

Caritas habundat in omnia,
de imis excellentissima super sidera
atque amantissima in omnia.

Love abounds in all,
from the depths exalted and excelling
over every star, and most beloved of all

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.

*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.*

Esperar, sentir, morir, adorar,
porque en el pesar de mi eterno amor
caber puede en su dolor
adorar, morir, sentir, esperar.

¿Por qué más iras buscas que mi tormento,
si en su siempre callado dolor, atento,
yo propio me castigo lo que me quejo?

Vive tú, muera solo quien tanto siente
que sus eternos males la vida crece
y solamente vive porque padece.

*To hope, to feel, to die, to adore...
For there is a place in the eternity
of my loving for all this sorrow!
To adore, to die, to feel, to hope.*

*Why do you wish that my torment is greater
If in its ever quietly vigilant grief
My complaints punish me already?*

*May you live, for only he dies
Who feels his troubles are ever increasing
And he only lives to suffer.*

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy
sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary
days
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to condemn light.
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

The Complaint

O, let me forever weep:
My eyes no more shall welcome sleep.
I'll hide me from the sight of day,
And sigh my soul away.
He's gone, his loss deplore,
And I shall never see him more.

Seufzt und weint, ihr matten Augen,
Herz und Seele, brich entzwei.

Lascia ch'io pianga mia cruda sorte,
e che sospiri la libertà.
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte
de' miei martiri sol per pietà.

*Laat mij in tranen mijn lot beklagen
En laat mij verlangen naar de vrijheid.
Slechts de barmhartigheid kan deze
marteling verlichten.
Moge barmhartigheid de pijn van deze
marteling doorbreken.*

Che farò senza Euridice?

Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Che farò?
Dove andrò?
Che farò senza il mio ben?
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?

Euridice! Euridice!
O Dio! Rispondi!
Rispondi!

Io son pure il tuo fedele!
Io son pure il tuo fedel, il tuo fedele!

*Wat moet ik doen zonder Euridice?
Waar moet ik heengaan zonder mijn lief?
Wat moet ik doen, waar moet ik heengaan
Wat moet ik doen zonder mijn lief?
Waar moet ik heengaan zonder mijn lief?*

*Euridice! Euridice!
Oh God! Geef antwoord!...Antwoord!*

*Ik ben echt jouw vriend!
Ik ben echt jouw vriend!
Jouw trouwe vriend!*

Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen,
wenn Erde diesen Leib bedeckt.
Ach ruft mich bald, ihr Sterbeglocken,
ich bin zum Sterben unerschrocken,
weil mich mein Jesus wieder weckt.

*De ziel rust in Jezus' handen
wanneer aarde dit lichaam bedekt.
Ach, roep mij snel, doodsklokken,
ik ben niet bang om te sterven,
want mijn Jezus zal mij weer opwekken.*

In paradisum deducant angeli:
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam
Jerusalem.
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,
aeternam habeas requiem.

*May the angels lead you into paradise:
may the martyrs receive you as you arrive,
and bring you into the holy city of Jerusalem.
May the choir of angels receive you,
and may you have eternal rest.*