, La Jolla Music Society, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Keyboardist and conductor **Jeffrey Grossman** specializes in vital, engaging performances of music of the past, through processes that are intensely collaborative and historically informed. As the artistic director of the acclaimed baroque ensemble The Sebastians, Jeffrey has directed from the keyboard Bach's *St. John* and *St. Matthew Passions* and Handel's *Messiah* in collaboration with TENET Vocal Artists. Last season, he led *Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610* with the Green Mountain Project in New York and Venice. For over a decade, he also toured portions of the United States with artists of the Piatigorsky Foundation, performing outreach concerts to underserved communities. A native of Detroit, Michigan, he holds degrees from Harvard, Juilliard, and Carnegie Mellon University; he teaches performance practice at Yale University.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Pensaci ben mio core

D'amore al foco,
Anco per gioco,
Farfalletta non t'accostar.
Guarda il fin del tuo girar,
Che non sia d'incenerire
Quando credi di gioire.
Fuggi di due begl'occhi anco l'ardore;
Pensaci ben mio core.
Fermati pur, mio core.
Se nel periglio
Brami consiglio,
Pelicano non ti mostrar.
Lascia Lilla di mirar,
Se non vuoi con dura sorte
Nel gioir trovar la morte.
Sotto l'arco d'un ciglio è ascoso Amore;
Pensaci ben mio core.

— *Marc'Antonio Corraro*

Think clearly, my heart.

Don't approach the fire of love,
like a moth,
even in jest.
Be careful that the result of your enterprise
doesn't burn you up
just when you think you're going to rejoice.
Flee the passion of two beautiful eyes;
think clearly, my heart.
Hold on, my heart.
If you want good
advice in danger,
don't be like the pelican.*
Stop gazing at Lilla
if you don't want to find death
by harsh fate in your pleasure.
Love is hidden under the arch of an eyebrow;
think clearly, my heart.

— *translation Richard Kolb*

*Note: * The pelican was a symbol of self-sacrifice. According to legend, in time of famine the mother pelican wounded herself, striking her breast with her beak, to feed her young with her blood.*

Cuore che reprime alla lingua di manifestare il nome della sua cara

Ardo in tacito foco,
Ne pure m'è concesso
Dal geloso cor mio
Far palese a me stesso
Il nome di colei ch'è 'l mio desio,
Ma nel carcer del seno
Racchiuso tien l'ardore,
Carcerier di se stesso il proprio core.
E appena sia contento
Con aliti e sospiri
Far palese alla lingua i suoi martiri.

Se pur per mio ristoro,
Con tributi di pianto,
Mostrar voglio con fede
A quella ch'amo tanto
Che son d'amor le lagrime mercede,
Ecco'l cor ch'essalando

Heart that forbids the tongue to speak the name of its beloved

I burn in a silent flame,
not even allowed
by my jealous heart
to reveal to myself
the name of her (them) that I desire,
and in the prison of my breast
I keep the passion confined,
my heart its own jailer.
And I'm barely permitted
with panting breaths and sighs
to reveal its suffering in words.

If to comfort myself
I want to show
with an offering of tears
to her that I love so much
that my tears are expressions of love,
then my heart

Di più sospiri il vento,
Assorbe il pianto e quell'umor n'ha spento,
E con mio duol m'addita
Che gl'occhi lagrimanti
Sono mutole lingue negli amanti.

Qual sia l'aspro mio stato:
Ridir nol ponno i venti,
Nè pur le selve o l'onde
Udiro i miei lamenti,
Ma solo il duol entro al mio cor s'asconde,
E quale in chiuso specchio
Disfassi pietra al foco,
Tal' io m'incenerisco a poco a poco.
E s'ad' altri la lingua
È scorta alla lor sorte,
A me la lingua è sol cagion di morte.

Che si può fare?

Le stelle rubelle
Non hanno pietà.
Che s'el cielo non dà
Un influsso di pace al mio penare,
Che si può fare?

Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri disastri
Mi piovano ogn'hor;
Che le perfido amor
Un respiro diniega al mio martire,
Che si può dire?

Così va rio destin forte tiranna,
Gl'innocenti condanna:
Così l'oro più fido
Di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene,
lo raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene.

Sì, sì, penar deggio,
Sì, che darei sospiri,
Deggio trarne i respiri.
In aspri guai per eternarmi
Il ciel niega mia sorte
Al periodo vital
Punto di morte.

breathes out many sighs,
consuming my tears and exhausting my
feeling,
and through my suffering tells me
that tearful eyes
are the silent speech of lovers.

This is my harsh condition:
the winds are unable to express,
nor can the forests or seas
hear my lamenting, but the pain
can only remain hidden in my heart,
and just as in a parabolic mirror
stone melts in flame,
I'm burning up little by little.
And while for others speaking
leads to helping their condition,
for me speech only causes my death.

What can you do?

The stars, intractable,
have no pity.
Since the gods don't give
a measure of peace in my suffering,
what can I do?

What can you say?
From the heavens disasters
keep raining down on me;
Since that treacherous Cupid
denies respite to my torture,
what can I say?

That's how it is with cruel destiny
the powerful tyrant, it condemns the innocent:
thus the purest gold
of constancy and faithfulness, alas,
is continually refined in the fire of pain.

Yes, yes, I have to suffer,
yes, I must sigh,
I must breathe with difficulty.
In order to eternalize my trials
heaven withholds from me
the final period of death.
to my lifespan

Voi spirti dannati
Ne sete beati
S'ogni eumenide ria
Sol' è intenta a crucciar l'anima mia.

You spirits of the damned,
you're blessed,
since all the cruel Eumenides *
are intent only on torturing my soul.

Se sono sparite
Le furie di Dite,
Voi ne gl'elisi eterni
I dì trahete io coverò gl'infèrni.

Since the furies of Dis *
have disappeared,
you spend your days in the Elysian fields
while I molder in hell.

Così avvien a chi tocca
Calcar l'orme d'un cieco,
Al fin trabocca.
— *Sig. Brunacci*

Thus it happens that he who follows
the shadow of a blind god
stumbles in the end.
— *translation Richard Kolb*

*Note: * In Aeschylus's Eumenides, the furies of Dis are guardians of the underworld that were offered a position of honor in Athens by Athena, and upon their acceptance were transformed into the Eumenides, or "soothed ones." The reference here seems to combine Aeschylus's account with that of Dante's Inferno.*

Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore
Che mi toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?
Lidia, che tant'adoro,
Perch'un guardo pietoso, ahi, mi donò,
Il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.
Tra due mura rinchiusa
Sta la bella innocente,
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;
E quel che più mi duole
Ed' accresc'al mio mal tormenti e pene,
È che per mia cagione
Provi male il mio bene.
E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?

My tears, why do you hold back?
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?
Because she looked on me with a favorable
glance, Lidia, whom I so much adore,
is imprisoned by her stern father.
Between two walls
the beautiful innocent one is enclosed,
where the sun's rays can't reach her;
and what grieves me most
and adds torment and pain to my suffering,
is that my love
suffers on my account.
And you, grieving eyes, you don't weep?
My tears, why do you hold back?
Alas, I miss Lidia,
the idol that I so much adore;
she's enclosed in hard marble,
the one for whom I sigh and yet do not die.
Because I welcome death,
now that I'm deprived of hope,
Ah, take away my life,
I implore you, my harsh pain.
But I well realize that to torment me
all the more
fate denies me even death.

Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi
L'idol mio che tanto adoro;
Sta colei tra duri marmi,
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.
Se la morte m'è gradita,
Hor che son privo di spene,
Dhe [deh], toglietemi la vita,
Ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.
Ma ben m'accorgo che per tormentarmi
Maggiormente la sorte

Mi niega anco la morte.
Se dunque è vero, o Dio,
Che sol del pianto mio
Il rio destino ha sete,
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?
— *Pietro Dolfino*

IL LAMENTO

Sul Rodano Severo
giace tronco infelice
di Francia il gran scudiero,
e s'al corpo non lice
tornar di ossequio pieno
all'amato Parigi,
con la fredd'ombra almeno
il dolente garzon segue Luigi.
Enrico il bei, quasi annebbiato sole,
delle guance vezzose
cangiò le rose in pallide viole
e di funeste brine
macchiò l'oro del crine.
Lividi gl'occhi son, la tocca langue,
e sul latte del sen diluvia il sangue.

"Oh Dio, per qual cagione"
par che l'ombra gli dica
"sei frettoloso andato
a dichiarar un perfido, un fellone,
quel servo a te sì grato,
mentre, francese Augusto,
di meritar procuri
il titolo di giusto?
Tu, se 'l mio fallo di gastigo è degno,
ohimè, ch'insieme insieme
dell' invidia che freme
vittima mi sacrifici allo sdegno.
Non mi chiamo innocente:
purtroppo errai, purtroppo
ho me stesso tradito
a creder all'invito
di fortuna ridente.
Non mi chiamo innocente:
grand'aura di favori
rea la memoria fece

Thus since it's true, oh God,
that wicked destiny
thirsts only for my weeping,
tears, why do you hold back?
— *translation Richard Kolb*

THE LAMENT

By the harsh Rhone
lies the unhappy body
of the great Knight of France;
And, though his body is not permitted
to return to his beloved Paris
for full burial honors,
with only his cold shade
the sad youth follows Louis.
Henry the Fair (like an overcast sun);
the rose of his charming cheeks
are changed to pallid violets
and the gold of his hair
is stained with fatal frost;
his eyes are livid, his mouth flaccid,
and upon his milky breast his blood flows .

"Oh God, for what reason"
(it seems that the ghost speaks)
"were you so hasty
to pronounce as a disloyal criminal
that servant so pleasing to you?
While yet, Emperor of France,
you attempt to earn
the title of Just.
Even if my failing was worthy of punishment,
alas, together with raging Envy,
you sacrifice me as a victim to anger.
"I do not call myself innocent;
too much I erred,
too much I betrayed myself,
believing the enticements
of smiling fortune.
I do not call myself innocent.
A great air of favor
is made hateful by the memory
of such foolish errors.

di così stolti errori,
un nembo dell'obblío
fu la cagion del precipizio mio.

Ma che dic'io? Tu, Sire - ah, chi nol vede?
tu sol, credendo troppo alla mia fede,
m'hai fatto in regia corte
bersaglio dell'invidia e reo di morte.
Mentre al devoto collo
tu mi stendevi quel cortese braccio,
allor mi davi il crollo,
allor tu m'apprestavi il ferro e 'l laccio.
Quando meco godevi
di trastullarti in solazzevol gioco,
allor l'esca accendevi
di mine cortigiane al chiuso foco.
Quella palla volante
che percoteva il tuo col braccio mio
dovea pur dirmi, oh Dio,
mia fortuna incostante.

Quando meco gioivi
di seguir cervo fuggitivo, allora
l'animal innocente
dai cani lacerato
figurava il mio stato,
esposto ai morsi di accanita gente.
Non condanno il mio re, no, d'altro errore
che di soverchio amore.
Di cinque macche illustri
notato era il mio nome,
ma degli emoli miei l'insidie industri
hanno di traditrice alla mia testa
data la marca sesta.
Ha l'invidia voluto
che, se colpevol sono,
escluso dal perdono
estinto ancora immantinente io cada;
col mio sangue ha saputo
de' suoi trionfi imporporar la strada.
Nella grazia del mio re
mentre in su troppo men vo,
di venir dietro al mio pie'
la fortuna si stancò,
Onde ho provato, ahi lasso,
come dal tutto al niente è un breve passo."

A fog of oblivion
was the cause of my downfall

"But what am I saying?
You, Sire, ah, who couldn't see it?
You alone, believing too much in my loyalty,
made me in your Royal court
a target for envy and deserving of death.
"While about my devoted neck
you stretched your gracious arm,
you also offered ruin;
you drew near to me the sword and the trap.
When you diverted yourself,
enjoying pleasant games with me,
you also ignited the fuse
of the courtiers' mines to hidden flame.
That flying ball, struck by your arm and mine,
ought to have told, oh God,
of my inconstant fortune.

'When you delighted
in hunting the fleeing deer with me,
the innocent animal torn by dogs
prefigured my state,
exposed to the bites of hound-like people.
I do not condemn my King of any other fault
than of excessive Love.
"With five illustrious honors
my name was distinguished;
but of my titles industrious deceit
bestowed the sixth upon my head
- that of traitor.
Envy wished that,
if found guilty,
I be excluded from pardon,
and that I fall instantly dead.
She knew how to use my blood
to make the streets purple with her triumphs.
"While I ventured too high
in the favor of my King,
fortune behind my feet
grew weary of following.
Whence I have learned, alas,
how from everything to nothing is a tiny
step."

Luigi, a queste note
di voce che perdon supplice chiede,
timoroso si scuote
e del morto garzon la faccia vede.
Mentre il re col suo pianto
delle sue frette il pentimento accenna
tremò Parigi e torbidossi Senna.

Così non la voglio:

Di te, ria fortuna,
Nemica mia sorte,
Pur troppo mi doglio,
Così non la voglio.
Lusingando i miei pensieri,
Mi prometti alte speranze,
Ma poi rigidi e severi,
Trovo i fatti alle sembianze.
Cerco il porto d'amor,
ma incontr'un scoglio.
Così non la voglio...

Vezzeggiando le mie brame,
Credo haver propitio amore,
Ma nutrendo in sen le fiamme,
Martirizzo questo core.
Tento scioglier il piè, ma più l'imbroglio.
Così non la voglio...

Marc' Antonio Corraro

Louis, at these words
that, pleading, ask for pardon,
fearfully trembles,
and gazes on the face of the dead youth;
while the King, with his tears,
shows his regret for his haste.
Paris trembles and the Seine grows troubled.
— translation Pamela Dellal

I don't want it to be like that:

for you, vicious fortune,
enemy of my fate,
I suffer too much;
I don't want it to be like that.

Beguiling my thoughts,
you promise me high hopes,
but then I find reality to be
rigid and stern;
I seek the port of love, but run into a rock.
I don't want it to be like that...

Flattering my desires,
I believe I've found favorable love,
but by nourishing these flames in my breast
I torment my heart;
I try to break free, but get all the more
entangled.
I don't want it to be like that...

— translation Richard Kolb