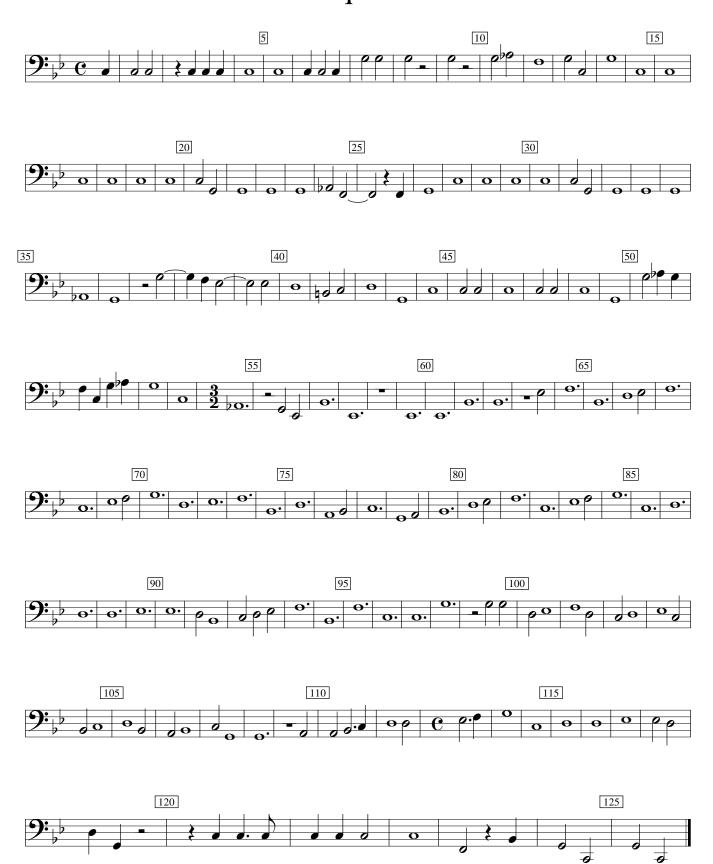
O sia tranquillo il mare

Claudio Monteverdi



Whether the sea be calm or full of pride, Never will I turn my feet away from these waves. I wait for you here, and here, as a lover, I lament and complain of your betrayal of faith. Often, I climb these rocks To see if your woods are still without laughter. There, I sit and cry. So that the sea believes I am a spring, And the sailors think I am a cliff, And I still often send you messages To tell of my pain and torment Through the wandering air and light breezes. But you don't come back, Phyllida, And the breeze disperses my lament. And one cannot expect such mercy If you trust a lady with your heart Or the winds with your prayers.