

Prospective music selections for “Portrait of a Young Woman”

Concert portion of the production

Young Antea:

Contrappunto bestiale alla mente by Adriano Banchieri

A silly, playful, nonsense song imitating animal sounds.

Tanzen und Springen by Hans Leo Hassler

Dancing and leaping, singing and ringing;
Lutes and fiddles should also not be silent;
To make music and rejoice is all that's on my mind.
Beautiful young girls in green meadows;
To stroll with them and converse,
Friendly to jest delights my heart more than silver and gold.

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen by Heinrich Isaac

Innsbruck, I must leave you; I will go my way to foreign lands.
My joy has been taken away from me, that I cannot achieve where I am in misery.
I must now bear great sorrow that I can only share with my dearest.
Oh love, hold poor me and in your heart compassion that I must part from you.

Antea:

Fa una canzona by Orazio Vecchi

Write a song without any black notes if you ever wanted my favor.
Write it so that it will lull me to sleep; make it end sweetly, sweetly.
Don't put harshness into it because my ears are not used to that.
Don't write numbers or counterpoint; this is my main design.

Io mi son giovinetta by D. Ferrabosco

I am a young lady, and gladly rejoice and sing in the new season,
Thanks to love and to my sweet thoughts.
I go through green meadows looking at the white flowers, the yellow and red,
The roses above their thorns, and the white lilies, and all of these I go on comparing
To the face of him in whose love I was taken and will be held forever.

Amor mi fa morire by Adriaan Willaert

Love makes me die, and yet I wish to follow.
It is not a great grief that firmly and strongly I know I go to my death.
Under a harsh fate I was born into the world to die I feel,
And yet to embrace my torment pleases me.
Ah you who hear my deep lament tell me I pray, if to speak is not distressing,
'Tis not a wonder this that love makes me die, and yet I wish to follow.

Old Antea:

April is in my mistress' face by Thomas Morley

April is in my mistress' face, and July in her eyes hath place.
Within her bosom is September, but in her heart a cold December.

Trust not too much, fair youth by Orlando Gibbons

Trust not too much, fair youth unto thy feature. Be not enamoured of thy blushing hue.
Be gamesome whilst thou art a goodly creature. The flowers will fade that in thy garden grew.
Sweet violets are gathered in their spring, White primit falls withouten pitying.

Come away, sweet love by Thomas Greaves

Come away, sweet love, and play thee, Lest grief and care betray thee.
Leave off this sad lamenting and take thy heart's contenting.
The nymphs in sport invite thee, and running in and out delights thee.

Introduction and closing of the play

Calata ala Spagnola by Joan Ambrosio Alza, 1508