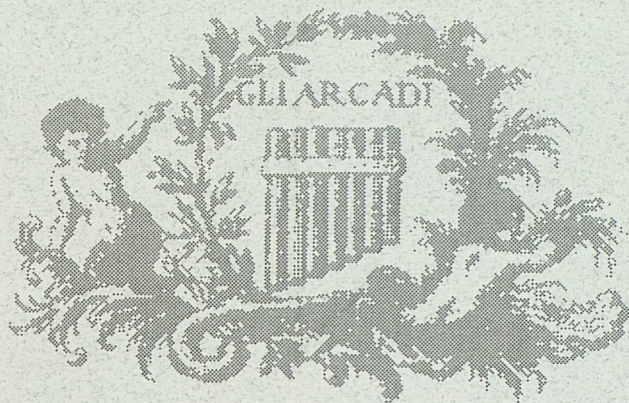


University Musical Society

David Daniels *with the*
Arcadian Academy

Tuesday Evening, October 27, 1998 at 8:00

Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre, Ann Arbor, Michigan



ARCADIAN
ACADEMY
NICHOLAS MCGEGAN

Infirmata, vulnerata

Infirmata, vulnerata
puro delicit amore
et liquescens gravi ardore
languet anima beata.

O care, o dulcis amor,
quomodo mutatus es mihi in crudelem
quem numquam agnovisti infidelem?

Vulnera percute, transfige cor.
Tormenta pati non timeo.

Cur, quaeso, crudelis
es factus, es gravis?
Sum tibi fidelis,
sis mihi suavis.

Vicisti, amor,
et cor meum cessit amori.

Semper gratus, desiderabilis,
semper eris in me.
Veni, o care, totus amabilis
in aeternum diligam te.

Weak, wounded,
vanquished by pure love
and overcome with consuming ardour,
the blessed soul languishes.

O dear, sweet love,
how can you have become so cruel to me,
I who have never been unfaithful?

Wound, strike, pierce my heart.
I am not afraid to suffer your torments.

Why, I ask of you, cruel love,
Have you become so harsh?
I am faithful to you,
be kind to me.

You are victorious, Love,
and my heart gives way to you.

Ever graceful, ever lovely,
you will be in my heart for ever.
Come, O my beloved, full of grace,
I will love you for all eternity.

*Translation: Peter Vogelpoel
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Perchè tacete, regolati concenti?

Perchè tacete, regolati concenti?
Seguite pur a lusingare il corne'
suoi tormenti.

Alla mano che dotta in voi scherza,
quant'è simile il nume d'amor.
E con l'arco d'un ciglio mi sferza
et unisce la gioia al dolor.

Con l'argento di guancia fiorita
tesse i stami a quest'alma il desir,
e all'invito di speme gradita
corrisponde armonia di sospir.

Ma che dissi? Tacete:
in imagin più bella
vada vivo il tenore
di mia sorte rubella.
Sì, che del mio ben vaghi lumi
ha' il mio ardore il suo loco,
ne fia stupor che brilli
entro i raggi d'un sole
il mio bel foco.

Tra le fiannme del mio duolo
scenda a volo
un sol raggio di tua beltà.
E sarà la bell'Iride al mio core
quell'ardore
che aspra guerra nel petto mi fa.

Dall'ardor de'tuoi bei lumi
si consumi
freddo gel che mi serpe nel sen.
E'l balen dun tuo sguardo lusinghiero
sia foriero
a quest'alma d'un giorno seren.

Why are you silent, ordered harmonies?
Please continue to allure my heart
in its torments.

How like the god of love
is your hand that knowingly teases.
With his bow he lashes me with a glance
and combines joy and sorrow.

With the silver of rosy cheeks
he weaves the yarn of desire in my heart,
and the harmony of sighs correspond
to the call of gratified hope.

But what have I said?
Hush: let the drift
of my contrary fate
turn to a fairer image.
Thus my passion has its place
in my beloved's charming eyes,
and it should not cause surprise
that my ardour should flare up
in the rays of a sun.

Let a sole ray of your beauty
fly down
amid the flames of my grief.
And her lovely eyes will be to my heart
that fire
which wages war in my breast.

Let cold ice that snakes into my heart
be consumed
by the warmth of your lovely eyes.
And let the lightning flash
of your kindly gaze be a herald
to my soul of a day of serenity.

Né m'ascolti, crudele,
così le tue vittorie
o non curi o disprezzi.

Scopri del tuo poter le forze omai;
fia ch'ogni orror disgombrè;
farai nascer il giorno in mezzo all'ombre.

Ah che ben io v'intendo.
stelle d'amor nemiche.
Per tormentare i mici pensieri amanti
volete anco sprezzare i propri vanti.

Dormi, ma sappi almen
che per te moro.
E al dolce tuo sopor,
entro di questo sen
veglia il martoro.

Dormi, ch'il mio dolor
nenia al tuo sonno.
Forse ne sogni ancor,
cruda, ti saprò dir:
"Te sola adoro".

Ma tiranna, tu dormi,
e tra sopori o Dio,
non puoi ne vuoi udire
il pianto mio.

Deh pensieri
in me si schierì
a battaglia
il fiero stuol
ed assaglia
il duro core
che l'ardore
del mio amor
sentir non vuol.
La mia piaga proverà
men crudo il duol.

But you listen not, cruel one;
you neither pay heed to
nor disdain your victories.

Henceforth discover your power's strength;
let all horror be dispelled,
you will make day appear from darkness.

Ah, I understand you well,
malevolent stars of love.
Through tormenting my loving thoughts
you hope to scorn their proper glories.

Sleep, but know at least
that I am dying for you.
And within this breast
my torments keep watch over
your sweet sleep.

Sleep, for my sorrow
is a dirge to your slumber.
Perhaps still in dreams,
cruel one, it will say to you:
'I adore you alone'.

But, ungrateful woman, you sleep,
and because of your drowsiness, o God,
you cannot and will not
hear my lament.

Let the proud host
of my thoughts
be drawn up
in battle array
and assail
the hard heart
that is insensible
to the ardour
of my love.
My wound will make
my grief seem less cruel.