

Australian Brandenburg Orchestra

Amore Italiano

PAUL DYER artistic director and harpsichord

A concert by the **AUSTRALIAN BRANDENBURG ORCHESTRA**
with **ACCORDONE (Italy)**

GUIDO MORINI guest director and harpsichord
MARCO BEASLEY tenor

PROGRAM

Mesmerising love songs from renaissance and baroque Italy.
For the full program please refer to page 4.

SYDNEY

City Recital Hall Angel Place

Friday 25, Saturday 26 February

Wednesday 2, Friday 4, Saturday 5 March all at 7pm

Saturday 5 March at 2pm

MELBOURNE

Melbourne Recital Centre

Sunday 27 February at 5pm, Monday 28 February at 7pm

This concert will last approximately 2 hours including interval.

**This concert will be recorded for live broadcast on ABC Classic FM
on Monday 28th February at 7pm at the Melbourne Recital Centre.**

**Cameras, tape recorders, pagers, video recorders and mobile phones
must not be operated during the performance.**



The Australian Brandenburg Orchestra is assisted
by the Australian Government through the Australia
Council, its arts funding and advisory body.



The Australian Brandenburg
Orchestra is assisted by the NSW
Government through Arts NSW.



MACQUARIE

PRINCIPAL PARTNER

Program

Guido Morini Sinfonia da Una Odissea
Giovanni Felice Sances Usurpator tiranno
Claudio Monteverdi Sì dolce è 'l tormento
Giovanni Stefani Amante felice
Pietro Marchitelli Sonata II a tre violini e continuo
Guido Morini & Marco Beasley Arfeo 'nammurato
Guido Morini & Marco Beasley Compianto del Cristo morto

INTERVAL

Guido Morini & Marco Beasley Luna
Guido Morini & Marco Beasley Mi s'è adirato lo mare marino
Bartolomeo Tromboncino Su, su leva alza le ciglia
Jacopo Fogliano L'amor, donna, ch'io te porto
Marco Beasley Tu dormi
Guido Morini Passacaglia
Anonimo Tarantella di Ischitella
Anonimo La bella noeva
Anonimo Lo Guarracino

Amore Italiano

ACCORDONE

Guido Morini guest director and harpsichord
Marco Beasley tenor

AUSTRALIAN

BRANDENBURG ORCHESTRA

The musicians on period instruments

VIOLIN 1

Brendan Joyce**
Guest Concertmaster
Matt Bruce+
Bianca Porcheddu¹
Julia Fredersdorff

VIOLIN 2

Ben Dollman**
Aaron Brown
Cath Shugg

VIOLA

Monique O'Dea*²
Marianne Yeomans

CELLO

Jamie Hey**
Anthea Cottee

DOUBLE BASS

Kirsty McCahon**

THEORBO/GUITAR

Tommie Andersson**
Simon Martyn-Ellis

LIRONE

Laura Vaughan*

PERCUSSION

Jess Ciampa*

HARPSICHORD 2/ORGAN

Paul Dyer

* Denotes section leader
+ Denotes Brandenburg core musician

¹ Bianca Porcheddu appears courtesy of St. Francis Xavier College, Florey A.C.T. (staff)

² Monique O'Dea appears courtesy of Presbyterian Ladies' College, Sydney (staff)

Harpsichord preparation by Geoffrey Pollard.
Chamber Organ preparation by Peter Jewkes.
Additional harpsichord courtesy of St Jude's Music Association, Bowral.



PAUL DYER

artistic director

Paul Dyer is one of Australia's leading specialists in period performance styles. A charismatic leader, he founded the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra in 1990 as a natural outcome of his experience as a performer and teacher of baroque and classical music, and he has been the Orchestra's Artistic Director since that time. Paul has devoted his performing life to the harpsichord, fortepiano and chamber organ as well as conducting the Brandenburg Orchestra and Choir.

Having completed postgraduate studies in solo performance with Bob van Asperen at the Royal Conservatorium in The Hague, Paul performed with many major European orchestras and undertook ensemble direction and orchestral studies with Sigiswald Kuijken and Frans Brüggen.

As well as directing the Brandenburg, Paul has a busy schedule appearing as a soloist, continuo player and conductor with many major ensembles, including the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Queensland Orchestra, Australia Ensemble, Australian Chamber Orchestra, Opera Australia, Australian Youth Orchestra, Malaysian Philharmonic Orchestra, the Pacific Baroque Orchestra, Vancouver, and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, London.

Paul has performed with many prominent international soloists including Andreas Scholl, Cyndia Sieden, Elizabeth Wallfisch, Andreas Staier, Marc Destrubé, Christoph Prégardien, Hidemi Suzuki, Manfredo Kraemer, Andrew Manze, Yvonne Kenny, Emma Kirkby, Philippe Jaroussky and many others. In 1998 he made his debut in Tokyo with countertenor Derek Lee Ragin, leading an ensemble of Brandenburg Orchestra soloists, and in August 2001 Paul toured the Orchestra to Europe with guest soloist Andreas Scholl, appearing in Vienna, France, Germany and London (at the Proms). As a recitalist, he has toured Germany, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and the United States, playing in Carnegie Hall in New York.

Paul is an inspiring teacher and has been a staff member at various Conservatories throughout the world. In 1995 he received a Churchill Fellowship and he has won numerous international and national awards for his CD recordings with the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra and Choir, including the 1998, 2001, 2005, 2009 and 2010 ARIA Awards for Best Classical Recording. Paul is Patron of St Gabriel's School for Hearing Impaired Children. In 2003 Paul was awarded the Australian Centenary Medal for his services to Australian society and the advancement of music and in 2010 the Sydney University Alumni Medal for Professional Achievement.

ACCORDONE



GUIDO

MORINI

*guest director
and harpsichord*



MARCO

BEASLEY

tenor

Guido Morini and Marco Beasley founded **Accordone** in 1984, motivated by a great passion for the music before Bach, for original instruments and for a new musicological approach to problems of interpretation. At the heart of their work is Italian music for voice and basso continuo from the 16th and 17th centuries. Marco Beasley's voice, recognisable for its beautiful timbre, is in perfect stylistic balance with the instruments which accompany him, and together with Guido Morini's profound knowledge of music improvisation and composition makes Accordone a unique ensemble on the European scene.

Inspired by the early musicians, Accordone paves a new path in musical interpretation. With enthusiasm and vigour, they present pieces

once considered enjoyable only for specialists and musicologists to large audiences. Particular attention is given to theatrical performance, their music always enhancing the drama of a theme or story. The duo unites the cultural legacy of the renaissance and baroque with the present day, giving rise to a new repertoire created for their own concerts.

In 1998, thanks to the interest of the Austrian Radio (ORF), Accordone began a series of strictly live recordings. In 2001 they received their first commission by the Nederlands Blazers Ensemble: *Una Odissea* was the fruit of this collaboration, an opera entirely conceived by Guido Morini (music) and Marco Beasley (libretto). In 2003, *La Bella Noeva* was issued by the French label Alpha. This recording was followed by *Frottole, Recitar cantando* and *Settecento napoletano*, all three issued by Cypres and dedicated to the repertoires of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, respectively. These recordings were joined by *Vivifice Spiritus Vitae Vis*, the first chapter in a project of sacred music based on Latin texts dedicated to the Trinity, composed by Guido Morini.

From 2007 to 2009, Accordone was a regular guest at the Festival of Pentecost in Salzburg, with three programs dedicated to Naples. These included (in 2009), the new opera by Guido Morini on a libretto by Marco Beasley: *Solve et Coagula*, dedicated to the figure of Raimondo di Sangro, prince of Sansevero. In that same year, Accordone received a new commission: *Una Iliade*, which was widely toured in Holland. In June 2010, a new version of *Una Odissea* was presented at the Schwetzingen Festspiele. At the end of the year, the recording label Arcana released the new CD, *Frà Diavolo*, dedicated to folk music in Southern Italy – a testimony to the eclecticism and enthusiasm which shows no sign of diminishing with the passing years.

Accordone regularly appears in concert at the most prestigious musical concert venues: the Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw (Amsterdam); Wiener Konzerthaus, Auditorio Nacional (Madrid); Accademia di S.Cecilia (Rome); Mozarteum (Salzburg); Bozar (Brussels); Tokyo Summer Festival; Israel Festival; Festival van Vlaanderen; Utrecht Oude Muziek, Bruges; Innsbruck, de Bijloke (Gand), deSingel and Amuz (Antwerpen).

Amore Italiano

Like builders who erect modern houses using recycled materials and traditional skills, *Accordone* takes musical forms, rhythms and harmonies from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and erects new musical structures. Early music is performed alongside contemporary works, written in a modern context but using techniques directly derived from great masters like Monteverdi.

Accordone follows contemporary practice in applying their own interpretation to the performance of sixteenth and seventeenth century compositions. It was a time of great experimentation and innovation, with the genesis of opera and the belief that music should express human emotions. Long before recording and copyright laws, music was borrowed, circulated, and re-interpreted. The notated music was only a guide to performance.

Art music based on traditional or folk songs and dances formed much of the repertory of Baroque composers. The ground bass or ostinato, a continuously repeated set of chords or bass notes, underlay a melody and allowed composers infinite scope for melodic and rhythmic variation. *Accordone* particularly showcases the folk music of southern Italy, a repertoire that is unwritten but has been handed down from generation to generation: tarantellas, songs of love, work and faith, laments and dances, are the typical musical expressions of the peasant culture in this part of Italy.

The works in this program use a variety of song forms, from traditional pieces like the tarantella, to the fifteenth-century frottola, and early seventeenth-century monody. This was intimate music intended for the home or a nobleman's chamber, not for the stage. Most of the songs are strophic, with a number of verses set to the same melody. The vocal part is supported by a simple accompaniment in the bass line. Strophic songs have long formed a basic part of the traditional song repertory of western music.

Guido Morini

Sinfonia from *Una Odissea (An Odyssey)*

Una Odissea was inspired by Homer's *Odyssey*, the epic poem which relates the story of Odysseus's long and difficult journey home after the Trojan War and by *Ithaca*, a poem by the Greek poet Cavafy. It sets out to explore the idea of a journey as metaphor for a search for the self.

Giovanni Felice Sances (c.1600-1679)

Usurpator tiranno (Usurper, Tyrant)

Born in Rome, Sances was a singer and composer at the forefront of the development of the solo secular song as a new musical genre. He wrote a number of operas and sacred vocal works when he was music director for the Austrian imperial family in Vienna, but this song, published in 1633, comes from earlier in his career when he was based at Padua. It is in the form of a *passacaglia*, a series of repeated chord progressions, known as an ostinato or ground bass, over which the vocal part is built. Much of the music from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries takes this form. The Spanish roots of the *passacaglia* are enhanced here by the use of strummed guitar and theorbo (a long-necked lute).

*Usurpator tiranno
della tua libertà
sia, Lilla, altrui,
che dagli imperi sui
non riceve il mio amor perdita o danno.*

*Faccia il geloso amante
che non t'oda, ben mio,
che non ti miri:
saranno i miei sospiri
a suo dispetto d'amator costante.*

*Procuri pur ch'io sia
Esule dal tuo affetto
e dal tuo core
che non farà ch'amore
abbandoni giammai l'anima mia.*

*Disdegno in frà gli ardori
ami la voce a strazi
miei rivolto,
non potrà fare il stolto
che sebben tu non m'ami,
io non t'adori.*

*Ma che val che il rival
non mi possa impedere,
ch'io non ti brami,
se per far ch'io non ami;
l'adorar giova poco,
amar non vale.*

*Meta dei tuoi diletti
fatto è novo amator,
vago e felice
a cui concede e lice
il tuo voler del cor,
gli ultimi accenti.*

*Segua e ciò che vuole:
adorerò, com'adorai, il tuo nome;
le luci tue, le chiome
saranno del mio cor catena e sole.*

*Si pur, Lilla, crudele,
tenti per tormentarmi angosce e affanni:
non mi daranno gli anni
altro titolo mai che di fedele.*

The usurper, tyrant
of your freedom
is another man, Lilla,
yet from his dominion
my love does not receive loss or hurt.

Your jealous lover says
that I cannot hear you, my beloved,
that I cannot see you:
but my sighs will be those
of a constant lover, despite him.

Though he may cause me
to be exiled from your affection
and from your heart,
he will never be able to make love
abandon my soul.

Though in his passion,
disdain hardens his voice
at the thought of my torments,
the fool will not be able
to make me not adore you,
even if you do not love me.

But what does it matter that my rival
is not able to hinder me
from desiring you,
from loving you;
my adoration is of little help,
and love achieves nothing.

A new lover has become
the object of your delight,
eager and happy
is he to whom
your will and your heart
grant the last word.

Let him do what he wants:
I will adore, as I have adored, your name;
your eyes, your hair
will be chains and sunlight to my heart.

Then, cruel Lilla, torment me,
test me with anguish and sighs,
yet the years that pass will never grant me:
another title than that of faithful lover.

Amore Italiano

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Si dolce è il tormento (So sweet is the torment)

Monteverdi is a towering figure in the history of Western music, marking the transition from Renaissance to Baroque, from polyphonic choral music to solo song and opera. A leading figure of the “new music” movement at the turn of the sixteenth century, Monteverdi believed that music must be subservient to words and should express deep emotions, a revolutionary idea in 1600.

Si dolce è il tormento is a fine example of his vivid and dramatic solo songs. It comes from his ninth book of madrigals, published posthumously in 1651.

*Si dolce e' il tormento
Che in seno mi sta
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi fierezza
Et manchi pietà
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.*

*La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il pie,
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me.
E l'empia ch'adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè.
Tra doglia infinita
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.*

*Per foco e per gelo
Riposo no ho
Nel porto del Cielo
Riposo haverò.
Se colpo mortale
Con rigido strale
Il cor m'impiegò
Cangiando mia sorte
Col dardo di morte
Il cor sanerò.*

*Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non senti
Quel riggido core
Ch'il cor mi rapi.
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghi
Ben fia che dolente
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un di.*

So sweet is the torment
That I have in my heart
That I live content
With your cruel beauty.
In the heaven of beauty
Haughtiness grows
And pity is lacking
In which always, like a rock
Against the wave of pride,
I will put my trust.

Vain hope
Besets me,
Neither joy nor peace
Descends on me.
And the cruel one that I adore
Denies me the consolation
Of gentle pity.
Amidst infinite pain,
Amidst hope betrayed
My faithfulness will live.

Between fire and ice
I have no rest,
Only in the haven of heaven
Will I have rest.
If a mortal blow
From a sharp arrow
Wounds my heart,
Changing my destiny
With the dart of death,
My heart will be healed.

If the flame of love
Has never been felt
By that hard heart
Which has ravished my heart,
If I am denied pity
By the cruel beauty
Who has captivated my soul,
Surely suffering,
Repentant and languishing
She will one day sigh for me.

Giovanni Stefani (flourished 1618-26)

Amante felice (The happy lover)

Stefani was a music editor who put together three published collections of Italian strophic songs accompanied by continuo and guitar. The ground bass of *Amante felice* on only four notes lends itself to improvisation, as the instruments dialogue with the singer.

*Bella mia, questo mio core
Per voi vive e per voi more:
Che voi siete per mia sorte
la mia vita e la mia morte.*

*Col bel guardo mi ferite,
Col bel guardo mi guarite
Quando dunque mi mirate,
Morte e vita, ohimé! mi date.*

*O d'amor miracol novo
Vita e morte a un tempo io provo;
Ne so quale è piu gradita
Se la morte o pur la vita.*

*Anzi in dubbio ancor io vivo
S'io son morto o s'io son vivo:
Ma sia quel che vuole il fato,
Vivo e morto a voi m'ho dato.*

My beautiful one, my heart
Lives and dies for you:
Since you are my fate,
My life and my death.

With a beautiful look you wound me,
With a beautiful look you heal me,
So that when you look at me
Death and life, alas, you give me.

Oh, new miracle of love,
Life and death I experience at once;
And I know not which I welcome more,
Death or life.

Yet I live, still doubting
Whether I am dead or alive:
But whatever my fate,
Living or dead, I have given myself to you.

Pietro Marchitelli (c.1643-1729)

Sonata No II for three violins and continuo in F major

Adagio
Allegro
Adagio
Allegro

Marchitelli was principal violinist of the orchestra of the royal chapel in Naples for more than fifty years. The great violinist and composer Archangelo Corelli, hailed as the greatest violinist in Europe at the turn of the seventeenth century, and visiting from Rome, was astounded at the quality of string playing in Naples under Marchitelli's leadership on a visit there in 1708. “*Si suona à Napoli!*” he exclaimed. (“They can really play in Naples!”). Corelli was deeply embarrassed at being unable to play at sight the music put before him by the Neapolitans at a concert in the presence of the king, and “*was astonished beyond measure to hear Petrillo [Marchitelli], the Neapolitan leader, and the other violins, perform that which had baffled his skill.*” Corelli “*stole back to Rome in silence*” after this embarrassment, according to the eighteenth century English music historian Charles Burney, never to perform in public again.

The Neapolitans' fiery violin playing was the forerunner of the extreme virtuosic style epitomised by Antonio Vivaldi, and very different to the restrained elegance of Corelli. Although he may not have followed his playing style Marchitelli, like many other composers of the period, modelled the form and structure of his sonatas on those of Corelli.

Amore Italiano

Guido Morini & Marco Beasley

Arfeo 'nnammurato

This is a chamber cantata, a form popular amongst Italian Baroque composers in the late seventeenth century. Influenced by developments in opera, the writing for solo voice is more theatrical, more virtuosic than other works in this program. It is accompanied by strings and basso continuo, and Guido Morini has followed a particularly Baroque practice, *scordatura*, whereby one violin is tuned differently from the others to create a particular tone colour.

Aria

*Alato Signore,
Ve lasso st'ammore
Che 'mppetto mi sta.
Che sento, che saccio,
Che tengo, che faccio,
Cu tanta pietà.
Patisco mill'anne
Sbattuto fra ll'onne
Me sento affuca.
Mò chiagno e perché?
Sta gioia è ne trummiento.
Patisco mill'anne.*

Oh winged lord,
I abandon to you this love
That is in my heart.
All that I feel, that I know,
That I own, that I do
With such fervour.
I suffer a thousand years
Tossed about by the waves
I feel as if I am drowning.
Now I weep and why?
This joy is torment.

Recitativo

*Ecco, scumoso Ammore,
Nun preparà sti ffrecce 'ncontracore;*

*Cu chess'ali dorate,
Vola da chella e nun me fà dispietto,
O farfariello.
Me fa sulo nu sguardo
E se ferma stu core e lu respiro.
Songo sperso, deliro ...
Mi sento tutto un duolo.
E cado 'nterra e volo.
Vola, muove sti scelle!
E si tu me vuo' muorto
Pe' stu dolore,
Co' 'na freccia de ghiaccio
Astute chist'ardore.
Guarda, ch'aggio perduto
L'onore e la mia vita
Languendo, ah pietade!
No cchiù llagreme amare
Ma con spada d'orgoglio,
Te faccio guerra Ammore:
Le frecce del tuo arco
Non fan più varco.*

So, offended love,
Don't get out your arrows if you
don't want to.
With your golden wings,
Fly towards her and don't bother me,
You little devil!
Just one look from her is enough
And my heart and my breath will stop.
I feel lost, delirious,
All I feel is pain,
And I fall to earth and fly up again.
Fly, move your wings!
And if you want me to die
From so much sorrow,
With an icy arrow
Put out this ardour.
Look, I have lost
Honour and my life,
Wasting away. Ah, have mercy!
Yet enough of bitter tears,
And with the sword of pride,
I declare war on you, love!
The arrows from your bow
Will no longer wound me.

Aria

*Schiatta, schiatta, l'nzunnacchiato Ammore
Non portare con te chistu core
Solo vento sarà la pieta.*

Die, die, dazed love,
Don't carry this heart away with you.
Pity will be just a wind.

*E si ppoi tu pe' cchesta faccella,
Me fai perdere pure 'a favella,
Sei tu l'alma dell'infamità.*

And if you, for that handsome face,
Make me lose the power of speech,
You are the soul of infamy.

Recitativo

*Lasso, lasso, malagurioso Ammore,
Non è cu tte ca perdo chisto onore.*

Alas, alas, disgraced love,
it is not through you that I will lose my honour.

Aria

*Tanti ppene se porta 'sto core,
Comm'a pioggia ch'è 'o chianto d'o sole.
Chesta cetra mai cchiù sonarrà
Pecchè io canto sultanto 'a pietà.*

So much sorrow weighs down my heart,
Like the rain that is the sun's lament.
This lyre will never sound again,
For I sing only about mercy.

Finale

Alata Signore ...

Oh winged lord ...

Trans. Jeremy Drake & Lynne Murray

Guido Morini & Marco Beasley

Compianto del Cristo velato (Lamentation over Christ veiled)

Compianto del Cristo velato and the following item, *Luna*, come from a chamber opera *Solve et coagula*, based on the life of Raimondo di Sangro, Prince of Sansevero, eighteenth century Neapolitan scientist, alchemist and inventor. Di Sangro was regarded by some as the Leonardo da Vinci of his time: among other things he invented the raincoat, coloured fireworks, colour printing, and an amphibious vehicle. He was a controversial and mysterious figure. He was excommunicated by the Pope because of his interest in Freemasonry, and his alchemical activities were the source of legend. He was reputedly able to create blood, and had people killed in order to use their bodies for scientific experiments. Still to be seen in the chapel of Sansevero are two gruesome and amazingly lifelike skeletons, male and female, in which the veins, arteries and internal organs, even a developing foetus, can clearly be seen. These notorious "anatomical machines" were long believed to be real people, killed by being injected with an embalming fluid. Recent research has concluded, however, that they are artificial.

The chapel contains some of the greatest sculptures of the eighteenth century commissioned by Di Sangro, including "Christ veiled", by Sanmartino, an extraordinary work carved from a single block of marble, representating Jesus's body shrouded in the tomb after he was crucified.

*De la gran croce eretta da Pilate
Fu tolto il Re in un mattina di pena*

From the great cross erected by Pilate,
The King was taken away on a morning of sorrow,

*Ed or sul freddo marmo
Ha la sua schiena la morte lo ritrae
Cristo velato da spine e chiodi lance nel costato
Con duri ferri in chiodato.
Al gran croce eretta da Pilato
Muore oggi Gesù Cristo ammazzato.*

And now on cold marble
Death has laid him out,
Christ veiled with thorns and pierced by the spear in his side,
With hard iron in his side.
At the great cross erected by Pilate
Jesus Christ dies today, murdered.

Amore Italiano

*Fatale fu quel bacio nell' orto
Che orrendo traditor a lui ha porto,
La madre piange qui l'orribil torto.
Nel pianto troverà giammai conforto.
Ma qui si canti dell'immortal vita
Con musica celeste giammai udita;
Qui si raccolga e prieghi la tua aita
L'anima mia ch'eternava smarrita.*

*E il cielo intanto oscuro si facea
Piangean le nubi e il nostro compiangea
E il cielo tutto lagrima gemente
Il corpo santa del Cristo morente.
Velo sottil vi poggia eternamente
Com' acqua fosse di gran fium dolente.*

“Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.”

Guido Morini & Marco Beasley

Luna (Moon)

*Bianca rotunda e pia
Tu scacci la follia
Di chi il tempo passa
A svolger la matassa
Di una vita bruna
Senza speranza alcuna
Ma lu tua bianca luce
Al ciel mi riconduce
Senza negar la scienza
Sento la sua presenza
Sie tu, luce amorosa,
Che pendo qui in sposa*

Fatal was that kiss in the garden
That the horrendous traditor gave him,
His mother cries here at the terrible wrong.
In tears she will never find comfort.
But here are heard songs of immortal life
With celestial music never before heard;
Here my soul which was eternally lost becomes engrossed in
prayer and begs for your help.

And heaven meanwhile darkens,
The clouds and our laments weep,
And all heaven cries and groans
Over the holy body of the dying Christ.
A thin veil covers you eternally
as if it were the waters of a great grieving river.

‘My God, My God, why have you forsaken me.’

White, round and sacred,
You chase away the madness
Of him for whom passing time
Unravels the skein
Of a dark life,
Devoid of hope.
But your white light
Draws me back to the sky;
Without denying science
I feel its presence.
It is you, loving light,
That hangs there as a bride.

Guido Morini & Marco Beasley

Mi s'è adirato lo mare marino (The calm sea is angry with me) from Una Odissea

This song occurs just after the point in the narrative when Odysseus, having finally arrived home, kills the suitors who have been besieging his wife. “Nobody” is the answer Odysseus gives when asked his name by the Cyclops, the one eyed giant of Greek mythology.

*E s'è adirato
lu mare marino,
E s'è adirato
le stelle col sole,
Mi s'è adirato
chi ben mi voliva,
Le male lingue
ne son la cagione...
Possan brusciar
le lingue maledette,*

It is angry,
the sea,
and the stars are angry
with the sun.
She is angry with me,
the one who used to love me so much;
evil tongues
are the cause of it.
Let them burn,
those evil tongues,

*Come fa 'l foco
alle ginestre secche!*

*Ohimé che tempo,
che tempo creature
Che temporale
Che abbiamo passato,
Mille burrasche
di mare e paure,
E qualcheduno
la vita ha perduto...
Possan bruciare
le lingue bugiarde,
Non danno foco al mar
perché non arde!*

*Mi s'è adirato sto
mare marino,
Non vedo terra,
né luna, né sole,
Poco ha valor
di Nessuno il destino,
Nulla più dico,
non ho più parole ...
Possan bruciare
le lingue serpentine,
Non danno foco al mar,
ché non ha fine!*

*Tutte le stelle del cielo
ho pregato,
Il dio del mare
e l'abisso profondo;
Raggio di luna
ed il sole incantato,
Che mi facesse restà
a questo mondo ...
Possan bruciare
le lingue del mondo,
Non danno foco al mar,
ché non ha fondo!*

*Possan bruciare
le lingue maledette!
Possan bruciare,
le lingue bugiarde!
Possan bruciare
le lingue serpentine!
possan bruciare
le lingue del mondo!
Come fa il fuoco
alle ginestre secche!
Non danno foco al mar
perché non arde!
Non danno foco al mar,
ché non fine!
Non danno foco al mar,
ché non ha fondo!*

like the dry gorse
going up in flames!

Alas, what weather,
what destruction,
what storms
we have experienced:
a thousand squalls
at sea and a thousand fears,
and so many
lost their lives...
Let them burn,
those lying tongues.
They cannot set the sea alight,
because it does not burn!

The sea has become
angry with me.
I cannot see land,
nor moon, nor sun.
The fate of Nobody
matters little.
I can say nothing more,
I have no more words ...
Let them burn,
those serpents' tongues.
They cannot set the sea alight,
for it has no end!

To all the stars in the sky
I prayed,
to the god of the sea
and of the underworld,
to the rays of the moon
and to the enchanted sun
which let me stay
in this world.
Let them burn,
those slanderous tongues.
They cannot set the sea alight,
for it is bottomless!

Let them burn,
those evil tongues.
Let them burn,
those lying tongues.
Let them burn,
those serpents' tongues.
Let them burn,
those slanderous tongues.
Let them burn,
like the dry gorse bushes!
They cannot set the sea alight
because it will not burn!
They cannot set the sea alight,
for it is endless!
They cannot set the sea alight,
for it is bottomless!

Amore Italiano

The **frottola** was a form of secular song from the Italian Renaissance. It developed from the custom of reciting poetry to a musical accompaniment, and this “improvisation” was a popular pastime at aristocratic courts such as the Medici in Florence and the Gonzagas in Mantua. The **frottola** was particularly championed by Isabella d’Este, daughter of the Duke of Ferrara and wife of the Duke of Mantua, who commissioned poetry for her favoured composers to set. Ferrara and Mantua continued to be centres of high musical accomplishment: a century later Monteverdi composed some of his best work while employed by the Duke of Mantua, including the famous *Vespers*, and singers from Ferrara were among the most highly regarded in Italy.

The ladies of Ferrara and Mantua were highly competent, and vied with each other not only in regard to the timbre and disposition of their voices but also in the design of exquisite passages ... they moderated or increased their voices, loud or soft, heavy or light, according to the demands of the piece they were singing; now slow, breaking off sometimes with a gentle sigh, now singing long passages legato or detached, now gruppi, now leaps, now with long trills, now with short, or again with sweet running passages sung softly, to which one sometimes heard an echo answer unexpectedly ... They made the words clear in such a way that one could hear even the last syllable of every word ...

VINCENZO GIUSTINIANI

on professional women singers at the courts of Mantua and Ferrara, 1628

Bartolomeo Tromboncino (1470-1535)

Su, su leva alza le ciglia (Get up, get up, open your eyes)

Tromboncino was one of the most important *frottola* composers in the early sixteenth century, writing one hundred and seventy of them. He was favoured by Isabella d’Este, whom he worked for in Mantua. His life was not without incident: he murdered his wife after finding her with her lover, and later was employed by the infamous Lucrezia Borgia in Ferrara. He was a trombone player, hence his name! This strophic *frottola* with simple strummed accompaniment was published in Rome in 1517.

*Sú, sú leva, alza le ciglia,
Non dormir ché non dorm'io;
E se hai caro al viver mio,
Apri gli occhi e te resviglia.
Sú, sú leva ...*

Get up, get up, open your eyes,
Do not sleep because I do not sleep;
And if my life is dear to you,
Open your eyes and wake up.
Wake up, wake up...

*Lassa il somno et odi il canto
D'un che va per te penando
E che affetto è d'amor tanto,
Che per te va quinci errando
E si forte lamentando,
Che col strido te resviglia.
Sú, sú leva...*

Stop sleeping and listen to the song
Of him who suffers for you
And who is so affected by love,
That because of you he wanders around
And laments so loudly,
That his cry wakes you up.
Get up, get up...

*Tu riposi et io, qua fora,
Per te fo pensier diversi
E l'ardor che cresce ognora
Tenmi i spirti in duol sumersi,
Tal che con dolenti versi
Forza m'è che ti resviglia.
Sú, sú leva...*

You rest and I, outside,
Think so much about you,
And the ardour that unceasingly grows
Plunges my spirits into sadness,
So that with sorrowful verses
I am forced to wake you up.
Get up, get up...

*Lassa adonque, o donna, il somno
E pietà ti svegli il core
Ché mie forze piú non pono
Riparar a un tanto ardore;
E se hai dramma in te d'amore,
Odi il canto e te resviglia.
Sú, sú leva...*

So stop sleeping, oh lady,
And may pity awaken your heart,
For I don't have any more strength
To hold back such ardour;
And if you know the drama of love,
Listen to the song and wake up.
Get up, get up...

Jacopo Fogliano (1468-1548)

L'amor, donna, ch'io te porto (The love, lady, that I have for you)

Fogliano was organist for many years at Modena cathedral. This *frottola* was published in Venice in 1507.

*L'amor, donna, ch'io te porto
Volentier vorria scoprire
E'l mio affanno vorria dire
Che per te pena sopporto.
L'amor, donna, ch'io te porto
Volentier vorria scoprire.*

The love, lady, that I have for you
I would like to show;
I would like to tell of the torment
That I suffer for you.
The love, lady, that I have for you
I would like to show.

*Io non so come ti possa
Descovrir l'ardente foco,
Che me bruza nfino all'ossa
E non vedo tempo e loco:*

I do not know how
To reveal to you the burning fire,
That consumes me to my bones;
I have lost all sense of time and place ;

*E che ahimé! io bruzo in foco
Senza aver alcun conforto!*

And alas, I burn in fire
Without receiving any comfort!

*Non me fido a mandar messo
Per che temo esser gabbato;
S'io te passo per appresso,
Tu te volti in altro lato;
Chiuso son piú giorni stato
E son anche a peggior porto!*

I have no faith in sending a messenger
For I am afraid of being cheated;
If I pass close by you,
You turn the other way;
I have stayed locked away for many days
And yet it has made me worse!

Marco Beasley

Tu dormi (You sleep)

This song, which Marco Beasley describes as “suspended ... a song neither in space nor time” takes its inspiration from a *frottola* by Bartolomeo Tromboncino, published in Venice in 1509, as well as a traditional song from Puglia in southern Italy.

Amore Italiano

*Tu dormi, io veglio alla tempesta e al vento
su la marmorea petra di tua porta.*

You sleep and I keep watch in the storm and the wind
on your marble doorstep.

*Tu dormi, io veglio e sto sempre in tormento
e l'anima ed il core da me scampo.*

You sleep, I keep watch and am always in torment
and try to preserve my heart and my soul.

*Tu dormi, io veglio e con amaro accento
ogn'hor chiamo pietà che è per me morta.*

You sleep and I keep watch and in bitter tones
I ever call on pity that for me is dead.

*Tu dormi, io veglio e poi in un sol momento
di lagrime e di pianto io qui divampo.*

You sleep and I keep watch and then in a single moment
I dissolve into tears and weeping.

*Tu dormi, io veglio con grave tormento
né trovo al mio penar chi me conforta.*

You sleep and I keep watch, prey to great torment
and find no-one to console my sorrow.

*Tu dormi, io veglio e solo mi lamento
di vita vo' soffrir tutto l'inciampo.*

You sleep and I keep watch and lament alone
that I shall endure all life's hostility.

*Tu dormi riposata senz'affanno,
e gli occhi miei serrati mai non stanno.*

You sleep peacefully without anguish,
and my eyes never close.

*Tu dormi ed io, crudel, lamento e ploro,
e moro, ahimé, ch'io moro.*

You sleep and I, cruel one, I lament and weep
and die, alas, I die.

Guido Morini

Passacaglia

The **Passacaglia** originated in Spain in the seventeenth century. From the words “pasar” to walk and “calle” street, it first meant the few bars played by strolling guitarists between verses of a song, and over time evolved into a variety of bass formulas on which sets of variations were built.

*Another sort of wild national tune is peculiar to Apulia, with which they
set the people a dancing and sweating who either are bit or fancy themselves to be
bitten by the tarantula. ... The whole is an imposition upon the people of Apulia to gain money –
that not only the case but the malady itself is a fraud... However the whole is so thoroughly
believed by some innocent people in the country that when really bitten by other insects
or animals that are poisonous they try this method of dancing to a particular tune,
till they sweat, which together with their faith sometimes makes them whole.
They will continue to dance in a kind of frenzy for many hours even till they drop down
with fatigue and lassitude*

CHARLES BURNEY

Music, Men and Manners in France & Italy, 1770

The **tarantella** takes its name from the town of Taranto in southern Italy. It was a fast moving dance with a particular bouncy rhythm, performed by one couple surrounded by a circle of others, and accompanied by tambourines and castanets. According to a longstanding popular legend which prevailed in this region from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, dancing the tarantella was the antidote for a bite from a **tarantula** spider. The bite was supposed to cause convulsions and delirium on every anniversary of the bite unless it was danced out in a ritual which could take up to three days. Scientists in the eighteenth century proved that the spiders (not tarantulas but black widow spiders) were harmless, and it appears that the practice, which most commonly affected women, actually marked rites of passage in the life of the person affected.

Not just any music was effective: the rhythms and sounds had to match the characteristics of the type of spider, and musicians who specialised in the **tarantella** travelled from village to village.

Anonymous

Tarantella di Ischitella

Ischitella is a small town in the Apulia region of southern Italy on the Adriatic coast.

*Sona a battenti sona chitarra mia,
li colpi giusti lo sonatur ti dà.
Sona chitarra mia, ruspiti da lu sonnu non cchiù dormire*

Play, oh my guitar, do not tire:
he who plays you gives you the right beat.
Wake up, my guitar, because I can't sleep,

e non ci dormi quannu c'avimmo amari.

you don't sleep when you are in love.

*Nu letto di viole ci lu faciti,
li materazzi e li cuscini di seta
e li lenzoli soni arricamati,
li cuperti soni di vasilicoi.*

Make a bed out of violets,
with mattresses and cushions of silk,
sheets of embroidered lace
and covers of sweet basil.

*Sono belli l'occhi toi
e l'occhi toi belli sò li fronni d'arburelli
e l'occhi toi vivaci sò li fronni di vammacia.*

Your eyes are beautiful,
beautiful like the leaves of the trees,
shimmering like silk.

Rapilu belli ca t'avi da parlà:

Listen to me, my beauty, I must speak to you:

*t'ava dicere duje paroli,
tinele a mente nun li scurdà.*

I have a few words for you,
to think about and not forget.

Amore Italiano

Anonymous

La bella noeva (What good news)

La bella noeva is a traditional song from a region of the North-West of Italy called *Le quattro provincie*.

*La bella noeva che t'ho purtà
O bel faccin d'amore,
Dimmi che noeva m'hai purtà
Che sei venut'a quest'ora!
E mi la noeva che t'ho purtà,
E mi non so se vi piacerà:
Son qui a domandarvi
A voi bello morettin,
Se volete maritarmi.
O maritarmi non so con chi...
Fortuna si è quella,
A voi bello morettin,
A voi vi donerò l'anello.*

What good news I have brought you,
Oh you with the beloved handsome face!
Tell me, what news have you brought me'
That you came at this hour!
Well, the news I have brought you,
I'm not sure that you will like:
I am here to ask you,
Dark, handsome one,
If you will marry me.
Or I'll get married to I don't know who...
It's your good luck,
To you, dark, handsome one,
To you I will give the ring.

And at night hearing in the street genuine Neapolitan singing, accompanied by a calascioncina, a mandaline and a violin, I sent for the whole band up stairs – but like other street music, it was best at a distance ... However hear it where one will the modulation and accompaniment are very extraordinary. ... it is a very singular species of music, as wild in modulation and different from that of all the rest of Europe as the Scots and 'tis perhaps as ancient ...

CHARLES BURNEY

Music, Men and Manners in France & Italy, 1770

The calascioncina, also known as the colascione, was a long-necked lute with two or three strings and played with a plectrum. It was introduced into southern Italian popular music from the Middle East in the sixteenth century. The Sardine accompanies herself on a colascione in *Lo Guarracino*.

Anonymous

La canzone del Guarracino (The Song of the Pomfret)

This is a famous and much loved *tarantella* from Naples. It tells the story of a pomfret, a type of fish, who falls in love with a two-timing sardine. The sardine's former lover, a haddock, goes looking for the pomfret, and a huge brawl takes place which ends up involving all the fish of the Mediterranean. Some versions describe the pomfret's wig as being "alla caunizza", that is, in the style favoured by the Austrian statesman Prince Kaunitz, who was renowned for his extravagant wigs. This would date the song to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Marine scientists have identified that eighty two species of marine life are mentioned in the lyrics, providing precious evidence about biodiversity in the Mediterranean in the eighteenth century. This is a comic "patter" song, along the lines of the Major-General's song in *The Pirates of Penzance*, for example. It picks up pace as more and more fish join the fray, and is a real tour de force for the singer, who is entitled to exclaim, "my throat is dry and my lungs are about to burst" after getting through all nineteen verses, with no repeated words!

*Lo Guarracino che jeva pe mare
le venne voglia de se 'nzorare,
se facette no bello vestito
de scarde de spine pulito pulito
cu na perucca tutta 'ngrifata
de ziarelle 'mbrasciolata,
co lo sciabò, scolla e puzine
de ponte angrese fine fine.*

*Cu li cazune de rezze de funno,
scarpe e cazette de pelle de tunno,
e sciammeria e sciammereino
d'aleche e pile de voje marino,
co buttune e bottunera
d'uocchie de purpe, secce e fera,
fibbia, spata e schiocche 'ndorate
de niro de secce e fele d'achiate.*

*Doje belle cateniglie
de premmone de conchiglie,
no cappiello aggallonato
de codarino d'aluzzo salato,
tutto posema e steratiello,
ieva facenno lu sbafantiello
e gerava da ccà e da llà;
la 'nnammorata pe se trovà!*

*La Sardella a lo barcone
steva sonanno lo calascione;
e a suono de trommetta
ieva cantanno st'arietta:
«E llarè lo mare e lena
e la figlia da sià Lena
ha lasciato lo nnamorato
peccché niente l'ha rialato».*

*Lo Guarracino 'nche la guardaje
de la Sardella se 'nnamoraje;
se ne jette da na Vavosa
la cchiù vecchia maleziosa;
l'ebbe bona rialata
pe mannarle la mmasciata:
la Vavosa pisse pisse
chiatto e tunno nce lo disse.*

*La Sardella 'nch'a sentette
rossa rossa se facette,
pe lo scuorno che se pigliaje
sotto a no scuoglio se 'mpizzaje;*

The Pomfret, as he swam out to sea,
Decided that he would like to marry,
So he had a fine suit made,
Spotless and gleaming with scales,
And a very wavy wig,
Its curls tied with ribbons,
And his jabot, collar and cuffs
Were of fine broderie anglaise.

His trousers were made of fishing net,
His shoes and socks of tuna skin
And his jacket and waistcoat
Were woven from seaweed and seal-hair,
With buttons and buttonhole
Of octopus, cuttlefish and dolphin eyes.
Buckle, sword and crests
Were of cuttlefish ink and oblada gall.

He wore two fine bracelets
Made of coral and shells,
And a hat with trimmings
Made from the gut of a salted pike.
Thus turned out and starched,
Proudly he strutted about,
Turning this way and that,
In the hope of finding a lady-love.

The Sardine upon her balcony
Was playing the colascione,
And her voice rang out
As she sang this arietta:
'..lalala, the sea is calm,
Aunty Lena's daughter
Has left her lover,
For he was not generous ...'

No sooner had the Pomfret set eyes on her
Than he fell in love with the Sardine!
So off he went to see a slimy old Blenny,
The oldest and the wickedest;
And he paid her very well
To carry out her mission.
In great secret the Blenny went to see
The Sardine, and she did not mince words.

The Sardine, on hearing her,
She blushed, she blushed,
And for shame she went
And hid beneath a rock,

Amore Italiano

*ma la vecchia de la Vavosa
subbeto disse: «Ah schefenzosa!
De sta manera non truove partito
'ncanna te resta lo marito.*

*Se aje voglia de t'allocà
tanta smorfie nonaje da fa;
fora le zeze e fora lo scuorno,
anema e core e faccia de cuorno».
Ciò sentenno la sié Sardella
s'affacciaje a la fenestrella,
fece n'uocchio a zennariello
a lo speruto 'nnammatiello.*

*Ma la Patella che steva de posta
la chiammaje faccia tosta,
tradetora, sbrevognata,
senza parola, male nata,
ch'avea 'nchiantato l'Alletterato
primmo e antico 'nnamorato;
de carrera da chisto jette
e ogne cosa 'lle dicette.*

*Quanno lo 'ntise lo poveriello
se lo pigliaje Farfariello;
jette a la casa e s'armaje e rasulo,
se carceaje comm'a no mulo
de scopette e de spingarde,
povere, palle, stoppa e scarde;
quattro pistole e tre bajonette
dint'a la sacca se mettette.*

*'Ncopp'a li spalle sittanta pistune,
ottanta mbomme e novanta cannone;
e comm'a guappo Pallarino
jeva trovanono lo Guarracino;
la disgrazia a chisto portaje
che mmiezo a la chiazza te lo 'ncontraje:
se l'afferra po crovattino
e po lle dice: "Ah malandrino!*

*Tu me lieve la 'nnammorata
e pigliatella sta mazziata".
Tuffete e taffete a meliune
le deva paccare e secuzzune,
schiaffe, ponie e perepesse,
scoppolune, fecozze e conesse,
scerevecchiune e scutennosse
e ll'ammacca osse e pilosse.*

*Venimmoncenne ch'a lo rommore
pariente e amice ascettero fore,
chi co mazze, cortielle e cortelle,
chi co spate, spatune e spatelle,
chiste co barre e chille co spite,
chi co ammennole e chi co antrite,*

*chi co tenaglie e chi co martielle,
chi co torrone e sosamielle.*

But old Mother Blenny,
At once she said: 'Oh, fussy!
You'll never make a catch,
A husband will stick in your throat!

If you really want to find one,
Stop making such faces!
Enough of this chatting, enough of shame
Courage! Will! Determination!
On hearing this, the young Sardine
Leaned out of the window,
And made eyes
At the bashful lover.

But the Limpet, who was watching,
Cried out: 'You've got a nerve!
You shameless two-timer,
You ill-bred deceiver!
For the Sardine had dropped
Her former lover, the Haddock.
But straight away she went
And told him everything.

Hearing this, the poor creature,
Became quite wild:
He rushed home and armed himself to the teeth,
Loaded himself like a mule
With guns and blunderbusses,
Powder, bullets, fuses, grapeshot;
Four pistols and three bayonets
He stowed in his bag.

With seventy pistols on his shoulders,
Eighty bombs and a hundred cannons,
Like Roland the Paladin
He went in search of the Pomfret.
Misfortune led him to the latter:
He met him on the square,
He grabbed him by the jabot,
Saying: 'Ah, scoundrel!

So you stole my beloved!
Take this blow!
There were whacks and thwacks innumerable!
Blow after blow he gave:
Cuffs and slaps and raps,
Flicks and fillips, and a jolly good thrashing,
Punches and thumps,
And he broke his bones!

Hearing all this commotion,
Relatives and friends came out,
Some with clubs and knives,
Some with swords, daggers, rapiers;
One had an iron bar, another a pike;
Some came with almonds, others with hazelnuts,

This one with pincers, this with a hammer,
And some brought nougat and sesame cake!

*Patre, figlie, marite e moglie
s'azzuffajeno comm'a fere.
A meliune correvano a strisce
de sto partito e de chillo li pisce
Che bediste de sarde e d'alose!
De palaje e raje petrose!
Sarache, dientece ed achiate,
scurme, tunne e alletterate!*

*Pisce palumme e pescatrice,
scuorfene, cernie e alice,
mucchie, ricciole, musdee e mazzune,
stelle, aluzze e storiune,
merluzze, ruongole e murene,
capodoglie, orche e vallene,
capitune, auglie e arenghe,
ciefere, cuocce, tracene e tenghe.*

*Treglie, tremmole, trotte e tunne,
fiche, cepolle, laune e retunne,
purpe, secce e calamare,
pisce spate e stelle de mare,
pisce palumme e pisce prattielle,
voccadoro e cecenielle,
capochiuove e guarracine,
cannolicchie, ostreche e ancine,*

*vongole, cocciole e patelle,
pisce cane e grancetielle,
marizze, marmure e vavose,
vope prene, vedove e spose,
spinole, spuonole, sierpe e sarpe,
scauze, nzuoccole e co le scarpe,
sconcioglie, gammere e ragoste,
vennero nfino co le poste.*

*Capitune, saure e anguille,
pisce gruosse e piccerille,
d'ogni ceto e nazione,
tantille, tante, cchiu tante e tantone!
Quanta botte, mamma mia!
Che se devano, arrassosia!
A centenare le barrate!
A meliune le petrare!*

*Muorze e pizzeche a beliune!
A delluvio li secozzune!
Non ve dico che bivo fuoco
se faceva per ogne luoco!
Ttè, ttè, ttè, ccà pistulate!
Ttè, ttè, ttè, ccà scoppettate!
Ttè, ttè, ttè, ccà li pistune!
Bu, bu, bu, là li cannone!*

*Ma de cantà so già stracquato
e me manca mo lo sciato;
sicché dateme licienza,
graziosa e bella audenzia,
nfi che sorchio na meza de seje,
co salute de luje e de leje,
ca se secca lo cannarone
sbacantannose lo premmone.*

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Pre-concert talks – Alan Maddox

Father, son, husband and wife
Fought like wild beasts.
Millions of fishes in shoals
Darted hither and thither.
What a multitude of sardine and shad,
Sole and ray,
Sargo (with teeth and flat sides),
Butterfly fish, tuna fish and haddock!

Dogfish and burbot,
Scorpion fish, grouper and anchovy,
Throngs of wolf-fish, hake and gudgeon,
Asteroid, pike and sturgeon,
Cod, conger and moray eel;
Sperm whale, killer whale, blue whale,
Captain fish, garfish, herring,
Grey mullet, capelin, sting fish and tench,

Red mullet, cramp fish, trout and tuna,
Hake and plaice, turbot and halibut,
Octopus, cuttlefish, squid;
Swordfish, starfish,
Dogfish and hammer-head,
Goldmouth, whitebait,
Skate and sea-bream,
Razor shell, oyster and sea urchin!

And clam, winkle, limpet,
Shark and crab,
Shad, perch and dribbler;
Pikeperch (expecting, widowed or married),
Bass, bream, sea serpent, grayling,
Barefoot, or wearing clogs or shoes,
Prawn, langoustine, crayfish,
Some even arriving in carriages!

And conger, garfish and eel,
Large fish and small fish
Of every nationality and from all walks of life,
Many, so many and more than many!
Good gracious, what a fight!
God be with us!
Hundreds of blows with sticks!
Millions of blows with stones!

Billions of nips and bites!
A deluge of wallops!
No, I won't tell you about the fighting!
It was everywhere!
Take this! Take that! Fire over here!
And there, there! Shoot over there!
Bang, bang, bang! Here go the pistols!
Boom, boom, boom! There go the cannons!

But I am weary of singing
And out of breath;
So allow me,
Good, kind listeners,
To drink sixpenn'orth of wine
To the health of both him and her.
For my throat is dry
And my lungs are about to burst.

Translation: Mary Pardoe