

A Musical Banquet
Songs and Dances from Europe
Inspired by Robert Dowland's Book of 1610
Anne Azéma & Nigel North
US 2025

Non English Texts and Translations

<p>Amarilli, mia bella, Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio, D'esser tu l'amor mio? Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale, Dubitar non ti vale. Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core: Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli è il mio amore.</p>	<p>My lovely Amaryllis, Don't you know, O my heart's sweet desire, That it is you whom I love? Believe in my love; and if fear besets you, Don't doubt that it's true. Open my breast and see written on my heart: Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my love.</p>
<p>Dolcissimo sospiro ch'esci da quella bocca ove d'amor ogni dolcezza fiocca, deh, viene a raddolcire l'amaro mio dolore, ecco ch'io t'apr'il core, ma folle a chi ri dico il mio martire ad un sospiro errante che forse vola in sen ad altro amante.</p>	<p>Sweetest of sighs that issues from that mouth whence drop all the sweets of love! Come, sweeten my bitter grief. Look, I open my heart to you. But to whom shall I tell my martyrdom? To a wandering sigh wafted perhaps to a different lover!</p>
<p>El baxel esta en la playa Presto para navegar, Ay ay ay Ay quien se quiere embarcar : Acudan a la marina los que fueren del Amor para quitarles su ardor pues que la vela se tira al son de esta mi bocina os quiero yo pregonar: ¡ay!, quién se quiere embarcar.</p>	<p>The boat is on the beach Ready to sail, Oh oh oh Oh, whoever wants to embark: Come to the marina those who are of Love to quell their ardor</p>

En pagar el homenaje
a los dioses del amor
a quien quiere navegar
si se le hará ultraje
solo tenga buen coraje
cuando sentirá gritar:
¡ay!, quién se quiere embarcar.

for the sail is being pulled
to the sound of this my horn
I want to proclaim to you:
Oh! Whoever wants to embark.

In paying homage
to the gods of love
whoever wants to sail
if you will be insulted
only have good courage
when you will hear the cry:
Oh! Whoever wants to embark.

Ma belle si ton âme
Se sent or allumer
De cette douce flame
Qui nous force d'aymer,
Allons contans,
Allons sur la verdure,
Allons tandis que dure
Nostre jeune printemps.

My beautiful one,
if your soul
now feels itself glowing
with this sweet flame
which compels us to love,
let us go happily,
let us go upon the greenery,
let us go while
our young springtime lasts.

Avant que la journée
De nostre age qui fuit
Se sent environée
Des ombres de la nuit,
Prenons loisir
De vivre nostre vie
Et sans craindre l'envie
Baisons nous à plaisir.

Before the day
of our time passes,
feeling itself wrapped
in the shadows of night,
let us take leisure
in living our lives
and, without fear of rivalry,
let us kiss at our pleasure.

Du soleil la lumière
Sur le soir se desteint
Puis à l'aube première
Elle reprend son teint.
Mais nostre jour,
Quant une fois il tombe,
Demeure sous la tombe,

The sun's light
fades at eventide;
then, at daybreak,
its color is revived.
but our day,
when once it falls,
remains in the grave,

<p>Y faisant long séjour. [...]</p> <p>Ça, finette affinée Ça, rompons le destin Qui clot nostre journée Souvent dès le matin. Allons, contans, Allons sur la verdure, Allons tandis que dure Nostre jeune printemps.</p>	<p>there to dwell for a long time. [...]</p> <p>Here then, my precious one, here then, let us break from such a fate, which would end our day even before morning has passed. let us go happily, let us go upon the greenery, let us go while our young springtime lasts.</p>
<p>N'espérez plus mes yeux De revoir en ces lieux la beauté que j'adore:</p> <p>Le Ciel, jaloux de mon bonheur^{[L][SEP]} A ravy ma naissante aurore^{[L][SEP]} par sa rigueur.</p> <p>Les pleurs n'ont plus de lieux^{[L][SEP]} Dans le cœur de ce dieu dont le feu me dévore.</p> <p>Le Ciel...</p> <p>C'est en vain soupirer, ^{[L][SEP]}C'est en vain espérer le secours que j'implore.^{[L][SEP]}</p> <p>Le Ciel...</p>	<p>Hope no more, my eyes To see here again that beauty I adore:</p> <p>The heavens, jealous of my happiness^{[L][SEP]} Have ravished my nascent dawn^{[L][SEP]} By their harshness.</p> <p>^{[L][SEP]}Tears have no place^{[L][SEP]} in the heart of that god whose fire devours me.</p> <p>The heavens...</p> <p>It is vain to sigh. It is vain to hope for the aid I beseech.</p> <p>The heavens...</p>
<p>Un jour l'amoureuse Silvie Disoit baise moy je te prie Au berger qui seul est sa vie Et son amour, Baise moy Pasteur je te prie, Et te lève car il est jour.</p> <p>Regarde la naissante Aurore, Baise moy Pasteur que j'adore, Qui veut que je te prie encore Par nostre amour :</p>	<p>Sylvia, not long since, halfe-affrighted, Because loves theft grew un-benighted, Wak' the mate wherein free delighted, And thus did say : With a kisse let all wrongs bee righted, And get-up quickly ; for 'tis day.</p> <p>See ! where young Morne begins to enter : What early wings have late bee'n lent her ! Some sleepesse rivall may have sent her, Us to betray : Hastily kisse then, to prevent her,</p>

<p>Baise moy Pasteur que j'adore, Et te lève car il est jour.</p> <p>Ma crainte hors d'ici t'appelle, Baise moy Pasteur ce dit-elle, O dieux ! dit-il, quelle nouvelle Pour tant d'amour : Baise moy pasteur ce dit-elle, Et te lève car il est jour. [...]</p> <p>Mais puis qu'il faut que je te laisse Baise moy ma chere déesse, Soulage l'ennuy qui m'opresse Par trop d'amour : Baise moy ma chère déesse, Et puis adieu car il est jour.</p>	<p>And get-up quickly ; for 'tis day.</p> <p>My feare would faine from hence expell thee, Before this traytresse Light do selle thee To Shame when thinke not much I tell thee Of thy delay ; With a kisse since I must compell thee To get-up quickly ; for 'tis day. [...]</p> <p>Since then to part I find concerning Now thy advice hath taght mee learning, I will, to shew my sealfé discerning, Rather then stay, Take a kisse in pay of loves earning, And so, farewell; because 'tis day.</p>
<p>Cessés mortels de soupirer, Cette beauté n'est pas mortelle; Il est permis de l'adorer, Mais non pas d'estre amoureux d'elle.</p> <p>Les Dieux tant seulement Peuvent aymer si hautement.</p> <p>Amours au lieux plus escartés Même où l'on méprise ses flammes, Au seul renom de ses beautés Captive les plus grandes âmes:</p> <p>Mais les dieux seulement Peuvent aimer si hautement. [...]</p> <p>Celuy seroit trop insencé Quelque heur où son bonheur aspire, Si ces beaux yeux l'avoyent blesse, D'oser decouvrir son martire;</p> <p>Car les dieux seulement Peuvent aymer si hautement.</p> <p>Bref ces divines qualités Dont le ciel orna sa naissance, Deffendent même au déités,</p>	<p>Desist, mortals, from sighing, Her beauty is not of this world, You may adore her, But you may never love her.</p> <p>The gods alone May love so nobly.</p> <p>Love, even in the most remote places Where its flames are despised, At the mere mention of her beauties Holds captive the deepest souls.</p> <p>But only the gods Can love so highly</p> <p>That one will become quite mad, Chancing to aspire to such happiness, If those beautiful eyes have graced him For daring to discover his own undoing;</p> <p>For the gods alone May love so nobly.</p> <p>In short, these godly qualities Which were given to her by birth Prevent even the gods, not only to love her, but to hope</p>

<p>Non de l'aimer, mais l'espérance D'obtenir en l'aymant sinon qu'un glorieux tourment.</p>	<p>That in loving her, they would inherit anything but a glorious torment.</p>
<p>Si jamais mon ame blessée Loge ailleurs qu'en vous sa pensée, Puissé-je estre pour châtiment Privé de tout contentement. [...]</p> <p>Si jamais le temps ny l'absence Peuvent esbranler ma constance Puissé-je sans aucun secours Languir le reste de mes jours.</p> <p>Bref, soyes moy toujours cruelle Autant que vous me semblez belle, Si je manque à vostre beauté D'amour et de fidélité.</p>	<p>If ever my wounded heart should harbor in its thoughts anyone but you, may I as punishment be deprived of all joy. [...]</p> <p>If ever time and absence break my fidelity, may I languish without help for the rest of my days.</p> <p>In short, be as cruel to me as you are beautiful, if ever I should lack towards your beauty, in love and constancy.</p>
<p>La voilà, la nacelle d'amour Où ma maistresse arrive, La voicy, la voilà de retour, De sa prison captive, Qu'un chacun luy face hommage, Et d'un courage, Que l'on chante tousjours la la la la voicy, la voilà.</p> <p>Le voicy, le voilà ce bel oeil, Sur le cristal de l'onde : Le voila le soleil nompareil, Le seul astre du monde. Q'un chacun...</p> <p>La voicy, la voilà ceste main, A la neige faict honte, Le voicy, le voila ce tétin, Qui son beau sein surmonte. Q'un chacun...</p>	<p>It is here, the barque of love In which my mistress arrives; it is here, there it is, returned from its season of captivity: let each one pay it homage, and, heartfelt, let everyone always sing, la, la, la, it is here, there it is.</p> <p>It is here, there it is this beautiful eye, On the crystal of water; It is here, there it is, the unmatched sun, The sole star of the world. Let each one...</p> <p>It is here, there it is, that hand; It puts snow to shame. It is here there it is, that nipple Which surmounts her beautiful breast. Let each one...</p>

Various editions and sources for the original texts.

Translations ©: Edward Filmer (ca. 1589 – 1650) after Guédron; Peter Ricketts; Anne Azéma; Paul Archer; various anonymous sources.

The Lute

10 course lute by Ray Nurse, Vancouver, 1980

The Musicians

French-born vocalist, scholar and stage director **Anne Azéma** has directed The Boston Camerata since 2008 and the French ensemble Aziman, which she founded, since 2005. Intensely engaged since her student days with the song repertoire of the Middle Ages, she is esteemed as a charismatic solo performer. But she is also widely admired for her creative skill in building and directing complete musical productions of varied styles and periods, both for her recital programs and for larger ensemble forces (concert and stage) in Europe and the United States. Anne Azéma's current discography of 40 recordings as a soloist (Grand Prix du Disque; Edison Prize) includes five widely acclaimed solo CD recitals. Since assuming the directorship of The Boston Camerata in 2008, she has created a series of eighteen new productions. Ms. Azéma is also in demand as a recitalist, presenting her original programs to audiences in North and South America, Europe, the Middle East and Asia, with either Shira Kammen (vielle and harp), or Nigel North (lutes). Her collaboration with the Tero Saarinen Dance Company (Helsinki, Finland) around early American songs has been praised on three continents and continues to this day (2025).

Among Anne Azéma's teaching activities are master classes, seminars, and residencies at conservatories and universities here and abroad. She has taught at the Fondazione Cini, Venice; the Fondazione Benetton, Treviso; the Schola Cantorum, Basel and is currently on the faculty of Longy School of Music of Bard College. She has contributed articles to scholarly and general audience publications.

Born in London, England, **Nigel North** has been Professor of Lute at the Historical Performance Institute (formerly Early Music Institute), Indiana University, Bloomington (USA) since 1999. Previous positions included The Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London (1976-1996), Hochschule der Künste, Berlin (1993–1999) and the Royal Conservatory, Den Haag, (2006–2009).

Initially inspired at the age of seven by the early 60's instrumental pop group "The Shadows", Nigel studied classical music through the violin and guitar, eventually discovering his real path in life, the lute, when he was 15. Basically self-taught on the lute, he has been playing and teaching for nearly 50 years.

After hearing one of Nigel's Bach recitals in London, Julian Bream recalled in 2002 "I remember going to a remarkable recital, one which I wish I had the ability to give: it was one of Nigel North's Bach recitals, and I was bowled over by how masterful and how musical it was. A real musical experience, something you don't always get from guitar and lute players and which, in general, is pretty rare." Recordings include a four CD boxed set "Bach on the Lute" (Linn

Records), four CDs of the lute music of John Dowland (Naxos), and a new ongoing series of music by Sylvius Weiss (4 CDs) and Francesco da Milano (3 CDs, both on BGS).