Il pastor fido

Madrigali amorosi

Monteverdi, d'India & Marenzio

Il Complesso Barocco

Alan Curtis

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Il Pastor Fido

Madrigali amoroso

Claudio Monteverdi, Sigismondo d'India & Luca Marenzio

Il Complesso Barocco

Caterina Trogu-Röhrich, Roberta Invernizzi · soprano
Roberto Balconi · countertenor
Gian Paolo Fagotto, Giuseppe Zambon · tenor
Antonio Abete · bass

Fabio Missaggia, Rosario Di Meglio · violin
Marco Vitali · violoncello
Mara Galassi · triple harp
Pier Luigi Ciapparelli · theorbo

Alan Curtis

direction & harpsichord

Sigismondo d'India (c 1582-1628/29)
Il Pastor Fido IV, ix

1	Se tu, Silvio crudel *1a parte*	2'29
2	Ma, se con la pietà *2a parte*	2'19
3	Dorinda, ah! diro "mia" *3a parte*	4'26
4	Ferir quel petto Silvio? *4a parte*	4'09
5	Silvio, come son lassa *5a parte*	3'40
	(CTR, RI, GZ, GPF, AA)	
	(Ottavo libro de madrigali a cinque voci, 1624)	
6	Tutto il dì piango (GPF)	2'36
7	Or che'l ciel e la terra (RI)	1'17
	(Terzo libro delle Musiche, 1619)	

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

8	Or che'l ciel e la terra	7'50
	A 6 voci con doi Violini	
	(CTR, RI, RB, GZ, GPF, AA)	
	(Libro ottavo de madrigali, 1638)	

Sigismondo d'India

9	Voi ch'ascoltate (CTR)	2'45
	(Terzo libro delle Musiche, 1619)	

Claudio Monteverdi

10	Voi ch'ascoltate	4'29
	A 5 voci con doi Violini	
	(RI, RB, GZ, GPF, AA)	
	(Selva morale e spirituale, 1640)	

Sigismondo d'India

11	Io viddi in terra angelici costumi (CTR)	2'54
	(Le musiche da cantar solo, 1609)	
12	Mentre che'l cor (GZ)	2'19
	(Quarto libro delle Musiche, 1621)	

Luca Marenzio (c 1553-1599)
Il Pastor Fido IV, ix

13	Se tu dolce mio ben mi saettasti *1a parte*	2'47
14	Dorinda, ah! dirò "mia" non sei *2a parte*	2'44
15	Ferir quel petto Silvio? *3a parte*	2'28
	(CTR, RB, GZ, GPF, AA)	
	(Ottavo libro dei madrigali, 1598)	
16	Anima cruda sì, ma però bella	2'11
	(CTR, RB, GZ, GPF, AA)	
	(Sesto libro dei madrigali, 1594)	

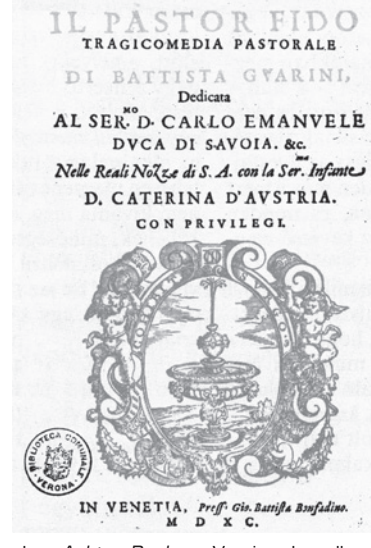
Claudio Monteverdi
Il Pastor Fido IV, ix

17	Ecco Silvio, colei *1a parte*	2'45
18	Ma, se con la pietà *2a parte*	2'26
19	Dorinda, ah! dirò "mia" *3a parte*	2'04
20	Ecco piegando le ginocchia a terra *4a parte*	2'11
21	Ferir quel petto, Silvio? *5a parte*	3'35
	(CTR, RI, RB, GZ, AA)	
	(Quinto libro de madrigali, 1605)	

Total Time 65'56

Caterina Trogu-Röhrich (CTR) · *soprano*
Roberta Invernizzi (RI) · *soprano*
Roberto Balconi (RB) · *countertenor*
Gian Paolo Fagotto (GPF) · *tenor*
Giuseppe Zambon (GZ) · *tenor*
Antonio Abete (AA) · *bass*

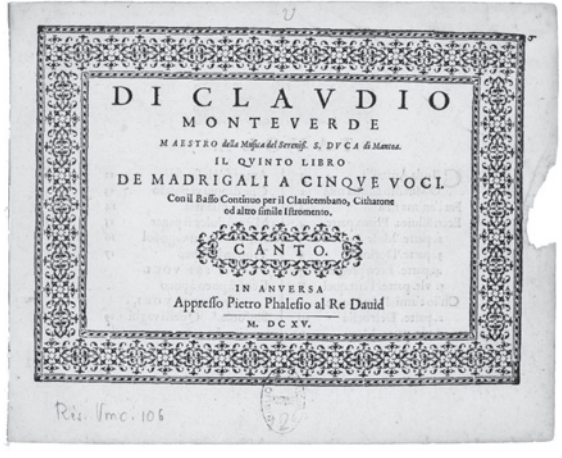
Der „noble Palermitaner" Sigismondo d'India (ca. 1580-1628 oder 1629), Dichter und Komponist, war stolz darauf, einen Stil „…mit außergewöhnlichen Intervallen, mit möglichst vielen neuen Übergängen zwischen einer Konsonanz und der anderen, entsprechend der jeweiligen Bedeutung des Worts…" geschaffen zu haben. So überrascht es nicht, dass er ganz besonders auf die Auswahl der Texte achtete, indem er nicht nur die seiner großen Zeitgenossen, Marino, Tasso und Guarini, aufnahm, sondern auch des schon „klassischen" Petrarca.


IL PASTOR FIDO
TRAGICOMEDIA PASTORALE
DI BATTISTA GVARINI,
Dedicata
AL SER.MO D. CARLO EMANVELE
DVCA DI SAVOIA. &c.
Nelle Reali Nozze di S. A. con la Ser.ma Infante
D. CATERINA D'AVSTRIA.
CON PRIVILEGI.
IN VENETIA, Presso Gio. Battista Bonfadino.
M D X C.

Obwohl die fünf Monodien des großen Maestro nach Sonetten Petrarcas im ersten (1609), dritten (1618) und vierten (1621) Buch der *Musiche* getrennt veröffentlicht wurden, bilden sie trotz gewisser wesentlicher Unterschiede eine zusammenhängende Gruppe. So gehören sie mit dem „theatralischen" Madrigalzyklus aus dem *Achten Buch* (1624) (die Szene mit Silvio und Dorinda im berühmten *Pastor fido*) zu den interessantesten und originellsten Stücken dieses überraschenden, exzentrischen und unerschöpflichen Komponisten. Unklar ist noch immer, warum d'India nur die erste Strophe des berühmten Sonetts von Petrarcas *Or che'l ciel* vertont (oder zumindest veröffentlicht) hat. Der Vergleich mit der vollständigen Vertonung des Poems durch Monteverdi mag das brüchige und vielleicht fragmentarische Werk d'Indias in einem bescheideneren Licht erscheinen lassen. Er ist aber dennoch interessant, und es sei d'India auch ein anderer Vergleich gegönnt: der Szene mit Silvio und Dorinda, möglicherweise dem einzigen von Monteverdi vertonten italienischen Text, von dem auch die Version eines anderen Komponisten besteht, kann auch der glühendste Verehrer Monteverdis die stärkere dramatische Wirkung nicht absprechen.

Es wird hier auch die einzige andere (fast) vollständige Version desselben Fragments aufgeführt, die von Marenzio vertont wurde. Die Gegenüberstellung einer Auswahl von Madrigalen von drei Komponis-

ten soll unabhängig vom historischen und philologischen Wert dem Hörer neue Eindrücke vermitteln. So verbeugt sich Monteverdi vor seinem berühmten Kollegen Marenzio mit dem Satz *Di voi lodar non vendicar mi voglio*, während der Ausruf „Beata morte", der von allen drei Komponisten besonders emphatisch wiedergegeben wird, bei d'India höchste Wirkung erzielt, wenn er versucht, seine Vorgänger zu übertreffen, so wie in *Ah, dirò mia*, wo er von beiden zu schöpfen und die früheren Kompositionen zu „verbessern" scheint. Wie der Biograph Affò berichtet, habe Ferrante II. Gonzaga (1563-1630) üblicherweise eine Gruppe von ihm entlohnter Sänger am Cembalo begleitet und dabei besonderes Interesse am Genre des Madrigals gezeigt. Und eben Ferrante II. zeigte Guarini im Jahr 1583 bei einem Besuch in Guastalla einige kurz zuvor komponierte Verse des *Pastor fido*. Rund zehn Jahre später, 1591/92, versuchte die Geliebte des Herzogs Vincenzo Gonzaga, Agnese Argotta, allerdings ohne Erfolg, mit Guarini zusammen die berühmte Pastorale im Palazzo del Te mit Musik auf die Bühne zu bringen. Die geheime Lust, die das Liebespaar bei der bewusst zweideutigen Sprache Guarinis verspürte, ist leicht verständlich. So wird zum Beispiel in der Szene mit Silvio und Dorinda eben diese, als wildes Tier verkleidet, um sich dadurch dem Geliebten nähern zu können, vom (phallischen) Pfeil des unbeholfenen, unschuldigen Jägers Silvio getroffen, der die Liebesspiele noch nicht kennt. Diese Episode mag unserem heutigen Gefühl lächerlich erscheinen, ist aber auch als faszinierende ewige Allegorie zu verstehen: die Nymphe ist in ihrem Liebeskummer bereit, andere Gestalt anzunehmen, um den Mann ihrer Begierde zu erobern oder besser, um von ihm, dem „nur an die Arbeit denkenden" erobert zu werden. Die Sprache ist einerseits elegant und doch klar genug, um auch noch heute die unschuldigen, aber leidenschaftlichen „jungen Damen" zum Erröten zu bringen,


DI CLAVDIO
MONTEVERDE
MAESTRO della Musica del Serenis. S. DVCA di Mantoa.
IL QVINTO LIBRO
DE MADRIGALI A CINQVE VOCI.
Con il Basso Continuo per il Clauicembano, Citharone ed altro simile Istromento.
CANTO.
IN ANVERSA
Appresso Pietro Phalesio al Re Dauid
M. DC XV.

wie vor allem der Schlusssatz zeigt (mit der Doppelbedeutung des Todes als Orgasmus), der von d'India mit großer Sinnlichkeit vertont wurde: „… Er trifft mich, ja, mein Herz. Aber in deinen Armen getroffen zu werden, ist mir teuer und wie ein süßer Tod."

Erst im Jahr 1598 konnte diese umstrittene Komposition im Hoftheater von Mantua dreimal (im Juni, September und November) aufgeführt werden. Dabei zeichneten sich die zweite, für den Gouverneur von Mailand, und die dritte, anlässlich der Durchreise von Margarete von Österreich auf dem Weg zur Vermählung mit Philipp III. von Spanien, durch reiche Ausstattung und großartige Bühnenmaschinen aus. Luca Marenzio, der ebenfalls einen Madrigalzyklus zum selben Text schrieb (*Achtes Buch zu 5 Stimmen*, 1598) war möglicherweise bei der Aufführung vom achten September anwesend; aber es bleibt unklar, ob seine Musik oder die Monteverdis aufgeführt wurde. Wenige Jahre nach den Aufführungen in Mantua, im Jahr 1606, weilte d'India dort, ohne allerdings besondere Anerkennung zu finden, wobei er wahrscheinlich durch Monteverdis Aufstieg behindert wurde, mit dem er später in offenen Wettstreit treten sollte.

Die drei Zyklen mit Madrigalen zur Tragikomödie Guarinis zeigen ihre Verfasser – drei der bedeutendsten Vertreter des italienischen Frühbarocks – auf dem Höhepunkt ihrer Kunst, spiegeln zugleich aber auch die dramatischen Änderungen wieder, die das Madrigal der Renaissance zur expressiven Reife brachten und gleichzeitig seinen Untergang besiegelten.

Alan Curtis

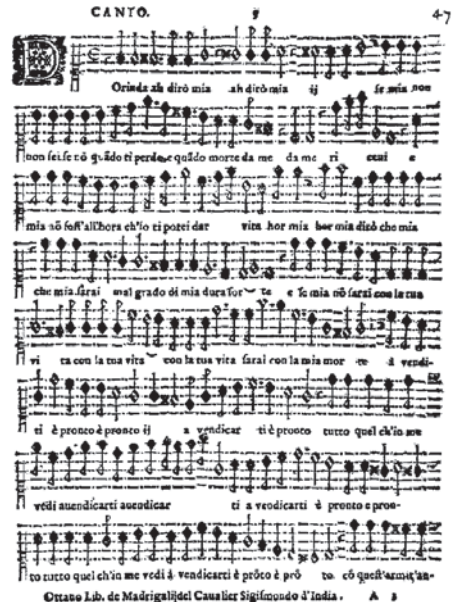
It is not surprising that the "nobile Palermitano" Sigismondo d'India (ca. 1580-1628 or 1629), himself a poet as well as a composer, proud of having created a style "...with unusual intervals, passing with the greatest possible novelty from one chord to another, according to the changing sense of the words," should have been particularly sensitive in his choice of texts, including not only those of his great contemporaries Marino, Tasso, and Guarini, but also of the already "classic" Petrarch. Although published randomly in the first (1609), third (1618), and fourth (1621) books of *Musiche*, the five settings of Petrarch sonnets by the greatest master of monody nonetheless form a consistently interesting yet varied group. In fact, they rank, along with his stunningly theatrical madrigal cycle from the eighth book (1624), the Silvio-Dorinda scene from Guarini's famous *Pastor fido*, among the finest and most original works by this unpredictable, quirky, and endlessly inventive composer.

Why he should have set (or at least published) only the first quatrain of Petrarch's famous *Or ch'il ciel* remains a mystery. Our juxtaposition of Monteverdi's grandiose setting of the complete sonnet may seem to overwhelm d'India's fragile and perhaps fragmentary page, but the comparison is nonetheless interesting and, in any case, we give d'India his revenge by providing another comparison: the Silvio-Dorinda scene, perhaps the only Italian text ever set by Monteverdi, of which another composer has made what even the most ardent Monteverdian must admit is a more dramatic setting. We include also the only other (nearly) complete setting of the same fragment of Guarini's play, by Marenzio.

The confrontation of these different composers' settings, apart from its historical and musicological significance, is meant to stimulate reflexions, comparisons, and reveal aspects of these works the listener might not otherwise observe.

For example, Monteverdi pays subtle homage to his illustrious colleague Marenzio in the way he chooses to set *Di voi lodar non vendicar mi voglio*, while the exclamation "Beata morte", treated in a special way by all three composers, shows d'India going to extremes in an attempt to surpass his predecessors, just as in *Ah, dirò mia* he seems both to borrow from and to "better" the previous settings.

The biographer Affò informs us that Ferrante II Gonzaga (1563-1630), poet-musician as well as patron, was particularly interested in madrigals, accompanying at the harpsichord a group of singers in his employ. It was to this same Ferrante II that Guarini, on the occasion of a visit to Guastalla, showed some recently-written verses of his unfinished *Il Pastor fido* in 1583. Nearly a decade later, in 1591/92, the mistress of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Agnese Argotta, with the collaboration of Guarini himself, tried unsuccessfully to stage, with music, the completed pastoral play in the Palazzo Te. One

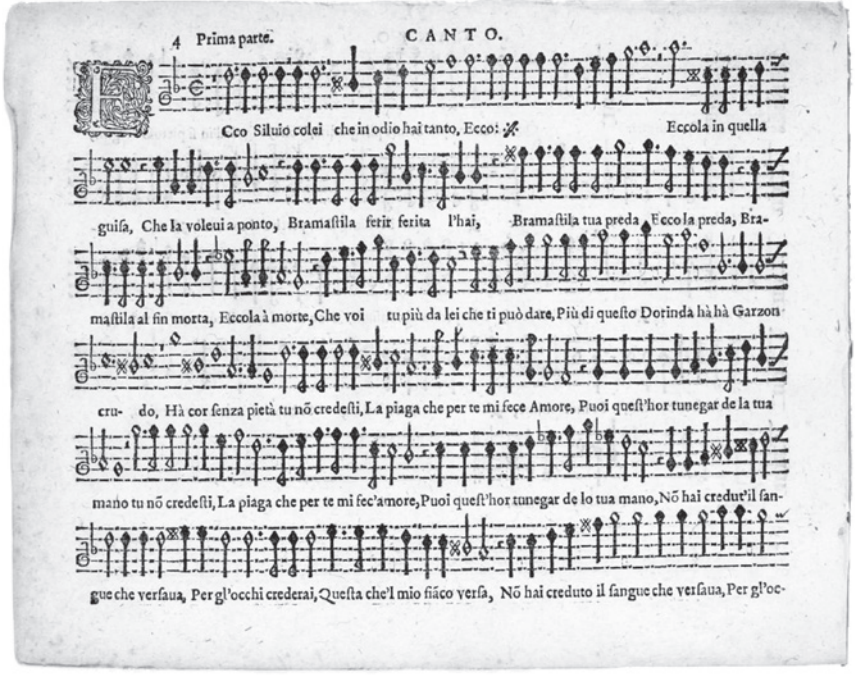


can easily fantasize the secret pleasures afforded the amorous couple by the intentionally ambiguous, courtly language of Guarini. The Silvio-Dorinda scene, for instance, in which the languishing nymph, disguised as a wild beast in order to anonymously approach her beloved, is pierced by the (phallic) arrow of the rough but innocent huntsman Silvio, hitherto oblivious to the charms of love, may border on the unintentionally ridiculous to modern sensibilities, yet it can also be seen as a charming and, in fact, timeless allegory: the desperately amorous nymph is willing even to alter her apparent identity in order to conquer, or rather be conquered by, the preoccupied, workaholic, male object of her desire. The language is exquisite, yet explicit enough to still today cause blushes among innocent but passionate young maidens; witness particularly the final lines (making use of the double meaning of death as orgasm) so sensuously set to music by d'India: "…Mi punge, sì, cor mio; Ma nelle braccia tue L'esser punta m'è caro e 'l morir dolce."

Not until 1598, however, was the much discussed play finally performed at the Mantuan court and then in no less than three different productions (June, September, and November). Of these the second, for the Governor of Milan, and the third, on the occasion of the visit of Margaret of Austria en route to her marriage with Philip III of Spain, included elaborate settings and grandiose stage machinery. Luca Marenzio (to whose three-madrigal cycle from the *Ottavo libro a 5*, 1598, we have added the intervening text already set to music in the *Sesto libro a 5* 1594), was perhaps present at the performance of September 8, 1598, but it is not known for certain whether the music for that performance was his or Monteverdi's. A few years later, in 1606, d'India stayed at Mantua, however apparently without attracting much notice, probably eclipsed by the rising splendour of Monteverdi, of whom he later became an open rival.

The three madrigal cycles based on the same scene from Guarini's tragicomedy show their composers — three of the most important figures of the Italian proto-Baroque — at the height of their respective careers, and reflect also the vivid and dramatic changes undergone by the Renaissance madrigal, bringing it to its spectacular climax of expressive maturity — and its inevitable demise.

Alan Curtis



Il n'est pas surprenant que le « Noble Palermitain » Sigismondo d'India (ca.1580-1628 ou 1629), poète et compositeur et fier d'avoir créé un style « *... avec des intervalles peu ordinaires, passant de façon toute nouvelle d'une consonance à l'autre, d'après la variété et le sens des paroles..* »", ait été particulièrement attentif au choix de ses textes, lorsqu'il inclut non seulement des poèmes de ses grands contemporains Marino, Tasso et Guarini, mais encore ceux de Pétrarque, auteur déjà « classique ».

Bien que les cinq monodies du maître basées sur des textes de Pétrarque aient été publiées séparément dans le premier (1609), le troisième (1618) et le quatrième (1621) livre des *Musiche*, elles forment un ensemble cohérent tout en ayant des différences substantielles. Ces œuvres peuvent être situées, avec le cycle « théâtral » des madrigaux du huitième livre (1624; la scène de Silvio et Dorinda du célèbre *Partor fido*) parmi les créations les plus intéressantes et originales de ce compositeur imprévisible, excentrique et inépuisable.

La raison de son choix de ne mettre en musique (ou du moins de ne publier) que la première strophe du fameux sonnet *Or che'l Ciel* de Pétrarque reste toutefois encore totalement obscure. Une comparaison avec la version complète de ce sonnet, mise en musique par Monteverdi, pourrait jeter de l'ombre sur la composition fragile et peut-être fragmentaire de d'India, mais elle est sans aucun doute fort intéressante. De toute façon, on pourrait offrir une revanche à ce dernier en comparant la scène de Silvio et Dorinda avec la version de Monteverdi. Il s'agit ici probablement du seul texte italien mis en musique par Monteverdi dont un autre compositeur a réalisé une version que même les plus ardents de ses défenseurs ne pourront s'empêcher d'admettre comme étant d'un meilleur effet dramatique.

Nous avons également inclus la seule autre version (quasi) entière du même extrait du drame pastoral de Guarini, celle de Marenzio. Une confrontation des versions de ces différents compositeurs sert à suggérer — indépendamment de leurs valeurs historiques et musicologiques — à l'auditeur des réflexions, des comparaisons et même à lui révéler certains aspects qu'il n'aurait pu autrement observer. Monteverdi fait par exemple un subtil hommage à son illustre collègue Marenzio dans la façon dont il met en musique *Di voi lodar non vendicar mi voglio*, tandis que l'exclamation « Beata morte », traitée de manière spéciale par les trois compositeurs, démontre que d'India tente de surpasser ses prédécesseurs en poussant plus loin les extrêmes. Ainsi dans *Ah, dirò mia* il semble à la fois emprunter et « améliorer » les versions précédentes.

D'après ce que nous rapporte le biographe Affò, il semble que Ferrante II Gonzaga (1563-1630), poète-musicien ainsi que mécène, ait eu un intérêt tout particulier pour les madrigaux, dans lesquels il accompagnait souvent ses musiciens. C'est à

l'occasion d'une visite à Guastalla en 1583 que Guarini montra au même Ferrante II quelques strophes récemment écrites de son *Pastor fido* encore inachevé. Presque dix ans plus tard, en 1591-92, Agnese Argotta, la maîtresse de Vincenzo Gonzaga tenta, sans succès malgré la collaboration de Guarini lui-même, de monter le drame pastoral désormais achevé avec scène et musique au Palazzo del Te à Mantoue. On peut aisément s'imaginer quel plaisir secret le langage intentionnellement ambigu et courtisan de Guarini pouvait offrir au couple d'amants. Par exemple, toujours dans la scène de Silvio et Dorinda, celle-ci déguisée en fauve pour pouvoir s'approcher de son amant, est blessée par la flèche (symbole phallique) du rude mais innocent chasseur Silvio, encore ignorant les jeux de l'amour. L'épisode peut sembler ridicule à notre sensibilité moderne, mais il faut ici procéder à une relecture au sens allégorique: la nymphe, en plein désespoir amoureux, est prête à prendre n'importe quelle apparence pourvu qu'elle puisse conquérir, ou plutôt être conquise par l'homme qui, trop préoccupé et absorbé par ses activités professionnelles, est l'objet de son désir le plus ardent. Le langage est exquis et suffisamment explicite pour faire rougir encore aujourd'hui les innocentes, mais passionnelles « demoiselles », comme on notera dans la phrase finale (dans laquelle est employé le double sens de la mort comme orgasme) que d'India a mise en musique d'une façon fort sensuelle: « ... Mi punge, sì, cor mio; Ma nelle braccia tue l'esser punta m'è caro e 'l morir dolce. »

Ce n'est qu'en 1598 que cette composition — qui fit l'objet de bien des discussions — put enfin être présentée au théâtre de la Cour de Mantoue, mais le succès fut tel qu'il y en eut trois représentations (en juin, septembre et novembre). La seconde (en l'honneur du Gouverneur de Milan) et la troisième (à l'occasion du passage de Marguerite d'Autriche en route pour ses noces avec Philippe III d'Espagne) furent caractérisées par des scénographies très élaborées et de grandioses machines. Luca Marenzio, qui lui aussi avait composé un cycle de madrigaux sur le même texte (*Huitième Livre a 5*, 1598), était probablement présent à la représentation du 8 septembre, mais on ne sait pas si sa musique ou celle de Monteverdi fut alors exécutée. En 1606, quelques années après les représentations de Mantoue, d'India passait un séjour dans la ville, toutefois sans recevoir de grandes reconnaissances. La présence de Monteverdi, avec qui il vivrait plus tard dans une compétition ouverte, en est très probablement la majeure raison.
Les trios cycles de madrigaux dédiés à la tragicomédie de Guarini représentent leurs compositeurs respectifs — trois personnages des plus importants en Italie de l'époque proto-baroque — au sommet de leur carrière, mais ils reflètent également avec vivacité les changements musicaux importants qui portèrent le madrigal de la renaissance à sa plus haute maturité expressive, tout en en déterminant à la fois la disparition.

Alan Curtis

BATTISTA GUARINI (1538-1612)
Il Pastor Fido, IV, ix.

I.

Dorinda

Se tu, [Silvio crudel], mi saettasti,
[dolce mio ben]
Quel ch'è tuo saettasti,
E feristi quel segno
Ch'è proprio del tuo strale.
Quelle mani a ferirmi,
Han seguito lo stil de' tuo' begli occhi.
Ecco Silvio colei, che'n odio hai tanto,
Eccola in quella guisa,
Che la volevi a punto.
Bramastila ferir: ferita l'hai;
Bramastila tua preda: ecco la preda;
Bramastila alfin morta: eccola a morte.
Che vuoi tu più da lei? Che ti può dare
Piú di questo Dorinda? Ah garzon crudo!
Ah cor senza pietà! Tu non credesti
La piaga che per te mi fece Amore;
Puoi questa or tu negar de la tua mano?
Non hai creduto il sangue
Ch'i' versava dagli occhi:
Crederai questo, che'l mio fianco versa?

II.

Dorinda

Ma, se con la pietà non è in te spenta
Gentilezza e valor, che teco nacque,
Non mi negar, ti prego,
(Anima cruda sì, ma però bella)

I.

Dorinda

If you, [cruel Silvio], did pierce me,
[my sweet darling]
you pierced what is yours,
and wounded that mark
which is proper for your arrow;,
those hands, in wounding me,
merely followed the manner of your beauteous eyes.
Behold, Silvio, the one you so much hate,
behold her in that very state
in which you wished to see her.
You desired to wound her: you have wounded her
You desired to see her as your prey: behold her your prey.
You desired to see her finally dead: behold her on the point of death.
What more do you want of her? What more than this
can Dorinda give you? Ah, cruel boy!
Ah, pitiless heart! You did not believe
the wound that Love gave me on your account;
can you now deny this one from your own hand?
You did not believe the blood
that I shed in the form of tears:
will you believe this blood that flows now from my side?

II.

Dorinda

But if the kindness and valor you were born with
have not abandoned you along with your sense of pity,
do not refuse me, I beg of you,
cruel but beautiful soul,

Non mi negar a l'ultimo sospiro
Un tuo solo sospir. Beata morte,
Se l'addolcissi tu con questa sola
* [Dolcissima parola,]
Voce cortese e pia:
"Va'in pace, anima mia!".

III.

Silvio

Dorinda, ah! dirò "mia", se mia non sei
Se non quando ti perdo? E quando morte
Da me ricevi, e mia non fosti allora
Ch'i' ti potei dar vita?
Pur[or] "mia" dirò, ché mia
Sarai malgrado di mia dura sorte;
E, se mia non sarai con la tua vita,
Sarai con la mia morte.
‡ Tutto quel che'n me vedi,
A vendicarti è pronto,
Con quest'armi t'ancisi,
E tu con queste ancor m'anciderai.
⁂ Ti fui crudele, ed io
Altro da te che crudeltà non bramo.
Ti disprezzai superbo;

[Monteverdi: IV.]

Ecco piegando le ginocchia a terra,
Riverente t'adoro;
E ti chieggio perdon, ma non già vita.
Ecco gli strali e l'arco;
Ma non ferir già tu gli occhi o le mani,
◊ Colpevoli ministri
D'innocente voler; ferisci il petto,

do not refuse me at the moment of my last sigh
one single sigh of yours. Happy my death,
if you were to sweeten it with this one
* [most sweet speech,]
courteous and pious utterance:
"Depart in peace, love of mine!"

III.

Silvio

Dorinda, ah! shall I say "mine" if you are not mine
except when I lose you and when you receive
your death from me, and were not mine then
when I was able to give you life?
Still, I shall say "mine," for mine
you will be in spite of my harsh fate;
and, if you will not be mine while you live,
you will be mine when I die.
‡ All that you see in me
is ready to avenge you;
with these weapons I killed you,
and you will kill me with these same weapons.
⁂ I was cruel to you, and I desire
only cruelty from you.
I scorned you in my pride;

Behold, bending my knees to the ground,
I worship you reverently
and I beg you for forgiveness, but not for my life.
Here are the arrows and the bow;
but do not wound my eyes or my hands,
◊ guilty ministers
of an innocent will; wound this breast,

◊ Ferisci questo mostro,
Di pietade e d'Amore aspro nemico;
Ferisci questo cor, che ti fu crudo:
Eccoti il petto ignudo.

IV.
[Monteverdi: V]

Dorinda

Ferir quel petto, Silvio?
Non bisognava agli occhi miei scovrirlo,
S'avevi pur desio ch'io te'l ferissi,
O bellissimo scoglio,
Già dall'onda, e dal vento
De le lagrime mie, de' miei sospiri
Si spesso invan percosso.
E' pur ver, che tu spiri?
E che senti pietate? O pur m'inganno.
◊ Ma sii tu pure, o petto molle, o marmo,
Già non vo', che m'inganni
D'un candido alabastro il bel sembiante,
Come quel d'una fera
Oggi ingannato ha il tuo Signor, e mio.
Ferir io te? Te pur ferisca Amore
Ché vendetta maggiore
Non so bramar che di vederti amante.
Sia benedetto il dì che da prim'arsi!
Benedette le lagrime e i martiri!
Di voi lodar non vendicar mi voglio.
¤⁂ Sia pur di me quel che nel Cielo è scritto,
In te vivrà il cor mio,
Né, pur che vivi tu, morir poss'io.

◊ wound this monster,
fierce enemy of compassion and love;
wound this heart that was cruel to you:
behold before you my bare breast.

Dorinda

Wound that breast, Silvio?
You should not have uncovered it to my sight
if you really wished me to wound it.
O most beautiful sea-cliff,
vainly dashed against so often in the past
by the waves and the wind
of my tears and my sighs,
is it then true that you live and breathe
and that you feel pity? Or am I mistaken?
◊ But whether you are a yielding breast or marble,
I no longer wish to be deluded
by the fair appearance of white alabaster,
the way that the appearance of a wild beast
has today deluded your master – and mine.
That I should wound you? Let Love wound you, rather,
for I could not desire greater revenge
than to see you in love
Blessed be the day on which I first blazed with passion!
Blessed be my tears and suffering!
I want to be fond of you, not avenge myself on you.
¤⁂ Let it be said of me, as it is written in heaven,
that my heart will live in you;
for as long as you are living, how could I die?

V.
[set to music only by Sigismondo d'India]

Dorinda
Silvio, come son lassa! Appena posso
Reggermi, ohimè, su questo fianco offeso.

Silvio
Sta di buon cor, ch'a questo
Si troverà rimedio, a noi sarai
Tu cara soma, e noi a te sostegno.
Linco, dammi la mano.

Linco
Eccola pronta.

Silvio
Tienla ben ferma, e del tuo braccio, e mio
A lei si faccia seggio.
Tu, Dorinda, qui posa;
E quinci col tuo destro
Braccio il collo di Linco, e quindi il mio
Cingi col tuo sinistro; e si adatta
Soavemente che'l ferito fianco
Non se ne dolga.

Dorinda
Ahi, punta
Crudel che mi trafigge!

Silvio
A tuo bell'agio
acconciati, ben mio.

Dorinda
Or mi par di star bene.

Dorinda
Silvio, how weak I am! Alas, I can hardly
hold myself up on this wounded thigh.

Silvio
Be of strong heart, because
for this a remedy is to be found. You shall be
our dear burden, and we shall sustain you.
Linco , give me your hand.

Linco
Here it is, ready.

Silvio
Hold her tight, and with your arm and mine,
we shall make a seat for her.
Dorinda, you lie here
and put your right
arm around the neck of Linco
and encircle mine with your left and adjust it
gently so that your wounded side
does not give you pain.

Dorinda
Ah, cruel dart
that pierces me!

Silvio
Make yourself at ease,
my love

Dorinda
Now it seems better.

Silvio
Dimmi, Dorinda mia: come ti punge
Forte lo strale!

Dorinda
Mi punge, sì, cor mio;
Ma nelle braccia tue
L'esser punta m'è caro e'l morir dolce

Silvio
Tell me my Dorinda: How deeply the arrow
pierces you!

Dorinda
Yes, it pierces me, my darling,
but in your arms
to be pierced is dear to me, and to die, sweet.

⁂ *Verses not set to music by Monteverdi*
◊ *Verses not set to music by Marenzio*
‡ *Verses set to music neither by Marenzio nor by Monteverdi*
* *Verse added by Monteverdi*
¤ *Verse not set to music by Sigismondo d'India*

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (1304-1374)

Tutto il dì piango

Tutto il dì piango; e poi la notte, quando
Prendon riposo i miseri mortali,
Trovomi in pianto, e raddoppiars'i mali:
Così spendo il mio tempo lagrimando.
In tristo umor vo gl'occhi consumando,
E'l cor in doglia; e son fra gl'animali
L'ultimo, sì che gli amorosi strali
Mi tengon ad ogni or di pace in bando.
Lasso, che pur da l'uno all'altro sole
E da l'una ombra all'altra, ho già 'l più corso
Di questa morte che si chiama vita.
Più l'altrui fallo che 'l mio mal mi dole:
Ché pietà viva e 'l mio fido soccorso
Vedem'arder nel foco, e non m'aita.

All day I weep; and then at night, when
miserable mortals take rest,
I find that I am in tears and that my pains are doubled;
thus I spend my time weeping.
With sad moisture I am consuming my eyes
and with sorrow my heart; and I am the most wretched of
animals, so that the arrows of Love
keep me ever banished from peace.
Alas! for from one sun to the next,
and from one night to the next, I have already run
through most of this death which is called life!
I grieve more for the fault of another than for my ills;
for living pity and the help I have relied on
see me burn in the fire and do not aid me.

Voi ch'ascoltate

Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond'io nudriva 'l core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore
Quand'era in parte altr'uom da quel ch'io sono,
Del vario stile in ch'io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze e'l van dolore,
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, nonché perdono.
Ma ben veggio or sì come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo, onde sovente
Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno;
Et del mio vaneggiar vergogna è'l frutto,
E'l pentirsi, e'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

You who hear in scattered rhymes the sound
of those sighs with which I nourished my heart
during my first youthful error,
when I was in part another man from what I am now:
for the varied style in which I weep and speak
between vain hopes and vain sorrow, where there is
anyone who understands love through experience,
I hope to find pity, not only pardon.
But now I see well how for a long time
I was the talk of the crowd, for which
often I am ashamed of myself within;
and of my raving, shame is the fruit,
and the repentance, and the clear knowledge
that whatever pleases in the world is a brief dream.

Mentre che 'l cor

Mentre che 'l cor da gli amorosi vermi
Fu consumato e'n fiamma amorosa arse,
Di vaga fera le vestigia sparse
Cercai per poggi solitari ed ermi;
Ed ebbi ardir, cantando, di dolermi
D'Amor, di lei che si dura m'apparse;
Ma l'ingegno e le rime erano scarse
In quella etade ai pensier nuovi e infermi.
Quel fuoco è morto e'l copre un picciol marmo,
Che se col tempo fosse ito avanzando,
(Come già in altri) infino alla vecchiezza,
Di rime armato, ond'oggi mi disarmo,
Con stil canuto avrei fatto, parlando,
Romper le pietre e pianger di dolcezza.

While my heart was consumed by the worms of love
and burned in an amourous flame,
I sought on solitary and wild hills the scattered footprints
of a wandering wild creature,
and I dared, singing, to complain
of Love and of her who seemed so cruel to me;
but wit and rhymes came scantily
at that age to my new and faltering thoughts.
That fire is dead and a little marble covers it:
if it had gone on growing with time,
(as it does in others) into my old age,
armed with the rhymes of which today I am disarmed,
with a mature style I would speaking have made
the very stones break and weep with sweetness.

Io viddi in terra angelici costumi

Io viddi in terra angelici costumi
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole,
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova e duole,
Ché quanto miro par sogni, ombre e fumi.
E viddi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi
Che han fatto mille volte invidia al sole,
Et udii sospirando dir parole
Che farian gire i monti e stare i fiumi.
Amor, senno e valor, pietate e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce concento
D'ogni altro che nel mondo udir si soglia.
Ed era il ciel all'armonia sì intento,
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia,
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aere e 'l vento.

I saw on earth angelic qualities
and heavenly beauties unique in the world,
so that the memory pleases and pains me, for
whatever I look on seems dreams, shadows and smoke.
And I saw those two beautiful lights weeping
that have a thousand times made the sun envious;
and I heard amid sighs words
that would make mountains move and rivers stand still.
Love, wisdom, worth, piety, and sorrow
made, weeping, a sweeter music
than any other to be heard in the world;
and the heavens were so intent upon the harmony
that no leaf on any branch was seen to move,
so much sweetness filled the air and the wind.

Or che 'l ciel e la terra

Prima parte
Or che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace
E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena
Notte il carro stellato in giro mena
E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace.
Veglio, penso, ardo, piango, e chi mi sface
Sempre m'è innanzi per mia dolce pena.
Guerra è il mio stato, d'ira e di duol piena
E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.
Seconda parte
Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Move il dolce e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco
Una man sola mi risana e punge.
E perché il mio martir non giunga a riva
Mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco
Tanto da la salute mia son lunge.

Part I
Now that the heavens, and earth and wind are silent,
and sleep placates wild beasts and birds,
and Night leads forth the starry chariot,
and in its bed the sea lies waveless,
I wake, I think, I burn, I weep, and the one who does
undo me is before me always, to my sweet sorrow.
War is my state, full of wrath and woe,
and only in thinking of her do I find some peace.
Part II
Thus solely from a clear and vivid source pours forth
the sweetness and bitterness on which I graze.
One hand alone both cures and wounds me,
And, so that my torture may never end,
a thousand times a day I die, a thousand I am born,
so far am I from my salvation.

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