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# *Clorinda e Tancredi*

LOVE SCENES BY CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

1	Bel pastor dal cui bel guardo [FLM, LD]	5:36
<i>(Madrigali e canzonette a due, e tre, voci libro nono. Venice: Alessandro Vincenti, 1651)</i>		
2	Ed è pur dunque vero [FLM]	7:51
<i>(Scherzi Musicali. Venice: Bartolomeo Magni, 1632)</i>		
3	Eri già tutta mia [FLM]	3:15
<i>(Scherzi Musicali. Venice: Bartolomeo Magni, 1632)</i>		
4	Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda [LD, FLM, RP]	20:17
<i>(Madrigali guerrieri e amorosi. Libro ottavo dei madrigali. Venice: Alessandro Vincenti, 1638)</i>		
5	Voglio de vita uscir [FLM]	4:53
<i>(Ms. Archivio dei Filippini. Naples)</i>		
6-8	Lamento della ninfa	
	Non havea Febo ancora [LD, RP, DB]	1:29
	Amor dicea [FLM, LD, RP, DB]	5:32
	Si tra sdegnosi pianti [LD, RP, DB]	0:42
<i>(Madrigali guerrieri e amorosi. Libro ottavo dei madrigali. Venice: Alessandro Vincenti, 1638)</i>		
9	Maledetto sia l'aspetto [FLM]	1:22
<i>(Scherzi Musicali. Venice: Bartolomeo Magni, 1632)</i>		
10	Se i languidi miei sguardi (Lettera amorosa) [LD]	7:34
<i>(Concerto. Settimo libro dei madrigali. Venice: Bartolomeo Magni, 1641)</i>		
II	Si dolc'è il tormento [FLM]	3:23
<i>(Quarto scherzo delle ariose vagbezze. Venice: Alessandro Vincenti, 1624)</i>		
<i>bonus track</i>		
12	Giovanni Felice Sances (1600-1679): Usurpator tiranno [FLM]	7:54
<i>(Cantade a voce sola, libro secondo. Venice: Bartolomeo Magni, 1633)</i>		



Marco Mencoboni

## Clorinda e Tancredi

The *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* (the earliest composed work on this recording) attests to the victory of the *moderna musica* over the ideas espoused by Giovanni Maria Artusi, the man who appears to have been unaware of the Zen proverb, “true beauty is a deliberate, partial breaking of symmetry”. Far from being any sort of fool though, Artusi – who was both a composer and a performer, as well as a regular canon learned in plenty of areas – felt that the music which he loved, that music from the Renaissance embodying the harmony of heaven and earth, was being menaced by the *nuova musica* of Claudio Monteverdi; music which was “full of things contrary to beauty in art, unbearable to the ear which they wound rather than enchant”. The dissonant intervals – whose use by Monteverdi produced such a strong reaction from Artusi – had been in existence at least since the thirteenth century (for the purpose of listening delight: take the cascades of seconds in the rondeaux by Adam de la Halle, for example) and had occurred, of course, in Renaissance polyphony, where they were always first prepared and then resolved. Monteverdi brought the question of dissonance into the foreground in order for it to express and provoke the emotion described in the text, by necessarily damaging the absolute beauty of the Renaissance tex-

ture, by sulllying its purity. This was all untenable for Artusi whose preference would have been for an always unblemished Botticellian Venus as opposed to the sweating, bleeding and – clearly – malodorous body of Clorinda (I am thinking of Artemisia Gentileschi, one of the rare female painters of the time, and of her over-daring nudes, which needed to be kept hidden behind drapery).

This disharmony which expresses and provokes emotion is precisely what was being sought out (more violently) by Michelangelo de Merisi da Caravaggio at the point when he was revisiting or borrowing from certain canvases by the “other” Michelangelo; in his own foregrounds, he depicted the dirty feet of pilgrims (*Madonna di Loreto*), those of henchmen in the *Crocifissione di San Pietro* and those of the two protagonists in *San Matteo e angelo* (first version). His financial backer – the church – accepted him either begrudgingly, or by obliging him to redo his painting (“The priests forced him to remove the painting of *San Matteo e angelo* claiming that the figure possessed neither the selflessness nor the mien of a saint, being sat as he was, with his legs crossed and crudely presenting his feet to the people”, Giovanni Bellori, *Le vite de' pittori, scultori e architetti moderni*, 1672.) Such disharmony is likewise to be found in the work of Pier Paolo Pasolini, not because the film director was murdered on the same beach as Caravaggio in equally inexplicable circumstances, but through receiving the Grand Prix de l’Office Catholique du Cinéma awarded to *Il vangelo secondo Matteo*, the film for which he

was then prosecuted for insulting the religion of the state. Maybe this was because he had the Virgin Mary carrying Jesus in her flesh or because one passage resembled a revolutionary speech (even though it is the text of Saint Matthew!), or even because the disciples on the beach could have been evoking those rent boys dear to the author. These were artists who were fostering a strong relationship with the State and the Church (including Pasolini, who dedicated his film “in loving memory of Pope John XXIII”) at the same time as questioning them. For better or worse, the Church acknowledged this change which occurred around the time of Monteverdi’s *Il terzo libro dei madrigali*: the audience (both patrician and popular) apparently had had enough of not understanding anything of the texts of the wonderful polyphony which – no more than with the early madrigals – did not appear to want itself to be troubled by the sense of the words. The arrival of a new musical genre was accordingly welcomed; it was not precisely termed “madrigal” any more, but *concerto, concertato a una voce e instrumenti, canzonetta...*. It could be held to be a crossing-point or a partial (rather than a complete) break, given that Monteverdi did not stop including the restyled madrigal and its successors in one and the same publication.

At the turn of the century, Giulio Caccini in *Le nuove musiche* and Monteverdi (or rather his brother, Giulio Cesare) announced the primacy of words over music. From then onwards it was impossible to sing about war, pain, tears, caresses and desires without

the music gliding, sobbing, roaring, and so on. Figurations – which would later come to be called madrigalisms – which were increasingly reflecting the text, shed their sometimes standardized role for the benefit of expressing the composition’s highlighted emotional setting. Moreover, the liberation of the word – servant turned master of the music – converts us, as the spectators, into the heroes of the work: henceforth, it is the listener who is weeping, lamenting, and saying, “I love you”, and for that purpose, a single voice is sufficient, one’s own. In the end, it is their own voice or that of the soloist with which people identify – the one which, in the *Lamento della ninfa*, is designated as *canto* by Monteverdi. The other voices, meanwhile, can accompany, give a commentary on, or even disappear in favour of instruments. The struggle for power and pleasure is an amorous one between word and music, which merge into each other and are alternately – or simultaneously – “servant become mistress/master”. By entering into this dance of roles, Monteverdi does not hesitate, when the music demands it (as has been pointed out by the music scholar Philippe Beaussant), to modify the text of the *Combattimento*, reversing the order of certain lines by Torquato Tasso or adding various words (“a passi tardi e lenti”, with long, slow steps): is the music using this material as though it were fuel? In fact, both words and music are submitted to the expression of the emotion which is sweeping us along.

The *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* dates from 1624, although it was published later in the

*Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi*. Responding to a commission from a Venetian nobleman, Monteverdi selected a passage from *Gerusalemme liberata* with the purpose of composing what he termed a “song of a kind which has never before been seen nor heard”. In this impossible-to-categorize masterwork there are three actors: the Christian knight Tancredi has fallen in love with the Saracen Clorinda; under her helmet he fails to recognize her, and challenges her in combat. The third protagonist is Testo (the “text” and also, in Italian, the “one who attests”), whose role is to narrate the action, until that extraordinary moment when – in the style of Pirandello – he dives headfirst into the reality of the poem, reprimands Tancredi who has just wounded Clorinda, and who, then, moved to tears, takes the ill-fated woman into his arms. Testo is also responsible for the thumping, caught-off-guard, violent and abrupt opening, striking without prior notice (like the severed head by Caravaggio which the painter parades in the foreground of his *Davide con testa di Golia*). And so that the effect should be even stronger, Monteverdi desired that the *Combattimento* should be preceded by a number of madrigals performed “without acting”. Chosen for this here have been *Bel pastor* (*Libro nono*) and two *Scherzi musicali* (Venice, 1632): *Et è pur dunque vero* and *Eri già tutta mia*. A third such musical “jest”, *Maledetto sia l'aspetto*, placed between the *Lamento* and the *Lettera* is a *cancionetta* whose lively grace seems to contradict its text.

An infrequently-performed masterwork, *Bel pastor*, is an amorous duet which combines the *arioso*

style with that of the recitative, and evokes, by filtering them out, the pleasures of Poppea and of Nero cavorting about in Monteverdi’s final opera. The ostinato of *Et è pur dunque vero* fits perfectly with the soprano’s obsession which passes from distress to a desire for vengeance. With a softer tone, *Eri già tutta mia* weeps of a lost love, from which emerges (laughing eyes, hair blowing in the wind: “gl’occhi ridenti... i capelli ai venti”) the fresh memory of springtime loving and of its unctuous lifeblood.

Let us now take a closer look at the *Combattimento* (making use of the composer’s own markings): Testo, *recto tono* (00:05). *Motto del cavallo* (00:47). Clorinda (01:24), Tancredi (01:30). Aggressive and low-pitched passage (02:15). *Concitato* style: the *tremolo* (= shaking), as invented by Monteverdi, expresses the anger of the “two bulls hot for battle” (02:45). *Sinfonia*, a more restrained passage (02:51). *Notte*: the sole passage in which Monteverdi authorises the use of vocal ornaments to enhance the lyricism of the text (03:28). The fighting commences: “To dodge, to parry blows or to retreat they do not strive” (05:32). The bow is dropped and the strings plucked: “they strike with pommels” (6:48). The bow is picked up again, Testo is moved by describing the bloody embrace: “Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe”, thrice the knight grasps the lady (6:58). Second twist in the tale: Testo barely checks a cry (09:48), then addresses himself to Tancredi: “Misero” (11:03). Tancredi is wanting to know the name of his defeated enemy (11:08), Clorinda declines to provide it (12:06). *Guerra à la stile*

*concitato*: “Torna l’ira nei cori”, rage returns to their hearts (12:40). Clorinda comes over faint, demands to be baptised (15:38), which act Tancredi will provide for her, and he now becomes a full actor emotionally. Overcome, Tancredi runs off to find some water (16:49) and then recognises Clorinda (18:34). The heavens open (19:45), Clorinda goes in peace on a “final note which is played by a bow stroke dying away”.

*Voglio di vita uscir* (1632), an ambiguous scherzo in its sparkling beginning may – in its second heart-broken part – herald the *Lamento della ninfa* from the *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi*, for which the composer devised two approaches: one, for the three tenors, employed in a strict manner, and the other, which followed the emotions, for the nymph. These two “pulsations” mingle in our hearts like “in the lovers’ hearts Cupid mixes fire with ice”, as it says at the end of the *Lamento*. With a tremor in her throat, the young woman – who is only present in the central portion of the work – sings (indeed dances) of her pain above an ostinato formed by the descending tetrachord, which establishes this innovative framework: an ostinato, or in French music, a chaconne, in English music, ground bass, such as used by Purcell in “When I am laid in earth”... *Usurpatore tiranno* (Venice, 1633), a work by the Roman composer Giovanni Felice Sances – who was born around the time of the publication of Monteverdi’s *Il quinto libro dei madrigali* – has a wild prelude which is followed by an *arioso* passage providing the rhythmic basis for an ostinato which is repeated some 40 times. At the head of the

score, the composer notes the following: “Wait a little while before starting to play! Take care, for this is a passacaglia (chaconne). Allow yourself to be caught up in its rhythm, by its very *obstinacy*.” At 6:00, a stirring and startling recitative, sung according to the emotions of the soul, concludes the work in a protracted manner.

A celebration of absence, the *Lettera amorosa* (from *Il settimo libro dei madrigali*), is addressed to the person whose separation places them somewhere in between an impossible situation and being abandoned: this woman who is singing (or for whom these laments are being sung), for whom these letters are being written by a listless hand, for whom these amorous partings cause weeping, this woman (to quote Paul Verlaine) “who is neither quite the same nor yet quite different” (the music and the text speak of her delicate face, her full lips, her golden, Venetian hair, on occasion quietly braided). This woman is to be found in one of Caravaggio’s paintings: for she is Judith who beheads Holofernes, or Saint Catherine of Alexandria, or the penitent Magdalene... (It was Philippe Beaussant who came up with her actual name: Fellide Melandroni.)

Published in Venice in 1624 in the *Quarto scherzo delle ariose vagbezze* by Carlo Milanuzzi, *Si dolce è'l tormento* returns us to the year of the *Combattimento*. This wonder of a work begins with “so sweet is the torment in my breast that happily do I live for a cruel beauty”. The melodic line is restrained, suspended (madrigalisms: one note repeated ten times, begin-

ning with “beltà”, leading to dissonances on “pietà”; the same note played eight times to express the harshness of the “scoglio”, the rock) before reclining with a vamp’s composure; impassioned in tone and unchanging in its tempo, in the same breath it sings of the fire and the icy cold. We recognize the oxymoron which defines love at the end of the Renaissance: sweet and bitter, “dolce e amaro”, with “amaro”, in Italian, being so close to “amare”, to love.

Pierre Élie Mamou  
translated by Mark Wiggins



Francesca Chiocci

## Clorinda e Tancredi

Le *Combat de Tancrede et Clorinde* (l’œuvre la plus ancienne de ce disque) confirme la victoire de la *moderna musica* sur l’Artusi, l’homme qui ne connaissait pas l’adage zen « la beauté provient d’une rupture partielle et délibérée de la symétrie ». Loin d’être un âne, Giovanni Maria Artusi, compositeur et interprète, chanoine savant en plusieurs matières, sent que la musique qu’il aime, cette musique de la Renaissance reflétant l’équilibre du monde et du ciel, est menacée par la *nuova musica* de Monteverdi, pleine « de choses contraires au beau dans l’art, insupportables à l’oreille qu’elles blessent au lieu de la charmer ». Ces intervalles *grinçants* existaient au moins depuis le XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle (pour le plaisir de l’oreille : les cascades de secondes dans les rondeaux d’Adam De La Halle !) et bien sûr dans la polyphonie renaissante qui toujours les préparaient et résolvaient. Monteverdi met la dissonance au premier plan pour qu’elle exprime, provoque, l’émotion décrite par le texte, en ébréchant forcément la beauté absolue de l’édifice sonore renaisant, en souillant sa pureté. C’est insoutenable pour l’Artusi qui préfère une Vénus de Botticelli toujours propre, au corps de Clorinde qui sue, saigne et, certainement, sent (je pense à Artemisia Gentileschi, l’une des rares femmes peintres de l’époque, et à ses nus trop osés que l’on cache derrière un rideau).

Cette dysharmonie reflétant, provoquant, l’émotion c’est ce que cherche (avec plus de violence) Michel-Ange Melisi, Le Caravage, quand il revisite ou détourne certaines toiles de « l’autre » Michel-Ange et qu’il peint au premier plan les pieds sales des pèlerins (*Madonna di Loreto*), ceux du sbire dans le *Crucifiement de saint Pierre* ou ceux de *Matthieu et l’Ange* (r<sup>ere</sup> version). Son commanditaire, l’Église, l’accepte en rechignant ou en l’obligeant à refaire son tableau<sup>(1)</sup>. De même Pasolini, non parce qu’on l’assassina sur la même plage que Le Caravage dans ses circonstances également mystérieuses, mais pour le Prix de l’Office catholique décerné à *L’Évangile selon saint Matthieu*, film qui est cependant poursuivi pour insulte à la religion d’État. Peut-être parce la Vierge porte Jésus dans sa chair ou qu’un passage ressemble à un discours révolutionnaire (mais c’est le texte de Matthieu !) ou encore parce que les disciples sur la plage peuvent évoquer les *ragazzi di vita* chers à l’auteur. Artistes entretenant une forte relation avec l’État et l’Église (Pasolini inclus, qui dédie son film « à la douce mémoire de Jean XXIII ») tout en les questionnant. L’Église admet bon gré malgré ce changement pressenti dès le *Troisième Livre des madrigaux* : le public, aristocratique et populaire, semble en avoir assez de ne rien comprendre aux textes de la merveilleuse polyphonie qui, pas plus que les premiers madrigaux, ne veut être troublée par le sens des mots. On acclame alors un nouveau genre musical, qui ne s’appelle plus exactement « madrigal » mais *concerto, concertato per una voce e strumenti, canzonetta...* Passage

ou rupture partielle plutôt totale, puisque Monteverdi n'a cessé d'inclure dans un même livre, le madrigal – revisité – et ses descendants.

Au tournant du siècle, Caccini dans *Le nuove musiche* et Monteverdi (son frère, plutôt) annoncent la soumission de la musique au mot. Impossible dorénavant de chanter la guerre, la douleur, les pleurs, les caresses et les désirs sans que la musique glisse, sanglote, rugisse. Les figurations, appelées plus tard madrigalismes, qui reflétaient de plus en plus le texte perdent leur rôle parfois stéréotypé au profit de l'expression de l'émotion promue paramètre de la composition. Et la libération du mot, serf devenu *padrone* de la musique, nous convertit, spectateurs, en héros de l'œuvre : désormais, c'est l'auditeur qui pleure, se lamente et dit je t'aime et pour cela, une voix suffit, la sienne, enfin celle du ou de la soliste à laquelle il s'identifie – celle que, dans le *Lamento della ninfa*, Monteverdi appelle *canto*, le chant – les autres pourront accompagner, commenter ou même disparaître au profit des instruments. La lutte pour le pouvoir et le plaisir est amoureuse entre le mot et la musique qui se fondent l'un(e) dans l'autre et sont tour à tour ou simultanément *serva padrona* et *servo padrone*. En entrant dans cette danse des rôles, Monteverdi n'hésite pas, quand la musique l'exige !, à modifier (comme le signale Philippe Beaussant) le texte du *Combattimento* en inversant l'ordre de certains vers du Tasse ou en ajoutant quelques mots (*a passi tardi e lenti, à pas longs et lents*) : la musique se sert-elle de ce matériau comme d'un

combustible ? De fait, tous deux sont soumis à l'expression de l'émotion qui nous emporte.

*Le Combat*, publié plus tard dans le *Huitième Livre* date de 1624. Répondant à une commande d'un noble Vénitien, Monteverdi choisit un passage de la *Jérusalem délivrée* pour composer ce qu'il appelle une « œuvre vocale d'un genre jamais vu ni entendu ». Dans ce chef d'œuvre inclassable, trois acteurs : le chrétien Tancrède aime la musulmane Clorinde, qu'il ne reconnaît pas sous son casque, et la provoque en combat. Le protagoniste, Testo (le texte et aussi, en italien, celui qui atteste) narre l'action jusqu'au moment extraordinaire où, à la Pirandello, il plonge dans la réalité du poème, semonce Tancrède qui vient de blesser Clorinde puis, ému jusqu'aux larmes, prend l'infortunée dans ses bras. Testo est aussi chargé du début coup-de-poing, *alla sprovista*, violent et soudain, asséné sans avis préalable (comme la tête coupée du Caravage que le peintre exhibe au premier plan de *David et Goliath*). Et pour que l'effet soit encore plus fort, Monteverdi veut que *Le Combat* soit précédé de quelques madrigaux « sans jeu de scène », ici *Bel pastor* (*Neuvième Livre*) et deux *Scherzi musicali* (Venise, 1632) : *Ed è pur dunque vero* et *Eri già tutta mia*. Un troisième, *Maledetto sia l'aspetto*, situé entre le *Lamento* et la *Lettera* est une *canzonetta* dont la grâce sautillante semble contredire le texte.

Chef-d'œuvre peu fréquenté, *Bel pastor* est un duo amoureux qui mêle l'arioso au récitatif et évoque, en les filtrant, les jouissances de Poppée et de Néron s'ébattant dans le dernier opéra de Monteverdi. La

basse obstinée de *Ed è pur dunque vero* colle parfaitement à l'obsession de la soprano qui passe de la détresse au désir de vengeance. *Eri già tutta mia* pleure d'un ton plus doux l'amour perdu d'où émerge (yeux souriants, cheveux au vent : *gl'occhi ridenti... i capelli ai venti*) le souvenir frais des amours printanières et de sa sève onctueuse.

Suivons *Il Combattimento* de plus près (avec indications du compositeur) : Narrateur, *recto tono* (00:05). Mouvement de cheval (00:47). Clorinde (01:24), Tancrède (01:30). Passage belliqueux et grave (02:15). Style *concitato* : le trémolo (= tremblement) inventé par Monteverdi exprime la colère des *tau-reaux furieux que sont les combattants* (02:45). *Sinfonia*, passage plus retenu (02:51). Nocturne : seul passage où Monteverdi autorise les ornements vocaux rehaussant le lyrisme du texte (03:28). Début du combat : *Ne pas esquiver, ni parer, ni reculer* (05:32). On laisse l'archet, on pince les cordes : *ils se frappent du pommeau* (06:48). On reprend l'archet, le Narrateur s'émeut en décrivant l'étreinte sanglante : *Trois fois, le chevalier enserre la dame* (06:58). Second coup de théâtre dans le théâtre : le Narrateur retient à peine un cri (09:48) puis s'adresse à Tancrède : *Misérable* (11:03). Tancrède veut savoir le nom de son ennemi vaincu (11:08), Clorinde refuse (12:06). Guerre, style *concitato* : *la colère ranime les combattants* (12:40). Clorinde défaîle, demande le baptême (15:38) *que lui donnera Clorinde, le Narrateur étant émotionnellement devenu acteur à part entière*. Tancrède ému court chercher de l'eau (16:49) puis la reconnaît (18:34). Le ciel s'ouvre (19:45),

Clorinde s'en va en paix sur une « dernière note qui se joue d'un coup d'archet mourant ».

*Voglio di vita uscir* (1632), scherzo ambigu au début étincelant pourrait annoncer dans sa seconde partie, désespérée, le *Lamento della ninfa* du *Huitième Livre*, pour lequel le compositeur a conçu deux battues : à la main (stricte) pour les hommes, et selon *l'affetto del animo* pour la nymphe. Et ces deux pulsations se mêlent dans nos coeurs comme « dans le cœur des amants l'amour mêle le feu à la glace » dit à la fin la chanson. D'une gorge hésitante, la jeune femme qui n'apparaît que dans la partie centrale de l'œuvre chante, danse, sa peine sur un *basso ostinato* formé par le tétracorde descendant qui institue l'invention : basse obstinée ou chaconne des Français, *ground* anglais que Purcell utilise dans la *Mort de Didon... Usurpatore tiranno* (Venise, 1633), œuvre du compositeur romain Sances, né à l'époque du *Cinquième Livre* de Monteverdi, est un prélude sauvage suivi d'ariosos que rythme la basse obstinée répétée une quarantaine de fois. L'auteur annote en tête de la partition : « Attendez un peu avant de juger ! Attention : c'est une passacaille. Laissez-vous capturer par son rythme, par son obstination. » À 06:00, un récitatif émouvant, surprenant, chanté selon *l'affetto del animo*, conclut longuement l'œuvre.

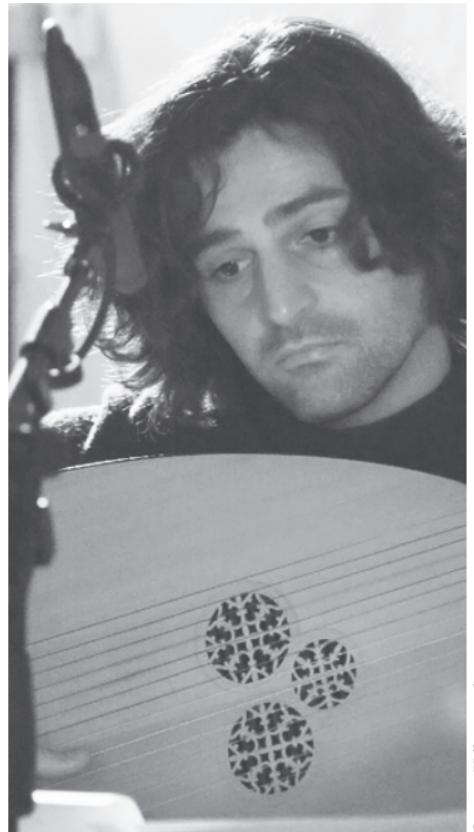
Fête de l'absence, la *Lettera amorosa* (*Septième Livre*), s'adresse à l'être que la distance situe entre l'impossible et l'inachevé... cette femme qui chante ou pour laquelle sont chantés ces lamentos, sont écrits ces lettres d'une main langoureuse, sont pleurées ces partances amoureuses, cette femme qui n'est ni

*tout à fait la même ni tout à fait une autre* (les musiques et les textes disent son ovale délicat, la modénature charnue des lèvres, le blond – vénitien – de la chevelure parfois sagement tressée), on la retrouve dans la peinture du Caravage : c'est Judith décapitant Holopherne, Sainte Catherine d'Alexandrie, Madeleine repentante... (seul Philippe Beaussant connaît son beau nom : Fellide Melandroni).

Publié à Venise en 1624 dans le *Quarto scherzo delle ariose vaghezze* de Carlo Milanuzzi, *Si dolce è il tormento* nous ramène à l'année du *Combat*. Cette merveille commence par : *Le tourment de mon cœur est si doux que je vis comblée par une cruelle beauté*. La ligne mélodique est retenue, suspendue (madrigalismes : une note répétée 10 fois, à partir de *belta*, conduit à la dissonance sur *pietà*; 8 fois la même note pour la dureté de l'écueil, *scoglio*) avant de se reposer avec un flegme de vamp ; passionnée dans le ton et immuable dans le tempo, elle chante dans un même souffle le feu et le gel. On aura reconnu l'oxymoron qui définit l'amour de la Renaissance finissante, doux et amer, *dolce e amaro*, en italien, *amaro* si proche de *amare*, aimer.

Pierre Élie Mamou

(1) « [...] les prêtres le firent ôter le tableau de Matthieu et l'Ange sous le prétexte que cette figure n'avait ni la noblesse ni l'aspect d'un saint, assise comme elle l'était, les jambes croisées, montrant grossièrement ses pieds au peuple. » Giovan Bellori, *Vite de' pittori, scultori e architetti moderni*, 1672.



Simone Vallerotonda

## Clorinda e Tancredi

Das *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* (das älteste Werk auf der vorliegenden CD) ist eine Bekräftigung des Sieges der *moderna musica* über Giovanni Maria Artusi, einen Mann, dem die Zen-Weisheit nicht vertraut war, die besagt, dass Schönheit aus einem partiellen, absichtlichen Bruch der Symmetrie entsteht. Artusi war alles andere als ein Esel, er war ein Komponist und Interpret sowie ein auf vielen Gebieten gebildeter Geistlicher, der fühlte, dass die Musik der Renaissance, die das Gleichgewicht des Himmels und der Erde widerspiegelte und die ihm so viel bedeutete, durch Monteverdis *nuova musica* bedroht wurde. Diese war für ihn »voller Dinge, die im Widerspruch zum Schönen in der Kunst stehen und dem Ohr unerträglich sind, statt es zu entzücken«. Diese »kreischenenden« Intervalle wurden spätestens seit der Mitte des 13. Jahrhunderts eingesetzt (und zwar zum Entzücken der Zuhörer – man denke an die Sekundkaskaden in den Rondeaus von Adam De La Halle!) und kamen natürlich auch in der Musik der Renaissance zur Anwendung, in der sie allerdings immer vorbereitet und aufgelöst wurden. Monteverdi stellte die Dissonanz in den Vordergrund, um dadurch die im Text beschriebene Emotion auszudrücken und hervorzurufen. So verletzte er die absolute Schönheit des Klanggebäudes der Renaissance gewaltsam, indem er

seine Reinheit besudelte. Das war für Artusi unerträglich, der eine immer saubere Botticelli-Venus zweifellos dem Leib Clorindas vorzog, der schwitzte, blutete und sicherlich nicht duftete (in diesem Zusammenhang muss ich an eine der wenigen Malerinnen dieser Epoche, Artemisia Gentileschi, denken, deren allzu gewagte Darstellungen nackter Leiber hinter Vorhängen verborgen wurden).

Nach dieser Disharmonie, die Emotionen widerspiegelt und hervorruft, strebt auch Michelangelo Merisi, genannt Caravaggio, wenn auch auf gewalttätigere Weise, indem er bestimmte Bilder des »anderen Michelangelo« neu interpretiert. Caravaggio stellte bei seiner *Madonna di Loreto* die schmutzigen Füße von Pilgern im Vordergrund dar, genau wie die des Schergen auf der *Crocifissione di San Pietro* oder in der ersten Fassung von *San Matteo e l'angelo*. Die auftraggebende Kirche akzeptierte diese Bilder widerstreitend oder zwang ihn dazu, sie zu überarbeiten. Vergleichbar ist Pasolini, nicht weil man Caravaggio am gleichen Strand wie ihn unter ähnlich rätselhaften Umständen ermordet hätte, sondern aufgrund der Auszeichnung des katholischen Offiziums, der Pasolinis Film *Il vangelo secondo Matteo* verliehen wurde, obwohl der Film als Angriff auf die Staatsreligion aufgefasst wurde. Gründe dafür waren vielleicht, dass die Jungfrau Jesus in ihrem Leib trägt oder dass eine Passage einem revolutionären Dialog gleicht (aber der Text stammt aus dem Matthäus-Evangelium!), oder vielleicht auch, weil die Jünger am Strand an die *ragazzi di vita* denken ließen, die dem

Filmemacher so viel bedeuteten. Künstler, die eine enge Beziehung zu Staat und Kirche unterhielten (einschließlich Pasolini, der seinen Film der »innigen Erinnerung an Johannes Paul XXIII.« widmete), obwohl sie beides in Frage stellten. Die Kirche fand sich gezwungen, mit diesem Wandel ab, der sich schon seit der Veröffentlichung des *Dritten Madrigalbuchs* abzeichnete: Das adlige oder bürgerliche Publikum schien sich damit zufriedenzugeben, nichts von den Texten der wunderbaren Polyphonie zu verstehen, die sich – nicht mehr als bei den ersten Madrigalen – nicht durch den Sinn der Worte stören lassen will. Man begrüßt also eine neue Gattung, die sich nicht mehr genau Madrigal nennt, sondern *concerto*, *concertato per una voce e strumenti*, *canzonetta* ... Ein Übergang, ein partieller oder eher totaler Bruch, denn Monteverdi hat nie damit aufgehört in jedes seiner Bücher – neu verstandene – Madrigale oder ihre Abkömmlinge aufzunehmen.

Um die Jahrhundertwende verkündeten Caccini (in seinen *Nuove musiche*) und Monteverdi (genauer gesagt, sein Bruder Giulio Cesare) die Unterordnung der Musik unter das Wort. Von nun an sollte es unmöglich sein, über Krieg, Schmerz, Klagen, von Zärtlichkeiten und Begierden zu singen, ohne dass die Musik schlitterte, schluchzte und tobte. Die Verzierungen, die man später als Madrigalismen bezeichnen sollte und die den Text immer stärker widerspiegeln, ließen ihre teils stereotype Rolle hinter sich zugunsten eines Ausdrucks der Emotion, der sich zu einem Parameter der Komposition entwickelte. Und die

Befreiung des Wortes, ein Leibeigener, der zum *padrone* wird, verwandelt uns Zuhörer zu Helden des Werkes: von nun an ist es der Hörer, der weint, klagt und »Ich liebe dich« sagt. Und zu diesem Zweck genügt eine einzige Stimme, nämlich die eigene, also diejenige des Solisten oder der Solistin, mit dem oder der man sich identifiziert. Im *Lamento della ninfa* bezeichnet Monteverdi diese Stimme als *canto* – Gesang –, und die weiteren können begleiten, kommentieren oder sogar zugunsten von Instrumenten vollkommen verschwinden. Der Kampf um Macht und Vergnügen ist eine Liebesgeschichte zwischen Wort und Musik, die miteinander verschmelzen und abwechselnd oder gleichzeitig die Rolle der *serva padrona* bzw. des *servo padrone* einnehmen. Indem er sich auf diesen Tanz der Rollen einlässt, zögert Monteverdi nicht, den Text des *Combattimento* zu modifizieren, wenn es die Musik verlangt (wie Philippe Beaussant feststellte). Monteverdi ändert die Reihenfolge einzelner Verse Tassos oder fügt Worte hinzu (*a passi tardi e lenti*, mit trägen, langsamen Schritten). Setzt er die Musik wie Brennmaterial ein? Tatsächlich sind Musik und Wort dem Ausdruck der Emotion unterworfen, die uns davonträgt.

Das aus dem Jahr 1624 stammende *Combattimento* sollte später im *Achten Madrigalbuch* veröffentlicht werden. Monteverdi schrieb es im Auftrag eines adeligen Venezianers und wählte eine Passage aus Tassos *La Gerusalemme liberata* aus, um ein Stück zu komponieren, das er als »nie gesehenes und nie gehörtes Vokalwerk« bezeichnete. Dieses Meisterwerk ent-

zieht sich jedem Versuch der Einordnung und umfasst drei handelnde Figuren: Der christliche Kreuzritter Tancredi liebt die Sarazin Clorinda, die er in ihrer Rüstung nicht wiedererkennt und zum Kampf fordert. Die Figur des Testo (auf Italienisch bedeutet dies sowohl Text also auch Zeuge) erzählt die Handlung bis zu dem außergewöhnlichen Augenblick, in dem er – ganz im Stil Pirandello – in die Realität des Gedichts hineinfällt und Tancredi ermahnt, der Clorinda gerade gesegnet hat und die Unglückliche dann zu Tränen gerührt in die Arme schließt. Testos Aufgabe ist auch der spektakuläre Anfang, der plötzlich und gewalttätig *alla sprovista* beginnt, bei dem ohne vorherige Ankündigung Schläge fallen (vergleichbar dem abgehauenen Kopf Goliaths, den Caravaggio auf seinem Gemälde *Davide con testa di Golia* im Vordergrund darstellt). Um diesen Effekt noch zu verstärken, schreibt Monteverdi vor, dass vor dem *Combattimento* einige nicht szenisch aufgeführte Madrigale erklingen sollen: *Bel pastor* (aus dem *Neunten Madrigalbuch*) und zwei *Scherzi musicali* (Venedig, 1632): *Ed è pur dunque vero* und *Eri già tutta mia*. Ein drittes Madrigal, *Maledetto sia l'aspetto*, wird zwischen das *Lamento* und die *Lettera* platziert und ist eine *canzonetta*, deren beschwingte Anmut dem Text zu widersprechen scheint.

Das selten zu hörende Meisterwerk *Bel pastor* ist ein Liebesduett, bei dem sich Arioso und Rezitativ miteinander vermischen und das an eine gefilterte Version der Wonnen Poppeas und Neros denken lässt, wie sie in Monterverdis letzter Oper miteinander herumplänkeln. Die ostinate Basslinie in *Ed è pur*

*dunque vero* klebt geradezu an der Besessenheit der Sopranistin, deren Stimmung von Verzweiflung zum Verlangen nach Rache übergeht. In *Eri già tutta mia* wird in einem milderen Ton eine verlorene Liebe beklagt, wobei die frische Erinnerung an eine frühlingsschöne Liebschaft und ihren sanften Elan heraufbeschworen wird (lächelnde Augen, die Haare im Wind: *gl'occhi ridenti... i capelli ai venti*).

Wir wollen uns nun das *Combattimento* (und die Angaben des Komponisten) etwas genauer ansehen: Erzähler, *recto tono* (00:05). Fortbewegung des Pferdes (00:47). Clorinda (01:24), Tancredi (01:30). Kriegerischer, gravitätischer Abschnitt (02:15). *Stile concitato*: Das von Monteverdi erfundene Tremolo drückt den Zorn der beiden eifersüchtigen und zornentbrannten Stiere wider (*due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti*), mit denen die beiden Kämpfenden gleichgesetzt werden (02:45). *Sinfonia*, eine etwas zurückhaltendere Passage (02:51). *Notturno*: Der einzige Abschnitt, in dem Monteverdi Verzierungen der Vokallinie zur Betonung der Poesie des Textes erlaubt (03:28). Beginn des Kampfes: Nicht weichen, nicht parieren, sich auch nicht zurückziehen (*Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi*, 05:32). Der Bogen wird weggelegt und die Saiten werden gezupft: Man schlägt sich mit Schwertknäufen (06:48). Die Bögen werden wieder in die Hand genommen, und der Erzähler berichtet bewegt von der blutigen Umarmung: Drei Mal umklammert der Ritter die Frau (*Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe*, 06:58). Es folgt ein zweiter Theatercoup innerhalb des Theaters: Der Erzähler unterdrückt

gerade noch einen Aufschrei (09:48) und wendet sich dann an Tancredi: Du Armer (*Misero*, 11:03). Tancredi will den Namen seines besieгten Widersachers in Erfahrung bringen (11:08), Clorinda weigert sich (12:06). Kampf, *stile concitato*: Der Zorn kehrt zurück (*Torna l'ira ne' cori*, 12:40). Clorinda sinkt nieder und verlangt nach der Taufe (15:38), die ihr Tancredi spenden soll, der Erzähler ist emotional zu einer eigenständigen handelnden Figur geworden. Der aufgewühlte Tancredi macht sich auf die Suche nach Wasser (16:49) und erkennt Clorinda schließlich (18:34). Der Himmel tut sich auf (*Sapre il ciel*, 19:45), und Clorinda stirbt in Frieden (*io vado in pace*) über eine letzte Note, die in einem ersterbenden Bogenstrich verklingt (*Questa ultima nota va in arcata morendo*).

*Voglio di vita uscir* (1632) ist ein mehrdeutiges Scherzo mit einem mitreißenden Anfang. In seinem zweiten, verzweifelten Teil weist es auf das *Lamento della ninfa* aus dem *Achten Madrigalbuch* vorweg, für das der Komponist zwei Arten von Tempo vorgesehen hat: Mit strengem Takt für die Männer und im Fall der Nymphe orientiert am Empfinden der Seele (*affetto del animo*). Und diese beiden Pulse vermischen sich in unseren Herzen wie »in den Herzen der Liebenden die Liebe Flammen mit Eis vermengt« (*così ne' cori amanti mesce amor fiamma, e gel*). So drückt sich am Ende des Liedes die junge Frau mit zögernder Kehle aus, die nur im Mittelteil des Werkes auftaucht und von ihrer Pein singt und sie tanzend zum Ausdruck über einem *basso ostinato* zum Ausdruck bringt. Dieser besteht aus

einem absteigenden Tetrachord, der die Erfindung des Lamentobasses einführt: in Frankreich sollte er als Chaconne bekannt werden, in England als *ground*, wie in Purcell beim Tod der Dido verwendete ... *Usurpatore tiranno* (Venedig, 1633) ist ein Werk des römischen Komponisten Giovanni Felice Sances, der zur Zeit von Monteverdis *Fünftem Madrigalbuch* geboren wurde. Das Stück hat eine wilde Einleitung, auf die Ariosi folgen, welche durch die ca. vierzig Mal wiederholte ostinante Basslinie rhythmisiert wird. Der Komponist schreibt eine Anmerkung zu Beginn der Partitur: »Haltet ein wenig ein, bevor ihr urteilt! Achtung, das Stück ist eine Passacaglia. Lasst euch von ihrem Rhythmus, ihrem Nachdruck gefangen nehmen.« Ein bewegendes, überraschendes Rezitativ (06:00), das wieder nach dem *affetto del animo* gesungen wird, bildet den ausgedehnten Schluss des Stücks.

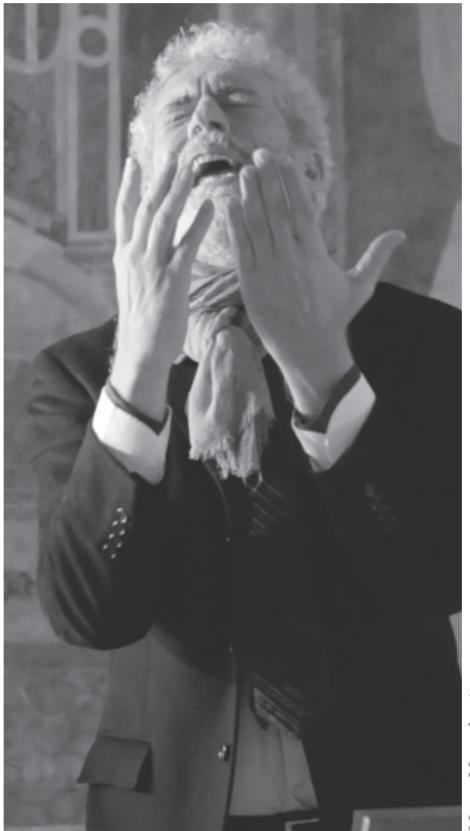
Die *Lettera amorosa* aus dem *Siebten Madrigalbuch* beschäftigt sich intensiv mit der Abwesenheit und richtet sich an das Wesen, das durch die Entfernung unmöglich und unerreichbar wird ... An jene Frau, die diese Lamenti singt oder die in ihnen besungen wird, an die mit sehnüchtiger Hand Briefe geschrieben werden, die Tränen über den Trennungsschmerz auslöst, jene »Frau, die nie ganz und gar dieselbe und nie eine vollkommen andere ist« (*une femme ... qui n'est ni tout à fait la même ni tout à fait une autre*, nach Paul Veraines berühmtem Gedicht *Mon rêve familial*). In der Musik und in den Texten wird das zarte Oval ihres Gesichts beschrieben, das volle Profil ihrer Lippen, das – venezianische – Blond ihres Haars, das

gelegentlich kunstvoll geflochten ist. Man findet sie auf Caravaggios Gemälden wieder: Sie ist Judith, die Holofernes enthauptet, die Heilige Katharina von Alexandria, die reuige Magdalena (deren schönen Namen Fellide einzig Philippe Beaussant kennt).

Monteverdis *Si dolce è il tormento* wurde 1624 in Carlo Milanuzzis *Quarto scherzo delle ariose vagbezze* veröffentlicht und führt uns wieder ins Entstehungsjahr des *Combattimento* zurück. Dieses Wunderwerk beginnt mit dem Text »Die Qualen in meiner Brust sind so süß, dass ich von grausamer Schönheit beglückt lebe« (*Si dolce è'l tormento ch'in seno mi sta, ch'io vivo contento per cruda beltà*). Die Melodielinie ist zart und zurückhaltend (Madrigalismen: eine zehnmal wiederholte Note ab *beltà*, die zur Dissonanz über *pietà* hinführt, achtmal dieselbe Note zur Verdeutlichung der Härte der Klippe, *scoglio*), ehe sie sich mit dem Phlegma eines Vamps ausruht; sie ist im Klang leidenschaftlich und im Tempo unverrückbar und singt in einem Atem von Feuer und Eis. Man erkennt das Oxymoron wieder, das in der ausgehenden Renaissancezeit die Liebe definiert, süß und bitter, *dolce e amaro*, wobei das italienische *amaro* dem Lieben (*amare*) so nahe ist.

Pierre Élie Mamou

Übersetzt von Susanne Lowien



Marco Mencoboni

## I BEL PASTOR DAL CUI BEL GUARDO

Bel pastor, dal cui bel guardo,  
spira foco, ond'io tutt'ardo,  
m'ami tu? – Si cor mio! –  
Com'io desio? – Si cor mio –  
Dimmi: quanto? – Tanto, tanto –  
Come che? –  
Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

Questi vezzi, questo dire,  
non fan pago il mio desire.  
Se tu m'ami, o mio bel foco,  
dimmi ancor, ma fuor di gioco:  
Come che? – etc. etc.

Viepiù lieta udito avrei:  
«t'amo al par de gli occhi miei» –  
Come rei del mio cordoglio  
questi lumi amar non voglio,  
di mirar non sazi ancora  
la beltà che sì m'accora –  
Come che? – etc. etc.

Fa sentirmi altre parole,  
se pur vuoi ch'io mi console.  
M'ami tu? – come la vita? –  
No, ch'afflitta e sbigottita  
d'odio e sdegno e non d'amore  
fatt'albergo di dolore  
per due luci, anzi due stelle

Handsome shepherd, whose lovely look  
breathes fire, and in which I burn completely,  
do you love me? Yes, my dear heart!  
As much as I desire it? – Yes, my heart!  
Tell me, how much? So much, so much –  
How much? –  
As much as you, shepherdess so lovely.

These flatteries, these words,  
do not mollify my desire.  
If you love me, oh my lovely flame,  
tell me once more, but without joking:  
How much? etc.

Much happier would I have been to hear:  
“I love you as much as my own eyes” –  
As culprit of my pain  
I do not want to love these eyes,  
you can never look enough at  
he beauty which causes me such pain –  
How much? etc.

Let me hear other words,  
if you want to console me.  
Do you love me? – Like life itself?  
No, for afflicted and disconsolate  
bathed in hate and disdain and not in love,  
I have become an abode of pain  
for the fault of two eyes, or even two stars

tropo crude, tropo belle. –  
Come che? – etc. etc.

Non mi dir più: «come te»,  
dimmi: «Io t'amo come me!» –  
No, ch'io stesso odio me stesso. –  
Deh, se m'ami dimmi espresso –  
Si cor mio – Com'io desio –  
Dimmi: quanto? – etc. etc.

## 2 ET È PUR DUNQUE VERO

Et è pur dunque vero,  
dishumanato cor, anima cruda,  
che cangiando pensiero  
e di fede e d'amor tu resti ignuda.  
D'haver tradito me dati pur vanto,  
che la cetera mia rivolgo in pianto.

È questo il guiderdone  
de l'amoroze mie tante fatiche?  
Così mi fa ragione,  
il vostro reo destin, stelle nemiche.  
Ma se'l tuo cor è d'ogni fé ribelle,  
Lidia, la colpa è tua non delle stelle.

Beverò, sfortunato,  
gl'assassinati miei torbidi pianti,  
e sempre adolorato  
a tutti gl'altri abandonati amanti,

that are too cruel, too beautiful –  
How much? etc.

Do not tell me again: “How much?”,  
Tell me: “I love you as I love myself”  
No, because I hate my very self.  
Ah, if you love me, tell me it often.  
Yes, my heart. As much as I want it?  
Tell me: how much? etc.

It is true then,  
dehumanized heart, cruel soul,  
which in changing its mind,  
you are left lacking in both faith and love.  
Yet you are so proud of having betrayed me  
that I turn my cithara into weeping.

Is this then the recompense  
for my numerous loving labours?  
This is the way that your perverse destiny  
administers justice to me, hostile stars!  
But if your heart is intractable against all love,  
Lydia, you alone are at fault, not the stars.

I will drink, in my unfortunate state,  
to my tormented and troubled tears,  
And, in always grieving,  
to the health of all other abandoned lovers,

e scolpirò sul marmo alla mia fede:  
sciocco è quel cor ch'in bella donna crede.

Povero di conforto,  
mendico di speranza, andrò ramingo;  
e senza salma o porto,  
fra tempeste virrò mesto e solingo.  
Ne havrò la morte di precipiti a schivo  
perchè non può morir chi non è vivo.

Il numero de gli anni  
ch'al sol di tue bellezze io fui di neve,  
il colmo degl'affani  
che non mi diero mai, mai riposo breve:  
Insegnerano a mormorar i venti  
Le tue perfidie o cruda e i miei tormenti.

Vivi, vivi col cor di gacio,  
e l'inconstanza tua l'aure difidi;  
stringi, stringi il tuo ben in braccio  
e del mio mal con lui trionfa e ridi;  
e ambi in union dolce gradita  
fabricate il sepolcro alla mia vita.

Abissi, abissi, udite, udite  
di mia desperation gli ultimi accenti,  
da poi che son fornite  
le mie gioie e gl'amor e i miei contenti.  
Tanto è 'l mio mal che nominar io voglio  
Emulo del inferno il mio cordoglio.

and I will make a sculpture in marble, for my belief:  
foolish is the heart that trusts in beautiful women.

Deprived of comfort,  
a mendicant for hope, from branch to branch I will  
make my way, and with neither body or port,  
among the storms, I will pass my time sad and alone.  
The speedy death that I crave will not come  
for he cannot die who is not alive.

The number of years  
which to the sun of your beauties, I have lived under  
the snow, the peak of the sufferings  
which never provided me, never, any brief respite,  
taught the winds to murmur  
your lies, oh cruel one, and my torments.

You live with a heart of frost,  
and your fickleness challenges the air;  
you grip your love in your arms  
and of my troubles with him you triumph and laugh;  
and both of you, pleasantly and sweetly united,  
create the tomb of my life.

Abysses and chasms hearken  
to the final tones of my despair,  
now that they have all departed,  
my joys and loves and my pleasures.  
My misfortune is so deep that I want to name  
as equal to hell my profound grief.

### 3 ERI GIÀ TUTTA MIA

Eri già tutta mia  
mia quell'alma, quel core,  
chi da me ti desvia  
nuovo laccio d'amore?  
O bellezza, o valore,  
o mirabil costanza  
ove sei tu?  
Eri già tutta mia  
or non sei più.  
Ah che mia non sei più.

Sol per me gl'occhi belli  
rivolgevi ridenti  
per me d'oro i capelli  
si spiegavan ai venti.  
O fugaci contenti,  
o fermezza d'un core  
ove sei tu?  
Eri già tutta mia  
or non sei più.  
Ah che mia non sei più.

Il gioir del mio viso  
ah che più non rimiri,  
il mio canto, il mio riso  
è converso in martiri.  
O dispersi sospiri  
o sparita pietate  
ove sei tu?

Once you were all mine,  
for me that heart, that soul;  
what separates you now from me,  
what new link of love?

Oh beauty, oh virtue,  
oh marvellous constancy,  
where are you now?

Once you were all mine,  
but now no longer,  
ah, for me, you are no longer.

Only for me, your lovely eyes  
shone smilingly,  
for me the gold of your locks,  
fanned out on the breeze.

Oh fleeting pleasures,  
oh resolute heart,  
where are you now?

Once you were all mine,  
but now no longer,  
ah, for me, you are no longer.

The pleasure on my face,  
ah, you no can longer see it,  
my song, my laughter  
are changed to torments.  
Oh lost sighs,  
oh vanished compassion,  
where are you?

Eri già tutta mia  
or non sei più.  
Ah che mia non sei più.

#### 4 COMBATTIMENTO DI TANCREDI E CLORINDA

Tancredi, che Clorinda un homo stima,  
vol ne l'armi provarla al paragone.  
Va girando colei l'alpestre cima  
ver altra porta ove d'entrar dispone.  
Segue egli impetuoso; onde assai prima  
che giunga, in guisa avien che d'armi suone,  
ch'ella si volge e grida: «O tu, che porte,  
correndo sì?» Rispose: «E guerra e morte.»

«Guerra e morte avrai», disse, «io non rifiuto  
darlati, se lei cerchi, e ferm' attendi».   
Né vol Tancredi, ch'ebbe a piè veduto  
il suo nemico, usar cavallo, e scende.  
E impugna l'un l'altro il ferro acuto,  
ed aguzza l'orgoglio e l'ira accende;  
e vansi incontro a passi tardi e lenti  
quai duo tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.

Notte, che nel profondo e oscuro seno  
chiudesti e ne l'oblio fatto si grande,  
degnò d'un chiaro sol, degnò d'un pieno  
teatro, opre sarian si memorande;  
piacciati ch'indi il traggia e 'n bel sereno  
alle future età lo spieghi e mande.

Once you were all mine,  
but now no longer,  
ah, for me, you are no longer.

Tancredi, believing Clorinda is a man,  
desires to challenge her in single combat.  
She is crossing beneath the mountain summit  
towards the city, and soon will reach the door.  
Tancredi pursues her, and before he reaches her,  
she hears the noise of armour  
and, turning, cries, 'You there, what is the cause  
of such great haste?' He answers: 'War and death.'

'War and death you'll have', she replies. 'I'll not  
deny your objects if this is your true desire.'  
Tancredi, who saw his enemy on foot,  
declines to stay on horseback, and dismounts.  
Both grasp their sharp-edged swords,  
prick on their pride, whip up their fury,  
and advance upon each other with slow steps  
like two bulls hot for battle, in pride and fury.

Oh night, who hath enclosed in thy dark breast  
and in obscurity a deed so great,  
since of the light of day and of a crowded  
theatre feats so memorable are worthy,  
grant that I may illuminate them thus,  
transmitting them to future generations.

Viva la fama lor, e tra lor gloria  
splenda dal fosco tuo l'alta memoria.

Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi  
voglion costor, né qui destrezza ha parte.  
Non danno i colpi or finti, or pieni, or scarsi:  
toglie l'ombra e l'furor l'uso dell'arte.  
Odi le spade orribilmente urtarsi  
a mezzo il ferro e il più d'orma non parte;  
sempre è il più fermo e la man sempre in moto,  
né scende taglio in van, né punta a voto.

Lonta irrita lo sdegno a la vendetta,  
e la vendetta poi l'onta rinnova;  
onde sempre al ferir, sempre alla fretta  
stimol novo s'aggiunge e piaga nova.  
D'or in or più si mesce e più ristretta  
si fa la pugna, e spada oprar non giova:  
dansi co' pomi infelloniti e crudi,  
cozzan con gli elmi insieme e con gli scudi.

Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe  
con le robuste braccia, ed altrettante  
poi da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge,  
nodi di fier nemico e non d'amante.  
Tornano al ferro, e l'uno e l'altro il tinge  
di molto sangue; e stanco ed anelante  
e questi e quegli al fin pur si ritira,  
e dopo lungo faticar respira.

Thus shall their fame endure, their noble story  
conquer the gloom of night, shining in glory.

To dodge, to parry blows or to retreat  
they do not strive, for skill has here no part.  
They do not feint, nor strike now hard, now soft;  
darkness and rage preclude all subtlety.  
Hark to the horrifying clash of sword  
on steel; their feet cleave to the ground;  
their feet are still, their hands move constantly,  
no stroke is wasted, no thrust goes wide.

Insult arouses them to scorn and bitter vengeance,  
and after vengeance follows greater insult;  
whence to their fierce exchange, their frenzy,  
comes a new stimulus to inflict more wounds.  
By degrees they have drawn so near together  
and fight so closely, they find their blades are useless;  
they strike with pommels and, more savage now,  
clash their casques together and their shields.

Three times does the knight the woman grip  
in his strong arms, and as oft does she  
break free from those tenacious bonds,  
the bonds of bitter enmity, not love.  
Once more with weapons the fight continues,  
staining the blades with blood: till weary and  
panting deeply they both would turn aside and  
would respire, and from the painful fight awhile retire.

L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo esangue  
su'l pomo della spada appoggia il peso.  
Già dell'ultima stella il raggio langue  
sul primo albor ch'è in oriente acceso.  
Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue  
del suo nemico, e sè non tanto offeso.  
Ne gode e insuperbisce. Oh nostra folle  
mente ch'ogn'aura di fortuna estolle!

Misero, di che godi? Oh quanto mestisano i trionfi ed infelice il vanto!  
Gli occhi tuoi pagheran (se in vita resti)  
di quel sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto.  
Così tacendo e rimirando, questi  
sanguinosi guerrier cessaro al quanto.  
Ruppe il silenzio al fin Tancredi e disse,  
perche il suo nome l'un l'altro scoprisse:

«Nostra sventura è ben che qui s'impieghi  
tanto valor, dove silenzio il copra.  
Ma poi che sorte ria vien che ci nieghi  
e lode e testimon degni de l'opra,  
pregoti (se fra l'arme han loco i preghi)  
che 'l tuo nome e 'l tuo stato a me tu scopra,  
accio ch'io sappia, o vinto o vincitore,  
chi la mia morte o la mia vita onore.»

Rispose la feroce: «Indarno chiedi  
quel ch'ho per uso di non far palese.  
Ma chiunque io mi sia, tu inanzi vedi  
un di quei due che la gran torre accese.»

They eye each other, and lean exhausted bodies  
upon the pommels of their swords.  
Now the light of the latest star grows paler  
as from the east the dawn in flame arises.  
Tancredi sees his enemy's copious loss  
of blood, and his own injuries less grave.  
Well pleased, he preens himself. Oh foolish minds  
exalted by every hint of fortune's favour!

Poor man, what joy is this? How tragic is  
your victory, how ill-conceived your pride!  
Those eyes of yours will pay, if you survive,  
a sea of tears for each drop of that blood.  
So silently and thoughtfully they stood,  
these bloody warriors, and paused awhile.  
Breaking the pause at last, Tancredi proposes  
that each to the other now his name discloses.

'Hard is our lot, to fight so brave a battle  
far from man's sight, by bloomy silence shrouded.  
But now, since our cruel destiny denies us  
the admiration worthy of such feats,  
I pray you, if in combat prayers have place,  
to reveal your name and status to me  
so that, as victor or as vanquished, I know  
who has honoured me with life or death.'

The warrior maid replies: 'In vain you ask me  
that which it is my custom to conceal.  
But whoever I may be, you see before you  
one of the two who set the great tower on fire.'

Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi:  
«E in mal punto il dicesti,  
e 'l tuo dir e 'l tacer di par m'alletta,  
barbaro discortese, alla vendetta.»

Torna l'ira nei cori, e li trasporta,  
benchè deboli in guerra, a fiera pugna.  
U' parte in bando, u' già la forza è morta,  
ove, in vece, d'entrambi il furor pugna!  
Oh che sanguigna e spaziosa porta  
fa l'una e l'altra spada, ovunque giunga,  
ne l'arme e ne le carni! e se la vita  
non esce, sdegno tienla al petto unita.

Ma ecco omai l'ora fatale è giunta  
che 'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.  
Spinge egli il ferro nel bel sen di punta  
che vi si immerge e 'l sangue avido beve;  
e la veste, che d'or vago trapunta  
le mammelle stringea tenere e lieve,  
l'empie d'un caldo fiume. Ella già sente  
morirsi, e 'l piè le manca egro e languente.

Segue egli la vittoria, e la traffita  
 vergine minacciando incalza e preme.  
Ella, mentre cadea, la voce afflitta  
movendo, disse le parole estreme;  
parole ch'a lei novo spirto ditta,  
spirto di fé, di carità, di speme:  
virtù che Dio le infonde, e se rubella  
in vita fu, la vuole in morte ancella.

Hearing these words Tancredi is insensed:  
'Inopportune were those words!  
Your speech and silence spur me on alike,  
barbarous and vile, to seek for vengeance.'

Their anger now rekindles, and propels them  
back, though weak, to war, to that fierce fight  
where skill is outlawed, strength is dead,  
and naked fury takes the place of both.  
Each with his sword has pierced the other's armour  
and opened up a wide and bloody gateway  
to reach the mortal flesh. Though life remains  
unconquered, only scorn of death sustains it.

But the fatal hour has now arrived  
that to Clorinda's life must put an end.  
He with his sword has pierced her breast,  
the cruel point is held, drinking her blood.  
And her tunic, exquisitely gold-embroidered,  
that clings around her dainty, tender breasts,  
fills with a tepid stream. She knows at once  
that she must die, and staggers, weak and faint.

He seizes his advantage, and with his victory  
in sight he presses close upon her.  
She, while falling, with her failing voice  
speaks her dying words which indicate  
a change of heart, a spirit new to her,  
one of faith, of charity, of hope;  
virtues inspired by God, intent that she,  
rebellious in life, in death will be his handmaid.

«Amico, hai vinto: io ti perdon...  
perdona tu ancora, al corpo no, che nulla pave,  
all'alma sì; deh, per lei prega, e dona  
battesmo a me ch'ogni mia colpa lave.»  
In queste voci languide risuona  
un non so che di flebile e soave  
ch'al cor gli scende ed ogni sdegno ammorza,  
e gli occhi a lagrimar gli invoglia e sforza.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen d'un monte  
scaturia mormorando un picciol rivo.  
Egli v'accorse e l'elmo empié nel fonte,  
e tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.  
Tremar sentì la man, mentre la fronte  
non conosciuta ancor sciolse e scopri.  
La vide, e la conobbe, e restò senza  
e voce e moto. Ahi vista! ahi conoscenza!

Non morì già, ché sue virtuti accolse  
tutte in quel punto e in guardia al cor le mise,  
e premendo il suo affanno a dar si volse  
vita con l'acqua a chi col ferro uccise.  
Mentre egli il suon de' sacri detti sciolse,  
colei di gioia trasmutossi, e rise;  
e in atto di morir lieta e vivace,  
dir pareva: «S'apre il ciel; io vado in pace.»

'Brave soldier, you have won. I forgive you. Your pardon grant me too, not for my fearless body, but for my soul; oh pray for that, and give me baptism to cleanse me of all sin.'  
In this languid utterance he hears  
a strange appeal, a plaintive gentleness  
that to his heart descends and melts all anger,  
making tears sting, then gush forth from his eyes.

Not far off, from the bowels of a mountain  
welled a little murmuring stream.  
Dipping his helmet he fills it at the fountain,  
and sadly goes to perform his solemn office.  
His hand was trembling as he loosed the vizor  
and raised it from the face as yet unknown.  
He saw and recognised her; then was he bereft  
of speech and movement. Ah, bitter knowledge!

He did not die; but marshalled all his forces  
and posted them around his heart to guard it,  
and, stifling his grief, he sought to restore  
with water life to the one his sword had slain.  
While listening to the sacred words he uttered,  
she was transformed by happiness, and smiled;  
and as she died, her spirit filled with joy,  
he seemed to say: 'Heaven opens; I go in peace.'

## 5 VOGLIO DE VITA USCIR

Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano  
quest'ossa in polve e queste membra in cenere,  
e che i singulti miei tra l'ombre vadano.

Già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'herbe tenere  
sempre fugge da me, ne lo trattennero  
i laci, hoimè, del bel fanciul di Venere.

Vo che gl'abisssi il mio cordoglio vedano,  
e l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano,  
e che i dannati al mio tormento cedano.

A Dio crudel, gl'orgogli tuoi rimangono  
a incrudelir con gl'altri. A te rinunzio,  
ne vo più che mie speme in te si frangono.

S'apre la tomba, il mio morir t'annuntio.  
Una lacrima spargi, et alfin donami  
di tua tarda pietade un solo nuntio,  
e s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami.

## 6 LAMENTO DELLA NINFA: NON HAVEA FEBO ANCORA

Non havea Febo ancora  
recato al mondo il di,  
ch'una donzella fuora  
del proprio albergo usci.

I want to depart life, I want these bones  
to fall into powder, these limbs into ash,  
and these sobs to drop among the shadows.

Then the foot which beautifies the tender grasses  
is ever fleeing from me and I do not restrain  
the bonds, alas, of Venus' young creation.

I want the abysses to see my profound anguish  
and the furies to weep at my bitter agony,  
and the damned to be overcome at my torment.

Farewell, cruel one, rest still with your pride and  
make use of your cruelty on others. You, I renounce,  
I no more want my hopes to become dashed on you.

The tomb opens and it is my death that I am  
announcing to you. Shed one tear and at the end  
give me a single sign of your belated pity, and if in  
loving you, I offended, henceforth pardon me.

Phoebus had not yet  
brought his light to the world,  
when a young maiden left  
her house.

Sul pallidetto volto  
scorgeasi il suo dolor,  
spesso gli venia sciolto  
un gran sospir dal cor.

Si calpestando i fiori  
errava or qua, or là,  
i suoi perduto amori  
così piangendo va:

**7 LAMENTO DELLA NINFA:  
AMOR DICEA**

«Amor», dicea, e l'piè,  
mirando il ciel, fermò,  
«Dove, dov'è la fe'  
che l'traditor giurò?»

Miserella, ah più no, no,  
tanto gel soffrir non può.

«Fa che ritorni il mio  
amor com'ei pur fu,  
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io  
non mi tormenti più.

Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri  
se non lontan da me,  
no, no che i martiri  
più non darammi affè.

In her pallid face,  
her suffering was reflected,  
and often did escape  
from her heart a great sigh.

Trampling the flowers,  
wondering here and there,  
thinking of the love she had lost,  
she wept in this way:

'Love', she said, stopping  
to lift her gaze to the sky,  
'where, where is the fidelity  
the traitor swore me?'

The poor thing, she can go on no longer, oh,  
she can no longer endure such suffering.

'Return to me  
this love as it once was,  
or let me die, for I want not this  
torment any longer.'

I want not that he should sigh  
unless he is far from me,  
no; so will he cease  
tormenting me.

Perché di lui mi struggo,  
tutt'orgoglioso sta,  
che si, che si se 'l fuggo  
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno  
colei che 'l mio non è,  
già non rinchiude in seno  
amor si bella fè.

Né mai sì dolci baci  
da quella bocca avrai,  
nè più soavi, ah taci,  
taci, che troppo il sai.'

**8 LAMENTO DELLA NINFA:  
SÌ TRA SDEGNOSI PIANTI**

Si, tra sdegnoi pianti,  
spargea le voci al ciel;  
così nei cori amanti  
mesce amor fiamma e gel.

**9 MALEDETTO SIA L'ASPETTO**

Maledetto sia l'aspetto  
che m'arde, tristo me.  
Poi ch'io sento río tormento  
poi ch'io moro ne ristoro

For the knowledge that I pine for him,  
satisfies his pride,  
perhaps, should I take distance,  
he, in time, would begin beseeching me.

If she, with her gaze,  
gives him more pleasure,  
love did not posit in his breast  
a fidelity so unshakable.

No longer will he enjoy such sweet kisses  
from that mouth, my own,  
nor more tender, oh! be still,  
be still, he well knows.'

So, between bitter tears,  
her words to heaven ascended;  
and thus in lovers' hearts  
love brings together fire and ice.

**9 MALEDETTO SIA L'ASPETTO**

Cursed by the looks  
that set me aflame, wretch that I am!  
Such that I feel a dire torment,  
such that I am dying without remedy,

ha mia fe sol per te.

Maledetta la saetta  
ch'impiaġġo, ne morrò.  
Così vuole il mio sole  
così brama chi disama  
quanto può, che farò?

Donna ria, morte mia  
vuol così chi ferì.  
Prende gioco del mio foco,  
vuol ch'io peni, che mi sveni,  
morrò qui, fiero di.

#### IO SE I LANGUIDI MIEI SGARDI

Se i languidi miei sguardi,  
se i sospiri interrotti,  
se le tronche parole  
non han sin or potuto,  
o bell'idolo mio,  
farvi delle mie fiamme intera fede,  
leggete queste note,  
credete a questa carta,  
a questa carta in cui  
sotto forma d'inchiostro il cor stillai.  
Qui sotto scorgere  
quegl'interni pensieri  
che con passi d'amore  
scorron l'anima mia;

I only have love for you.

Cursed by the arrow  
that wounded me; from which I will die.  
Thus she wills it, my sun,  
thus the desire of she who loves me  
the least possible, what shall I do?

Perverse lady, it is my death  
that she craves, who wounded me so.  
She makes light of my ardour,  
she wants me to suffer, to weaken.  
Here I shall die on this pitiless day.

If my languishing looks,  
if my suppressed sighs,  
if my unfinished words,  
have not yet,  
oh my life,  
proved my passion,  
read these notes,  
believe this letter,  
in this letter in which  
like the ink, my heart bled.  
There you shall see  
the secret thoughts  
that with loving gait wander  
in my soul;

anzi, avvampar vedrete  
come in sua propria sfera  
nelle vostre bellezze il foco mio.

Non è già parte in voi  
che con forza invisibile d'amore  
tutto a sè non mi traggia:  
altro già non son io  
che di vostra beltà preda e trofeo.  
A voi mi volgo, o chiome,  
cari miei lacci d'oro:  
deh, come mai potea scampar sicuro  
se come lacci l'anima legaste,  
come oro la compraste?  
Voi, pur voi dunque siete  
della mia libertà catena e prezzo.  
Stami miei preziosi,  
bionde fila divine,  
con voi l'eterna Parca  
sovra il fuso fatal mia vita torce.

Voi, voi capelli d'oro,  
voi pur siete di lei,  
ch'è tutta il foco mio, raggi e faville;  
ma, se faville siete,  
onde avvien che ad ogn'ora  
contro l'uso del foco in giù scendete?  
Ah che a voi per salir scender conviene,  
ché la magion celeste ove aspirate,  
o sfera de gli ardori, o paradiso,  
è posta in quel bel viso.

so, shall you see burn  
as in its own sphere,  
by your beauty, my fire.

There is nothing in you  
that does not drag me  
with the invisible power of love:  
I am nothing more than prey and prize  
of your beauty.  
To you I turn, oh, hair,  
beloved braids of gold:  
ah, how shall I escape  
if you have tied my soul like a plait,  
and bought it like gold?  
You, for you are  
the chain and the price of my freedom.  
My jewels,  
fair divine twine,  
you are used by eternal Parca  
on her fatal spindle, weaving of my life.

You, you braids of gold,  
you belong to she  
who is all my fire, my rays and lightning:  
for, if lightning you are,  
why unlike fire,  
do you descend?  
Ah, you need descend to go up,  
the high heaven that you yearn for,  
oh, sphere of passion, oh, paradise,  
lives in that radiant face.

Cara mia selva d'oro,  
ricchissimi capelli,  
in voi quel labirinto Amor intesse  
onde uscir non saprà l'anima mia.  
Tronchi pur morte i rami  
del prezioso bosco  
e da la fragil carne  
scuota pur lo mio spirto,  
che tra fronde sì belle, anco recise,  
rimarrò prigioniero,  
fatto gelida polve ed ombra ignuda.

Dolcissimi legami,  
belle mie piogge d'oro  
quali or sciolte cadete  
da quelle ricche nubi  
onde raccolte siete  
e, cadendo, formate  
preziose procelle  
onde con onde d'or bagnando andate  
scogli di latte e rivi d'alabastro,  
more subitamente  
(o miracolo eterno  
d'amoroso desio)  
fra si belle tempeste arse il cor mio.

Ma già l'ora m'invita,  
o degli affetti miei nunzia fedele,  
cara carta amorosa,  
che dalla penna ti divida omai;  
vanne, e s'amor e'l cielo

My beloved forest of gold,  
finest braids,  
in you Love wove a labyrinth  
where the soul is lost.  
Can death cut the branches  
of the lovely wood,  
and from delicate flesh  
free my spirit,  
but in such a beautiful, yet pruned, canopy,  
I shall remain captive,  
made cold dust and knotted shadow.

Sweetest twine  
my beautiful golden rain  
each drop falling  
from those rich clouds  
that hold you  
and, in falling, you make  
pretty storms  
and break waves and waves of gold,  
swiftly shaded,  
in crags of milk and rivers of alabaster  
(oh, eternal miracle  
of loving desire),  
in those beautiful storms my heart was burnt.

But now the hour bids me,  
oh, faithful messenger of my affection,  
precious love letter,  
to separate my quill from you;  
go, and if love and the courteous sky

cortese ti concede  
che de' begli occhi non t'accenda il raggio,  
ricovra entro il bel seno:  
chi sà che tu non gionga  
da sì felice loco  
per sentieri di neve a un cor di foco!

#### II SI DOLC'È IL TORMENTO

Sì dolc'è il tormento che in seno mi sta  
ch'io vivo contento per cruda beltà.  
Nel ciel di bellezza s'accreschi fierezza  
et manchi pietà, che sempre qual scoglio  
all'onda d'orgoglio mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace rivolgam' il piè,  
diletto né pace non scendano a me,  
e l'empia ch'adoro mi nieghi ristoro  
di buona mercè: tra doglia infinita  
tra speme tradita vivrà la mia fè.

Per foco e per gelo riposo non ho,  
nel porto del Cielo riposo haverò.  
Se colpo mortale con rigido strale  
il cor m'impiagò, cangiando mia sorte  
col dardo di morte il cor sanerò.

Se fiamma d'amore già mai non senti  
quel rigido core ch'il cor mi rapì,  
se nega pietate la cruda beltate

prevent the rays  
of her eyes from burning you,  
find shelter in her lovely breast:  
that per chance you reach out  
from such a blessed place,  
across snow-covered paths to a heart of fire.

So sweet is the torment in my breast  
that happily do I live for a cruel beauty.  
In the heaven of beauty let cruelty grow and pity be  
lacking: for my faith will always be as a rock,  
in the face of pride.

Let deceitful hope turn away from me,  
let neither joy nor peace descend on me.  
and let the cruel girl whom I adore deny me the  
solace of sweet mercy: amid infinite pain,  
amid hope betrayed, my faith will survive.

Between fire and ice I find no respite,  
I shall only rest at heaven's gate.  
If the mortal blow of an inflexible dart  
pierced my heart, changing my destiny,  
With death's barb, I shall heal my heart.

The hard heart that stole mine away  
has never felt love's flame.  
The cruel beauty that charmed my soul

che l'alma invaghì ben fia che dolente  
pentita e languente sospirami un dì.

#### 12 USURPATOR TIRANNO

Usurpator tiranno  
Della tua libertà sia, Lilla, altrui  
Che da gli imperi sui  
Non riceve il mio amor perdita, o danno.

Faccia'l geloso amante  
Che non t'oda, ben mio, che non ti miri,  
Saranno i miei sospiri  
A suo dispetto, d'amator costante.

Procuri pur ch'io sia  
Esule dal tuo affetto e dal tuo core,  
Che non farà che amore  
Abbandoni già mai l'anima mia.

Di sdegno, in fra gli ardori,  
Armi la voce, a strazii miei rivolto,  
Non potrà far, il stolto,  
Che se ben tu non m'ami, io non t'adori.

Ma che val, ch'il rival  
Non mi possa impedir ch'io non ti brami,  
Se, per far ch'io non ami  
L'adorar giova poco, amar non vale.

withholds mercy, so let it suffer, repentant  
and languishing, and let it sigh one day for me.

Though the usurper of your freedom, Lilla,  
be some tyrant or other,  
his power will be unable to destroy  
or wound such a faithful love.

Though this jealous lover ensures that  
I cannot hear not your voice, my beloved,  
nor see you, my sighs will always, despite him,  
be those of a constant lover.

He may well succeed in banishing me  
from your affections and from your heart;  
for all that, my soul  
will never renounce its love.

In his passion his voice may well be draped  
in disdain, so as to blunt the arrows of my desire,  
but though his foolishness may stop you loving me,  
still will I adore you.

But what matters it that my rival  
uses his power to stop me from desiring you,  
for not loving you, adoring you,  
will have little charm and loving is worthless.

Mèta de' tuoi diletti,  
Fatto è novo amator, vago e felice  
A cui concede e lice  
Il tuo voler del cor gli ultimi accenti.

Seguane ciò che vuole;  
adorerò com'adorai il tuo nome  
le luci tue, le chiome  
saranno del mio cor catena e Sole.

Sii pur, Lilla, crudele  
tenti per tormentarmi angosce e affanni:  
non mi daranno gl'anni  
altro titolo mai che di fedele.

The object of your delights,  
here is a new lover, fortunate and handsome,  
to which your willpower concedes and grants  
the latest favours of your heart.

Let it happen what is going to be:  
I will adore your name as ever before,  
your eyes and your hair  
will act as the chains and the sunlight of my heart.

Be cruel then, Lilla:  
inflict torments and pangs of anguish on me;  
the passing years will accord me no other name  
than that of faithful lover.



Francesca Lombardi Mazzulli



Luca Dordolo



REAL CASA DE CAMPO DE S<sup>E</sup> LORENZO.

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