

Laudiam l'amor divino

Innocenzio de Dammonis, Laude Libro Secondo (Venice: Petrucci, 1508). A lauda for the Nativity.

A four-part lauda from the first printed collections of laude, published in Venice in 1508. Dammonis was a Venetian priest and a member of the Congregation of San Giorgio in Alga. The poem is a Christmas lauda: the singer is drunk with love for the newborn child. Our edition sets the ripresa (refrain) and the first two stanzas; the remaining stanzas of the poem are given afterwards for those who want to follow the whole text.

English translation

Italian (as sung)

Ripresa (refrain)

Let us praise the divine love,
which is Jesus, that beautiful little boy,
who is born so very small.

*Laudiam l'amor divino,
Ch'è Jesù quel bel fantino,
Ch'è nato picolino.*

Stanza 1

Let us praise with all our mind
Jesus, who is present here;
dead is anyone who does not feel it,
that divine fire.

*Laudiam con tutta mente
Jesù che qui presente;
Morto è che no lo sente,
Quello foco divino.*

Stanza 2

Love sets me wholly ablaze,
it seizes my whole heart;
more than strength he gives me,
Mary, that little son of yours.

*L'amor tutto m'accende,
Tutto lo cor mi prende;
Più che virtù me rende
Maria el tuo figliolino.*

Further stanzas of the poem (not in our edition)

Stanza 3

Your son, Mary,
you who are called divine,
has made my soul
drunk with a warm wine.

*El to figliol, Maria,
Che sei chiamata dia,
Facta ha l'anima mia
Ebria d'un caldo vino.*

Stanza 4

I am intoxicated
with a noble, precious wine,
which has so transformed me
that I do not sleep, and yet I bow down.

*Io son inebriato
D'un vin alto pregiato,
Che m'ha sì alterato
Ch'io non dormo e sì inclino.*

Stanza 5

And it is not sleep that keeps me from sleeping:
I am quite beside myself
at seeing, on that day,
the divine Word born.

*Et non dormo per sonno,
Ma fuor di me sì sono,
Vedendo in quello giorno
Nato el Verbo divino.*

Stanza 6

Today the Lord is born,
that great emperor;
Jesus, our lover,
has made himself tiny.

*Oggi è nato el Signore,
Quel grande imperadore;
Jesù nostro amatore
È fatto piccino.*

English translation**Italian (as sung)****Stanza 7**

He has become an infant,
the Word of God made flesh;
on the hay he lies
that sweet little baby.

*Infante è diventato,
Verbo de Dio incarnato;
Nel fien è reclinato
Quel dolce bambolino.*

Stanza 8

Let us go with the shepherds,
all we true lovers;
let us see with great wonder
God made so small.

*Andiam con li pastori,
Ogni fin amatori;
Vediam con gran stupori
Dio fatto picolino.*

Stanza 9

O God in love,
shrunk into flesh;
love without measure,
burning ardour of the seraph.

*O Dio innamorato,
In carne abbreviato;
Amore smisurato,
Ardor del seraphino.*

Stanza 10

I burn like fire
and can find no rest;
I am consumed little by little
like a log on the hearth.

*Io ardo come foco
Et già non trovo loco;
Consumomi a poco a poco
Come legno in camino.*