

ÍJÈ - Texts and Translations

Rodelinda, HWV 19 (1719) – G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Vivi tiranno,
lo t'ho scampato.
Svenami, ingrato,
sfoga il furor.
Volli salvarti
sol per mostrarti
ch'ho di mia sorte
più grande cor.

Live, tyrant,
I have saved you.
Now kill me, ingrate;
Vent your fury.
I wanted to save you
Only to show you
That my heart is
Greater than my fate.

Ascanio in Alba, K. 111 (1771) – W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Cara, lontano ancora
La tua virtù m'accese:
Al tuo bel nome allora
Appresi a sospirar.
In van ti celi, o cara:
Quella virtù si rara
Nella modestia istessa
Più luminosa appar.

Dear, even distant from you
Your virtue enflames me;
At your beautiful name
I have learned to sigh.
You hide yourself in vain, o dear;
This rare virtue
within modesty itself
shines more brightly.

Mitridate Re Di Ponto, K. 87 (1770) – W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Va', l'error mio palesa,
e la mia pena affretta,
ma cara la vendetta
forse ti costerà.
Quando sì lieve offesa
punita in me vedrai,
te stessa accuserai
di troppa crudeltà.

Go, and unveil my fault,
And make my punishment come quicker,
But maybe this revenge
Will cost you dearly.
When you see me punished
For such minor offence,
You will accuse yourself
Of excess cruelty.

Tancrede (1702) – André Campra (1660-1744)

Suis-je Clorinde? ô Ciel! quel trouble me dévore!
Puis-je me reconnoître encore!
Mon cœur contre l'Amour fut toujours revolté;
Dans l'horreur des forêts, exerçant mon courage,
J'ay long-temps de Diane imité la fierté,
J'ay fait plus: j'ay cherché la guerre et le carnage.
Vains projets! un seul jour detruit tous mes exploits,
Tancrede me tient sous ses loix.
Je l'ay vu tout brillant de gloire;
Sortir de ce dernier combat;
C'est peu que Mars luy donne un immortel éclat;
L'Amour acheve la victoire.

Am I Clorinde, O heaven! What trouble devours me!
Can I recognize myself again!
My heart against love was always rebellious;
In the horrors of the forests exercising my courage,
I long ago imitated Diane's pride;
I did more, I looked for war and carnage.
Vain projects! A single day destroys all my exploits;
Tancrede keeps me under his law.
I saw him, shining with glory,
Emerge from this last fight;
No less than Mars gives him an immortal shine;
Love completes its victory.

Hâtez-vous, ma Raison, bannisez de mon cour,
D'un cruel ennemy l'image trop charmante;
Ranimez ma fierté mourante,
Et combattez l'Amour qui se rend mon vainqueur.
Hâtez-vous, ma Raison, banniser de mon coeur;
D'un cruel Ennemy l'image trop charmante.

Hurry, my reason, banish from my heart,
From a cruel enemy the image too charming;
Revive my dying pride,
And fight the love that makes itself my conqueror.
Hurry, my reason, banish from my heart,
From a cruel enemy the image too charming.

Joshua, HWV 64 (1747) – G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Our limpid streams with freedom flow,
And feel no icy chains;
No moulded hail, no fleecy snow,
Pollute our fruitful plains,
The years one vernal circle move,
And still the same like Othniel/Achsah's love.

EGWU ONWA – Innocent Okechukwu (1988-)

Egwu onwa [Moonlight play]
Okereke [Man born on Eke]
Dudukem [Percussive Exclamation]
Okorafor [Man born on Afor]
Duduya [Percussive Exclamation]
Iye! [Vocal Exclamations]
Gbabanu egwu [Begin to dance]
Kubanu aka [Clap your hands]
Butenu udu [Bring the clay-pot drum]
ekwe n'ichaka [the wooden-slit drum and maracas]
Nwankwo [Child born on Nkwo]
Nworie [Child born on Orie]
Nweke [Child born on Eke] Nwafor [Child born on Afor]
Nwannunu nta [Little baby bird]
I n'ebe ahu e mee gini? [What are you doing there?]
"Anam a turu nne m ose" ["I'm peeling pepper for my mother"]
tukene ya k'anyi fu (Peel a little for us to see)
turu zam zam, turu zam (Percussive Exclamation)
Jirinu nwayo putaba n'ogbo [Gently begin to come out]
Butenu igba [Bring the animal-skin drums]
Ekwe, ogene [the wooden-slit drum, the metal gong]
Egwu onwa [Moonlight play]

Il Giustino, RV 717 (1724) – Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Sento in seno che in pioggia di lagrime,
Si dilegua l'amante mio cor.
Ma mio core tralascia di piangere,
Che il tuo pianto non scema il dolor.

I feel within me a rain of tears,
that my deceived heart pours out.
But, heart of mine, cease your tears,
because your crying doesn't decrease my pain.

Bekennen will ich seinen Namen, BWV 200 (1742-43) – J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Bekennen will ich seinen Namen,
Er ist der Herr, er ist der Christ,
In welchem aller Völker Samen
Gesegnet und erlöset ist.
Kein Tod raubt mir die Zuversicht:
Der Herr ist meines Lebens Licht.

I will acknowledge his name,
he is the Lord, he is the Christ,
in whom the seed of all nations
is blessed and redeemed.
No death will rob me of the reassurance:
the Lord is the light of my life.

Vergnügte Ruh, beliebte Seelenlust, BWV 170, #5 (1726) – J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Mir ekelt mehr zu leben,
Drum nimm mich, Jesu, hin!
Mir graut vor allen Sünden,
Laß mich dies Wohnhaus finden,
Woselbst ich ruhig bin.

It sickens me to live longer,
therefore take me away, Jesus!
I shudder before all sins,
let me find this dwelling-place
where I myself shall be at peace.

Jesu, der du meine Seele, BWV 78, #2 (1724) – J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten,
O Jesu, o Meister, zu helfen zu dir.
Du suchest die Kranken und Irrenden treulich.
Ach höre, wie wir
Die Stimmen erheben, um Hülfe zu bitten!
Es sei uns dein gnädiges Antlitz erfreulich!

We hasten with weak, yet eager steps,
O Jesus, O Master, to you for help.
You faithfully seek the ill and erring.
Ah, hear, how we
lift up our voices to beg for help!
Let your gracious countenance be joyful to us!