

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The edition of the text follows the manuscript version. Variants in the printed version are noted in the footnotes. Capitalization and punctuation are modernized without comment. In poetry, the editors present a hypothetical reconstruction of the original text, before the composer set it to music: as far as possible, lines are restored to a regular metrical structure, and stanzas are divided according to rhyme scheme or major changes in syntax and contents.

Peccavi Domine

Peccavi Domine, impie gessi, iniquitatem feci,
legem tuam non custodivi et mandata tua non
servavi. Hei¹ mihi, ad quem confugiam, hei² mihi,
cuius auxilium implorabo?

Non ad Deum pietatis, quem offendi, sed ad te,
Matrem³ misericordiae, confugio, ad te recurro, ad
te festino, ad te suspiro, ad te, o Maria, o Regina, o
Mater misericordiae. Illos tuos misericordes oculos
ad me⁴ converte, et Iesum benedictum fructum
ventris tui pro me deprecare, o Virgo Maria. O
clemens, o pia, o dulcis, o Virgo, o Mater, o Regina
Maria, funde pro me praeces ad Filium.

Ad Mariam ergo curro
et ad illam me converto
toto cordis iubilo.

Sub tutela virginali
in hac valle lacrimali
semper exultabo.

Protegente me Maria,
Virgo clemens, Virgo pia,
delebuntur crimina.

Te Mariam collaudabo,
semper, semper exaltabo
celebri laetitia.

Alleluia.

Lord, I sinned, I was unfaithful, I was unjust, I did
not keep your law and follow your orders. Ah me, to
whom will I resort, whose help will I ask?

Not in the God of pity, whom I offended, but in you,
Mother of mercy, I seek refuge, to you I return, to
you I hurry, to you I sigh, to you, O Mary, O Queen,
O Mother of mercy. O Virgin Mary, turn thine eyes
of mercy toward me, and pray for me to the blessed
fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O
sweet, O Virgin, O Mother, O Queen Mary, give thy
prayers for me to the Son.

To Mary therefore I run
and to her I turn
with wholehearted joy.

Under the protection of the Virgin
in this vale of tears
I will always rejoice.

As long as Mary protects me,
clement Virgin, loving Virgin,
the sins will be cancelled.

Thee, Mary, I will ever praise,
I will ever exalt,
in festive joy.

Alleluia.

¹Print: *heu*.

²Print: *heu*.

³Print: *Mater*.

⁴Print: *nos*.

Quaerens dilectum

Quaerens dilectum
quem corde colebat,
in silvas umbrosas,
in valles amoenas,
in flores et rosas,
in colles apricos,
ardore consumpta
dilecta pergebat
et quasi defuncta
haec verba dicebat:

“O aerae suaves,
siccate sudores.
O garrulae aves,
inferte sopores,
et hilares cantus
proferte felices,
sublimes in planctas
ventilate per dies.
Vos, castae camenae,
cantate laetantes.

O lumina clara,
frenate rigores.
Mors mihi est cara,
sunt grati dolores.
Narrate dilecto,
vos concava saxa,
quod illum expecto
sub umbra relaxa.

Age, age, propera.
Rumpe, rumpe moras.
Veni, veni, dilecte,
veni, veni, mi Jesu.
Quas respicis horas?
Te solum adoro,
te solum exploro,
te solum suspiro,
te solum admiro.⁵

Iungamus dexteras,
iungamus gaudia,
dicamus iugiter:
vivant amoris gaudia.”

Sic quaerens dilectum
quem corde colebat
ardore consumpta
dilecta dicebat.

Seeking the beloved
whom her heart cherished,
in shady woods,
in pleasing vales,
in flowers and roses,
in sunny hills,
consumed by her fire,
the beloved roamed
and almost dying
pronounced these words:

“O sweet airs,
dry up the sweat!
O chattering birds,
induce sleep,
and sing happily
your laughing songs,
in the high trees
give forth for days!
You, chaste nymphs,
sing joyfully!

O bright lights,
check your severity!
Death is dear to me,
pains are welcome.
Tell my beloved,
you hollow stones,
that I am awaiting him
lying in the shade.

Come, come, hurry.
Do not tarry.
Come, come, beloved,
come, come, my Jesus.
For what time are you waiting?
Thee only I adore,
thee only I explore,
unto thee only I sigh,
thee only I admire.

Let us join our right hands,
let us join our joys,
let us say together:
long live the joys of love!”

Thus, seeking the beloved
whom her heart cherished,
consumed by her fire,
the beloved spoke.

⁵Print: the final two stanzas are not set in the printed version.

Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa

“Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa,”
dal mio ben sentir mi⁶ ascolto.
“Spera poco e servi molto,
che qualcosa al fin sarà.
Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa.”

Oh, questo al parer mio
è ben un duol ch'ogn'altro duolo avanza
s'un avido desio
si pasce di longhissima speranza.
Ma dite amanti voi se v'appagate
dopo un longo servir d'un “Dio sa poi.”
Sete pazzi s'il fate.
Io non la vuo' così.
Lilla, statti da te,
ch'io non voglio penar la notte e 'l dì
senza sperar mercè.
Ma la mia donna amata,
quanto bella, ostinata,
questa risposta rea sempre mi dà:
“Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa.”

Chi spera s'inganna.
Speranze, fuggite!
La voce ch'udite
a gir vi condanna.
Invan poi s'affanna
quel cor tutto ardente
che sempre dir sente
se chiede pietà:
“Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa.”

Chi ama non speri
vicina mercede,
per ch'hoggi⁷ si vede
l'error de' pensieri.
Chi amò gl'anni intieri,
chi pianse, chi arse,
ode hora cantare
se chiede pietà:
“Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa.”

Cieli, affrettate i giri,
e porti il tempo homai⁸
o la mia morte o il fin de' miei martiri.
Che se costante amai,
se idolatrai divoto

“It needs time, and then – God only knows,”
I hear my beloved sing to me.
“Hope little and serve much,
something will happen in the end,
It needs time, and then – God only knows.”

Ah, this, I think,
is a pain that surpasses all other pains,
if burning desire
has to feed itself upon a very distant hope.
But speak, you lovers, if you can be content
after a long courtship with a “God only knows.”
If you do, you are fools.
I do not want it this way.
Lilla, you may remain alone,
because I do not want to suffer night and day
without hope of mercy.
But my beloved lady,
as stubborn as she is beautiful,
always gives me this unwise reply:
“It needs time, and then – God only knows.”

Hope is only delusion.
Hopes, flee!
The voice you hear
forces you to leave.
Vain is the suffering
of a heart, all aflame,
that, if he asks for mercy,
always hears saying:
“It needs time, and then – God only knows.”

Whoever loves should not hope
for any quick reward,
for today we see
the error of his thought.
He who loved for years on end,
who wept, who burned,
now hears sung
if he asks for mercy:
“It needs time, and then – God only knows.”

Heavens, quicken your revolutions!
and bring now the time
either of my death or the end of my torture!
If I was a constant lover,
if I devoutly adored,

⁶Print: *cantarmi*.

⁷Print: *per ch'oggi*

⁸Print: *omai*.

come al mio ben⁹ è noto
il ciel d'un volto o di due occhi i rai,
non mi s'intoni più come si fa:
“Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa.”

“Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa,”
dal mio ben sentir mi¹⁰ ascolto.
“Spera poco e servi molto,
che qualcosa al fin sarà.
Ci vuol tempo e poi Dio sa.”

as my beloved does well know,
her heavenly face or the rays of her two eyes,
then do not sing any longer, as you do now:
“Time is needed, and then – God only knows.”

“Time is needed, and then – God only knows,”
I hear my beloved sing to me.
“Hope little and serve much,
something will happen in the end,
Time is needed, and then – God only knows.”

⁹Print: *bene*.

¹⁰Print: *cantarmi*.