

Ingrederere felicissimi

*Come in, come in, under the most favorable
auspices,
Eleonora, to your city. And, fruitful in
excellent offspring,
may you produce descendants
similar in quality to your father and
forebears abroad,
so that you may guarantee eternal security
for the Medici name and its most devoted
citizenry.*

Sacro et santo Hymeneo

*Sacred and Holy Hymen,
Heaven calls you,
Arno entreats you and Flora
to the wedding of COSIMO and ELEONORA:
come thus, O sweet god, come Hymen, O
Hymen, Io.
Come, desired good, to the holy office, take
the torch and the veil,
the one to light up and the other to cover
love.
Make a sigh today with Heaven that will
show yourself
happy and so favorable that our heart will
reign in both.
High celestial emanation, at your holy
sighing let there now depart
lascivious love, Nemesis and Pandora.
Come thus, o sweet god, O Hymen, Hymen,
Io.
Offer to heaven and to them your sweet aid,
with which may be reborn a plant
like the ancestral trunk, ornate and
precious.
In its shade may both Arno and Flora graze
in a quieter life,
it sweetly appeasing their every bitter pain.
Make people compete jealously to see
who can adorn and restore this stock with
higher offspring
– this stock that honours Heaven and the
world.
Come thus. O sweet god, come Hymen, O
Hymen, Io.*

Vattene almo riposo

*Depart, blessed repose,
for here I am again, bringing the day.
Rise, herbs and fronds and dress yourself,
plains and saplings.
Come out, o shepherds,
come out, o blond Nymphs,
from the beautiful nest.
Everyone wake up and move at my return.*

Guardane almo Pastore

*Look upon us, kind shepherd of the
everflowering grassy banks.
Temper for us today the great summer
flames
and the great fire, and the fierce ardor.
We have nothing with which to do you
honor
except these sweet pipings and these voices
alone.
Hear them, O blond Apollo; hear them, O
Sun.
But, dear flocks, let us away through the
green meadows
to the beloved streams.*

Chi ne l'ha tolta ohimè?

*Who has taken her from us, alas?
Who is hiding her from us?
O, who will show her to us,
our beautiful Lady?
But, how the waves are dancing,
how the grass and flowers are laughing,
how the leafy branches are laughing
over there in that sweet serenity of
Paradise!
There surely is the lovely face, infusing
grace,
sweetness and peace.
O ever-tranquil Arno,
O grassy banks,
who is more laden with joy?
Now let us fly to the shade.*

O begli anni de l'oro

[Text: Giovanni Battista Strozzi]

*O, beautiful golden years, O divine age,
when there was neither plough nor sickle,
neither trap nor snare, no sword and no
poison,
only pure milk in the cool stream's flow
and the oak trees brought forth honey.
Nymphs and shepherds in company, day
and night.
O, golden age, will I ever see you again?
O, new sun, bring it back to us now!*

Hor chi mai canterà

*Now, who will ever sing, if not today?
While we move our feet, loaded with such
dear prey?
About the leafy wood, about the tendre
grass
O all you fair cruel nymphs of the wild
country (Tuscan?)
Come sing with us.
And let us go singing of the beautiful
Goddess,
or rather of the beautiful Sun,
who sits on the cool bank of his Arno
listening to us and seeing us well.*

Bacco, bacco

Bacco, bacco, e u o e

LA PELLEGRINA (1589)

Intermedio I,

Dalle più alte sfere

(text: Giovanni de' Bardi)

*From the highest spheres,
A guide and friend of celestial sirens,
I, Harmony, come to you, o mortals.
Gracefully descending on beating wing,
The Great flame to you I bring,
For never has the sun beheld so noble a
couple as you,
New Minerva and mighty Hercules.*

Intermedio II & III

Belle ne se natura

*Beauty was given us by Nature
And, since beauty responds to harmony,
True judgement of harmony was instilled in
us :
Wherefore in this hard and bitter Contest
We, of perfect beauty,
Are elected to pronounce the verdict.*

O valoroso Dio

(text: Rinuccini)

*O valiant God,
O dear and sovereign God;
See the serpent's bleeding carcass
Struck down by your invincible hand:
Dead is the savage beast.
Come one, come all,
Come Apollo and Delos:
And, singing, ascend,
O beauteous Nymphs, to Heaven.*

Intermedi V & VI

Dal vago e bel sereno (Apollo / Bacchus / Rhythm / Harmony)

*From the fair and cheerful place
where the sun always shines,
where lilies and violets
never suffer the frost,
let us weave the joyful dances,
on this happy day,
to make the world more graceful and
beautiful.*

Io che l'onde raffreno (Anphitrite)

*I, who rule the waves as I please
and am the queen of the sea,
before whom all the gods
that inhabit the sea kneel and bow,
have come to pay you homage, royal
spouses,
all the way from the depths of my vast
kingdom.*

**O che nuovo miracolo
(text: Laura Lucchesini)**

*O great miracle:
See to earth descending
A wondrous spectacle of celestial spirits
To dwarf the earth beneath their feet.*

*On the mighty Hero who with benign rule
And from his sacred throne
Sends the gifts of dance and song.*

*What do you bring, O noble company,
Richly to decorate the earth?*

*We bring beauty and goodness,
Which in Heaven are locked together,
In order to make earth the equal of
Paradise.*

Will the Golden Age return?

*The Age of Gold will return,
Full of regal ceremony
And of yet greater brilliance.*

*When will it be seen, the flight of evil and its
destruction?*

*Under this new sun
There suddenly will appear
Lilies and violets
Blooming side by side.*

O happy season, blessed Flora !

*Arno, you will be blessed with plenty
By the glad union with Lorraine.*

O brightest flame of newest Love !

*This is the ardent flame
Which will inflame with love
Even the souls of the dead.*

*See how Cupid and Flora
The heavens burn and enamour.*

*For the royal consort
A triumphal diadem.
The Nymphs and Shepherds
Will weave from the fairest flowers.*

Proud and happy now is Ferdinand.

*The noble virgin in holy fire
Purifies herself and makes ready for the
amorous sport.*

*Ye Gods above, reveal to us the royal
progeny.*

*Demigods will be born
To make glad all the hills of the earth.*

*The glories of Medici and Lorraine
The swans of this river.
Will preserve for ever.*

*The latest wonders
To Jove we will relate:
How, O royal Pair,
Heaven gives you immortality.*

*The oaks will distill honey
With milk the streams are flowing,
With love are mortal hearts consumed,
And impious folk abhor their vices.*

*Cleo weaves the history
Of such eternal glories,
Leading charming dances
Among these pleasant vales
Nymphs and Shepherds exalt:*

*To Heaven the honour of he Arno
Jove looks down benignly
On your highest hopes and desires
Let us therefore with joyful song
Praise Christine and Ferdinand.*