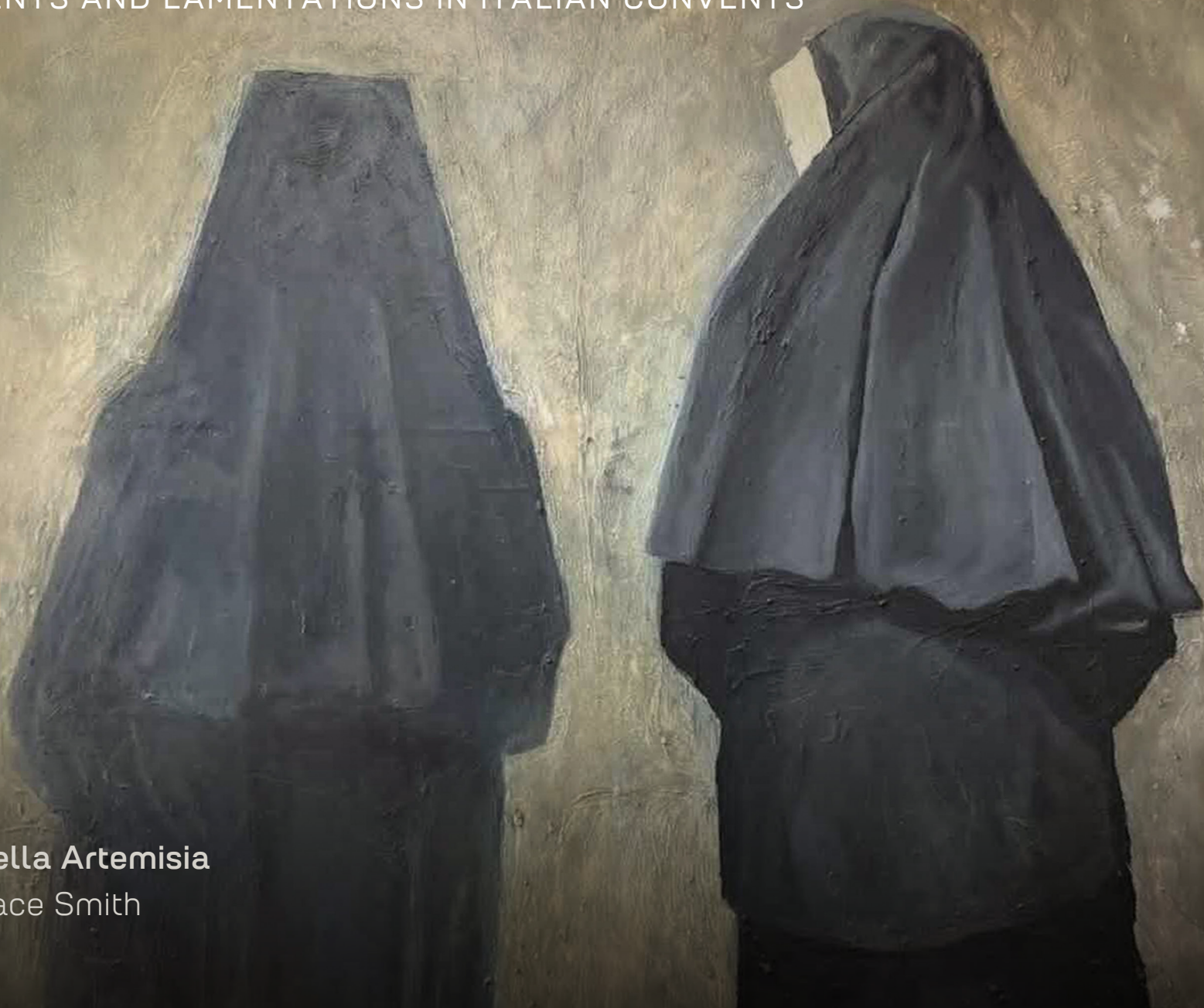


# CALL FOR THE WAILING WOMEN

LAMENTS AND LAMENTATIONS IN ITALIAN CONVENTS

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CLASSICS



Cappella Artemisia  
Candace Smith

## Call for the Wailing Women

Laments and Lamentations in Italian Convents

**Carlo Donato Cossoni** 1623 – 1700

1. Morior misera 7'51  
(from *Motetti a due e tre voci*,  
Op.1, Venice 1665, rep. 1678)  
soloists: Silvia Vajente, Maria Dalia  
Albertini, Elena Biscuola

**Alessandro Della Ciaia** c.1605 – c.1670

2. Feria Quinta, Lamentatione  
Prima 9'03  
(from *Lamentationi sagre, e motetti  
ad una voce col basso continuo*,  
Venice 1650)  
soloist: Silvia Vajente

**Giovanni Matteo Asola** ?1532 – 1609

3. Lamentationes in  
Coena Domini 4'42  
(from *Lamentationes, Improperia,  
et alia sacrae Laudes*, Venice  
1588 in alternation with Anon:  
*Lamentatione di Geremiah* (from  
*Canti delle Monache*, Bologna 1670)

**Chiara Margarita Cozzolani**

- 1602 – 1676/78  
4. Quid miseri, quid faciamus? 7'34  
(from *Concerti sacri a 1-4 voci*,  
(Op.2, Venice, 1642)  
soloists: Silvia Vajente,  
Elena Biscuola, Elena Carzaniga,  
Candace Smith

**Agostino Guerrieri** c.1630 – after 1684

5. Sonata malinconica 4'21  
(from *Sonate di Violino [...]  
Per Chiesa, & anco Aggiunta per  
Camera*, Venice 1673)  
soloist: Olivia Centurioni

**Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana** 1590 – 1662

6. Usquequo oblivisceris me  
in finem? 2'59  
(from *Componimenti Musicali di  
Motteti concertati a una, due, tre  
e quattro voci...*, Venice 1623)  
soloist: Elena Biscuola

**Giovanni Battista Strata** fl.1605 – 51

7. Deh, che fai, anima mia 4'02  
(from *Arie di musica [...] per  
concertare con voci e strumenti*,  
Genoa, 1610)  
soloists: Maria Dalia Albertini,  
Anna Simboli, Elena Carzaniga,  
Elena Biscuola

**Maria Francesca Nascimbeni** 1658 – ?

8. O trafitto mio Dio 10'21  
(from *Canzoni e Madrigali morali,  
e spirituali. A una, due e tre voci*,  
Ancona 1674)

**Anonymous**

9. La Monaca Musica 9'33  
(from ms. MO G239, Biblioteca  
Estense, Modena)  
soloist: Maria Dalia Albertini

**Alessandro Della Ciaia** c.1605 – c.1670

10. Lamentatio Virginis in depositione  
Filij de Cruce 15'58  
(from *Sacri Modulatus ad  
Concentum...*, Op.3, Bologna 1666)  
soloist: Anna Simboli

### Cappella Artemisia

Candace Smith *artistic direction*

Maria Dalia Albertini, Anna Simboli, Silvia Vajente *sopranos*  
Elena Biscuola, Elena Carzaniga, Candace Smith *mezzo-sopranos*  
with Chiara Brunello, Marina De Liso, Mya Fracassini *mezzo-sopranos*  
Olivia Centurioni *violin* · Claudia Pasetto *viola da gamba*  
Maria Christina Cleary *baroque harp* · Annalisa Pappano *lirone*  
Maria Luisa Baldassari *harpsichord* · Miranda Aureli *organ*

Recording: 4-6 July 2024, Church of Santa Cristina della Fondazza, Bologna, Italy

Sound engineer and Recording producer: Luca Ricci

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*Call for the wailing women, [...] that our eyes may overflow with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters.*  
(Jeremiah, 9:17-18)

Laments have been associated with women since time immemorial. From the book of Jeremiah to Ovid's *Heroides* to Mediterranean folk traditions, mournful weeping has long been the prerogative of women. Moreover, viewed through the lens of feminist musicology, the lament was a socially acceptable outlet for female eloquence in a society and a Church that instead dictated silence and subjugation. This recording presents laments and lamentations from 16th- and 17th-century Italy as they might have been heard in that most exclusively female environment: the convent.

The Book of Lamentations, also known as the Lamentations of Jeremiah, consists of five poems recounting the anguish over the destruction of Jerusalem in 587 B.C. This text comprises the liturgy of the three days preceding Easter (the *Triduum*): Maundy Thursday ("Feria V in Coena Domini"), Good Friday ("Feria VI in Parasceve") and Holy Saturday ("Sabbato Sancto"). The liturgy of the Canonical Hours of Matins and Lauds during the Triduum is a complex combination of psalms, antiphons, responsories, prayers, canticles, and readings. Over the course of these three days, there is a gradual extinguishing of candles, ending with the church in darkness. Thus, the Hours are known as the Office of Tenebrae.

The texts sung at Matins consist of three formally identical sections called Nocturns. Each Nocturn begins with three psalms and their antiphons, followed by three readings or Lessons. The readings in the First Nocturn are verses from the five chapters of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and each verse is preceded by a Hebrew letter (Aleph, Beth, Gimel, etc.). The reading is introduced by the phrase, "Incipit lamentatio Jeremiae prophetae" or "De lamentatione Jeremiae prophetae", and ends with the refrain "Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum".

The Lamentations may be seen as particularly suitable or attractive to cloistered women, with the convent symbolizing the holy city of Jerusalem, a celestial space enclosed within walls but closed off to the outside world. Moreover, folk traditions in Italy and elsewhere tasked widows with mourning the death of their husbands through their wailing. Thus, these cloistered "brides of Christ" might fittingly intone their laments.

This recording includes two very different settings of the three readings of the First Nocturn for Maundy Thursday. The first is a spectacular monody by the Sienese nobleman, Alessandro Della Ciaia (c.1605–c.1670) from his collection of *Lamentationi sagre e motetti*, Op.2 (Venice: 1650), containing nine monodic lamentations for soprano. The dedication to Giacomo Carissimi states that Della Ciaia did not compose the works for professional reasons, but instead to satisfy the requests of some friends to provide music for their relatives who were nuns. The motets are sectional, through-composed, largely declamatory in style and covering a wide range, highly melismatic, dissonant and chromatic – all devices employed to express pain, suffering, tears, sin, and darkness. The elaborate Hebrew letters beginning each verse have been compared to illuminated initials of a manuscript, as if the bereaved singer is keening and wailing in grief.

The other setting on this recording completes the Nocturn with the second and third Readings, but predates Della Ciaia by more than 60 years and is significantly different in almost every way. Giovanni Matteo (Giammateo) Asola (?1532-1609) was a secular priest from Verona whose large output of sacred music includes three collections of Lamentations. In this polyphonic setting from his *Lamentationes* for three voices (1588), lacking in dissonances and chromaticism, Asola emulates the *prima pratica* style championed by Palestrina, whom he greatly admired. On this recording, the introit, Hebrew letters, and final phrase of the Lamentations are sung in plainchant, taken from a small chant book in use by Bolognese nuns in the mid-17th century.

Although Asola's Lamentation is not directly associated with nuns, various elements tie it to convent practice. First of all, in 1583 he dedicated a collection to Suor Ginevera Baialoti at the convent of S. Daniele in Verona, praising the nuns there, and especially Suor Cherubina, for frequently honoring the Lord with many spiritual Songs ("tante & spirituali Cantilene Musicali"). As with many of Asola's compositions, this Lamentation is scored for *voci pari*, an expression literally signifying equal voices, usually used in reference to male ensembles but also perfectly suited to female voices. Finally, one of Asola's pupils was the composer Leone Leoni, who was in turn the teacher of the nun composer from Vicenza, Alba Tressina.

The remaining works on this recording are not Lamentations per se but rather laments, passionate expressions of grief or sorrow. Three of them were composed by

nuns themselves. Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana (1590-1662) dedicated her collection of *Componimenti musicali de motteti concertati* (Venice, 1623) to her conventual sisters at the illustrious musical convent of Santa Cristina della Fondazza in Bologna. During Vizzana's lifetime, Santa Cristina was the seat of great turmoil between the women and the ecclesiastic authorities, which culminated in starvation rations, threats of excommunication and a bitter capitulation on the part of the nuns. These events are perhaps reflected in Vizzana's setting of Psalm 12, "Usquequo oblivisceris me in finem?" (How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget me?). In this heartbreaking plea for solace, Vizzana uses harmonic leaps, chromaticism, text repetition and word painting to underscore the despair in the heart of the singer. Although the opening phrase of the psalm is "Usquequo, Domine", Vizzana has omitted the word "Domine". Might she have been addressing not God but the repressive church authorities as they attempted to silence these recalcitrant nuns?

The Milanese convent most renowned for its music was undoubtedly Santa Radegonda. The nuns there comprised one of the most celebrated ensembles of women musicians in early modern Italy and were praised as *le prime cantatrici d'Italia*. Much of the polyphony heard at S. Radegonda was written by Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602–1676-1678). Cozzolani published four collections of sacred music between 1640 and 1650 (unfortunately not all extant), including her *Concerti sacri* for 1-4 voices, Op.2 (Venice, 1642). "Quid miseri, quid faciamus?" is an example of the sacred dialogue, a very popular genre within the convents where the theatrical element of personalized discourse featuring a variety of personages held a great attraction in this depersonalized world. In this dialogue, Mary (soprano) interacts with the three lower voices (alto, tenor and bass) representing the faithful, in a scoring not unlike Monteverdi's celebrated *Lamento della Ninfa*. Mary provides comfort with promises to intercede on their behalf in heaven, and they all join together in a rousing final *Alleluia*.

The trio, "O trafitto mio Dio", for two sopranos and bass, appears in the *Canzoni e Madrigali morali, e spirituali* (Ancona, 1674), composed by Maria Francesca Nascimbeni (1658-after 1674) before she took the veil. She was the disciple of the organist and priest, Scipione Lazzarini, who included a motet by her in his own print a mere three months before the publication of her monograph. In her dedication to Olimpia Aldobrandini Pamphili, princess of Rossano, Nascimbeni confesses that her

compositions were the fruit of studies of a girl of only sixteen. An introductory sonnet praises the young musician for her extraordinary and moving interpretive abilities and the natural beauty of her voice. The text of the motet, by the obscure Neapolitan poet Anello Sarriano, compares the worldly comforts of the sinner with the sufferings of Christ (I receive roses, you thorns; I sweetness, you vinegar...), and an instructive rubric appears in the basso continuo partbook: "In knowing one's own failures, and the virtues of Divine goodness, one knows that he himself deserves the torments of the Crucified Christ."

Convents in the city of Genoa also enjoyed a lively musical tradition. In 1592, the traveler Giovanni Battista Confalonieri praised the music in three convents, and especially S. Leonardo, where he heard a nun who sang and played the organ, the *lira a gamba*, and the violin, and who "resembled more an angel than a woman, surpassing the age, nature and perhaps art in a girl of fifteen years." It was to a nun in S. Leonardo, Suor Giovanna Battista Fiesca, and her sister Bannetta Raggia, that Giovanni Battista Strata, organist at the cathedral, dedicated his *Arie di musica* (Genoa, 1610). Despite the musical prowess of these nuns, Strata's collection contains simple, harmonized songs intended to be sung by the "brothers and sisters of the [Oratorio della] Dottrina Cristiana," an organization which from the late sixteenth century had promoted popular worship through simple music. Strata invites amateurs to sing along: "Those who would like to sing the said Musical Airs in the Christian Doctrine, where one ordinarily does not know music, should always be taught the part of the first soprano, and all should sing that line in unison." "Deh, che fai, anima mia" is listed in the table of contents as a "Lament on the heart of the blessed virgin, grieved by the passion of her beloved son."

Throughout the 17th century, in Genoa and elsewhere, edicts were issued in an effort to limit music-making in the convents. In 1695, for example, a ruling permitted only a few nuns to study chant and organ with an outside teacher in order to teach the others, "provided that he is of advanced age and good morals". Yet we know that music persisted in the convents of the city, for 63 years after Strata's print, another nun at S. Leonardo, Giovanna Francesca Raggi, undoubtedly a descendent of the afore-mentioned women, was the dedicatee of a violin sonata by Agostino Guerrieri (1630c. - after 1684). This "Sonata malinconica", the first in his collection of *Sonate di Violino [...] Per Chiesa, & anco Aggiunta per Camera* (Venice 1673), is a fitting

addition on a recording of laments (and exemplifies a blatant infringement of the rules prohibiting the violin in convents).

Carlo Donato Cossoni (1623-1700), born near Como, held the post of first organist at S Petronio in Bologna from 1662 to 1670, but was active in Milan from 1671. His *Mottetti a due e tre voci*, Op.1 (Venice, 1665) was dedicated to a Bolognese senator, but the dedicatee of the Milanese reprint of 1678 was Maria Vittoria Terzaga, nun at S. Maria del Cappuccio in Milan. The trio, “Merior misera”, is a heartfelt lament of a wretched soul wracked with guilt, and features a recurring chromatic refrain inserted between brief solo arias. It is interesting to note that the repeated text “Merior misera” (I will die wretched) is written in the feminine first person, although the first print of the collection was not dedicated to a woman.

All of the polyphonic motets included here are typical of the repertoire composed both by and for cloistered nuns in that they often call for tenors and basses. While these notes do not permit an in-depth discussion of performance practice within the convents, let it suffice to say that the nuns resorted to numerous solutions to supplant the lack of male voices, including transposition of lower voices or entire pieces or the use of instruments. We have consistently transposed the vocal bass part up the octave, while an instrumental basso continuo playing at pitch prevents any untoward harmonic inversions. The question of the tenor voice is rather more complicated since an upward transposition sometimes puts the tenor above the canto or again results in awkward inversions when it is the lowest voice of the ensemble. While there is some evidence that this practice occurred, it is also true that low voices in the convents were particularly valued, as a famous description of “good tenors” and “a singular and amazing bass” at the Ferrarese convent of San Vito confirms. It is also interesting to note that a popular scoring in convent repertoire was two sopranos and bass (recreating the sonority of an instrumental trio sonata), thus avoiding the problem of tenors altogether. On this recording, only Cozzolani’s “Quid miseri” actually calls for a tenor, which we have opted to keep at the lower octave, though we have transposed the entire piece up a step. Transposition in general was a very common practice in this period, and it is significant to point out that two important treatises with instructions on how to transpose by unusual intervals – Cima’s *Partito de’ Ricercari* of 1606 and Lorenzo Penna’s *Primi albori musicali* of 1672 – are both dedicated to nuns.

The reality of life in the convents differed significantly depending on where these

nun musicians lived, and ample documentation testifies to the restrictions placed on music in the convents in Bologna, Milan, and most other cities. Yet in Siena, greater liberty seems to have been granted, and evidence suggests that male musicians were even able to join the nuns in musical performance. In 1666, Della Ciaia produced another print at least partially intended for the convents. His *Sacri modulatus* for 2-9 voices (Bologna, 1666) contains a five-voice motet suitable for “the entrance of a virgin in a convent”. That same collection concludes with a large-scale work which is nothing short of extraordinary: the “Lamentatio Virginis in depositione Filij de Cruce”, set as a dialogue between the Virgin Mary (solo soprano) grieving at the foot of the cross, and a double choir of angels paraphrasing the text of the Stabat Mater. The hyper-expressive setting, exploiting chromaticism, shocking dissonances and dramatic monody sets this work apart in the sacred repertoire of the 17th century.

Possibly the most remarkable lament on our program, finally, is secular rather than sacred: an anonymous manuscript in Modena (MO G239) entitled *La Monaca Musica*. (Little is known of the manuscript, but there is some evidence that this piece may have been composed by Alessandro Grandi.) In this lengthy cantata for soprano, a nun laments the fact that her voice is no longer appreciated in the convent. Though her singing had once aroused passionate feelings of love in the hearts of the other nuns, these jealous women now only express cruelty and scorn. The singer therefore vows never to sing again, and in her final tirade, she presents a compendium of vocal acrobatics to which she bids adieu, concluding with the bitter words, “Addio, Musica. Cara Spinetta e Chitarrone, Addio.”

This recording presents the exquisitely female genre of the lament within the context of the female world of the convent, as it explores though music the many roles available to women: mother, bride, nun, artist.

© Candace Smith



**Cappella Artemisia**, founded by Candace Smith in 1991, is an ensemble of women dedicated to performing the music of Italian convents of the 16th and 17th centuries. The repertoire includes both forgotten works composed by the nuns themselves, and music intended for performance in the convents by male composers, but presented here as it would originally have been heard, i.e., without male voices. The musicians are all established performers in the field of early music and actively collaborate with other ensembles. Since its inception, the ensemble has received critical and popular praise both for the rarity and originality of its repertoire and for the high quality of its performances. Call for the Wailing Women is the ensemble's 11th recording.

**Cappella Artemisia** takes its name from the painter, Artemisia Gentileschi, a striking figure in 17th-century Italy whose artistic accomplishments are finally being recognized. We hope, under her auspices, to bring this same recognition to the neglected musical achievements of her forgotten contemporaries within the convent walls.

*Cappella Artemisia would like to thank the following people who helped make this recording possible:*

*The valued colleagues and “nunologists” Gabriella Zarri, Robert Kendrick, Craig Monson, Colleen Reardon, Laurie Stras and Gian Enrico Cortese, who have generously shared their research; Sigrid Lee, video maker and close friend; the organ builder Nicola Ferroni; Daniele Scolari and the Ensemble Vocale Concinentes of Crema; Shawna Farrell, director of the Bernstein School of Musical Theater, for providing us with rehearsal space; and Don Giovanni Bonfiglioli at the parish of S. Giuliano in Bologna, who so graciously allowed us once again to make music in the magnificent convent church of S. Cristina della Fondazza.*

Carlo Donato Cossoni  
1. Morior misera

Morior, morior, misera morior,  
dum sine plancta morior misera, misera morior.

Culparum mole obruta depressa malis  
Anima de ceno surge propera,  
ad vite fontem evola,  
captiva sion filia.  
*Morior, morior, misera morior...*

Plange, misera plange quem?  
Sinu planctu vivis querendo fletu veniam  
plorando ad vitam venies, plange, misera plange.  
*Morior, morior, misera morior...*

Care beate lacryme  
celestis fontis gratie  
ad vos curentem miseram  
salvate a mortis impetum  
flentem dolentem animam.  
*Morior, morior, misera morior...*

Vos margarite celites  
languentis cordis lacryme  
felicis porte patriae splendida terrae incolis  
via ducens ad sydera.  
*Morior, morior, misera morior...*

Carlo Donato Cossoni  
1. Morior misera

I will die, I will die, wretched, I will die,  
Without more tears I shall die, wretched I shall die.

Weighed down by the weight of guilt and crushed by evils,  
May my soul be lifted at once from the mire,  
And fly away to the fountain of life,  
captive daughter of Zion.  
*I shall die...*

Weep, wretch, for whom do you weep?  
With the weeping of my heart among the living  
I will come, suffering through tears.  
*I will die...*

Dear blessed tears  
That are sent to me from heaven,  
Save my soul from the onslaught of death  
Weeping and sorrowful  
Which hastens miserably to you.  
*I shall die...*

You heavenly pearls, tears of a suffering heart,  
gates of a happy homeland,  
shine the way that leads the inhabitants  
Of earth toward the stars.  
*I will die...*

Alessandro Della Ciaia

2. Feria Quinta, Lamentatione Prima

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae prophetae.

ALEPH. Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo!

Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium;  
princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo.

BETH. Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lacrimae ejus in maxillis ejus:  
non est qui consoletur eam, ex omnibus caris ejus; omnes amici ejus  
spreverunt eam, et facti sunt ei inimici.

GHIMEL. Migravit Judas propter afflictionem, et multitudinem  
servitutis; habitavit inter gentes, nec invenit requiem:  
omnes persecutores ejus apprehenderunt eam inter angustias.

DALETH. Viae Sion lugent, eo quod non sint qui veniant ad  
solemnitatem: omnes portae ejus destructae, sacerdotes ejus gementes;  
virgines ejus squalidae, et ipsa oppressa amaritudine.

HE(TH). Facti sunt hostes ejus in capite; inimici ejus locupletati sunt:  
quia Dominus locutus est super eam propter multitudinem iniquitatum  
ejus. Parvuli ejus ducti sunt in captivitatem ante faciem tribulantis.

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,*

*convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.*

Giovanni Matteo Asola

3. Lamentationes in Coena Domini

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae prophetae.

VAU. Et egressus est a filia Sion omnis decor ejus;  
facti sunt principes ejus velut arietes non invenientes pascua,  
et abierunt absque fortitudine ante faciem subsequentis.

JOD. Manum suam misit hostis ad omnia desiderabilia ejus,  
quia vidit gentes ingressas sanctuarium suum,  
de quibus praeeperas ne intrarent in ecclesiam tuam.

CAPH. Omnis populus ejus gemens, et quaerens panem;  
dederunt preciosa quaeque pro cibo ad refocillandam animam.

Vide, Domine, et considera quoniam facta sum vilis!

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,*

*convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.*

Alessandro Della Ciaia

2. Feria Quinta, Lamentatione Prima

Here begins the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah.

ALEPH. How lonely sits the city that was full of people!

How like a widow has she become, she that was great among the  
nations! She that was a princess among the cities has become a vassal.

BETH. She weeps bitterly in the night, tears on her cheeks; among  
all her lovers she has none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt  
treacherously with her, they have become her enemies.

GHIMEL. Judah has gone into exile because of affliction and hard  
servitude; she dwells now among the nations but finds no resting  
place; her pursuers have all overtaken her in the midst of her distress.

DALETH. The roads to Zion mourn, for none come to the appointed  
feasts; all her gates are desolate, her priests groan; her maidens have  
been dragged away, and she herself suffers bitterly.

HETH. Her foes have become the head, her enemies prosper, because  
the Lord has made her suffer for the multitude of her transgressions;  
her children have gone away, captives before the foe.

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,*

*return to the Lord your God.*

Giovanni Matteo Asola

3. Lamentationes in Coena Domini

Here begins the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah.

VAU. All the majesty of the daughter of Zion has departed from her.  
Her princes have become like harts that find no pasture;  
they fled without strength before the pursuer.

JOD. The enemy has stretched out his hands over all her precious  
things; she has seen the nations invade her sanctuary, those whom you  
forbade to enter your congregation.

CAPH. All her people groan as they search for bread; they trade their  
treasures for food to revive their strength.

Look, O Lord, and behold, for I am despised!

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,*

*return to the Lord thy God.*

Chiara Margarita Cozzolani  
4. Quid miseri, quid faciamus?

[*Fedeli*]

Quid, miseri, quid faciamus in hac vita,  
privati vultu tuo, suavissima virgo,  
clementissima Maria?

[*Maria*]

Invocabitis unigenitum Dei Filium  
quem ego genui, quem semper adoro,  
qui potens fecit, fecit mihi magna,  
et ipse vobiscum in tribulatione,  
ipse vos exaudiet  
ipse vos eripet et glorificabit;  
clamate ad eum.

[*Fedeli*]

Invocabimus unigenitum Dei Filium  
quem tu genuisti, quem semper adoras,  
qui potens fecit, fecit tibi magna.  
O stella maris fulgida,  
tu vero exaltata es super choros angelorum,  
ne os derelinquas.

[*Maria*]

Intercedam ego semper pro vobis in caelis,  
quos mala tanta praemunt in terris;  
ne dubitetis, filii, ne timeatis dilecti,  
succurram vobis, resovebo vos, orabo pro vobis.

[*Fedeli*]

O nos felices, quibus tu succurris,  
O nos felices, quos tu resoves,  
O nos felices, pro quibus tu oras.

[*Tutti*]

Alleluia. Salve virgo sancta,  
salve virgo pulchra,  
virgo pia, virgo clemens,  
virgo dulcis, salve.  
Alleluia.

Chiara Margarita Cozzolani  
4. Quid miseri, quid faciamus?

[*The Faithful*]

What shall we miserable ones do in this life,  
deprived of your gaze, sweetest virgin,  
most clement Mary?

[*Mary*]

You shall invoke the onlyborn Son of god,  
whom I bore, whom I always adore,  
the powerful one who has done great things for me,  
and He will be with you in your trial,  
He will hear you,  
He will save you and glorify you;  
cry to Him.

[*The Faithful*]

We will invoke the onlyborn Son of God,  
whom you bore, whom you always adore,  
the powerful one who has done great things for you.  
O shining star of the sea,  
You truly are exalted above the angelic choirs,  
do not abandon us.

[*Mary*]

I will always intercede in heaven for you,  
who are oppressed on earth by so many evils;  
do not doubt, my children, nor fear, my beloved;  
I will help you, I will succor you, I will pray for you.

[*The Faithful*]

O happy we whom you help,  
O happy we whom you aid,  
o happy we for whom you pray.

[*All*]

Alleluia. Hail, holy virgin,  
hail, lovely virgin, good virgin,  
merciful virgin,  
sweet virgin, hail.  
Hallelujah.

[*translation: Robert Kendrick*]

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana

6. Usquequo obliuisceris me in finem? (Ps.12)

Usquequo obliuisceris me in finem?  
Usquequo avertis faciem tuam a me?  
Quam diu ponam consilia in anima mea,  
dolorem in corde meo per diem?

Usquequo exaltabitur inimicus meus super me?  
Respice et exaudi me Domine Deus meus,  
Illumina oculos meos in morte,  
ne quando dicat inimicus meus,  
“Prevalui aduersus eum.”

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana

6. Usquequo obliuisceris me in finem? (Ps.12)

How long, O Lord, will you forget me, until the end?  
How long will you turn away your face from me?  
How long shall I take counsel in my soul,  
Holding sorrow in my heart each day?

How long shall my enemy be exalted over me?  
Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God.  
Enlighten my eyes in death,  
Lest at any time my enemy say:  
“I have prevailed against him.”

Giovanni Battista Strata  
7. Deh, che fai, anima mia

1. Deh che fai, anima mia,  
che non piangi in compagnia  
di Maria il gran tormento,  
che patì per Giesù spento.  
*Piangi, piangi, anima mia  
l'aspre pene di Maria,  
piangi, piangi quel dolore  
che gli afflisse tanto il cuore.*

2. Il patir del tuo Signore,  
che portò per il tuo errore  
cancellar, fu la catena,  
che la strinse a tanta pena.  
*Piangi, piangi...*

3. Fù di sputi anco imbrattato  
quel sì puro e a Dio sì grato  
virginal cuor di Maria,  
deh riguarda anima mia.  
*Piangi, piangi...*

4. Nel morir del tuo diletto  
fu quel cuor da morte stretto:  
Ma non puote egli morire,  
riservato a più martire.  
*Piangi, piangi...*

5. Poiché fù Giesù levato  
dalla croce e in braccio dato  
alla Madre dolorosa  
crebbe il duolo senza posa.  
*Piangi, piangi...*

Giovanni Battista Strata  
7. Deh, che fai, anima mia

1. Oh, what are you doing, my soul,  
for you do not weep in the company  
of Mary, for the great torment  
which she suffered for the dead Jesus.  
*Weep, my soul,  
for Mary's bitter pains,  
Weep for that pain  
that has so afflicted her heart.*

2. Thy Lord's sorrow,  
which she bore in order to erase your error,  
was the chain  
which bound her to such sorrow.  
*Weep, my soul ...*

3. Was that virginal heart of Mary,  
so pure and pleasing to God,  
soiled by this spittle,  
look upon this, my soul.  
*Weep, my soul ...*

4. In the dying of your beloved  
was that heart bound by death:  
But he cannot die,  
for he will be further martyred.  
*Weep, my soul ...*

5. Since Jesus was lifted  
from the cross and placed in the arms  
of his sorrowful Mother,  
the grief increased without ceasing.  
*Weep, my soul ...*

**Maria Francesca Nascimbeni**  
**8. O Trafitto mio Dio**

O trafitto mio Dio  
chi sei tu, chi son' io?  
Tu dolce Salvatore,  
io crudo peccatore.  
Perché dunque Signor, dimmi perché,  
a te spine son date e rose a me?

Tu sommo Onnipotente,  
io fango, io polve, io niente,  
tu Agnello immacolato,  
io lupo empio arrabbiato.  
Tu Monarca superno,  
io schiavo de l'inferno.  
tu pien di bonta sei,  
io pien d'affetti rei.  
Perché dunque Signor, dimmi perché,  
a te Croce si dà, riposo a me?

Tu sei tutto pietoso,  
io superbo e sdegnoso,  
tu clemente e benigno,  
io spietato e maligno,  
Perché dunque Signor, dimmi perché,  
vuoi ch'a me si dia vita e morte a te?

Voi spine e fele e croce  
e morte aspra et atroce  
Se i miei falli mirate,  
com' un Dio tormentate?  
Perché, dunque, crudeli, ohimè, perché  
fate oltraggio al mio Christo e non a me

**Maria Francesca Nascimbeni**  
**8. O Trafitto mio Dio**

O my God, pierced through,  
who are you, who am I?  
You sweet Savior,  
I raw sinner.  
Why then, Lord, tell me why:  
To you thorns are given, and roses to me?

You are the supreme Almighty,  
I am mud, I am dust, I am nothing,  
you are the spotless Lamb,  
I the angry ungodly wolf,  
You are the supreme Monarch,  
I the infernal slave,  
You are full of goodness,  
I full of evil affects.  
Why then Lord, tell me why:  
To you the Cross is given, repose to me?

You are all merciful,  
I proud and disdainful,  
You merciful and benign,  
I merciless and malignant,  
Why then Lord, tell me why:  
will you give me life and give death to yourself?

You are thorns and gall and the cross  
And a bitter and atrocious death.  
If you look upon my failures,  
how can you torment a God?  
Why then so cruel, alas, why  
Do you outrage my Christ and not me?

Anonymous

9. Cantata: La Monaca Musica

Io che di puro latte,  
di candido alabastro  
e di neve spirante ho'l seno e vivo  
quasi colomba in questi sagri chiostri,  
il velenoso dente,  
i viperini morsi  
provo nel core e sento  
di malefico dir punture acerbe,  
io, che d'Amor Divino  
tutta fiammeggio et ardo,  
tutta sfavillo e avvampo,  
salamandra celeste et immortale  
di lingue insiddiose,  
di perfido voler, spade maligne  
trafitta son et lacerata, ahi lassa.  
Io che cantai sovente  
sacrate note e sacrosanti carmi  
e trassi a l'armonia  
Orfeo di Paradiso  
gl'Angeli in terra e l'anime beate  
e de le sfere ch'hanno  
musici movimenti  
feci ammutir gl'accenti.  
Hor di loquace volgo  
vilipeso bersaglio,  
di plebe mentitrice  
favola sfortunata,  
quasi notte di luce orbata e priva  
in tenebre son viva.  
Ingrato mondo, ingrato!  
Chi ti chiamò con melodia soave  
a contemplar le più sublimi cose?  
Chi ti condusse da misfatti enormi  
a l'oratione pia  
se non la voce mia?

Anonymous

9. Cantata: La Monaca Musica

I, whose sighing breast  
is of pure milk,  
of snowy white alabaster,  
live almost as a dove in these sacred cloisters:  
I feel the poisonous tooth,  
the snake bites  
in my heart, and I feel  
their bitter jabs;  
I, who from divine love  
blaze and burn,  
All sparkling and blushing,  
celestial and immortal salamander,  
Of insidious tongues,  
treacherous wishes,  
penetrated and lacerated by evil swords, alas!  
I who often sang  
sacred notes and sacrosanct songs  
and with my harmonies  
drew Orpheus from Paradise,  
the angels  
and blessed souls to earth,  
And silenced the accents  
of the musical spheres,  
Now I am the cursed target  
of the loquacious crowd,  
unfortunate tale  
of the lying hordes,  
as if in this dark night I am living  
deprived of light in the shadows.  
Ungrateful world!  
Who called you with a soft melody  
to contemplate the most sublime things?  
Who led you away from huge mistakes  
to pious prayer  
if not my voice?

Quante lagrime, quante  
da gl'occhi vostri un tempo uscir io vidi,  
O Donne, al falso dir garrule e pronte  
mentre cantai con lamentevol stile  
de la vita mortal lo stato vile?  
Quante volte pensando a quei lamenti,  
lamenti innamorati,  
e sentendone il canto  
vi sete liquefatte in dolci humori?  
Hora crudeli e rie  
di pudica fanciulla, Ancella a Dio,  
procurate bruttar la fama e'l nome.  
Cantar non voglio più, più non m'udrete,  
taccia la lingua mia, ne più disnodi  
ad armonica voce.  
Chiuditi bocca mia,  
cedi l'offizi agli occhi,  
si cangino le rime  
in taciturna doglia,  
si cangi gioia in noia, e'l canto in pianto.  
Ecco restate o musici instrumenti,  
preda d'otio e di polve,  
al mondo morti e ne l'oblio sepolti.  
Voi mal nate bellezze  
generate di terra,  
fiamme de cori altrui, strali de l'alme,  
che tante volte e tante  
da velo virginal spuntando ardite  
sacrileghe homicide  
havete ucciso il foco  
onde la fiamma mia si è poi consunta.  
Ecco vi copro e chiudo,  
ecco v'oscuro e celo,  
non vi vedrà più 'l sol, non l'occhio umano.  
Et io non vuò vedervi  
per non rinovelar la rimembranza  
di quel male di cui cagione fosti.  
Oh me dolente, e chi creduto havria  
che del immenso Dio sposa canora  
potuto havessi partorir col canto  
e con un giro sol d'occhi sommessi  
tanto mal, tante insidie e tanti danni.

How many tears have I seen  
coming from your eyes,  
oh Women, so ready to gossip and lie,  
while I sang so mournfully  
of the evil state of mortal life?  
How many times, thinking of those laments,  
laments of love,  
and hearing me sing,  
did you melt in sweet humors?  
Now, cruel and evil women,  
you exploit the fame and name of a modest girl,  
a handmaiden of God.  
I no longer want to sing, you will hear me no more,  
may my tongue be silent,  
my voice will no longer unravel harmoniously.  
Close, o my mouth,  
yield power to my eyes,  
May rhymes change  
to silent pain,  
may joy change to trouble and song into weeping.  
Stay, oh musical instruments,  
victims of neglect and dust,  
dead to the world and buried in oblivion.  
You, misbegotten beauties,  
born of the earth,  
flames of the hearts of others, darts of souls,  
who so many times,  
daring to escape  
from virginal veils, sacrilegious homicides,  
have killed the fire  
by which my flame is now consumed.  
Now I cover and close you,  
now I obscure and conceal you,  
the sun will no longer see you, nor human eyes.  
And I no longer wish to see you  
so as not to renew the memory  
of that pain of which you were the cause.  
O woeful me, who would have believed  
that the tuneful bride of almighty God  
could have given birth with her singing,  
and with a single glance of her lowered eyes,  
to such pain, such insidiousness, and such wreckage.

Piangerò sventurata,  
sospirerò dogliosa  
e fra singulti lagrime e martiri  
in solitaria cella  
trapasserò la vita.  
Sia mio specchio la morte,  
e contemplando come al fin si vola  
sconsolata vivrò misera e sola.  
Innocente son io,  
tal fui, tal sarò, dicalo il sangue  
che sotto amare forme  
di lagrime distillo.  
A Dio Musica, vanne  
ad' albergar ove cagion tu sei  
d'allegrezza, d'honor, non d'odio o scherno.  
Rimanetevi in pace.  
Io v'abbandono  
sinfonie, gorghe, trilli,  
asprezze, semituoni, e tutte voi  
dolcezze alettatrici e lusinghiere  
nemica a voi son io,  
cara spinetta e chittarone, a Dio.

I will cry, unfortunate,  
I will sigh in pain,  
And between sobs, tears and sufferings  
in a solitary cell  
I will pass my life,  
may death be my mirror,  
and contemplating how at the end one flies away,  
disconsolate, I will live wretched and alone.  
I am innocent now,  
as I was and will ever be. May my blood tell this,  
in the bitter form  
of distilled tears.  
Adieu, Music,  
go to take refuge  
where you are honored and happy,  
not hated and mocked.  
Stay there in peace. I abandon you:  
symphonies, embellishments, trills,  
dissonances, chromatic notes, and all of you  
sweet and seductive charms,  
I am now your enemy,  
dear spinet and theorbo, adieu.

Alessandro Della Ciaia  
10. Lamentatio Virginis in depositione Filii de Cruce

*Historicus a 2:*

Dum Angeli pacis amare flebant,  
Virgo Santissima, depositum e Cruce Filium amplexa,  
cum plorantibus exclamavit:

*Virgo:*

Quis dabit capiti meo aquam,  
et oculis meis fontem lacrimarum,  
et plorabo te, Deum meum  
filium unicum meum, dulcissimum amorem meum,  
quis dabit fontem lacrimarum, quis dabit?

*Angeli:*

O quam tristis et afflicta lacrymatur benedicta  
Mater unigeniti.

*Virgo:*

Iesu fili mi, Jesu, quis mihi tribuat  
ut ego moriar pro te.  
Iesu fili mi, Iesu, si tu unica vita mea,  
iam periisti quomodo vivam?  
Vivere sine te vera mors est.

*Angeli:*

Quis est homo qui non fletet  
Christi Mater si videret in tanto supplicio?

*Virgo:*

Ubi est dilectus ille meus  
candidus et rubicundus electus ex millibus?  
Ubi dulces oculi,  
ubi manus tornatiles plenae hyacinthis,  
ubi guttur suavissimum,  
ubi dilectus ille meus totus amabilis,  
totus desiderabilis?  
Me miseram! Obscuratum est aurum,  
mutatus est color optimus,  
vidimus eum, et non erat aspectus.

Alessandro Della Ciaia  
10. Lamentatio Virginis in depositione Filii de Cruce

*Narrator (2 voices):*

While the angels of peace wept bitterly,  
The holiest Virgin, embracing her son  
at the foot of the Cross, exclaimed with tears:

*Virgin:*

Who will pour water upon my head,  
and my eyes a fountain of tears?  
I will weep over you, my God,  
my only son, my sweetest love,  
who will give me a fountain of tears? who will?

*Angels:*

O how sad and stricken with tears  
is the blessed Mother of the onlybegotten son.

*Virgin:*

Jesus my son, Jesus, who would grant to me  
that I might die in your place,  
Jesus my son, Jesus, if you, my only life,  
have already died, how will I live?  
To live without you is true death.

*Angels:*

Who is the man who would not weep  
If he saw the Mother of Christ in such suffering?

*Virgin:*

Where is that beloved of mine,  
Radiant and ruddy, chosen among thousands?  
Where are the sweet eyes,  
Where are the shapely hands full of hyacinths,  
Where is the sweetest throat,  
Where is my most beloved,  
my most desirable one?  
O wretched I! The gold has darkened.  
its wonderful color has changed,  
we saw him, and it was not a beautiful sight.

*Angeli*

Quis non posset contristari  
piam Matrem contemplari dolentem cum Filio?

*Virgo*

Ingrati filii Iuda,  
ingrati impii crudeles!  
Dicite quando vos offendit Filius meus,  
in quo vos contristavit?  
Quid ultra facere vobis debuit et non fecit?  
Pro vobis flagellavit Aegyptum.  
vos illum flagellatum tradidistis.  
aperuit vobis mare,  
vos lancea aperuisti latus ejus,  
exaltavit vos magna virtute  
vos illum in patibulo suspendistis.  
Plange Cælum, plange terra,  
occisum omnia,  
plangite Salvatorem.

*Virgo & Angeli*

Plange Caelum, plange terra,  
occisum omnia,  
plangite Salvatorem.

*Angels:*

Who could not be saddened at the sight  
of the tender Mother grieving with her Son?

*Virgin:*

Ungrateful sons of Judas,  
ungrateful impious cruel ones!  
Tell me, when did my Son offend you,  
in what way did he sadden you?  
What more did he need do for you, and did not do?  
For you he lashed out at Egypt.  
You whipped him and betrayed him.  
He opened the sea for you,  
you opened his flank with a lance;  
He exalted you with great power.  
You hanged him from the gallows!  
Weep, o Heaven, weep o earth.  
Weep, everyone, for the dead one,  
Weep for the Savior.

*Virgin & Angels:*

Weep, o Heaven, weep o earth.  
Weep, everyone, for the dead one,  
Weep for the Savior.