

The Texts

1

Cruda Amarilli che col nome ancora
d'amar ah! lessa, amarantem' inangai,
Amarilli del candido ligastro
più candida e più bella,
ma de l'aspido sordo
e più sorda e più fera e più fugace.
Poi che col dir l'offendo
i mi morirò tacendo.

G. Guarini: *Il Pastor fido*, I, 2.

2

O Mirtillo, Mirtil! anima mia!
Se vedesti qui dentro
come sta il cor di questa
che chiami crudelissima Amarilli,
so ben che tu di lei
quella pietà che da lei chiedi havresti.
O anime in amor troppo infelici!
Che giova a te cor mio l'esser amato?
Che giova a me l'haver sì caro amante?
Perchè, crudo destino,
ne disunisci tu s'amor ne stringe,
e tu perchè ne stringi
se ne parte il destin, perfido Amore?

G. Guarini: *Il Pastor fido*, III, 4.

3

Era l'anima mia
già presso a l'ultim' hora.
E languia come langue alma che more.
Quand'anima più bella e più gradita,
volse lo sguard'in sì pietoso giro,
che mi mantenn' in vita.
Parean dir quei bei lumi:
Deh! perchè ti consumi?
Non m'è sì caro il cor ond'io respiro
come se' tu, cor mio.
Se mori, ohimè! non mori tu, mor' io.

according to Redlich*: G. Guarini: *Il Pastor fido*.

1

Cruel Amarilli, who with name alone,
Alas, slack! teaches me to love bitterly,
Amarilli, purer and more beautiful
than the snow-white privet
but more callous, wilder and more fleeting
than the callous viper.
Since I offend you by speaking
I will die in silence.

2

O Mirtillo, Mirtillo my beloved (my soul)!
If you saw within,
what a state the heart of her
whom you call the most cruel Amarilli was in,
I know well
that you would feel the same pity for her
that you demand of her.
O soul, much too unhappy in love!
What good is it to you, my dear, to be loved?
What good is it to me to have so dear a lover?
Why, cruel fate,
do you separate us when love binds us together,
and why do you bind us together
if fate separates us, treacherous Amor?

3

My soul was
already in its final hour
and languished, as a dying soul languishes,
when a more beautiful and more pleasing soul
glanced my way with so sympathetic a movement
that I remained alive.
The two lovely lights (eyes) seemed to say:
Ah, why are you being consumed?
The heart by which I live is not so dear to me
as are you, my heart.
If you die, alas, it is not you who dies, but I.

4 (1. parte)

Ecco, Silvio, colei ch'in odio hai tanto.
Eccola in quella guisa
che la volevi a punto.
Bramastila ferir: ferita l'hai;
bramastila tua preda: eccola a morte.
Che voi tu più da lei? Che ti può dare
più di questo, Dorinda? Ah! garzon crudo,
ah! cor senza pietà, tu non credesti
la piaga che per te mi fec' Amore.
Puoi quest' hor tu negar de la tua mano;
non hai creduto il sangue
ch'ei versava, per gli occhi
crederai questo che l mio fianco versa.

5 (2. parte)

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,
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.

6 (3. parte)

Dorinda ah! dirò mia, se mia non sei
se non quando ti perdo, e quando morte
da me ricevi. E mia non fosti all' hora
che ti potei dar vita.
Pur mia dirò che mia
sarai malgrado di mia dura sorte.
E se mia non sarai con la tua vita,
sarai con la mia morte.

4 (1st Part)

Behold, Silvio,
that woman whom you have hated so much.
Behold her in the condition
that you have wished for her.
You wanted to hurt her, you have hurt her;
you wanted her as prey, here she is as your prey;
and finally you wanted her dead, here she is dying.
What more do you want of her?

What can she, Dorinda, give you
more than this? Oh, cruel youth,
oh, heart without pity, you did not believe in
the wound which Amor dealt me through you.
Now you can deny that which your hand has done;
you have not believed in the blood which it (love)
has shed, with your eyes
you will believe in this (blood)
which pours from my side.

5 (2nd Part)

But if pity has not been extinguished in you
together with the kindness and nobility
with which you were born,
then do not refuse me, I beg you,
cruel but nevertheless beautiful soul,
do not refuse me, as I sigh my last,
one single sigh from you.
Happy death (it would be),
if you would sweeten it with a single
most tender word,
with a kind and compassionate voice:
Depart in peace, my soul (love).

6 (3rd Part)

Dorinda, oh, I will call you mine
even if you are only mine
when I am about to lose you, and when you die
at my hand. You were not mine when
I could give you life.
Nevertheless mine, I would say that you should
be mine in spite of my hard fate.
And if you will not be mine with your life,
you shall be with my death.

* Hans F. Redlich, *Claudio Monteverdi, I: Das Madrigalwerk*,
Berlin 1932.

M'è più dolce il penar per Amarilli
che l'gioir di mill'altre.
E se gioir di lei
mi vieta il mio destino hoggi si muoia
per me pur ogni gioia.
Viver io fortunato
per altra donna mai, per altr'Amore
nè potend'li vorrei,
nè volendo il potrei.
E s'esser può ch'in alcun tempo mai
ciò voglia il mio volere
o possa il mio potere,
prego il ciel ed Amor che tolto pria
ogni voler, ogni poter mi sia.

G. Guarini: *Il Pastor fido*, III, 6.

Ahil come a un vago sol cortese giro
de duo belli occhi ond'io
sofferai il primo dolce stral d'Amore
pien d'un nuovo desio
sì pronto a sospirar, torna il mio core.
Ah! che piaga d'Amor non sana mai!
Lasso, non val ascondersi, ch'omai
conosco i segni ch'el mio core addita
de l'antica ferita.
Ah! che piaga d'Amor non sana mai!
Et è gran tempo pur che la salda.

Troppo ben può questo tirann'Amore,
poichè non val fuggire
a chi no'l può soffrire.
Quand'io penso tal'hor com'arde e pugne,
io dico: Ah! core stolto,
non l'aspettar, che fai?
Fuggilo sì che non ti prenda mai.
Ma non so com'il lusingher mi giunge,
ch'io dico: Ah! core sciolto,
perchè fuggito l'hai?
Prendilo sì che non ti fugga mai.

according to Redlich: G. Guarini

It is more pleasant to me to suffer for Amarilli
than to rejoice in a thousand others.
And if fate forbids me
to rejoice in her
then all other pleasures
will die for me today.
I neither wish to be able,
nor am able to wish,
to live happily
with another woman, for another love.
And if it could happen sometime
that my will would wish it,
or my ability would be capable of it,
then I pray to heaven and Amor first
to be deprived of all will and all ability.

Oh, as to a lovely sun
my heart, full of new desire
and eager to sigh,
returns to the noble glance of the two eyes
from which I was wounded
by the sweet arrow of first love.
Oh, to think that Amor's wound never heals!
Poor me, it is of no use to hide,
since now I know the signs which my heart reveals
of the old wound.
Oh, to think that Amor's wound never heals!
And it is really a long time since I patched it up.

This tyrannical Amor is much too powerful
for it to be of any use
for one who cannot endure him to flee.
When I sometimes think
how he burns and needles me
I say: O foolish heart,
do not wait for him, what are you doing?
Fly from him so that he can never catch you.
But just as soon as this charmer catches up with me
I say: Alas, liberated heart,
why did you flee from him?
Grab hold of him
so that he will never flee from you.

Amor, se giusto sei,
fa che la donna mia
anch'ella giusta sia.
Io l'amo, tu il conosci, ed ella il vede.
Ma pur mi strazia e mi trafigge il core,
e per pur mio dolore,
e per dispreggio tuo non mi dà fede.
Non sostenere, Amor, che nel tuo regno
là dov'io ho sparta fede, mieta sdegno.
Ma fa giusto, signore,
ch'in premio del mio amor, io colga amore.

"T'amo, mia vita!" la mia cara vita
dolcemente mi dice, e in questa sola
sì soave parola
par che trasformi lietament' il core
per farmene signore.
O voce di dolcezza e di diletto!
Prendila tost'Amore,
stampala nel mio petto,
spiri solo per lei l'anima mia,
"T'amo mia vita!" la mia vita sia.

according to Redlich: G. Guarini.

E così a poc' a poco,
torno farfalla semplicett' al foco.
E nel fallace sguardo,
un'altra volta mi consum' ed ardo.
Chi spegne antico incendio il fa immortale.
Ah! che piaga d'amore,
quanto si cura più, tanto men sana,
ch'ogni fatica è vana
quando fu punto un giovinetto core,
dal primo e dolce strale.
Chi spegne antico incendio il fa immortale.

Amor, if you are just,
then make sure that my lady
will be just.
I love her, you know that, and she sees it.
But nevertheless she tears me apart
and pierces my heart,
and nevertheless, to my misery
and in contempt of you, she does not believe me.
You must not permit, Amor, that in your kingdom
where I have sown so much fidelity,
that there I should reap scorn.
But be just, master,
that in reward for my love I shall reap love.

"I love you, my life," says my dear life
sweetly to me, and in this
soft saying alone
she seems happily to change her heart
so as to make me its master.
O voice of sweetness and delight!
Take it at once, Amor,
press it to my heart,
my soul shall breathe for her alone,
"I love you, my life" shall be my life.

And thus, little by little,
do I, silly butterfly, return to the fire.
And in the fraudulent glance
I am again consumed and burn.
The one who extinguishes an old fire
makes it immortal.
Alas, the more one tries to cure love's wound,
the less it heals,
since every effort is in vain
where a very young heart has been struck
by the first and sweet arrow.
The one who extinguishes an old fire
makes it immortal.

Questi vaghi concetti
che gli augelletti intorno
vanno temprando a l'apparir del giorno,
sono, cred'io, d'Amor desiri ardenti,
sono pene e tormenti.
E pur fanno le selve e 'l ciel gioire
al lor dolce languire.
Deh! se potess'anch'io
così dolce dolermi
per questi poggi solitari ed ermi,
che quell'a cui piacer sola desio,
gradiss' il pianger mio.
Io bramerei, sol per piacere a lei,
eterni i pianti miei.

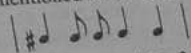
These lovely harmonies
which the little birds hereabouts
give out at the appearance of day,
they are, I believe, Amor's burning wishes,
they are sufferings and torments.
And yet they make the woods and the skies happy
with their sweet longings.
Alas, if only I too could
lament so sweetly
among these lonesome and deserted heights,
that the only one I wish to please
could be pleased by my weeping.
I would wish, only to please her,
that my tears should be eternal.

Editorial Commentary

The Music

In this new edition the original note-values have been retained but the original combination of clefs, which are shown at the beginning of each piece, have been changed to conform to modern practice (G-clef and octave-transposed G-clef on the second line and F-clef on the fourth line). The transposed G-clef is used where the part will be sung in a present-day performance by a tenor. In the Basso continuo the same clef is used as in the corresponding vocal part wherever possible. In certain places, however, a change of clef is avoided in accordance with the original (see e.g. no. 8, bar 3 and no. 12, bars 9 and 23). In the commentary the original clefs are used. Where a note is divided by a bar-line and must be tied over it is not mentioned in the commentary since the bar-lines throughout the edition have been added by the editors (with the exception of a very few instances specified in the commentary). The few ligatures of the original notation have been written out and noted in the commentary, but all the slurs of the new edition occur also in the original. All quavers and smaller note-values have individual flags in the original; where they belong to the same syllable of text, and in the basso continuo, these are connected by beams in the new edition.

Accidentals. All three accidentals (#, b and ♮) are used in the new edition whereas in the original ♯ is expressed by either # or b. All the accidentals of the original are reproduced as a matter of principle, even repetitions within the same bar, except in the case of immediately repeated notes for which an accidental is indicated for the first altered note only. If there are accidentals for other of the notes in the original print these are mentioned in the commentary. For example,



accompanied by the comment "1608 also # for 3. note" means that in all editions there is a # before the first note and only the edition of 1608 has in addition a # for the third note. Added accidentals are placed on the staff itself only in those cases where repetitions of an altered note in the following bar make the accidental inevitable. Such in-

stances are noted in the commentary. All other added accidentals are entered above the staff in accordance with the following principles: the cancellation of an accidental's effect within the bar and other necessary additions are placed above the note in normal type-size (#, b, ♮), whereas the editors' own suggestions are represented by those additions entered above the note which are in a smaller type-size (♯, ♭, ♮). No unnecessary accidentals have been added by the editors to influence the manner of performance.

The entries in the commentary are identified by bar number, voice part or basso continuo and number of note in the bar. The parts are specified by C, Q, A, T, B and Bc. In no. 18 S means Sesta Parte. In no. 19 Roman numerals are added to the parts to indicate first or second choirs, e.g., C II = Choir II, Canto. However in this madrigal Q means Choir I, Quinto (called Nona Parte in the original) since Choir II consists of only four parts. In numbering the notes all notes are counted, including each of two or more tied notes. If a note to be mentioned is tied over from the previous bar its number is enclosed with parentheses, e.g., "(1) note is a". (Note that the continental form of ordinal numbers has been retained in preference to the English, i.e., 1, 2, instead of 1st, 2nd, etc.). Pitches are cited without specifying the octave except where this is necessary to avoid misunderstanding. The modern accidentals i.e., also ♯, are used in the commentary. The editions are specified by their years of publication (1615V = Venice, 1615A = Antwerp). Where no date is mentioned the comment applies for all the editions in use. Where the sign ± occurs before a date it means that the comment is valid for all editions except the one so indicated.

Basso continuo. The Basso continuo is not figured in the original, but sometimes accidentals referring to the third of the chord are used. These accidentals are either placed over the staff or on the staff before the note in question in the original editions. Such alterations are rare in the Venetian editions and are noted in the commentary. However, they occur frequently in the Antwerp edition and these are copied in under the staff in the new edition without other comment.