Michelangelo Rossi MADRIGALI

Der Notentext wurde primär aus der handschriftlichen Partitur übernommen. Vergleiche mit den handschriftlichen Einzelstimmen können Anlass zu Abweichungen sein.

Die Taktstrichsetzung entspricht der handschriftlichen Partitur.

Jedes Versetzungszeichen gilt ausschliesslich für die unmittelbar folgende Note. Auflösungszeichen sind somit überflüssig. Dies entspricht der Konvention der handschriftlichen Quellen.

Die Balkensetzung wurde der heutigen Konvention entsprechend der Silbenverteilung angeglichen.

Die Orthographie und Interpunktion wurden heutigen Konventionen angepasst.

Fassungen:

- 3. März:
- erster Release

8. März:

- Ergänzung I.9, Langue al vostro languir
- Neue Transposition II.17 O donna: DA Ganzton tiefer, AO gr. Terz tiefer

9. März:

- Ergänzung Stimmbücher Originaltonarten
- Korrekturen im Notentext (alle Fassungen)

19. März:

- Korrekturen im Notentext, basierend auf der CD-Produktion für die Schola Cantorum Basiliensis / Glossa
- Ergänzung II.10 Alma afflitta

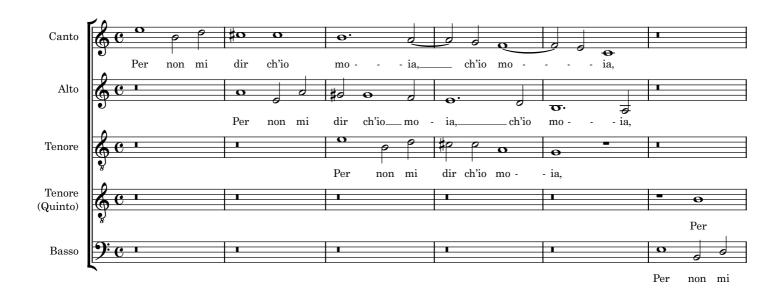
I.3 Per non mi dir ch'io moia

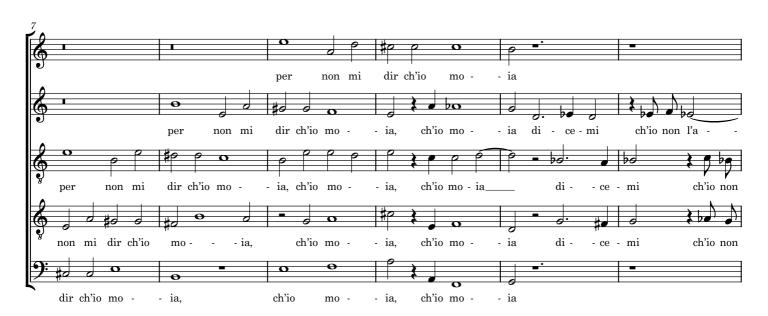
Madrigal von Cesare Rinaldi

Per non mi dir ch'io moia dicemi ch'io non l'ami, quest'empia, e par che brami, togliendomi l'amor, tormi la noia.

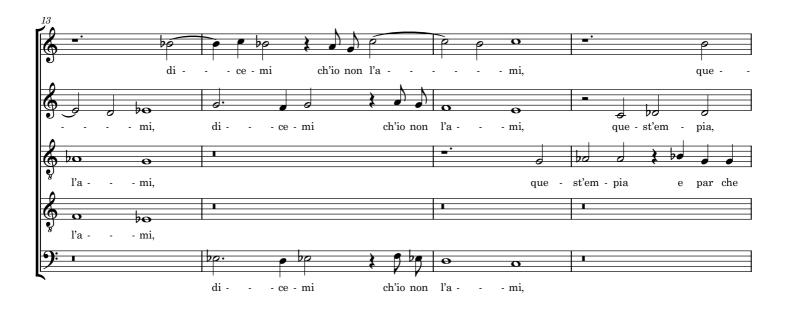
S'amor è vita e gioia, priva d'amor non morrà l'alma mia?

donna fallace e ria come sa ben mentir forme e colori: tanto è dir »non amar« quanto è dir »mori«!

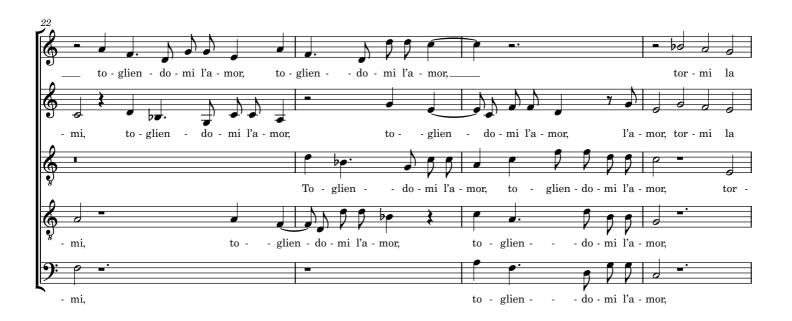


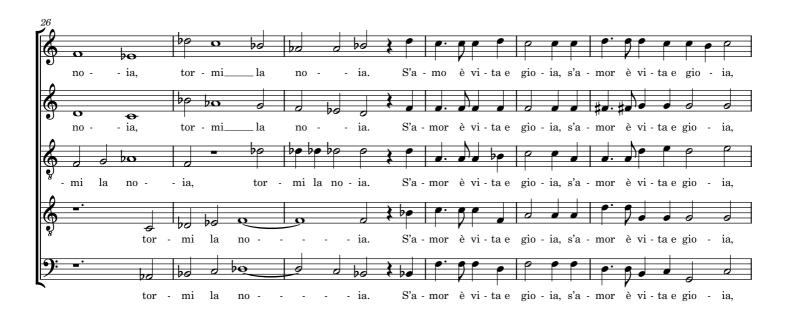


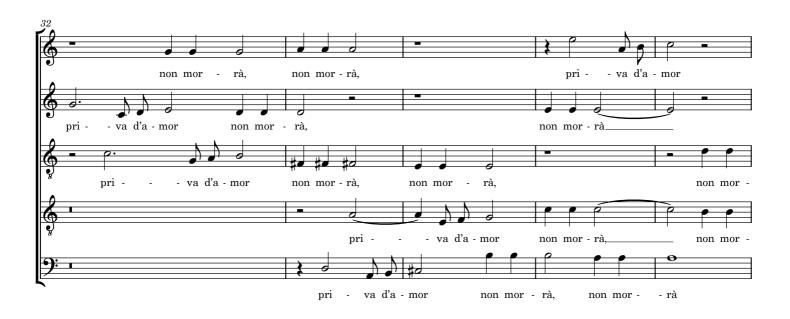
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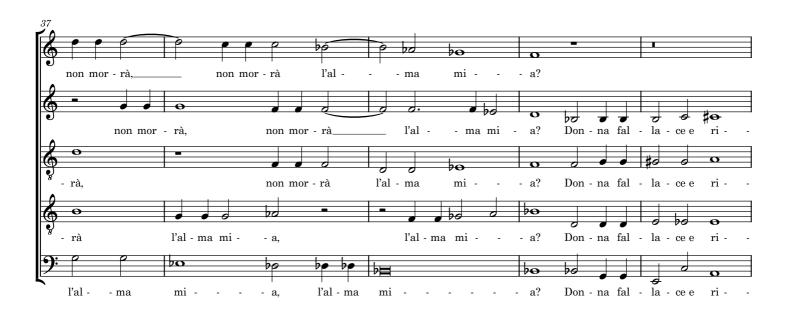


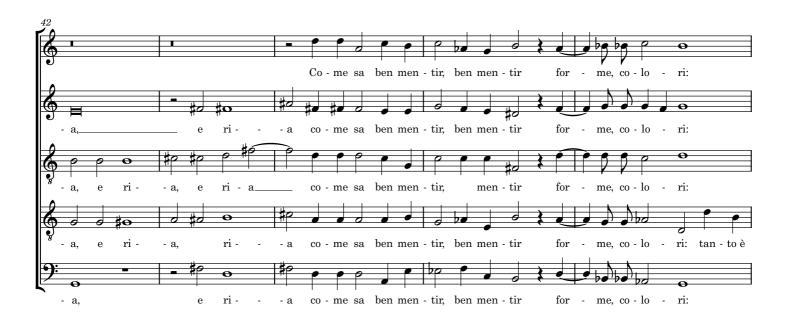


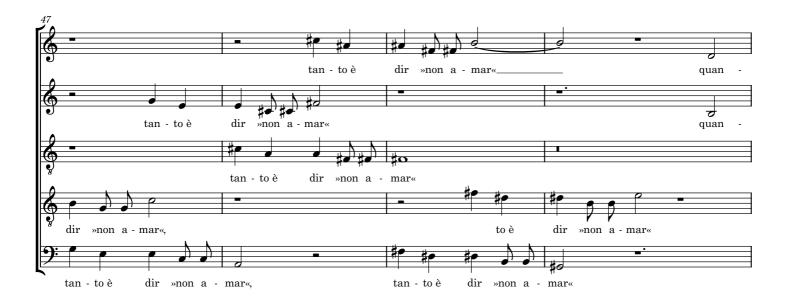


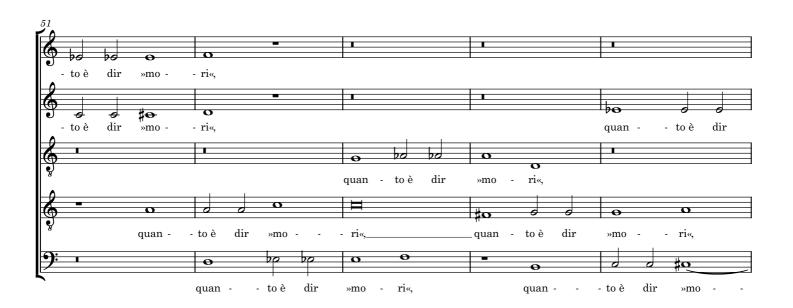




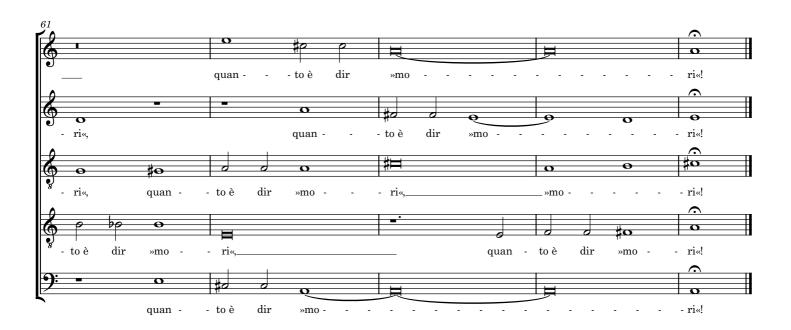








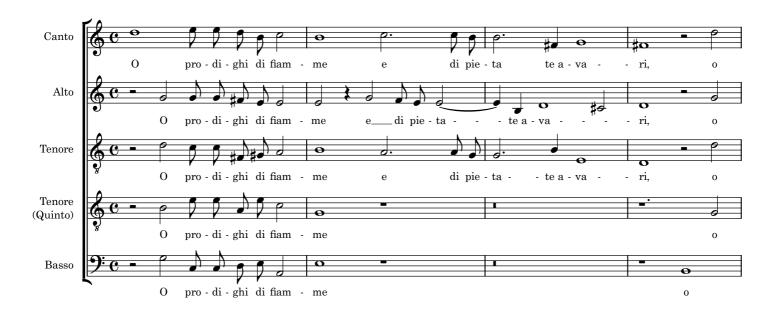


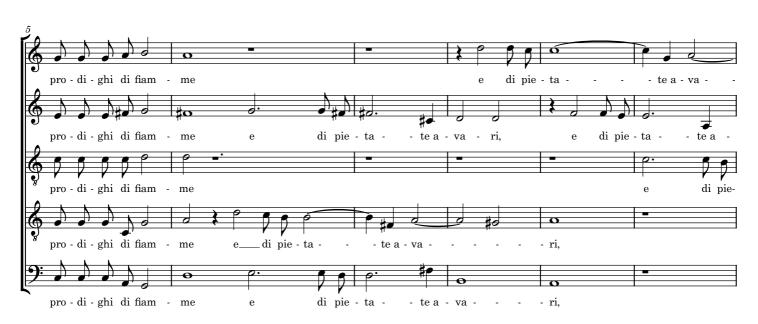


I.4 O prodighi di fiamme

Madrigal von Fulvio Testi

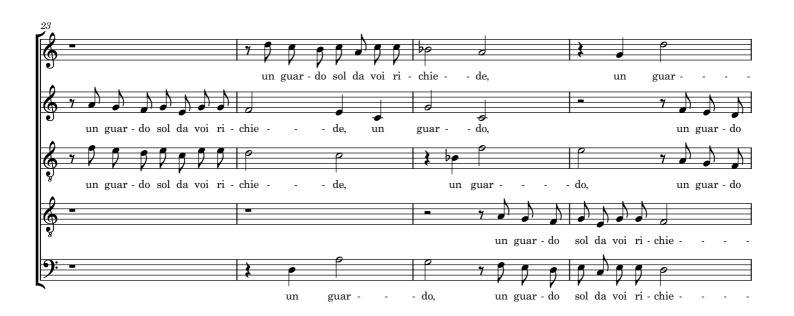
O prodighi di fiamme
e di pietate avari,
occhi superbi sì ma però cari,
un guardo, un guardo sol da voi richiede
il mio amor, la mia fede:
e voi scarsi men siete.
Spietatissimi rai, se non volete
tornar l'anima tolta a questo seno,
ancidetela almeno,
ch'è crudeltà infinita
negarmi morte e non volermi in vita.

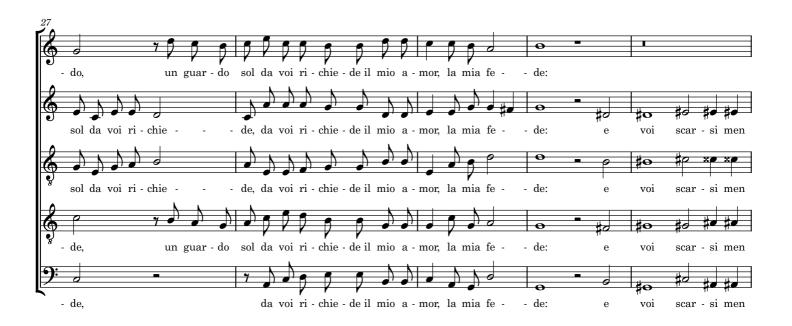


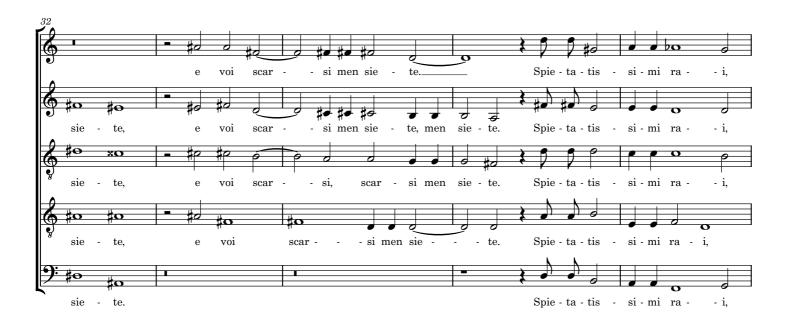




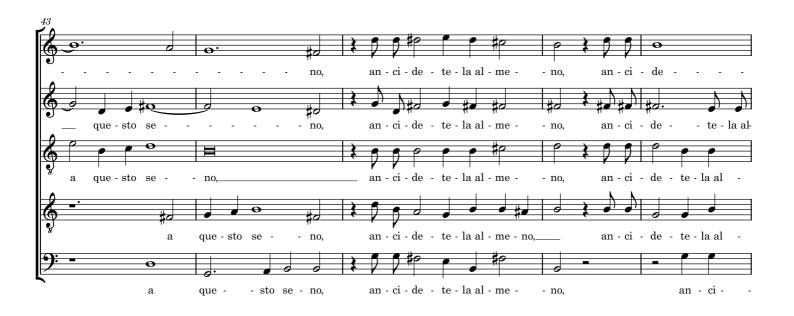


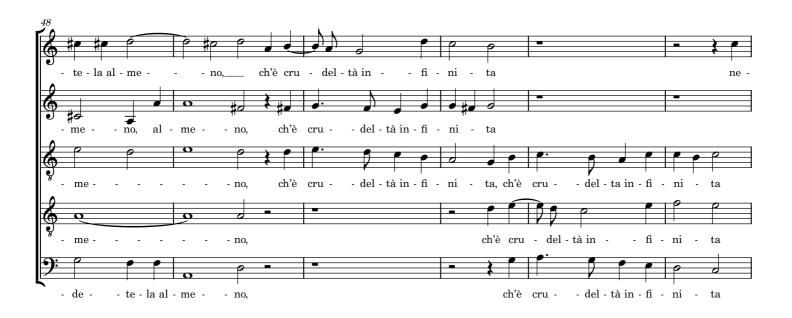


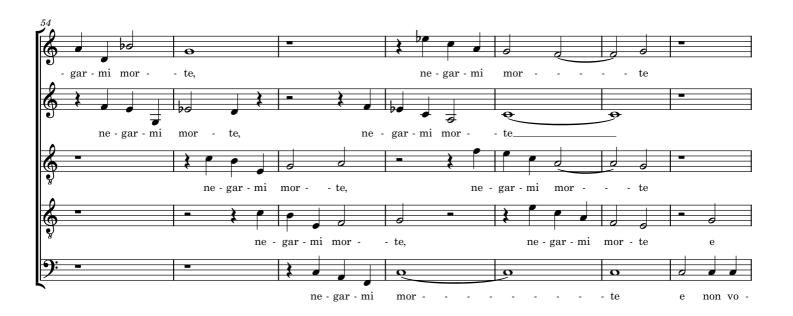


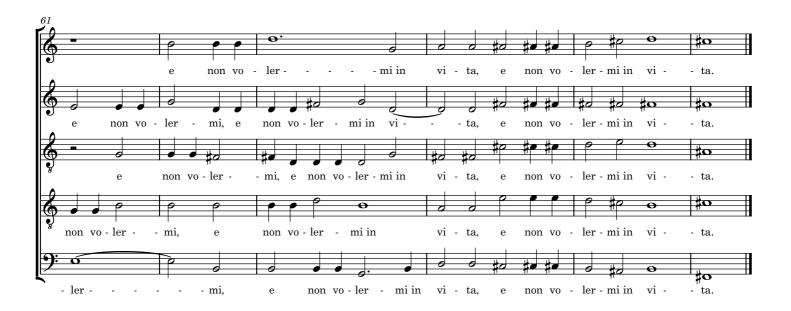








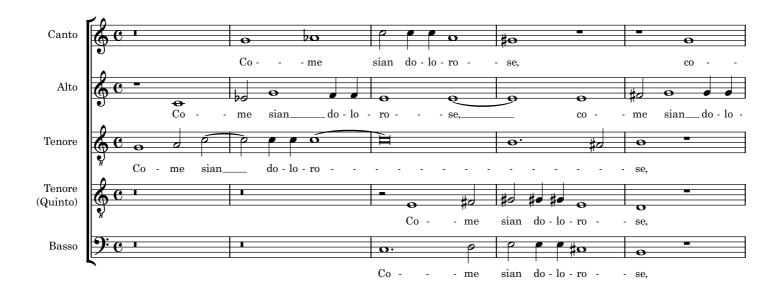


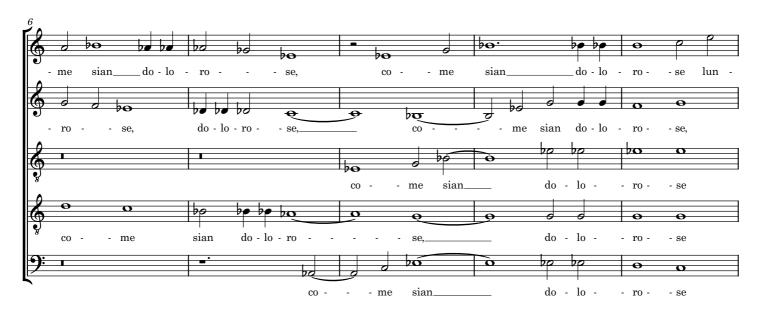


I.5 Come sian dolorose

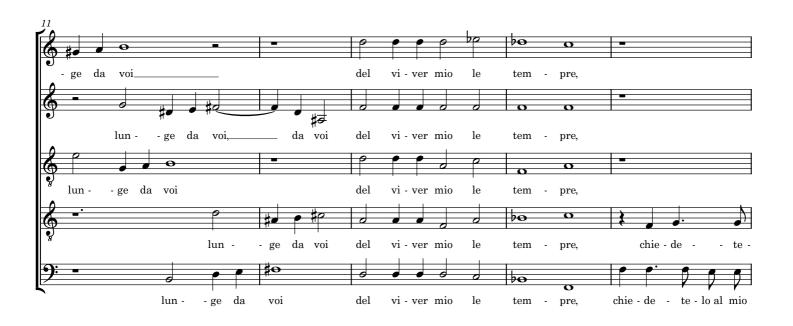
Madrigal von Battista Guarini

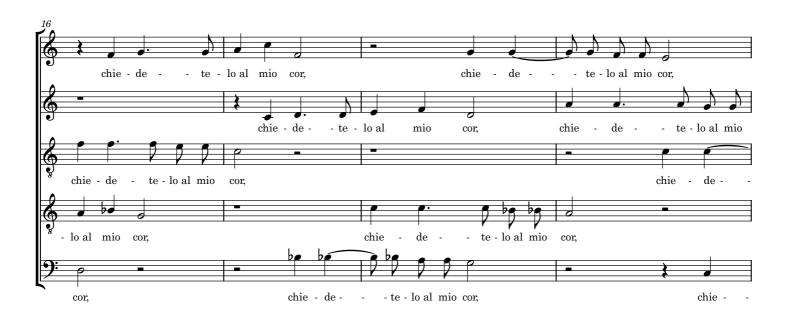
Come sian dolorose
lunge da voi del viver mio le tempre,
chiedetelo al mio cor, ch'è con voi sempre
Ma se 'n lingua d'amor egli favella
che voi non intendete
con quella mente di pietà rubella,
almen l'intenderete
ai sospiri, a le lagrime, al sembiante
ch'io moro senza voi misero amante.

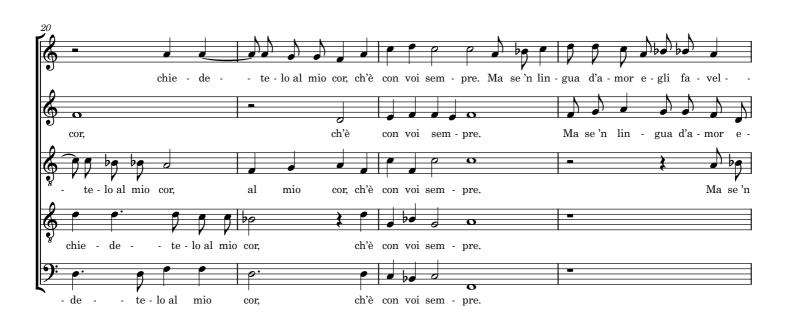




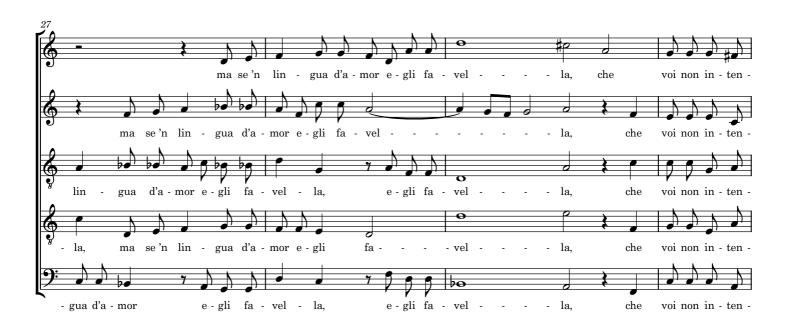
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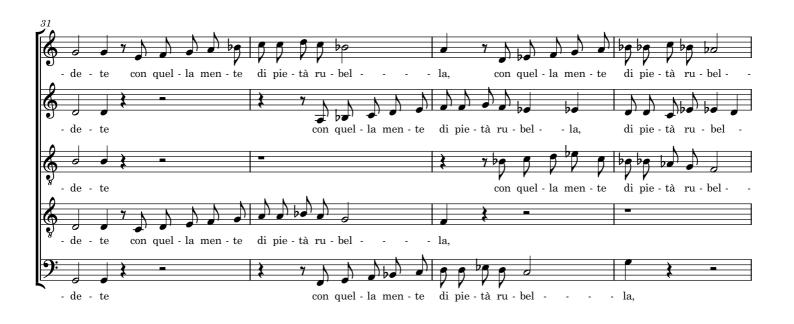


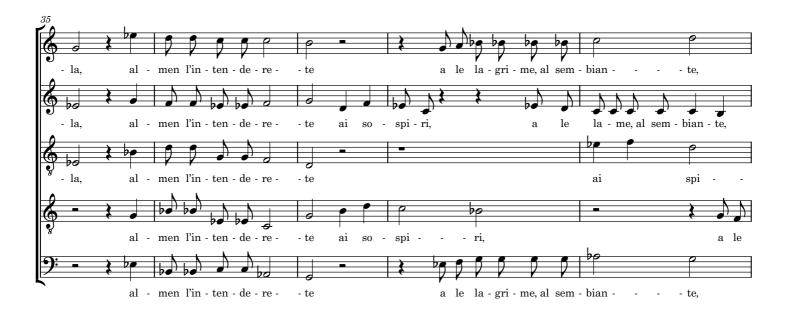


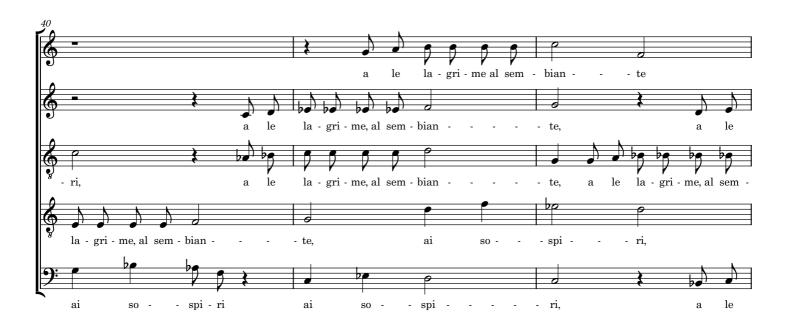


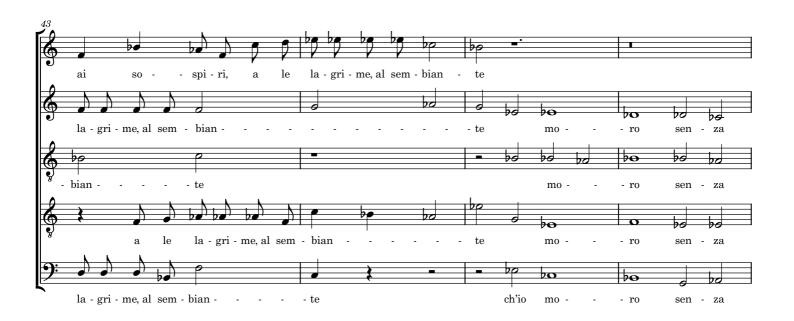


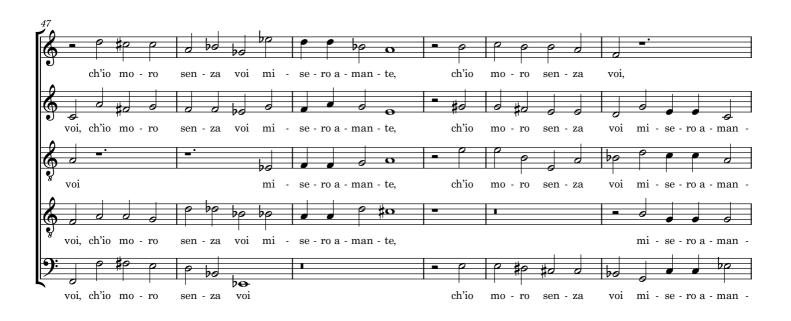


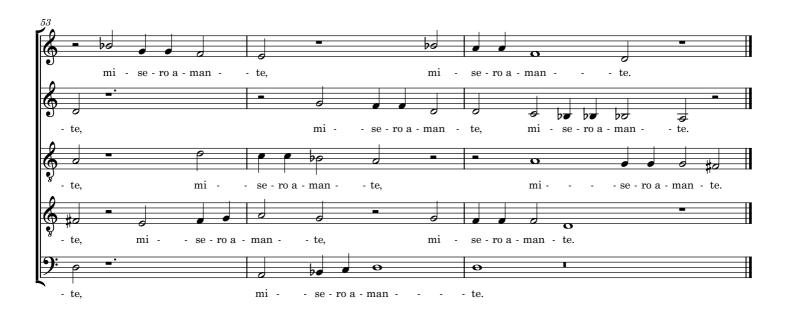












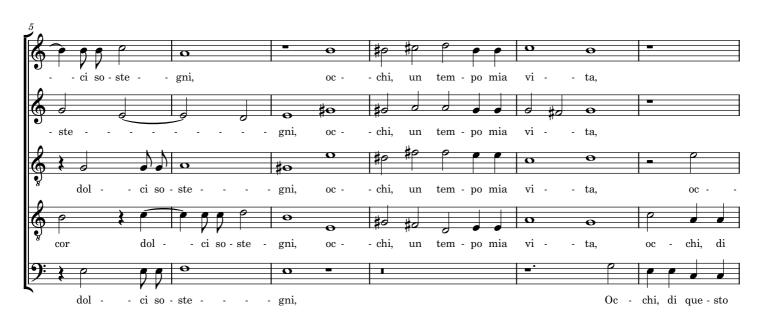
I.8 Occhi, un tempo mia vita

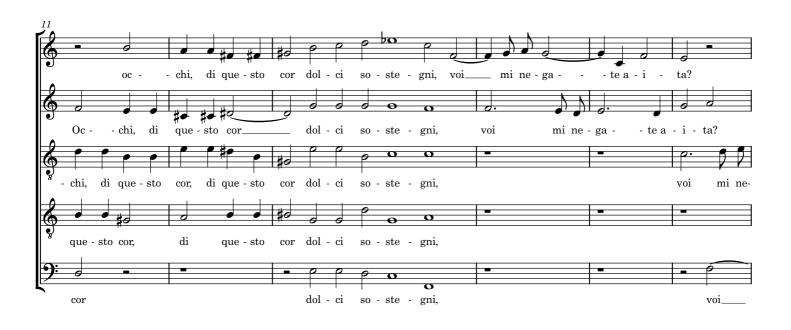
Madrigal von Battista Guarini

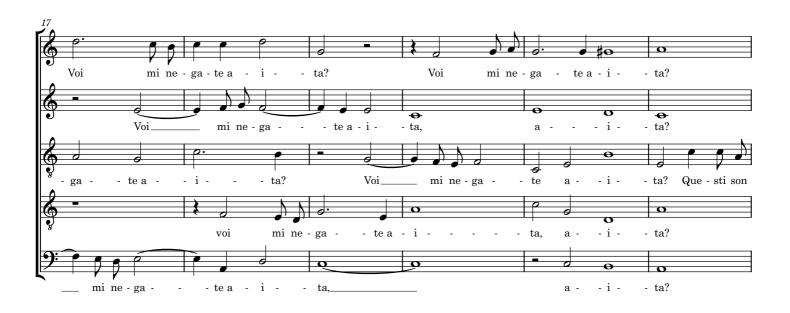
Occhi, un tempo mia vita,
occhi, di questo cor dolci sostegni,
voi mi negate aita?
Questi son ben de la mia morte i segni.
Non più speme o conforto,
tempo è sol di morire; a che più tardo?

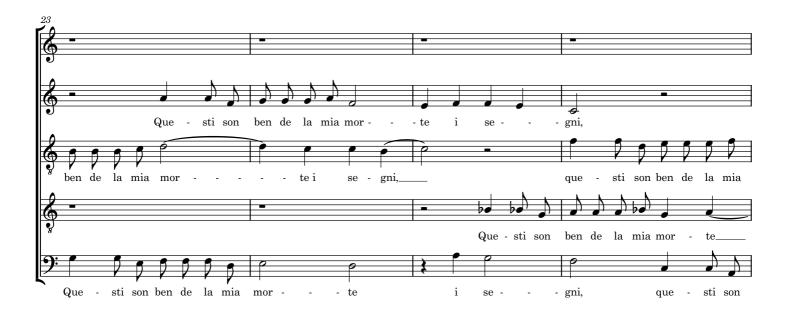
Occhi, ch'a sì gran torto morir mi fate, a che torcete il guardo? Forse per non mirar come v'adoro? Mirate almen ch'io moro.

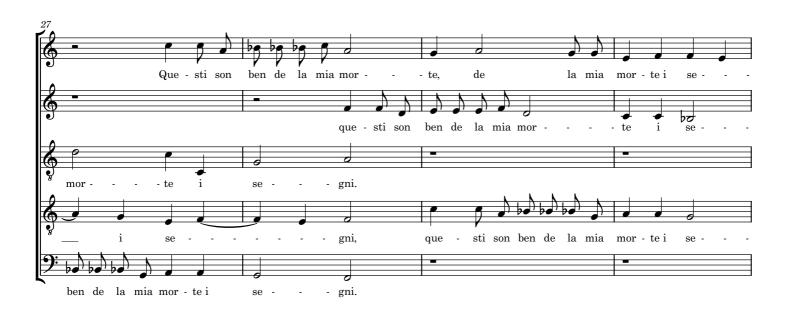


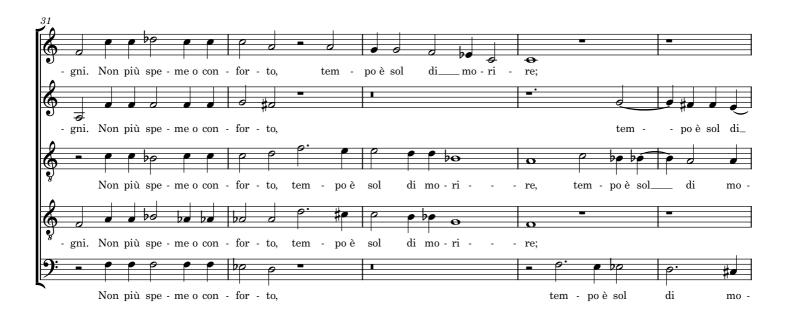


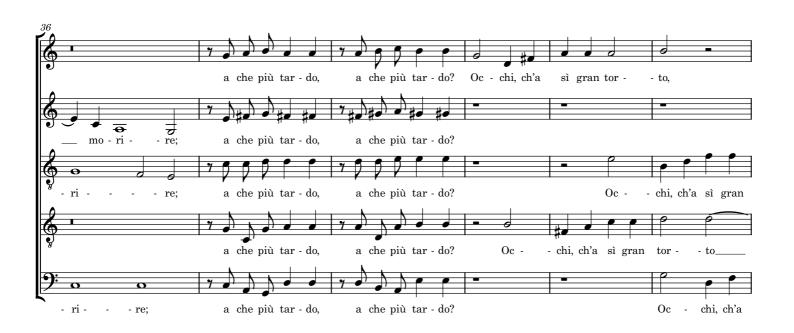


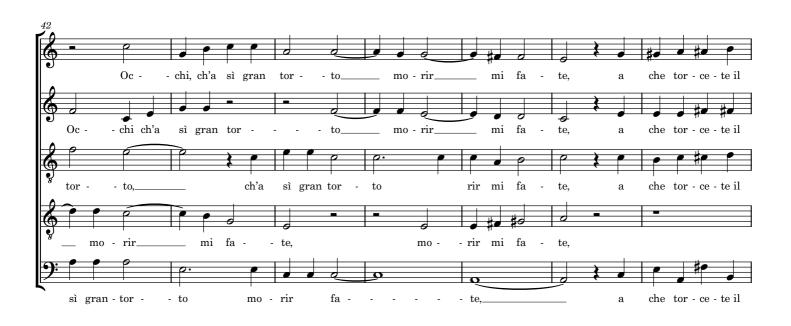


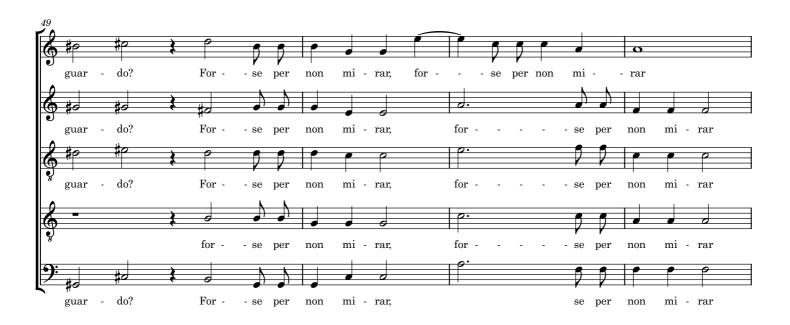


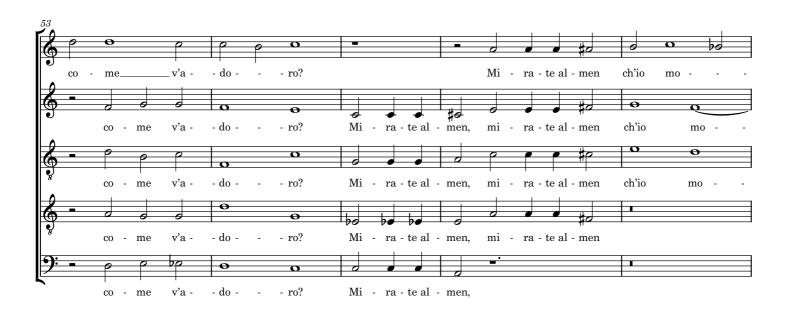


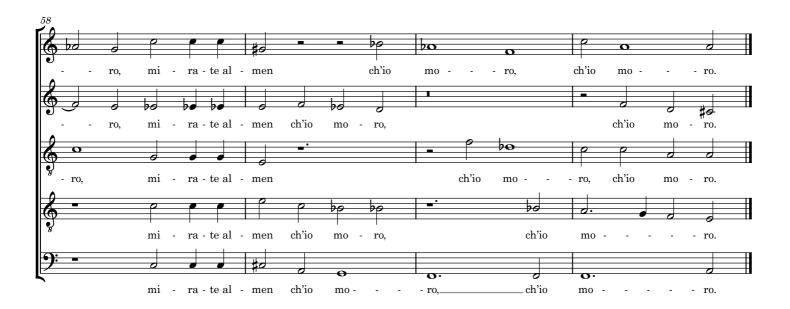








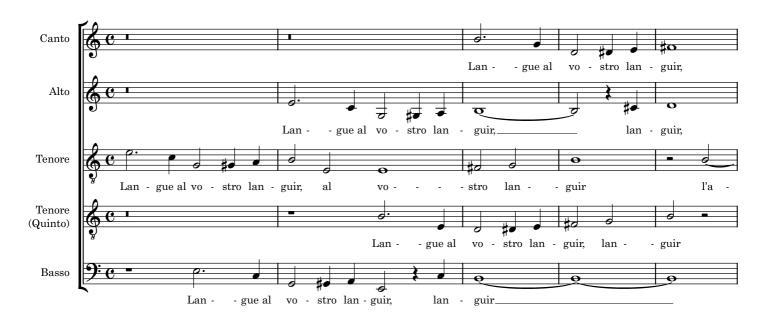


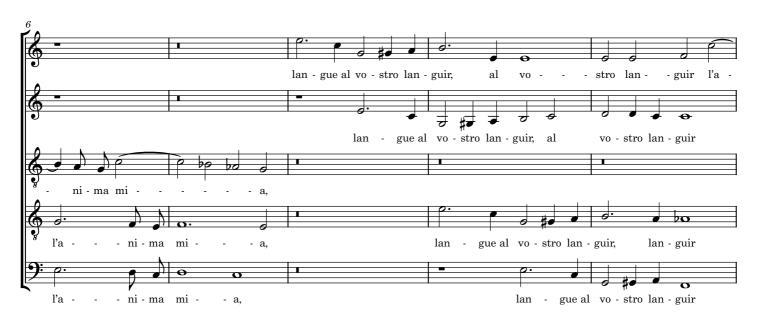


I.9 Langue al vostro languir

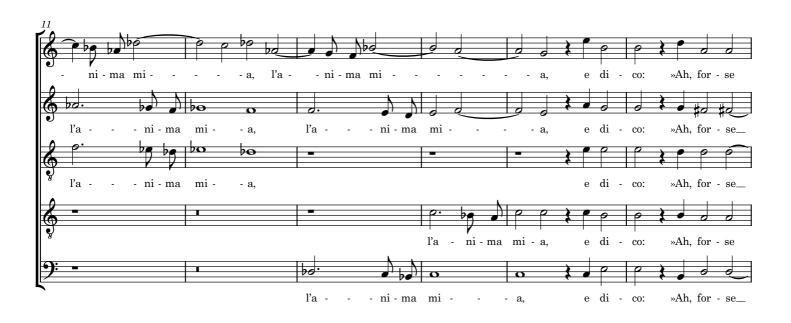
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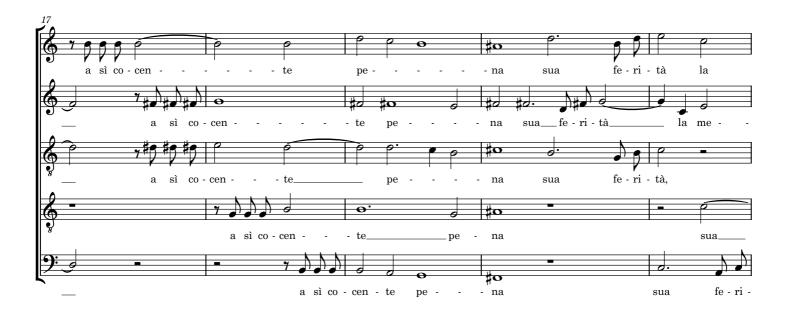
Langue al vostro languir l'anima mia, e dico: »Ah, forse a sì cocente pena sua ferità la mena.«
O anima d'amor troppo rubella, quanto meglio vi fora provar quel caro ardor che vi fa bella che quel che vi scolora!
Perché non piace a la mia stella ch'io arda del vostro foco, e voi del mio?

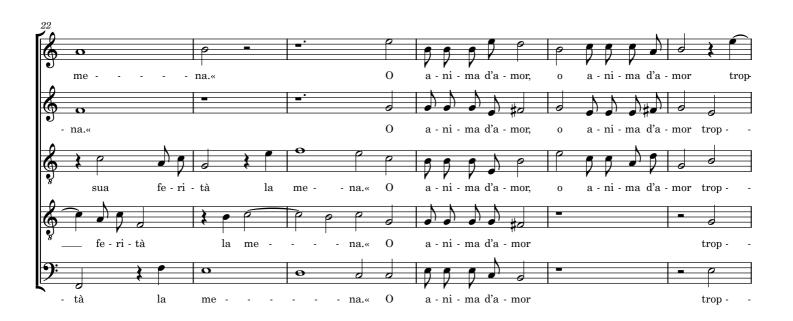


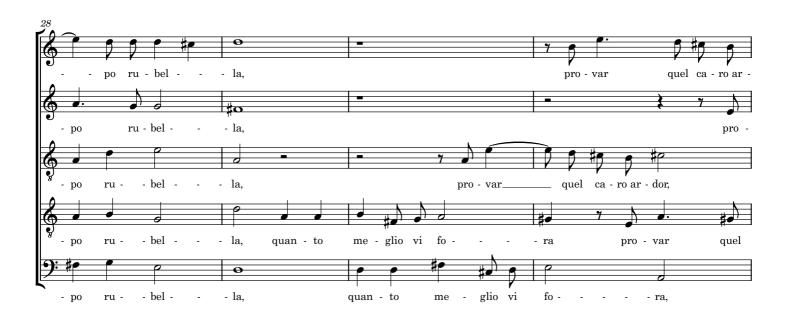


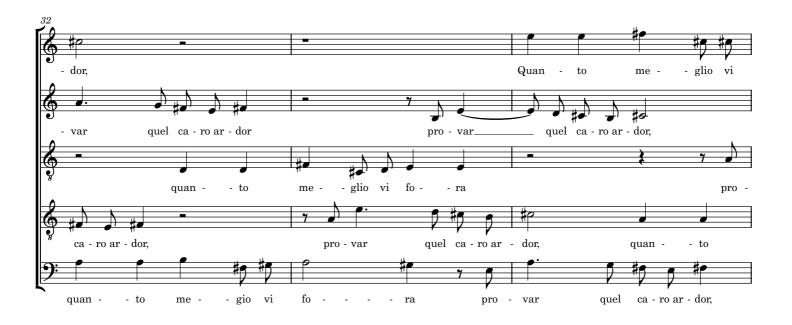
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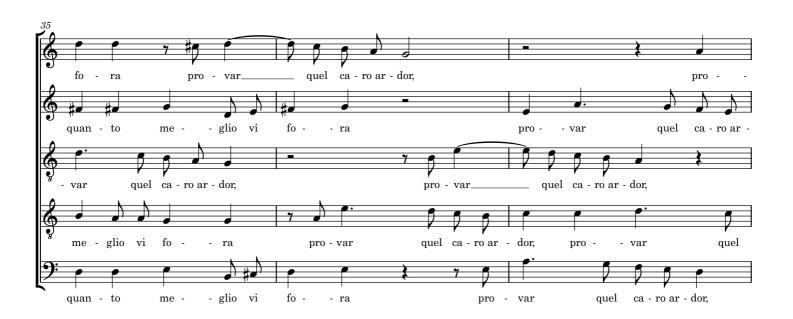


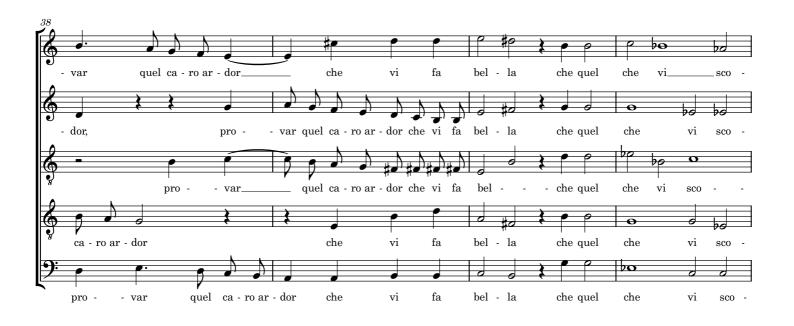


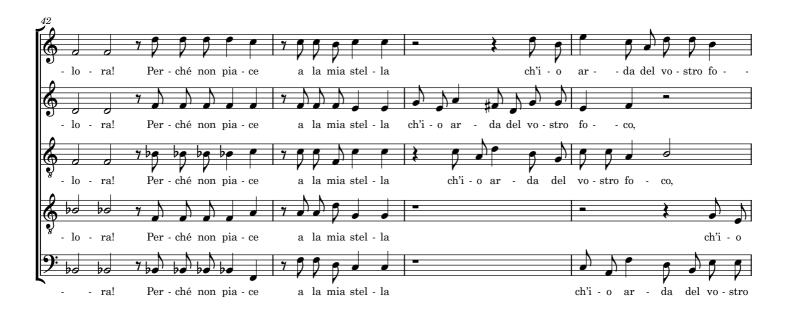




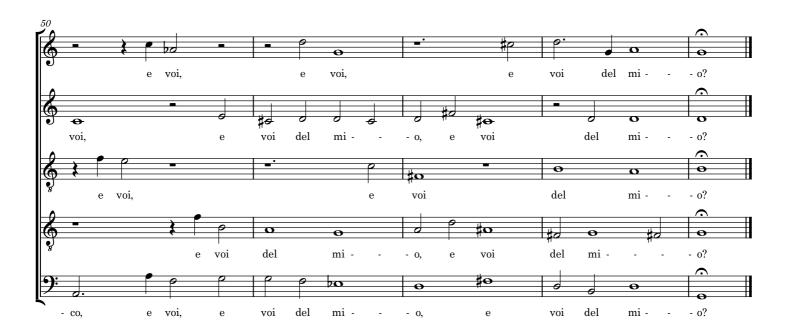








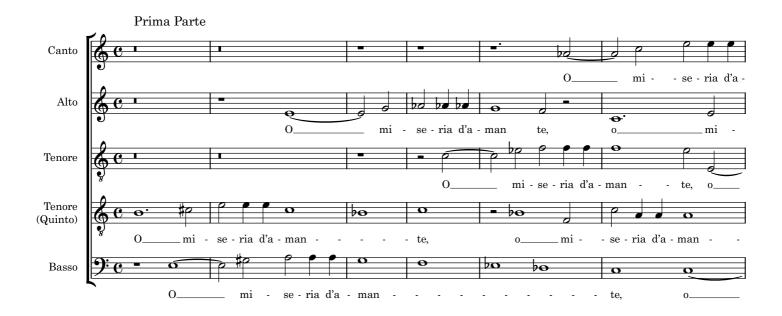


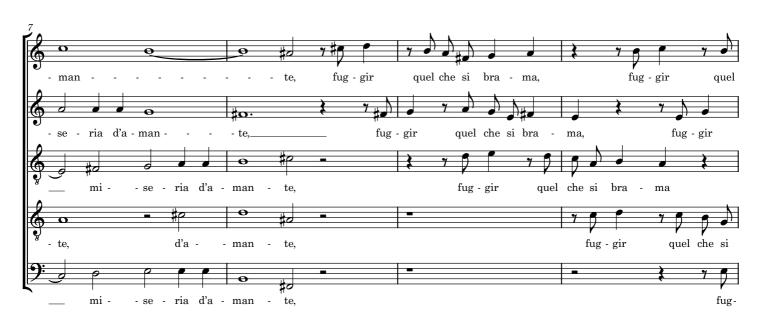


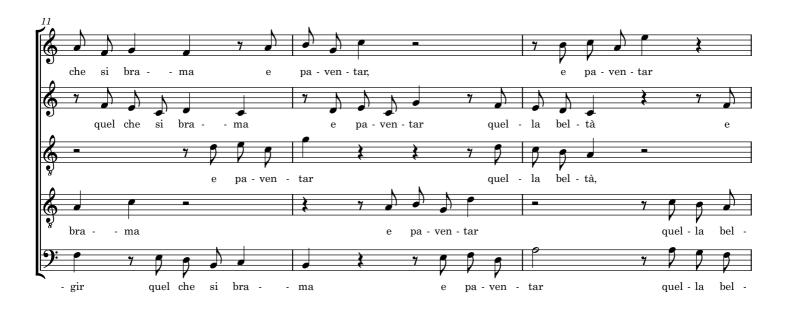
I.10 O miseria d'amante

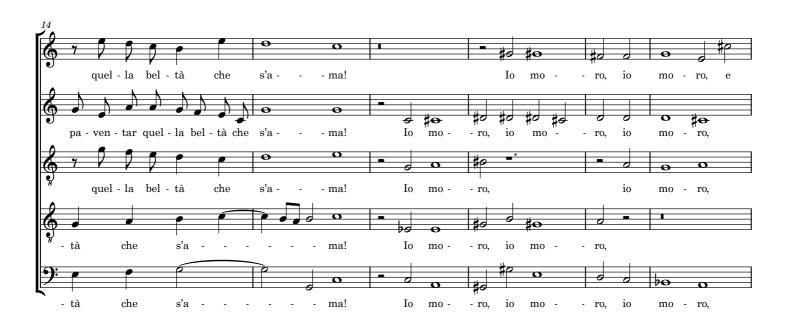
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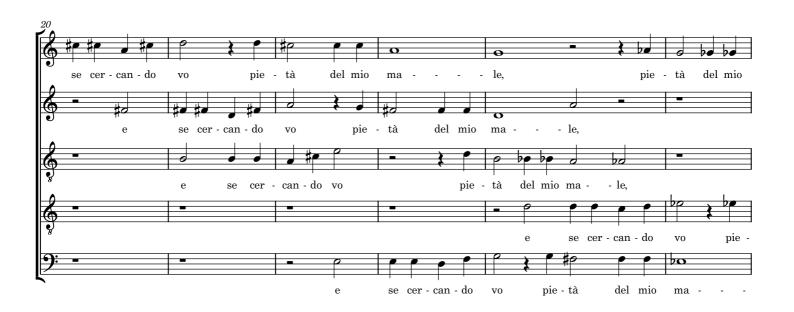
O miseria d'amante,
fuggir quel che si brama
e paventar quella beltà che s'ama!
Io moro, e se cercando
vo pietà del mio male,
più de la morte è la pietà mortale.
Così vo trapassando
di pena in pena e d'una in altra sorte,
né scampo ho dal morir altro che morte.

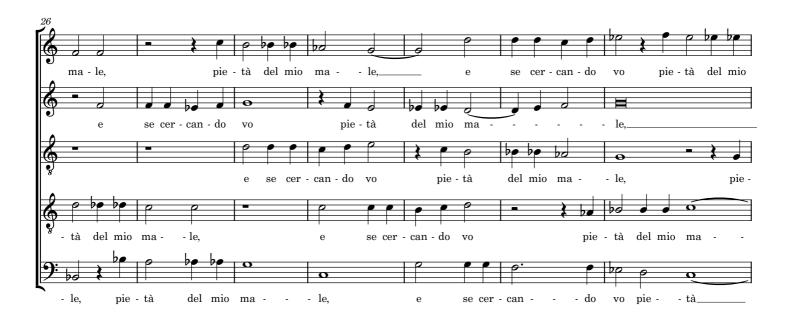


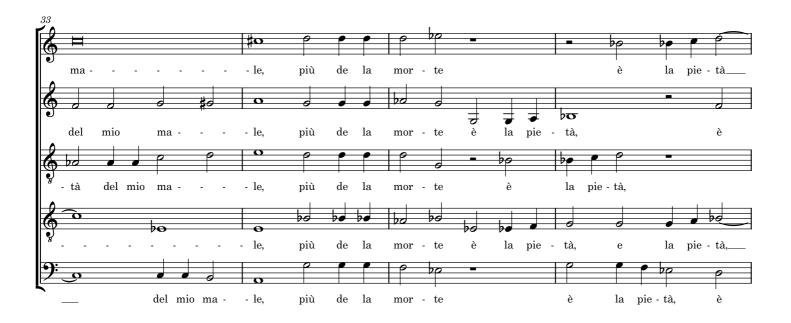




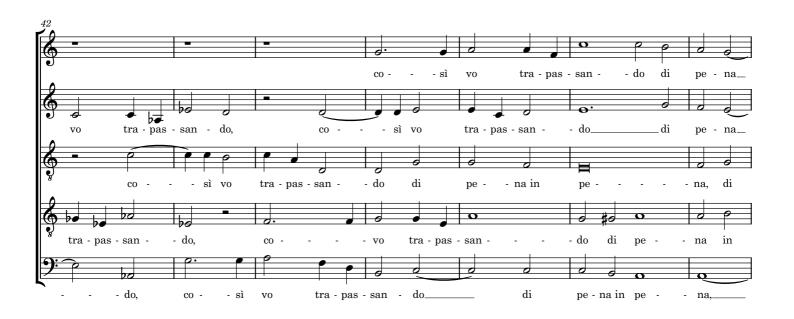


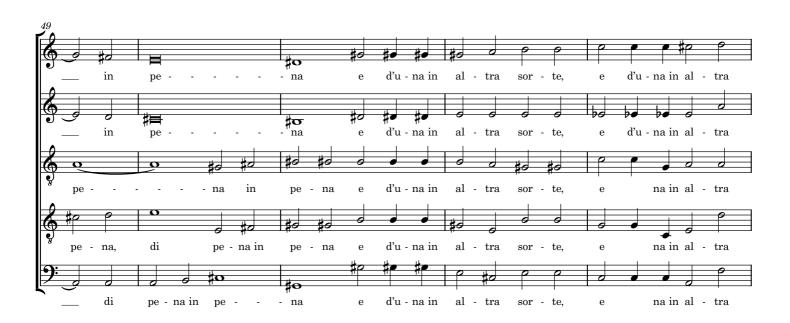


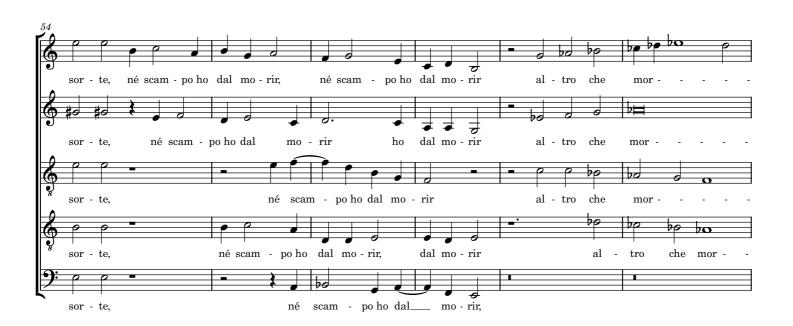


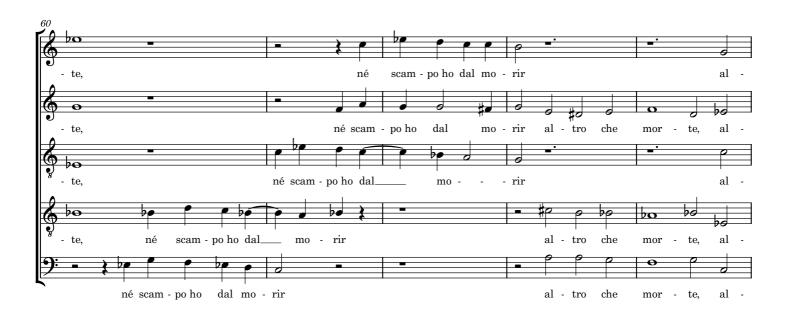


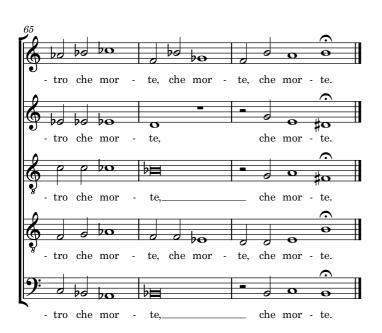












I.11 Or che la notte

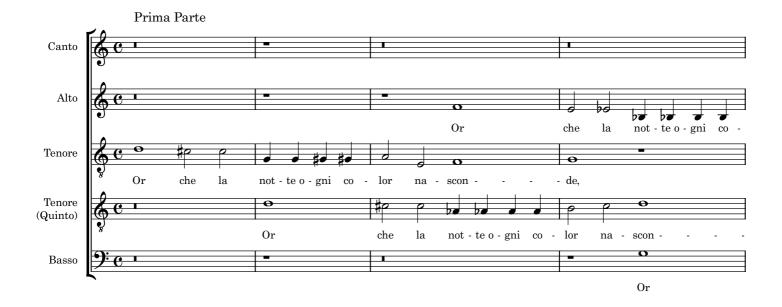
Sonnett von Girolamo Muzio Justinopolitano

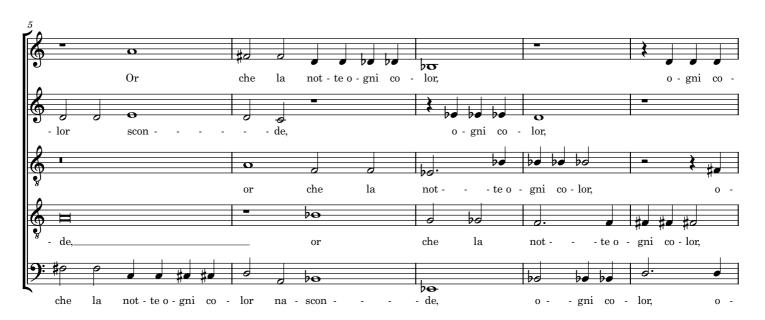
Or che la notte ogni color nasconde agli occhi infermi de l'umana gente, volvesi il cielo in sé tacitamente, cessano i venti e giace il mar senz'onde.

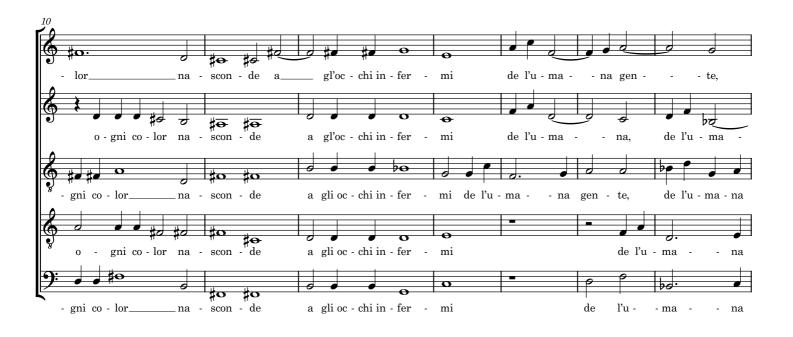
Sù per le rive e per l'ombrose fronde di vari augelli il pianto non si sente, tacesi in ogni campo, eco dolente a' dolorosi accenti non risponde.

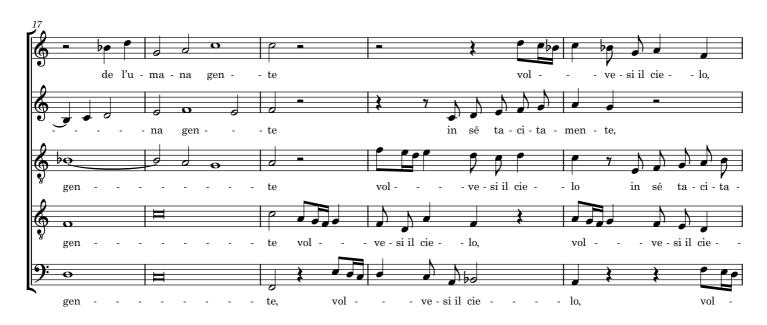
In ogni parte i miseri mortali posan le stanche membra: ogni tormento, ogni fatica mandano in oblio.

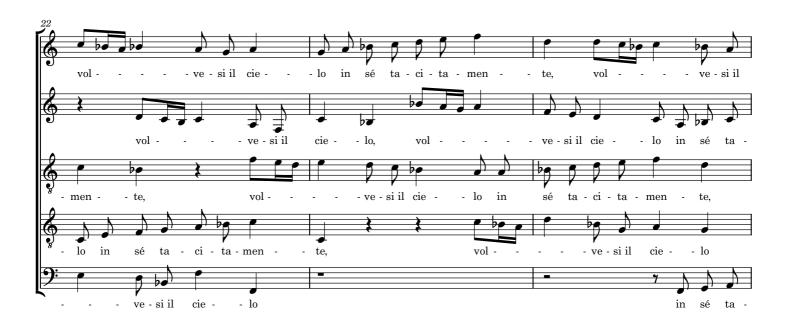
Ha pace il mondo, han pace gl'animali, et io mercé d'Amore ancor non sento che notte entri negl'occhi o nel cor mio.

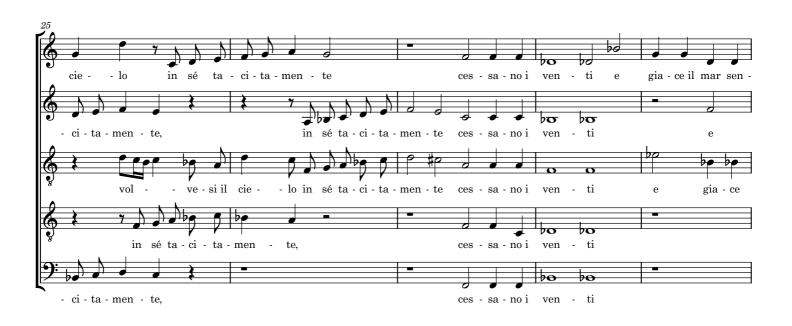


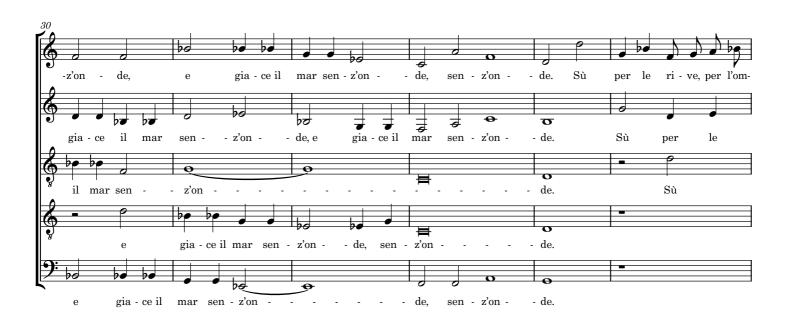


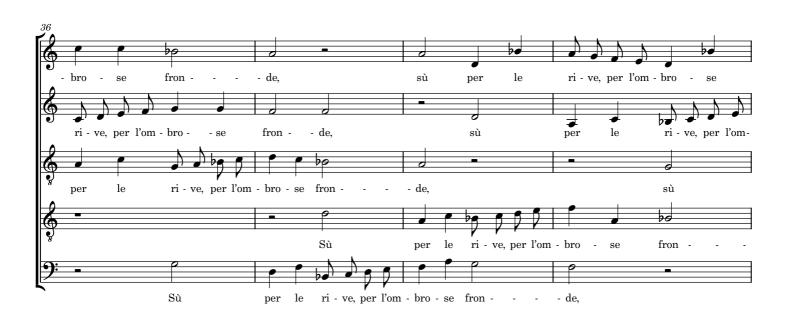


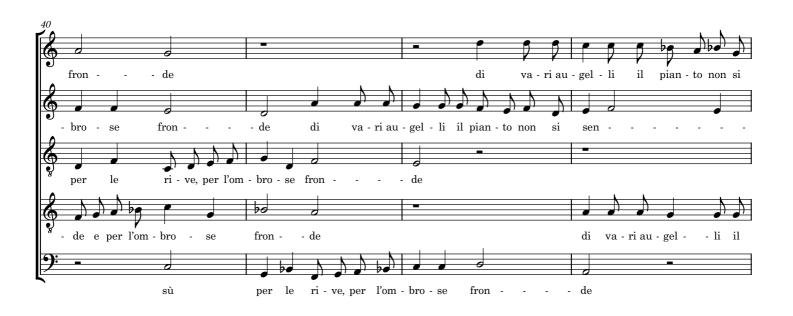


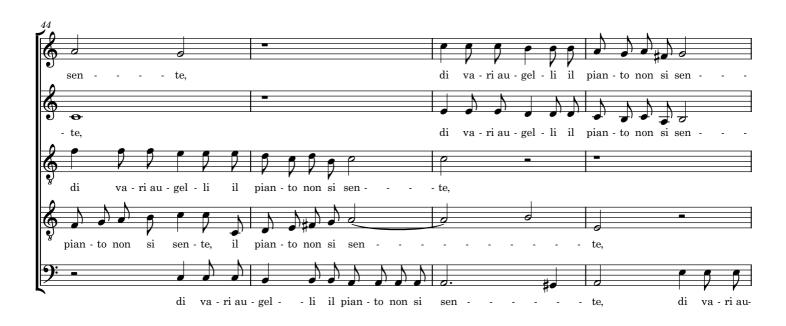


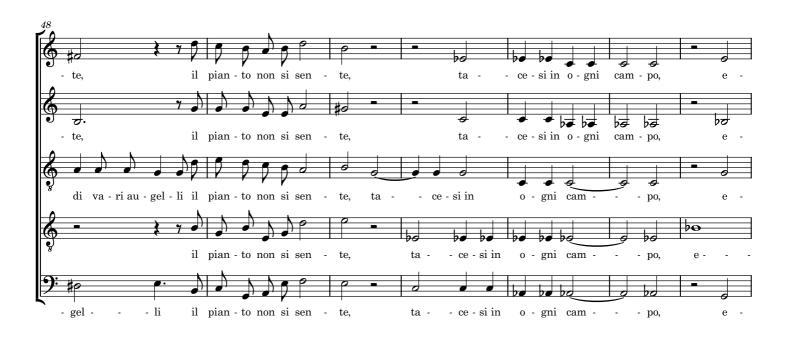


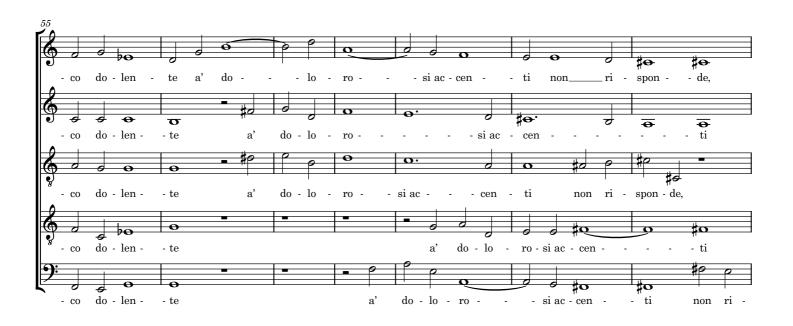


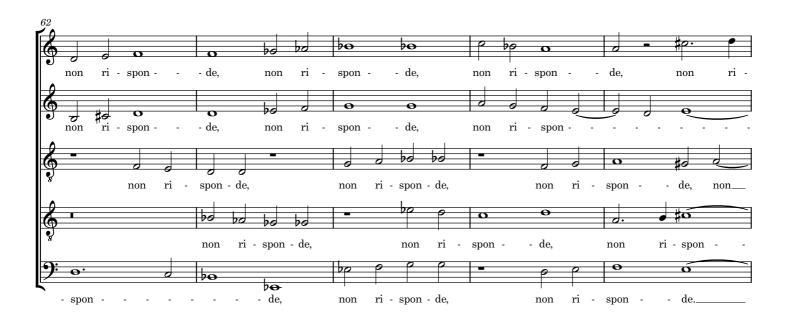


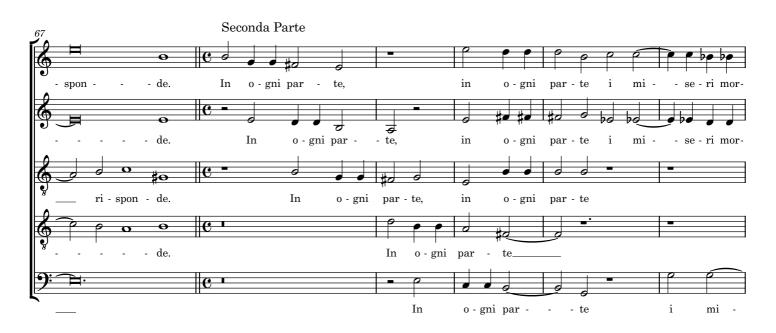


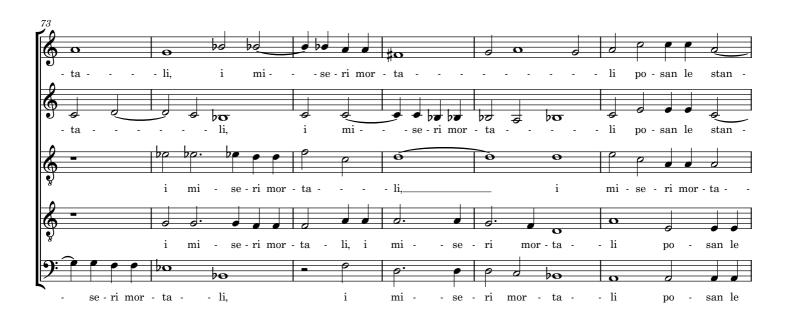


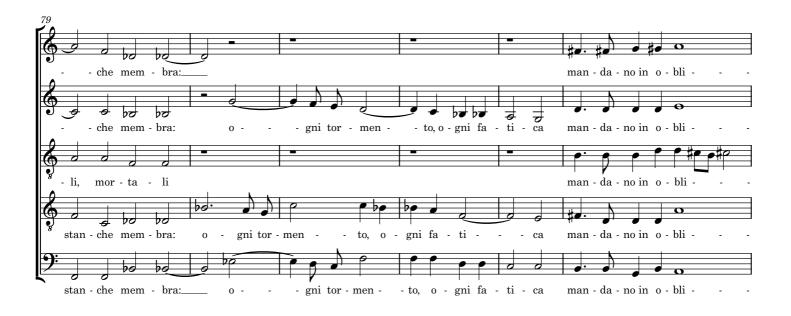


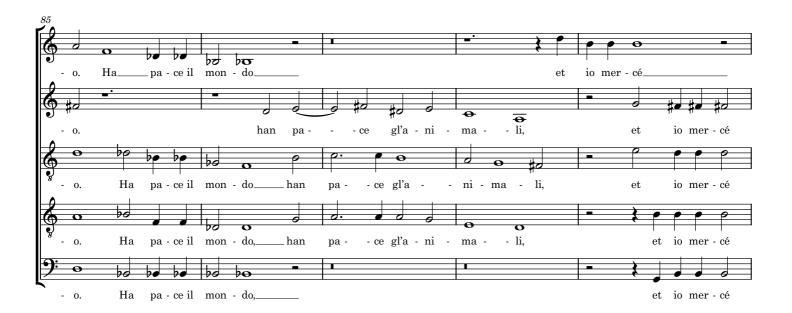


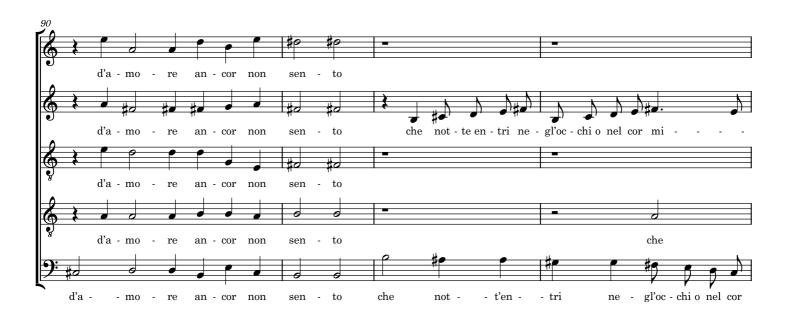


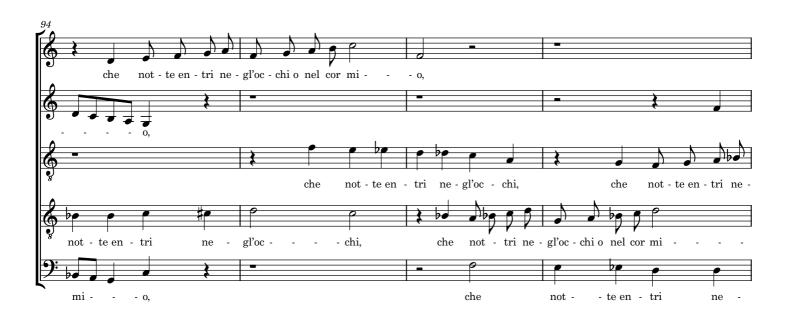


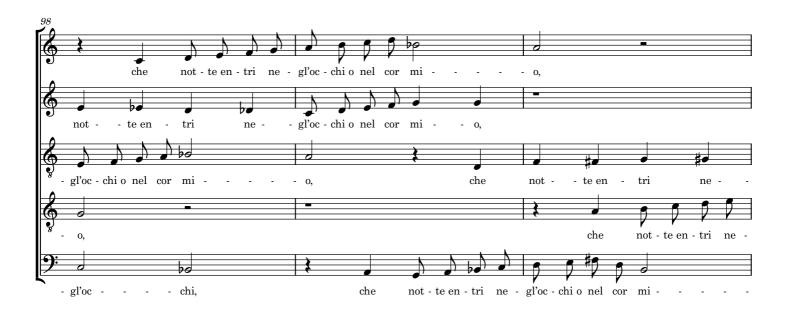


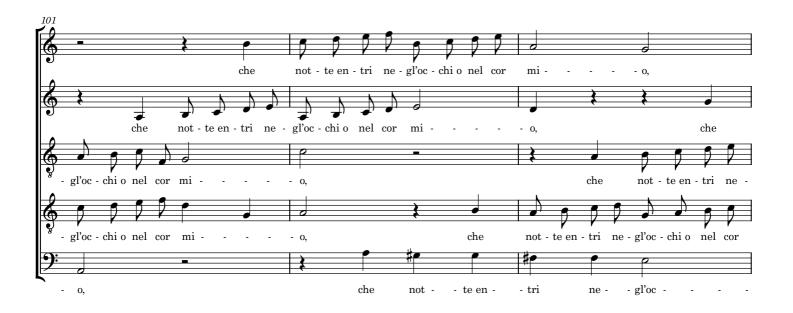


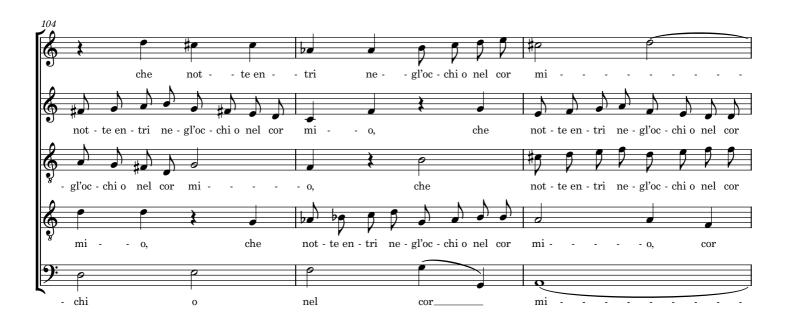












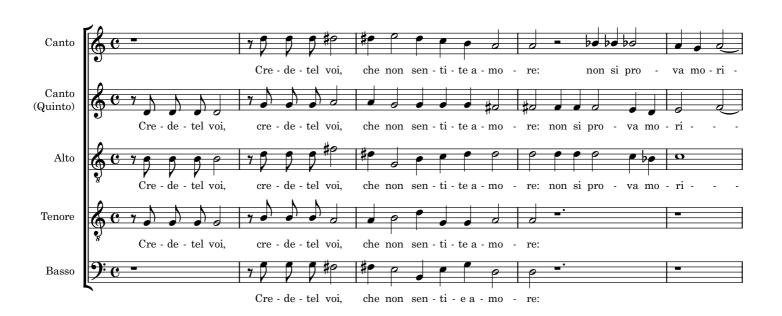


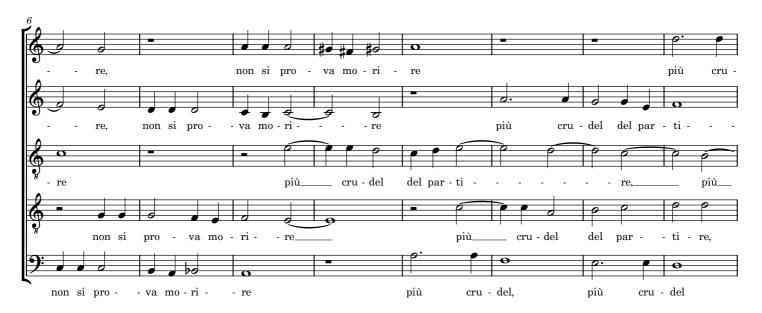
I.13 Credetel voi

Madrigal von Battista Guarini

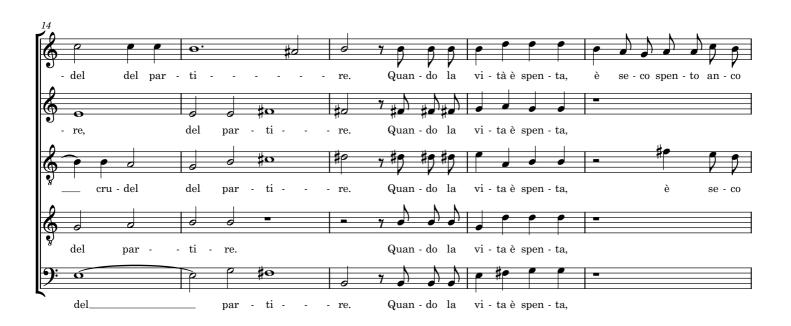
Credetel voi, che non sentite amore:
non si prova morire
più crudel del partire.

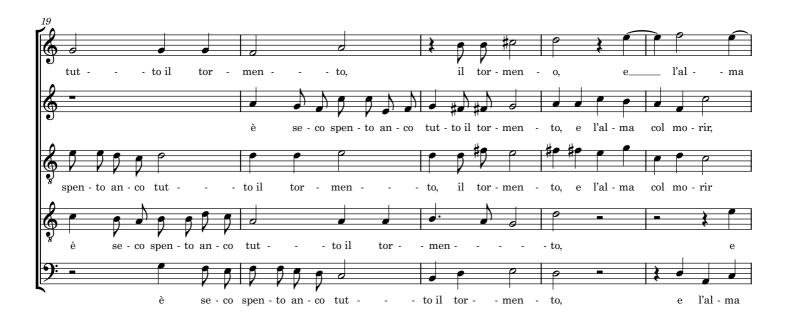
Quando la vita è spenta, è seco spento
anco tutto il tormento,
e l'alma col morir la morte fugge;
ma se da la sua dolce e cara vita
un amoroso cor parte, si strugge
partendo e more, e doppo la partita
rinasce al suo dolore,
e comincia un morir che mai non more.

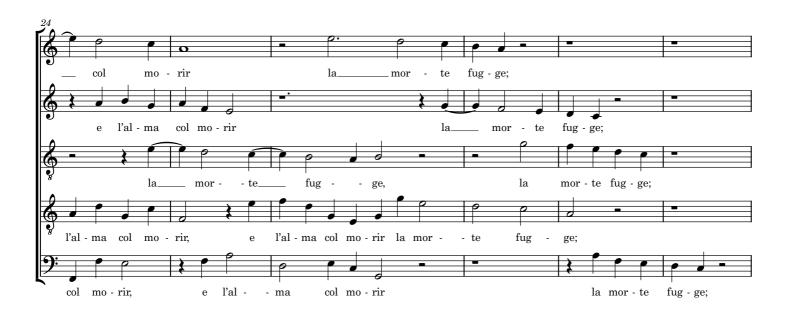


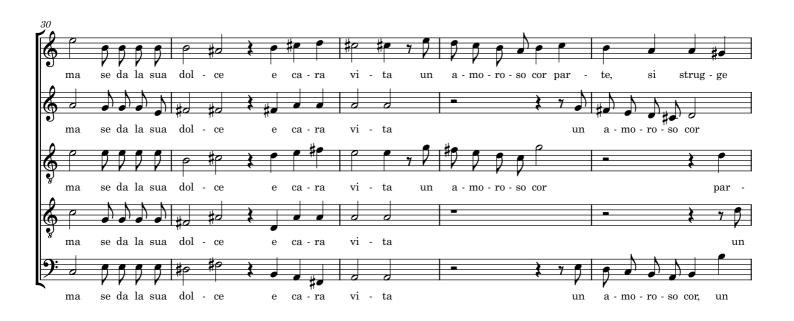


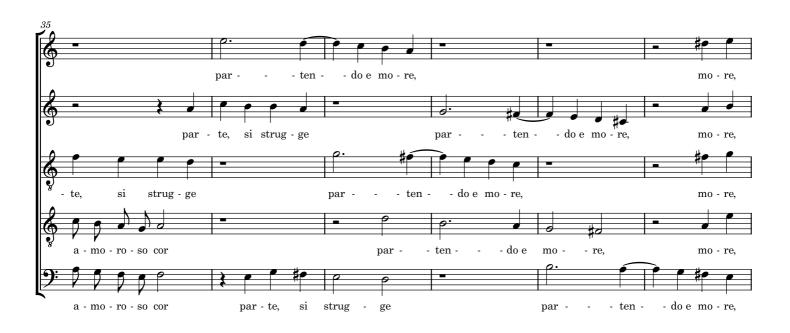


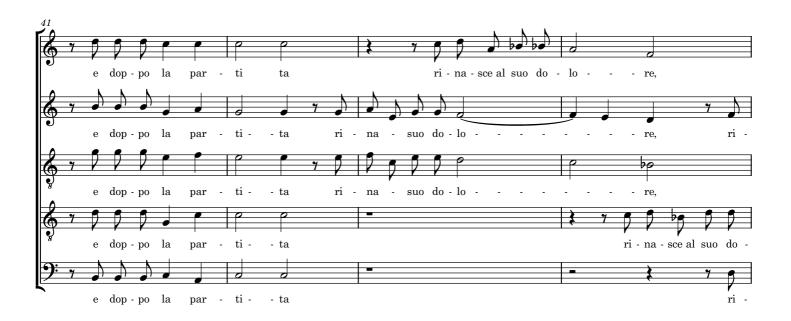




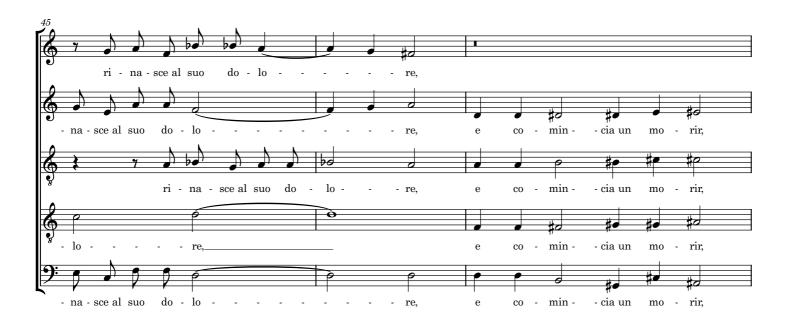


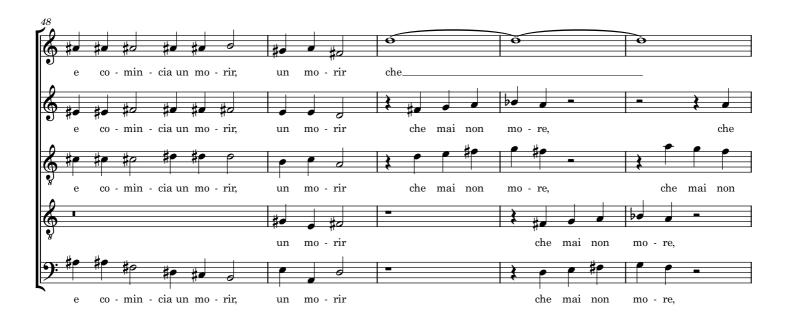


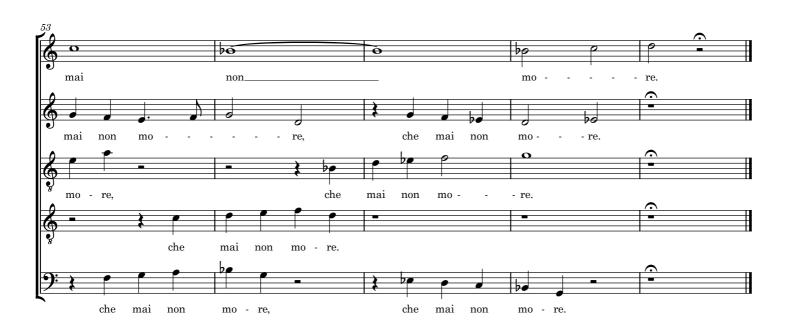




DA I.13 Credetel voi







I.15 Pallida gelosia

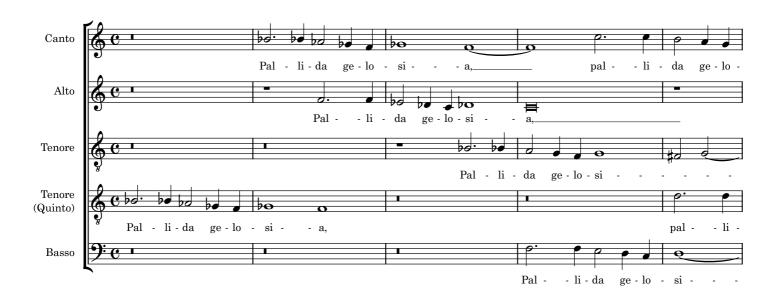
Sonnett von Bernardo Tasso

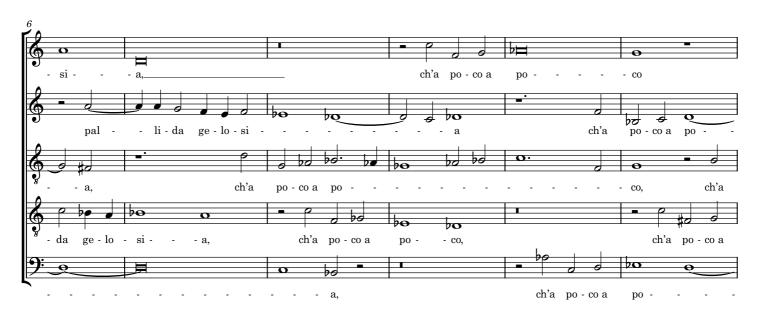
Pallida gelosia, ch'a poco a poco passando al cor per non usate vie distruggi il fior de le speranze mie e in amaro dolor giri il mio gioco,

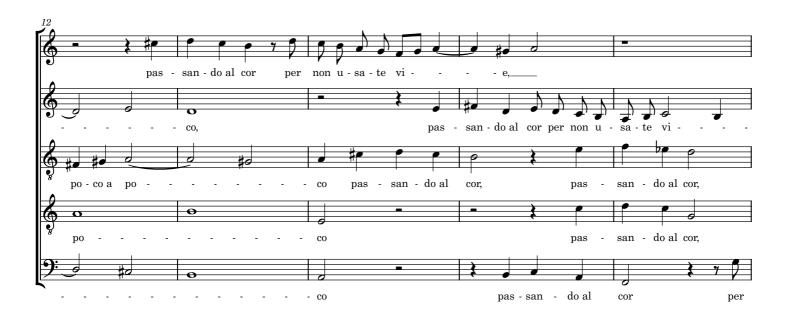
perché copri di gelo il mio bel foco e la pace di guerre ingiuste e rie, e mi fai lagrimar la notte e 'l die ond'io al fin son già languido e roco?

Con l'aspro tuo velen spargi di sorte le dolcezze d'amor e rendi amaro ogni dolce piacer che mi conforte.

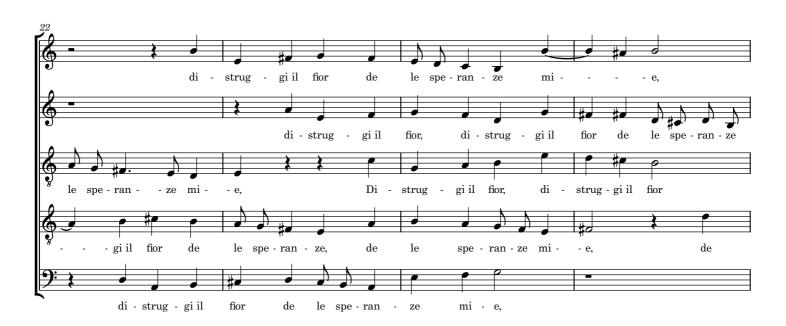
O nodrita di fiel con l'odio a paro ne l'onda di Cocito e con la morte, per te solo a morir vivendo imparo!

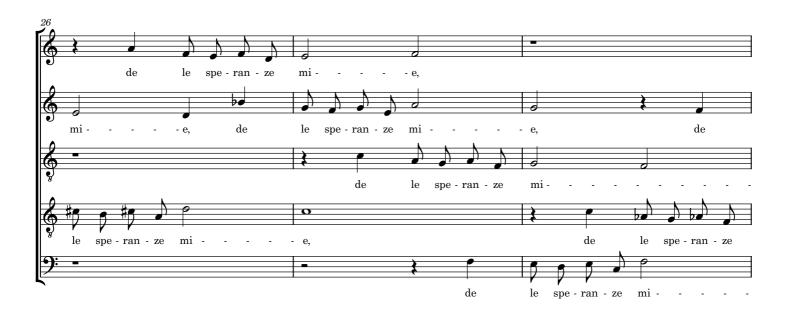






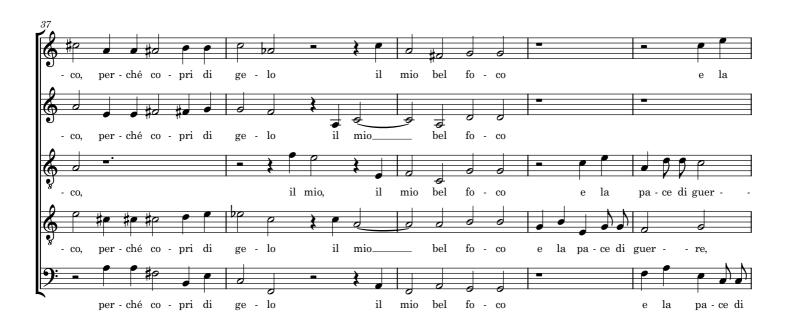




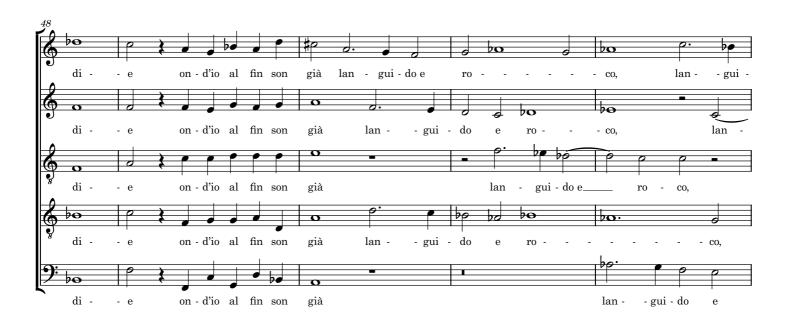


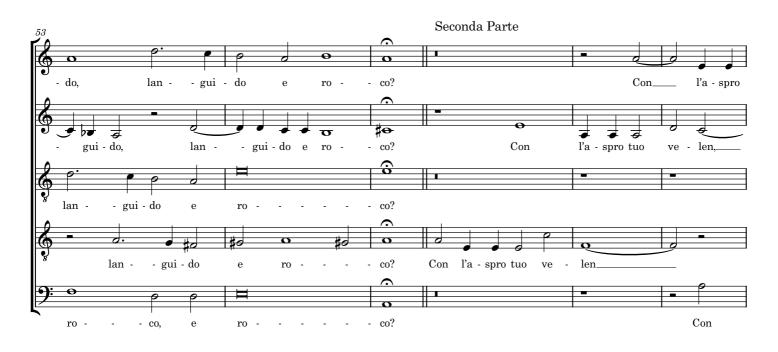


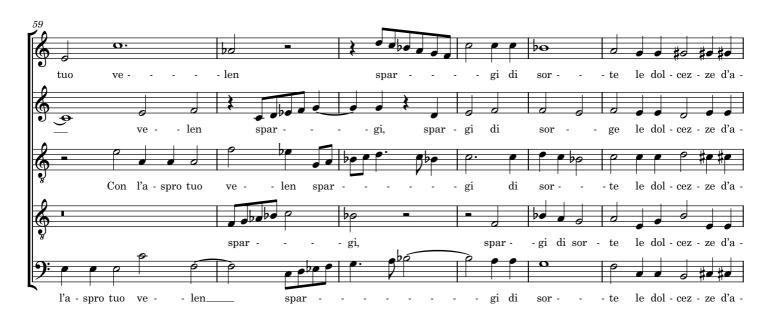


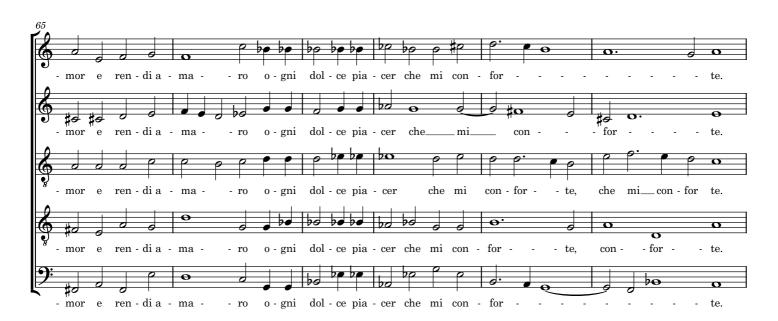


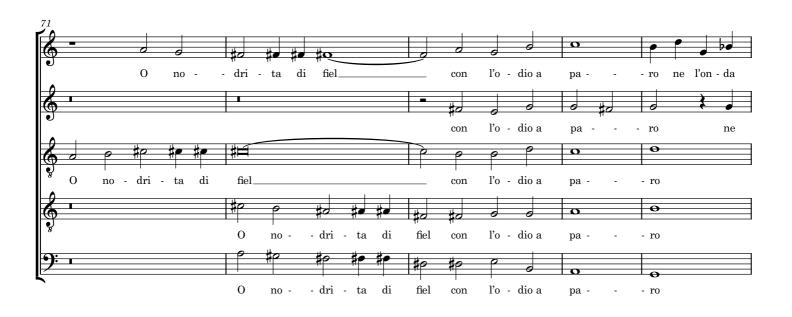


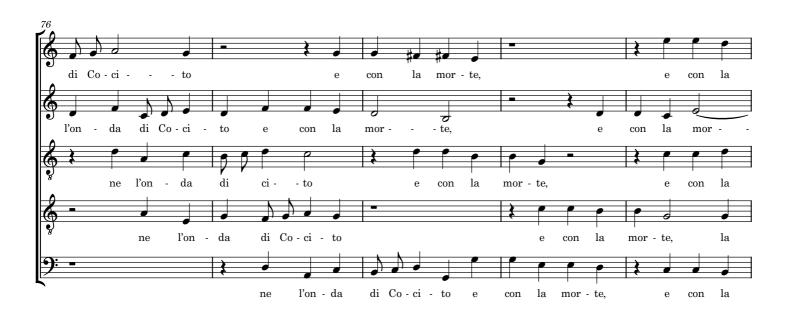


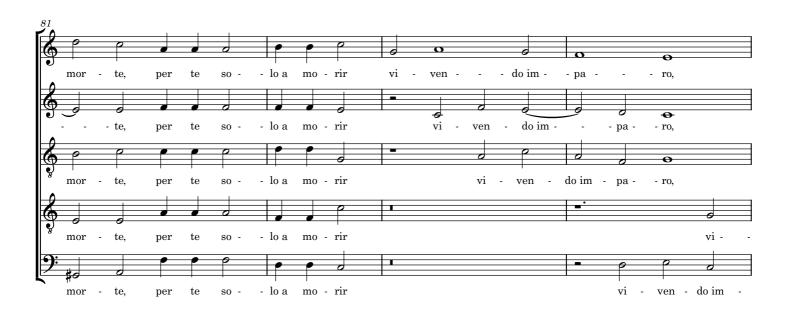


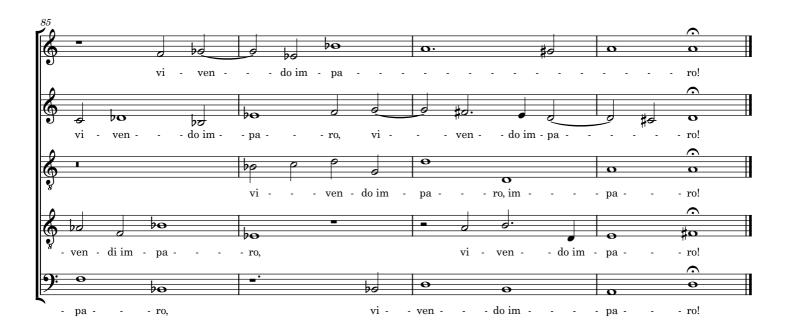










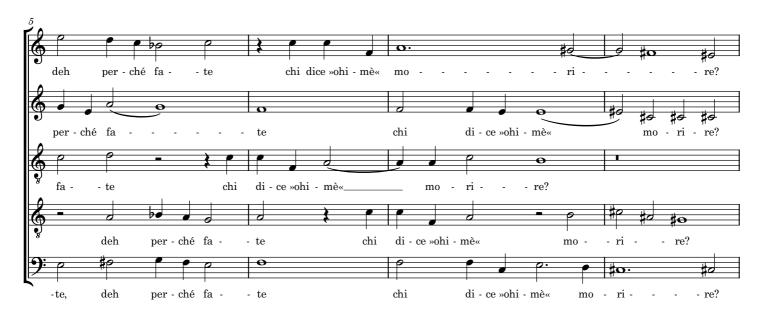


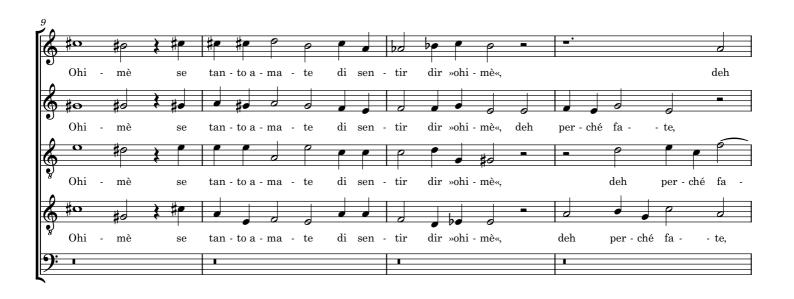
II.2 Ohimè, se tanto amate

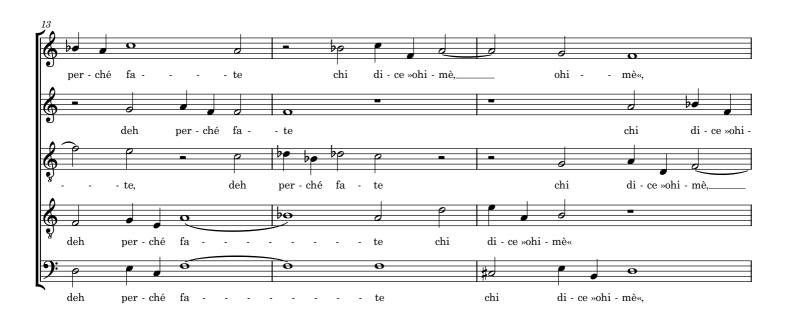
Madrigal von Battista Guarini

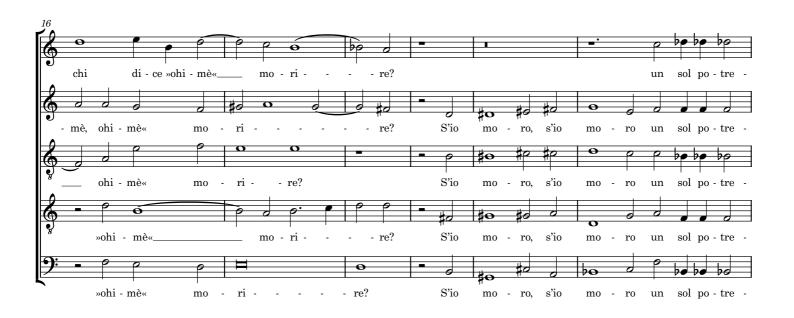
Ohimè, se tanto amate di sentir dir »ohimè«, deh perché fate chi dice »ohimè« morire? S'io moro, un sol potrete languido e doloroso »ohimè« sentire; ma se, cor mio, vorrete che vita abb'io da voi, e voi da me avrete mille e mille dolci »ohimè«.

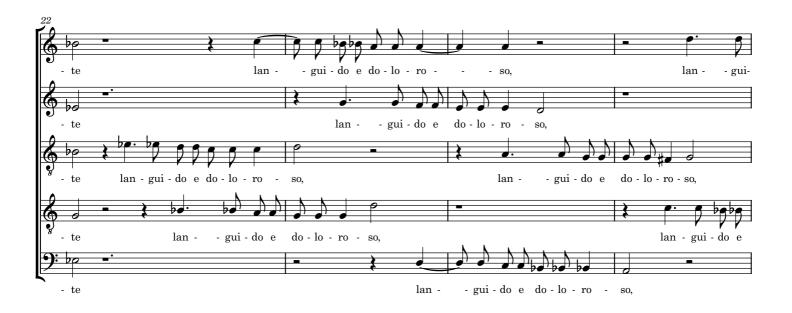




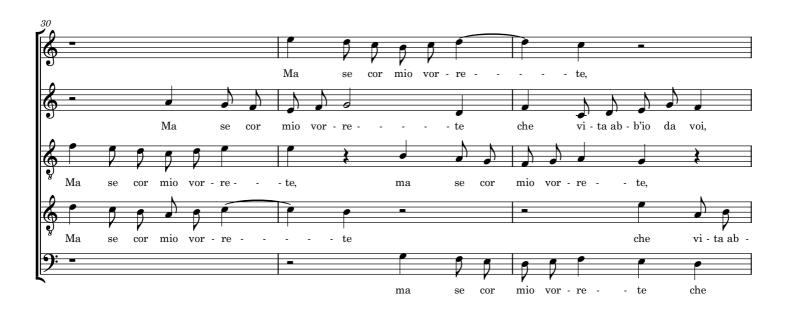


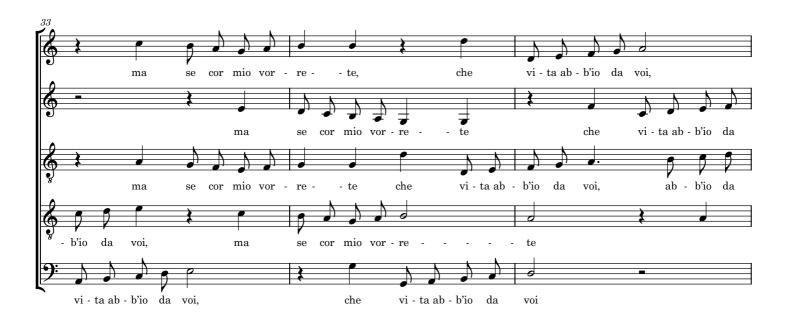


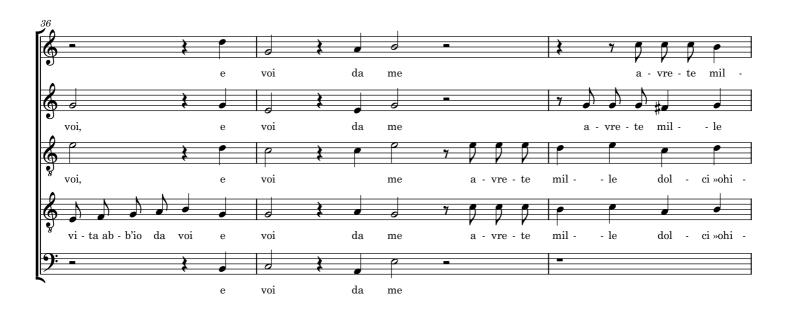


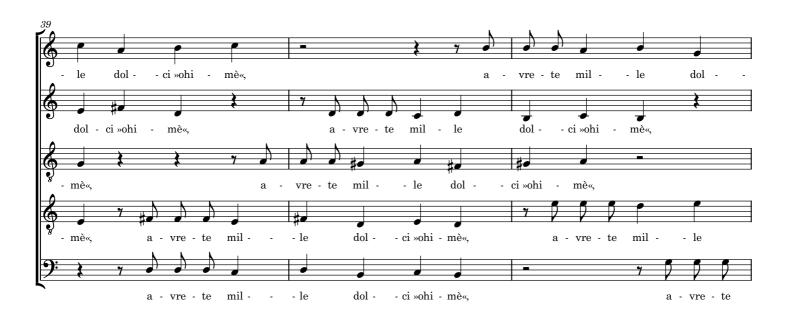


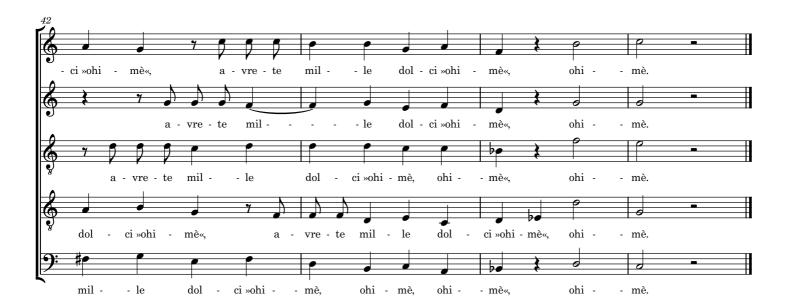








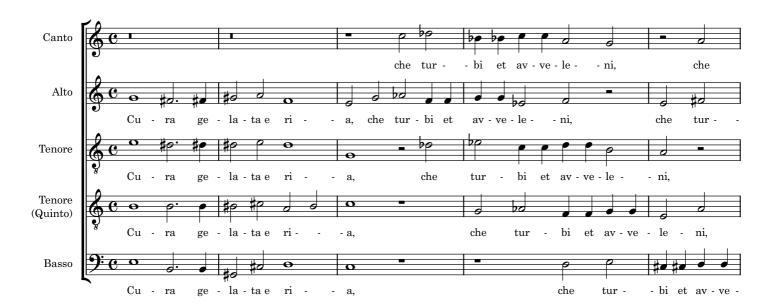


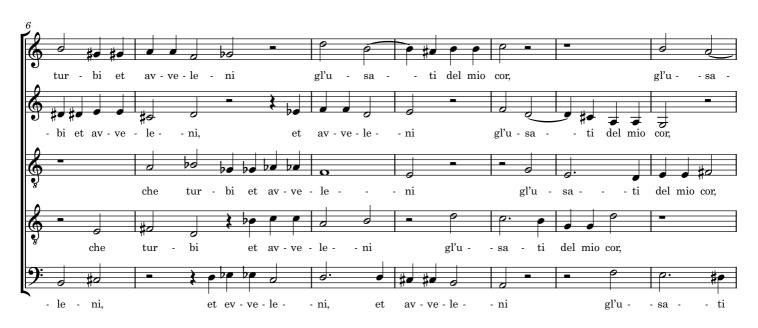


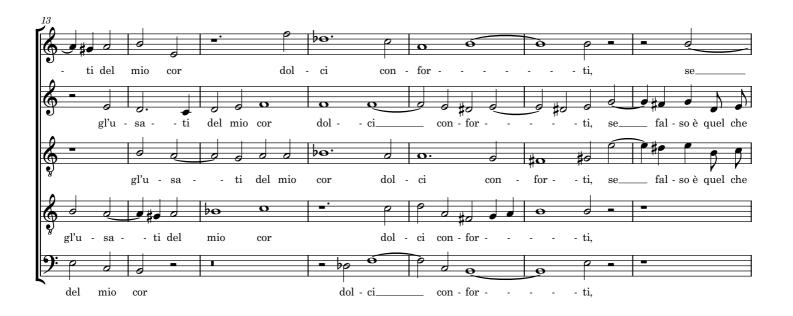
II.3 Cura gelata e ria

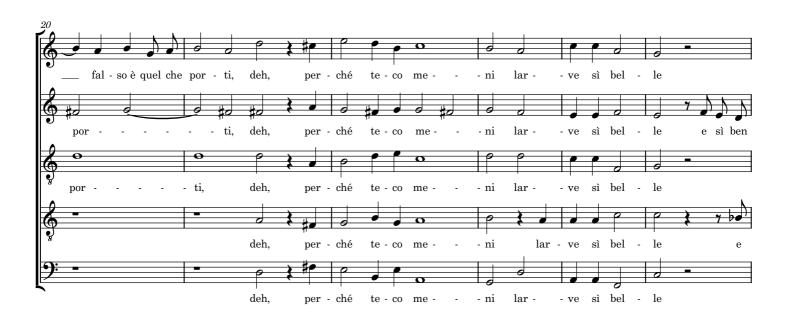
Madrigal von Battista Guarini

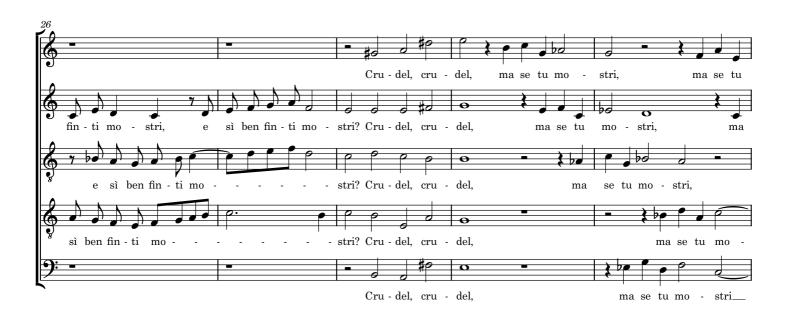
Cura gelata e ria, che turbi et avveleni gl'usati del mio cor dolci conforti, se falso è quel che porti, deh perché teco meni larve sì belle e sì ben finti mostri? Crudel, ma se tu mostri il vero agl'occhi miei, anco più falsa e più mentita sei: che sembri gelosia, e sei la morte mia.

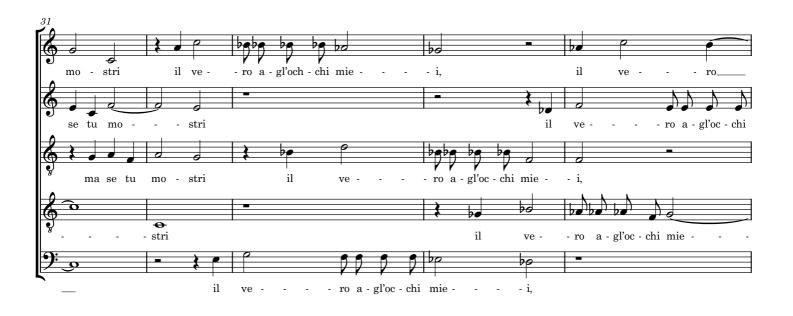


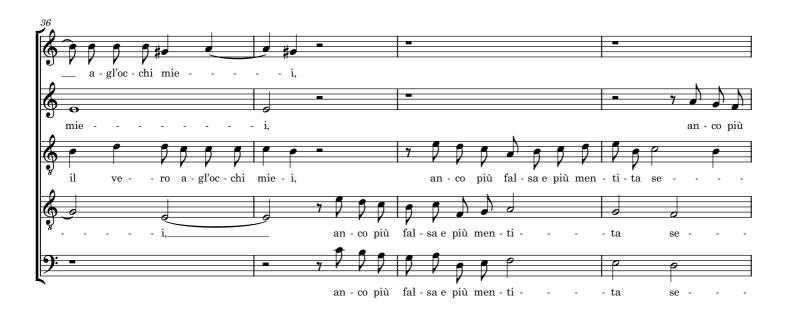


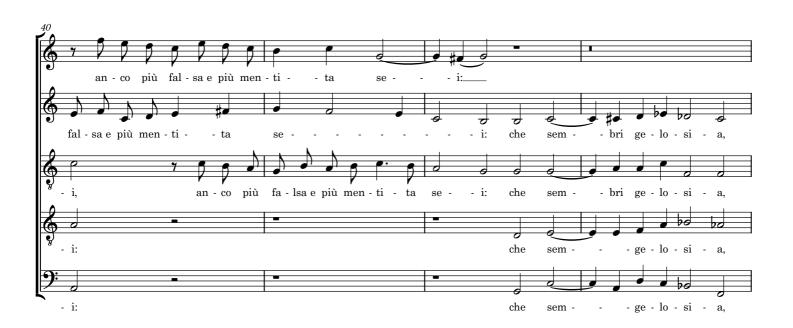


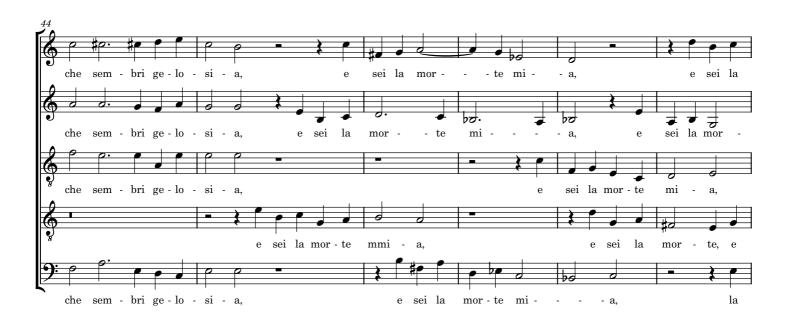




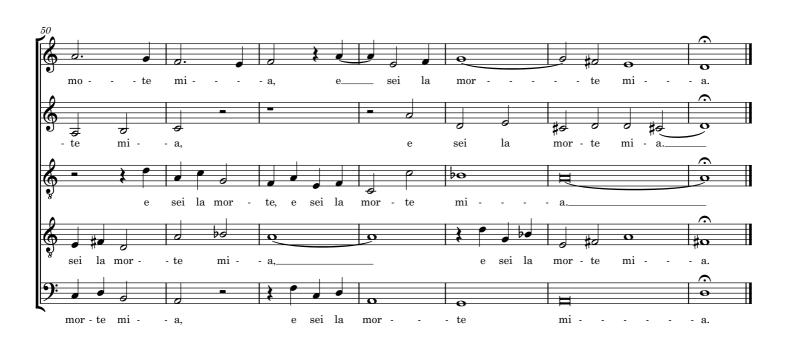








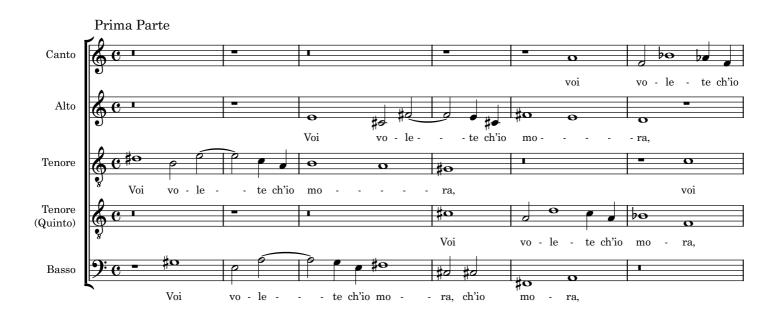
II.3 Cura gelata e ria

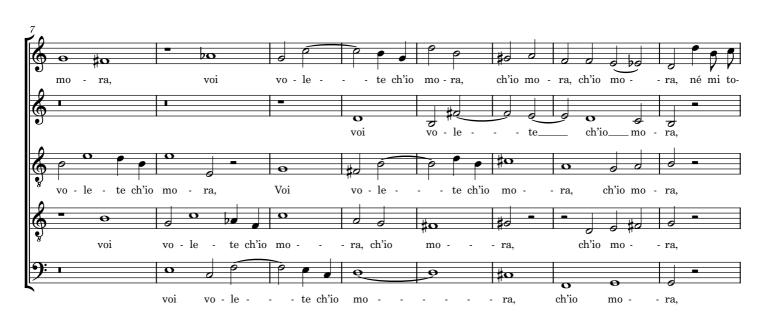


II.6 Voi volete ch'io mora

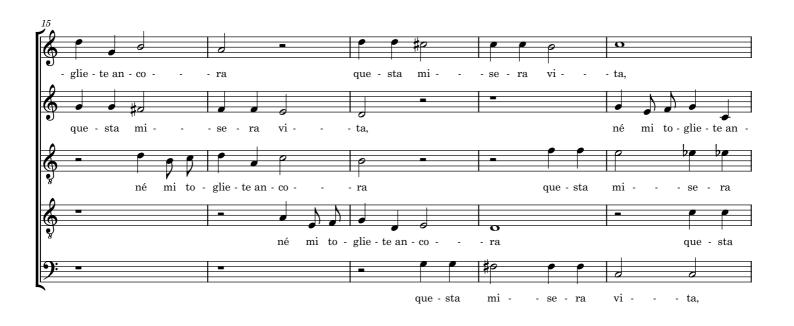
Madrigal von Battista Guarini

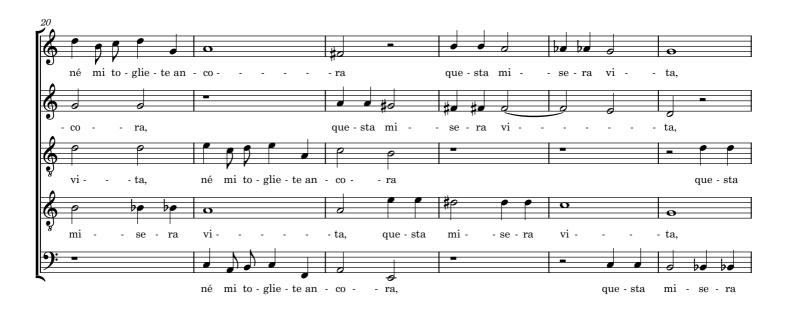
Voi volete ch'io mora,
né mi togliete ancora
questa misera vita,
e non mi date incontra morte aita.
Moro o non moro? Omai non mi negate
mercede o feritate:
che in sì dubbiosa sorte
assai più fero è il non morir che morte.

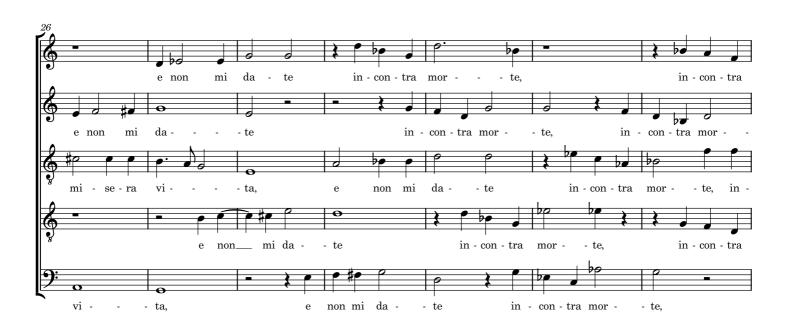


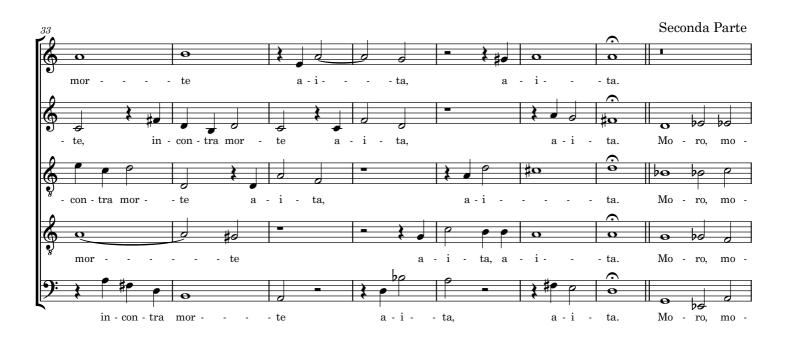


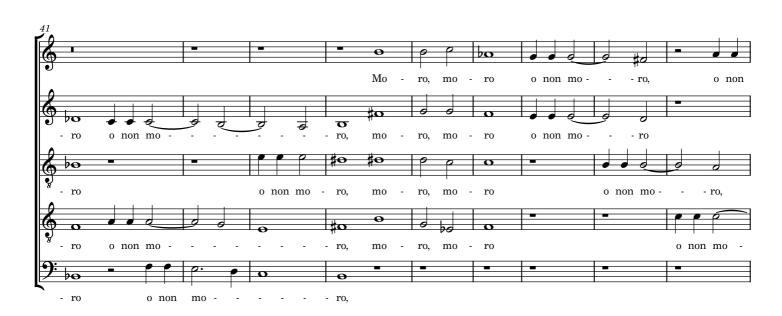
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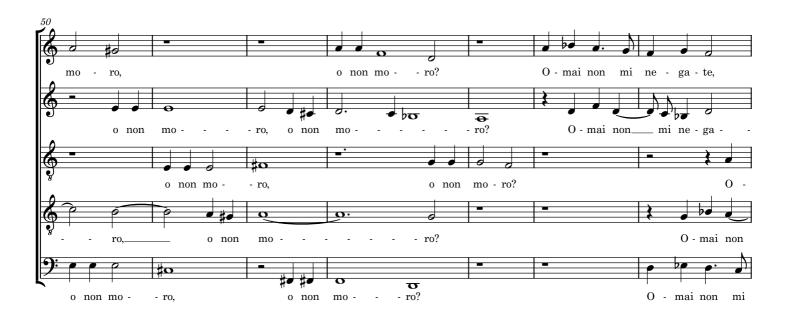


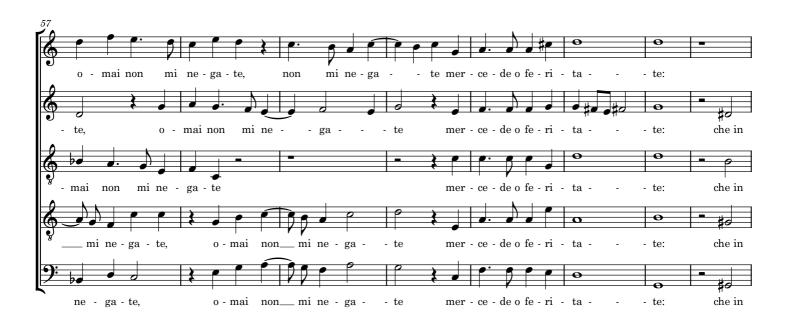


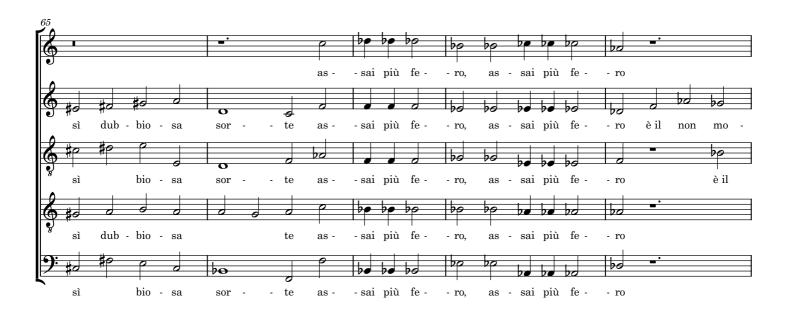


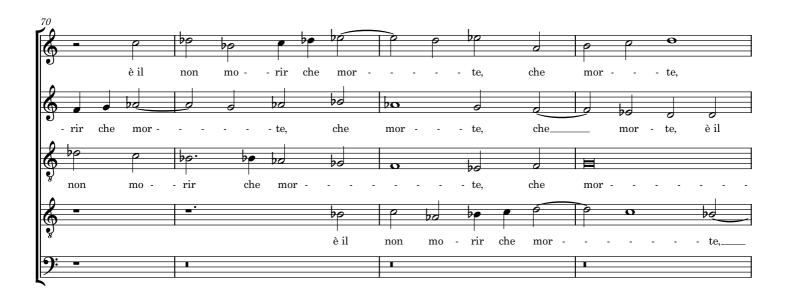


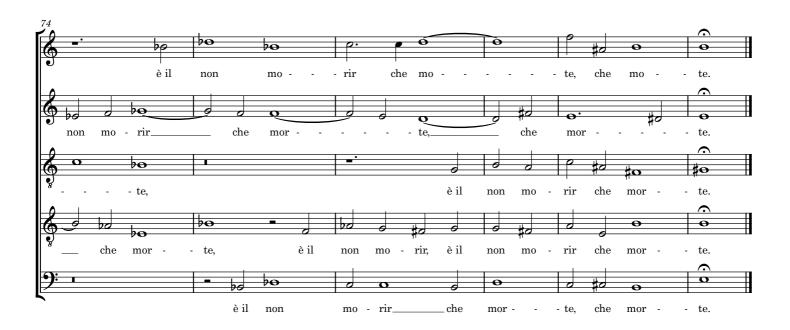










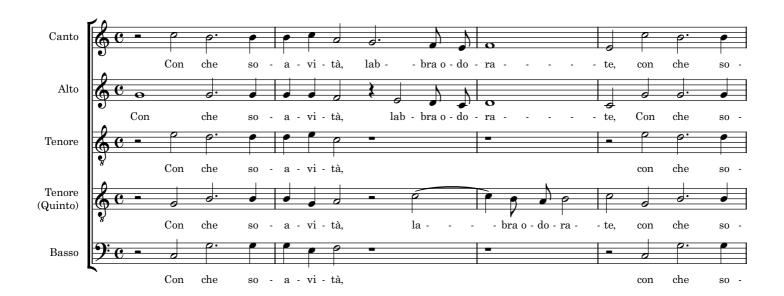


II.9 Con che soavità

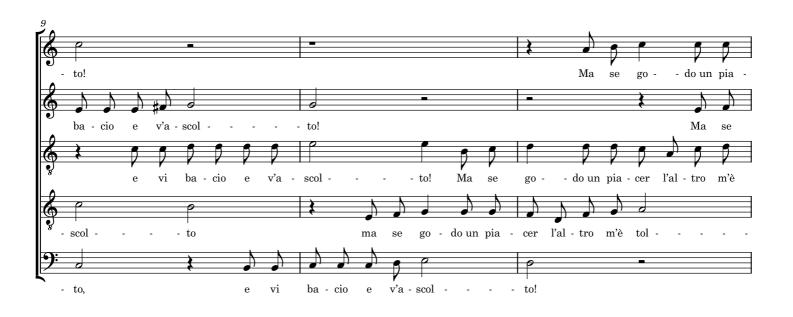
Madrigal von Battista Guarini

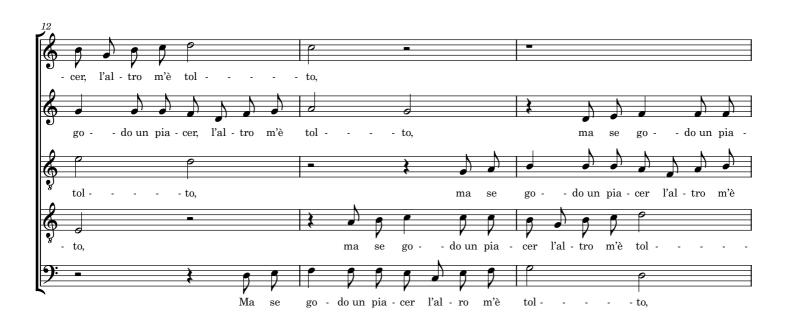
Con che soavità, labbra odorate,
e vi bacio e v'ascolto!

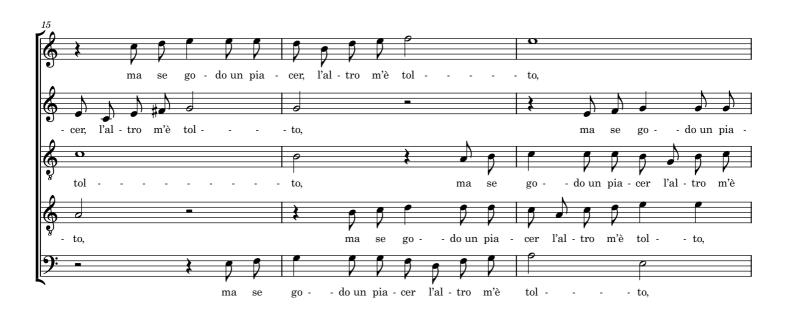
Ma se godo un piacer, l'altro m'è tolto.
Come i vostri diletti
s'ancidono fra lor, se dolcemente
vive per ambiduo l'anima mia?
Che soave armonia
fareste, o dolci baci, o cari detti,
se foste unitamente
d'ambedue le dolcezze anco capaci,
baciando i detti e ragionando i baci!

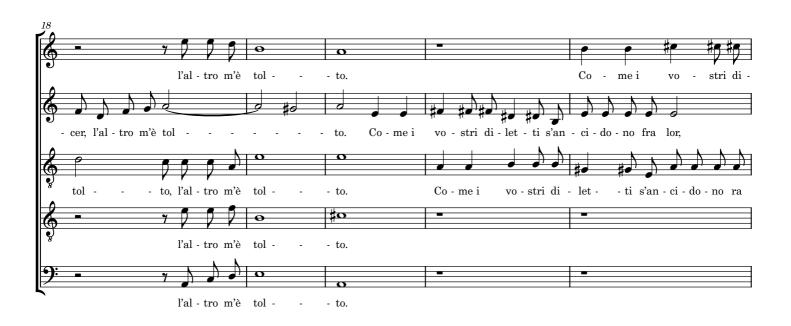


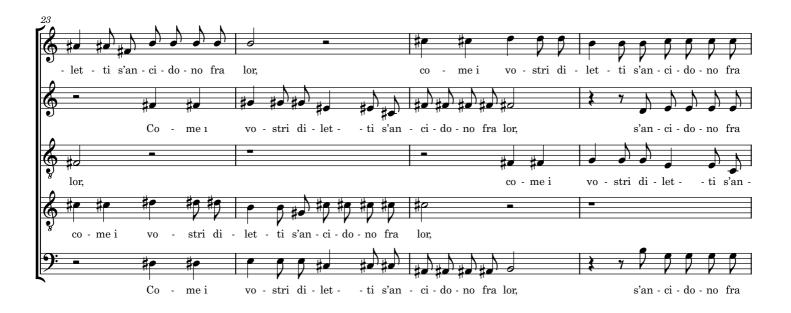


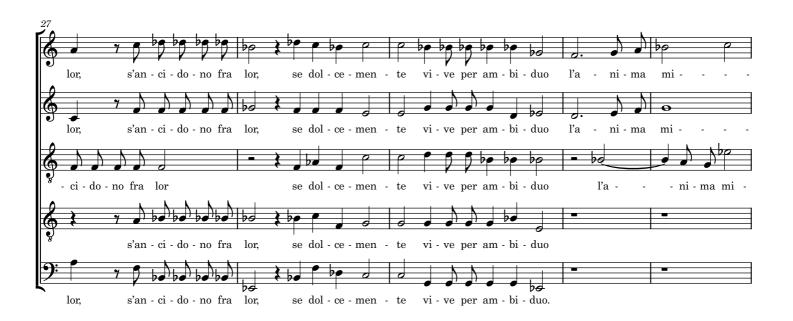


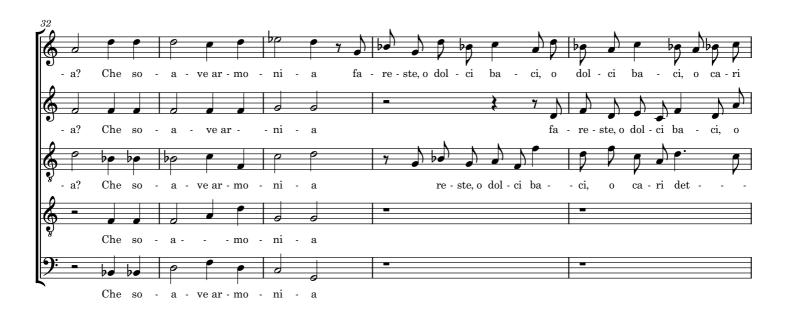


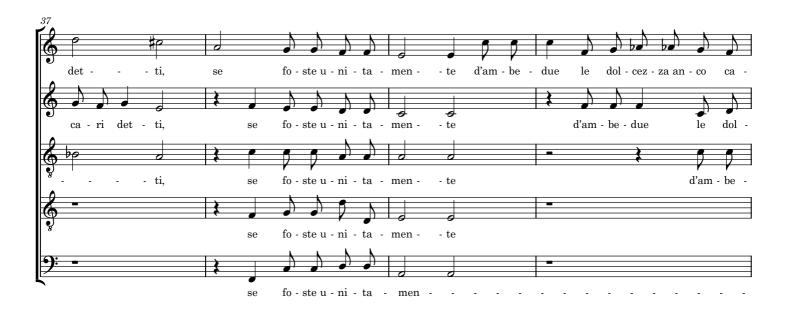


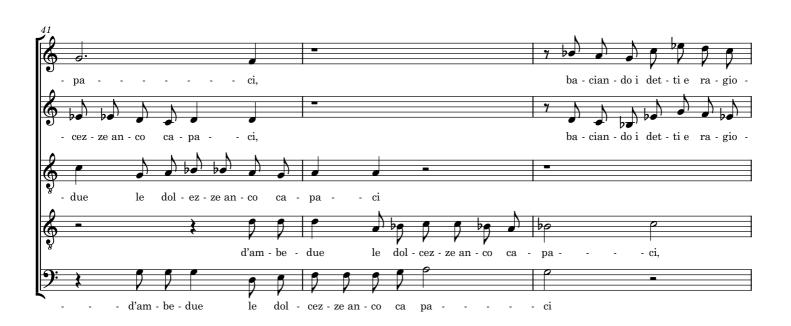


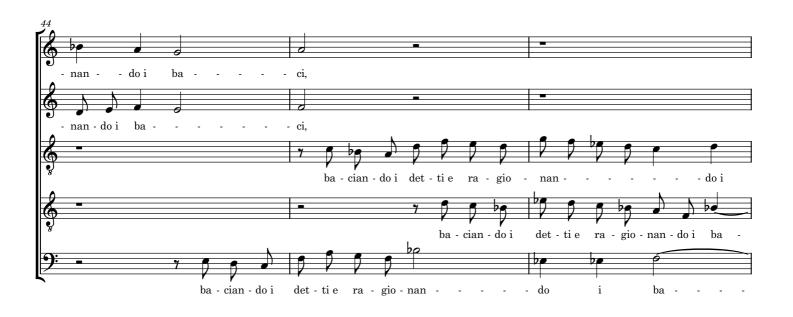


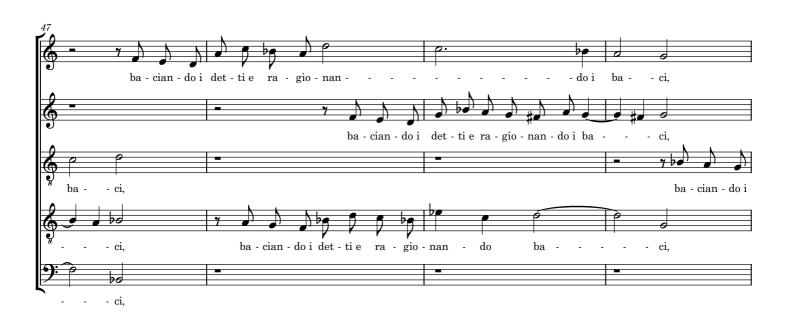


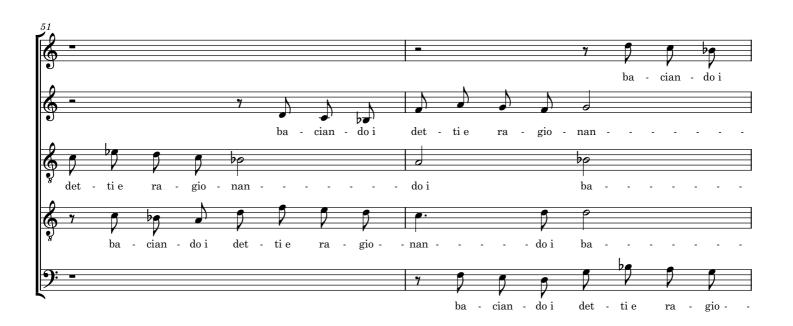










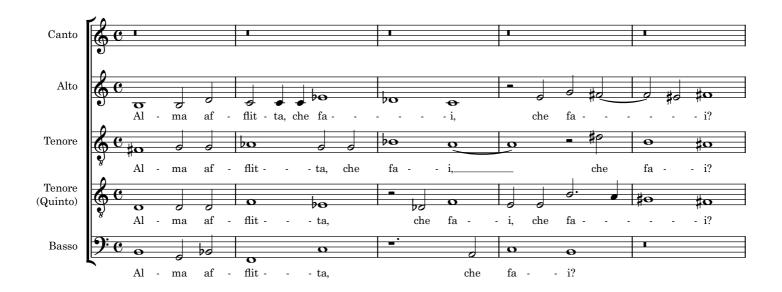


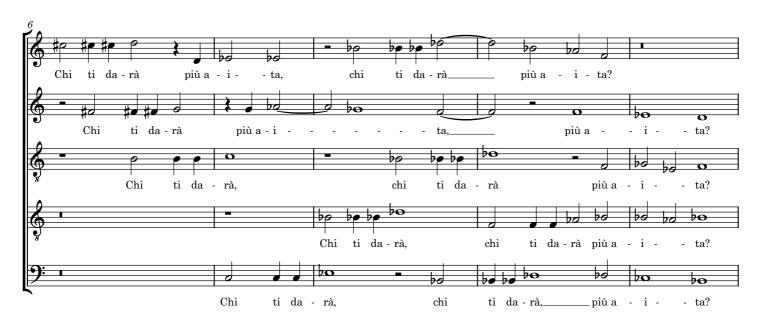


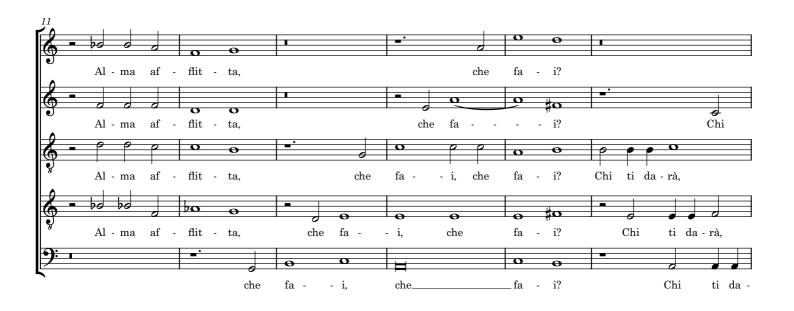
II.10 Alma afflitta, che fai?

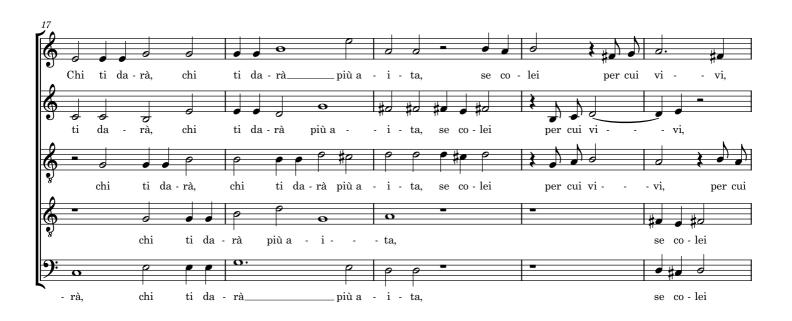
Madrigal von Giovan Battista Marino

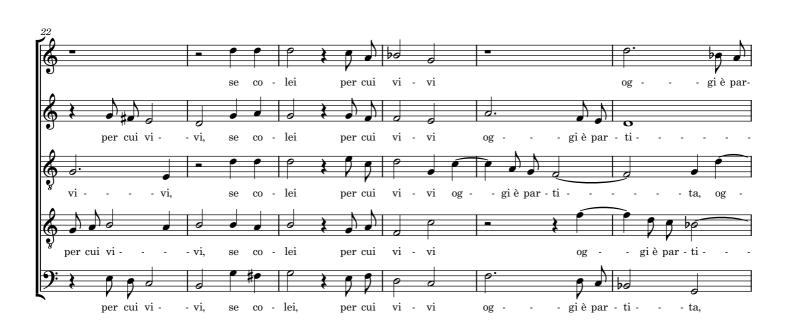
Alma afflitta, che fai? Chi ti darà più aita, se colei per cui vivi oggi è partita? Ahi, son ben folle e cieco, con l'alma ragionar che non è meco.



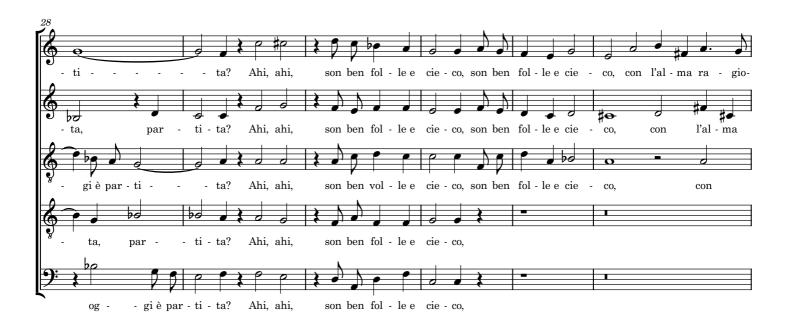


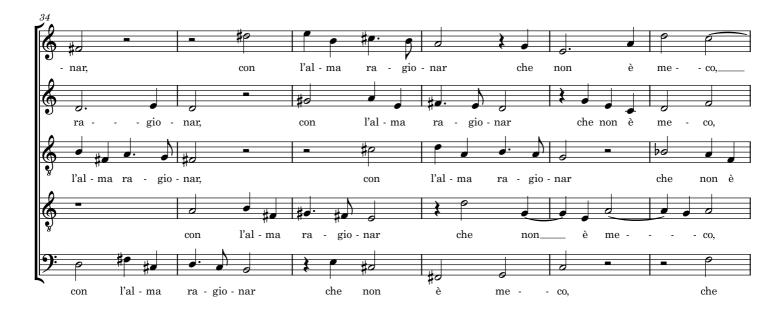


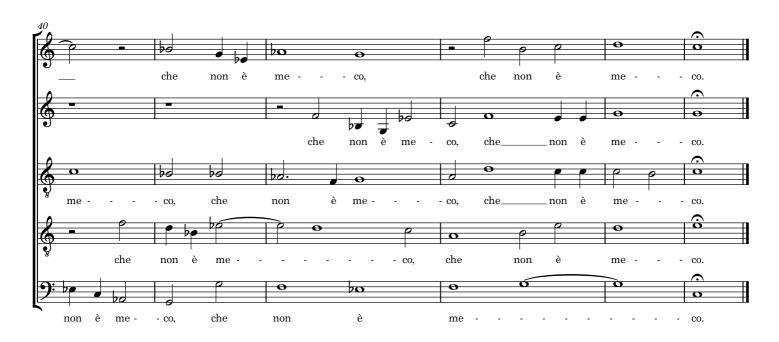








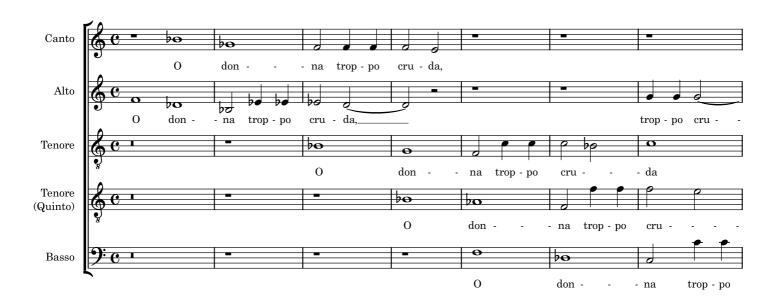


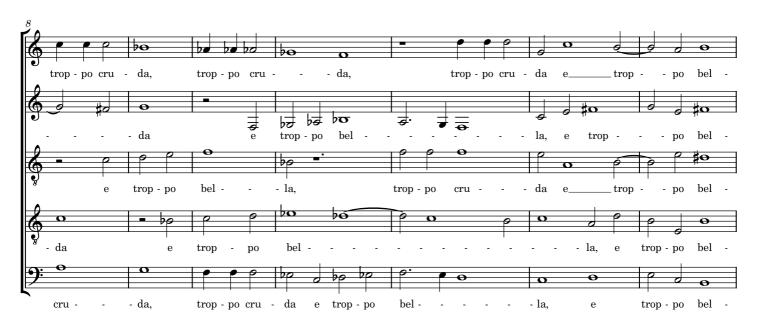


II.17 O donna troppo cruda e troppo bella

Madrigal von Battista Guarini

O donna troppo cruda e troppo bella, da voi vien la mia sorte, voi sete la mia vita e la mia morte. Ma se la morte sete, perché la vita ne' begl'occhi avete? E se sete la vita, che non mi date aita?





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