



Claudio
MONTEVERDI

Madrigals Book 9

Scherzi Musicali

Delitiæ Musicæ

Marco Longhini



Claudio
MONTEVERDI
(1567–1643)

- 1 Sinfonia prima à 3 (Biagio Marini (1594–1663):
Sonate, symphonie ... e retornelli, Op. 8) (i, j, l, m, o, p, s) 3:07

MADRIGALS BOOK 9
MADRIGALI E CANZONETTE, LIBRO NONO, 1651

- 2 Bel pastor dal cui bel guardo (text: attrib. Ottavio Rinuccini, 1562–1621) (a, e / l, m, p, s) 7:08
3 Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti (text: Ottavio Rinuccini) (c, d / m, o) 6:08
Se vittorie sì belle¹
Armato il cor²
Ardo, e scoprir, ahi lasso³
O sia tranquill' il mare⁴
4 Alcun non mi consigli (text: Anonymous) (d, e, g / l, m, p) 3:24
5 Di far sempre gioire (text: Anonymous) (d, e, g / p, s) 3:04
6 Quando dentro al tuo seno (text: Anonymous) (c, d, g / q) 1:48
7 Non voglio amare (text: Anonymous) (c, d, g / l, p) 1:43
8 Come dolce oggi l'auretta (text: Giulio Strozzi, 1583–1652) (a, b, f / m, q) 3:25
9 Alle danze, alle gioie, ai diletti (text: Anonymous) (c, d, g / l, n, p, s) 3:16
10 Perché se m'odiavi (text: Anonymous) (c, d, g / l, q) 3:37
11 Sì, sì, ch'io v'amo (text: Anonymous) (c, d, e / p, s) 5:17
12 Su, su, su, pastorelli vezzosi (text: Anonymous) (c, d, g / l, q)⁵ 4:44
13 O mio bene, o mia vita (text: Anonymous) (d, e, g / l, n, o, r) 4:50

SCHERZI MUSICALI (1632)
(texts: Anonymous)

- 14 Maledetto sia l'aspetto (a / l, p) 1:15
15 Quel sguardo sdegnosetto (b / l, m, p) 2:11
16 Eri già tutta mia (b / l, p) 3:10
17 Ecco di dolci raggi il sol armato (e / p, s) 1:33
18 Io ch'armato sinor d'un duro gelo (e / p, s) 1:51
19 Ed è pur dunque vero (a / i, l, m, p, s) 13:07
Zefiro torna⁶
Armato il cor²

New Music Edition for this recording by Marco Longhini © 2006

DELITIÆ MUSICÆ

Alessandro Carmignani, Countertenor (cantus) (a)
Paolo Costa, Countertenor (quintus) (b)
Fabio Fùrnari, Tenor (quintus-altus) (c)
Paolo Fanciullacci, Tenor (altus) (d)
Marco Scavazza, Baritone (tenor) (e), Countertenor (f)
Walter Testolin, Bass (bassus) (g)

Luca Mares (i), Giorgio Baldan (j), Violin
Daniele Bovo, Cello (l)
Maurizio Piantelli, Theorbo (m), Baroque Guitar (n)
Pietro Prosser, Theorbo (o)
Carmen Leoni, Harpsichord (p), Organ (q)
Vittorio Zanon, Harpsichord (r), Organ (s)

Marco Longhini, Director

¹ Also in Book 8 (8.573755-58 CD 1 14)
² Also in Book 8 ((CD 1 15))
³ Also in Book 8 (CD 3 4)
⁴ Also in Book 8 (CD 3 5)
⁵ The same text but with a different musical setting
is also in Book 8 (CD 3 17)
⁶ Also 3 of Book 9

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

Madrigals Book 9 • Scherzi musicali

This, the last recording in our series of the complete secular works of Claudio Monteverdi, comprises works from two publications that were compiled by someone other than the composer himself. While the practice of publishing a selection of works from various sources offered ‘lesser’ composers an opportunity to see their works in print alongside those of more famous figures, both of these Monteverdi anthologies were put together by publishers keen to present the works of one such famous figure to a noble dedicatee, gathering up unpublished compositions as if they were ‘scattered leaves that had miraculously survived the ravages of time’. Monteverdi himself had probably considered them as less urgently in need of publication or less deserving, relatively speaking, of being printed in a book of their own.

Our recording of the *Sixth Book* (Naxos 8.555312-13) includes pieces by Monteverdi that appeared in published anthologies of works by a number of different composers (qualified as ‘excellent musicians’ or ‘very excellent minds’). Here, on the other hand, we offer two collections of music written exclusively by Monteverdi, but chosen by others. The *Eighth Book*, *Ninth Book* and *Scherzi musicali* (‘Musical Jokes’) are connected to one another by duplicated works and by the recurring theme of war for the sake of love. It is worth remembering that, despite its importance in the culture of the time, and in our own age, the *Eighth Book* was never reprinted because of its enormous length and the practical difficulties involved in bringing together the vast forces called for by Monteverdi. By contrast, the two volumes presented here (dating from 1632 and 1651 respectively) include a number of madrigals written for just two voices and what was by then the ever-present continuo accompaniment. As mentioned, there is some overlap between these two publications, and between them and the *Eighth Book* (‘Madrigals of war and of love’): *Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti* and *Armato il cor* feature in both the *Scherzi musicali* and *Book Nine*. *Armato il cor*

also appears in *Book Eight*, and there are three other pieces that appear in both the *Eighth* and *Ninth Books*: *Se vittorie sì belle*, *Ardo, e scoprir, ah! lasso* and *O sia tranquill’ il mare*. A subtle thread therefore links these three late Monteverdi publications.

The *Eighth Book* (1638) was never republished. Once a few years had passed, it was clearly felt appropriate to remind people of some of the composer’s justly famous works by reprinting them in the posthumous *Ninth*. The rest of the latter is made up of the most varied range of works available on the market of unpublished Monteverdian manuscripts.

We decided not to duplicate on this album any of the works already recorded for previous volumes in this series. That decision enabled us to round off our recordings of the complete Monteverdi madrigals by including all the ‘new’ pieces in the two collections, and to adopt a fresh approach by performing them as originally intended, with all verses and *ritornelli* (see for example the final piece on the album, *Et è pur dunque vero* from the *Scherzi*, which is always performed without consideration for the *ritornelli* written in the score).

Our aim in this final volume of Monteverdi’s secular music, therefore, has been to bring together his ‘late’ works and to provide listeners with the opportunity of hearing them performed in full.

The Scherzi musicali, 1632

Published in Venice in 1632 (when Monteverdi was living in the city, but before the publication of the *Eighth Book* – the last will and testament of his secular music production), this anthology, put together by Bartolomeo Magni (d. ?1644), survives in a single copy, housed in Poland. Magni was a great admirer of Monteverdi and, having inherited Angelo Gardano’s publishing house, reissued the composer’s first seven books of madrigals, the *Lettera amorosa*, the *Lamento*

d’Arianna and, finally, this slim (and therefore widely affordable) volume of just 52 pages: ‘at the request of certain singers I have been compelled to print these few ariettas’. Compared with the *Eighth Book*, this is indeed a small book but, as Magni explains in his dedication, one that was ‘great in terms of the scope of [his] intentions, and of substantial value, since it contains works by Signor Claudio Monteverdi, *maestro di cappella* of this Most Serene Republic’. Magni refers to the contents as *ariettas*, a term that has little to do with their form, but does indicate the lack of ‘complexity or compositional effort involved in the works in the anthology ... Its anything but grand dimensions and the “light” nature of the chosen genre (the scherzo) point to the rather minor importance of this collection’ (Paolo Fabbri, *Monteverdi*, 1985). There are two pieces for two tenors (true madrigals), and five are for solo voice with continuo accompaniment; the only work in which the accompaniment consists of anything but continuo is *Et è pur dunque vero* in which a number of instrumental *ritornelli* are entrusted to a violin.

Ariettas, which had developed from the earlier *canzonettas*, had been fashionable since the early 17th century, popular with both professional and amateur singers for their simple style, reminiscent of the ‘light music’ of today. By the time this volume of *Scherzi musicali* appeared, there were many collections of such vocal pieces on the market, by composers from Antonio Cifra to Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger, Agostino Steffani to Carlo Milanuzzi.

To give some historical context, in 1632 Venice was just emerging from a plague epidemic that had claimed an enormous number of victims. It was astute of Magni, therefore, in a period of economic decline, to come up with this light offering – songs by the most famous and popular composer of the day, who by then was also a naturalised Venetian, were likely to sell well.

As mentioned, most of these works are not true madrigals, but *ariettas* – settings of strophic texts. The madrigal, that ‘form without form’, requires its music to stem from the text that generates it, from the lyrics that inspire it.

In the original 1632 edition, *Ecco di dolci raggi il sol armato* ㉓ is separated from *Io che armato sinor d’un duro gelo* ㉔ by *Ed è pur dunque vero* ㉕ – probably an editorial decision on Magni’s part. The two clearly belong together, however, given that they have both metre and concluding refrain – ‘*arda dunque d’amor, arda ogni / mio core*’ – in common. We therefore decided to put them side by side, in part also because they were presented as a pair in Giovanni Battista Camarella’s *Madrigali e arie*, which appeared just a year later, in 1633. *Quel sguardo sdegnosetto* ㉖ is a particularly attractive work: the bass ostinatos meld wonderfully with the expressive nature of the vocal line, which explodes in flurries of notes on the words ‘*nembo*’ and ‘*ardo*’, before becoming slower and calmer on ‘*ma ’l labbro non sia tardo*’: late examples of word painting, a technique whose presence is still powerfully felt in this collection.

Predating *Zefiro torna* ㉗, a *ciaccona*, *Ed è pur dunque vero* ㉕ is also built on an ostinato bass. This piece, in which the narrator (another male character with a soprano line, sung by a countertenor or castrato) laments having been forsaken by his beloved Lydia, is usually performed without the necessary *ritornelli*. In the Fondazione Claudio Monteverdi’s 2002 edition of the *Scherzi musicali*, editor Frank Dobbins appears to be clutching at straws in his search for improbable historically based solutions for these *ritornelli*. The repeats may not be clear in the Monteverdi-Magni score but we, like Paolo Fabbri, feel that the madrigal should be performed as if it had been designed for the opera house (with the repeats placed as indicated in the 1632 edition), in other words, as if its instrumental *ritornelli* had a dramatic function, giving a performer time to move from one stage position to the next. This solution is entirely different from that of the Dobbins edition, and means the piece takes much longer to perform, but it does offer a completeness of performance that has never been considered in modern times. This idea of completeness has always been of central importance to us – it’s a *modus operandi* we have adopted with a view to offering performances that are as historically informed as possible.

**A posthumous publication:
the Ninth Book of Madrigals, 1651**

When Claudio Monteverdi died in 1643 at the age of 76, Venice buried its illustrious adopted son in a side chapel of the Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari. His grave lies close to an undisputed masterpiece of Renaissance art, Titian's *Assumption of the Virgin*.

It was Alessandro Vincenti, publisher of the *Eighth Book*, who compiled the posthumous *Ninth Book*. In the dedication to Gerolamo Orologio, dated 27 June 1651, he wrote the following: 'Signor Claudio Monteverdi, one of the brightest lights of our musical age, honoured me while he lived with some of his musical works.' It appears, therefore, that the works in question had been sent to Vincenti before the composer's death – perhaps at the time of the *Eighth Book* – but there probably had not been enough room to include them in that already extensive publication. There is also a typographical similarity between the two volumes – the madrigals duplicated from the preceding book were printed using the same matrices, a fact which bears out the hypothesis that this book is the result of a need to slim down the *Eighth Book*. At the end of the part books (all the musicians would have had their own volumes from which to play or sing), the publisher includes the words, 'Gentle reader, do not marvel if in this volume you find some madrigals that have already been printed in the Eighth Book: I have printed them in this volume only for performers' greater convenience.'

The 16 works fall into two groups on the basis of their different textual structure: the first six are for two voices, and are true madrigals, while the remaining ten are *canzonettas* that set strophic texts.

It may seem an arbitrary decision on our part to introduce the first song, the love scene that is *Bel pastor dal cui bel sguardo* ❷, with a *Sinfonia* by Biagio Marini (1594–1663), specifically his *Sonate, symphonie ... e retornelli, Op. 8: Sinfonia prima à 3* of 1629 ❶. Its inclusion is in keeping, however, with our approach in our earlier Monteverdi recordings. *Bel pastor* is a theatrical piece, one with the air of an operatic *scena*: indeed, it's

more like a duet, with two characters interacting, than it is a madrigal. In the *Eighth Book*, we learned how varied the terrain of the madrigal could be: with the injection of a little bit of dramatic intent, an anxious shepherdess (soprano) and her punctilious shepherd (tenor or baritone) can transform a madrigal into a theatrical love duet that still has the power to both move and amuse us today. Their amorous dialogue does 'move the passions' – something for which Monteverdi always had a gift – but the emotional impact is offset by the recurrent refrain ('*Come che? Come te, pastorella tutta bella*') and by the simple internal *cantabile* style. And in our performance, the first phrase, which the original indicates is to be repeated (and which musicians never know how to treat, given that it is purely repetitive), takes on a dramatic function that links back to the introductory *Sinfonia*.

Zefiro torna ❸ is one of the best-known pieces in the *Ninth Book*, in the *Scherzi*, and in Monteverdi's catalogue as a whole. A genuine masterpiece, it has earned its rightful place in the history of music. Rejecting the various fanciful and inauthentic performances to which this piece – a victim of its own success – is often subjected, we chose to focus on the essential qualities of a piece that, in our eyes, needs no frills or whimsical embellishments. Two tenors simply spin out their melodies above a chaconne bass pattern which is repeated a good 60 times.

The *ciaccona* or chaconne is a triple-metre dance form with a syncopated ostinato bass line and a lively, playful character. It fascinated composers such as Girolamo Frescobaldi and Andrea Falconieri in Rome and southern Italy, and was later exported to the north and from there to France, where it played a leading role in ballets, suites and operas. It would also capture the imagination of Heinrich Schütz and Johann Sebastian Bach (for example, the celebrated *Chaconne* movement in Bach's *Second Partita* for solo violin). Rinuccini's sonnet echoes Petrarch's *Zefiro torna e 'l bel tempo rimena* (set by Monteverdi in the *Sixth Book*: Naxos 8.555312-13, CD 1, ❸) and portrays the contrast between the happiness inspired by the imminent arrival of spring and the poet's mournful state of mind.

Vincenti, who may well have had other Monteverdi manuscripts tucked away in a drawer, ended the dedication of the *Ninth Book* with the words 'soon, if it please God, you will have more new works [by Monteverdi]'. Unfortunately, there were to be no more, and so it is with a tinge of sadness that we bring this set of recordings of the maestro's complete secular works

to an end. We're honoured, however, to have been the performers chosen to bring this monumental Naxos project to fruition, and we hope we have given you many memorable hours of listening pleasure.

Marco Longhini

English translation: Susannah Howe

Delitiae Musicae

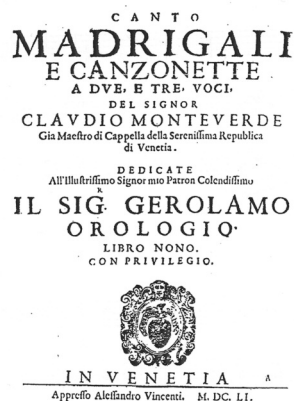


Italian early music ensemble Delitiae Musicae was established in 1992. The ensemble has been making recordings for over 20 years, and significant projects include Verdelot's *Missa Philomena praevia*, and four widely acclaimed albums dedicated to Masses of Palestrina that were awarded the Choc du disque and the 9 de Répertoire in France, as well as the Spanish Five Stars Award. The ensemble has also recorded Willaert's *Vespro di Natale*, which was awarded Editor's Choice in *Classica* magazine in April 1999, and books of madrigals by Banchieri including *Pazzia senile & Saviezza giovanile, Il studio dilettevole* and *Il metamorfosi musicale*. Other projects include a collection of the complete madrigals of Monteverdi, and a collection of the complete madrigals of Gesualdo, both released on Naxos. The unconventional, yet impassioned, interpretations by Delitiae Musicae and Marco Longhini are seen as an important regeneration of Italian Renaissance and Baroque music.

Marco Longhini



Marco Longhini studied conducting at the Conservatorio di Musica 'Giuseppe Verdi' di Milano and architecture in Venice after completing earlier studies in composition, choral music and singing at the Conservatorio Pollini di Padova. In 1992, his explorations of 16th- and 17th-century Italian music led him to found Delitiae Musicae, with a view to reviving often unpublished masterpieces. He has also conducted a wide range of stage works, including a performance of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, Cavalieri's *Rappresentazione di anima, et di corpo* and a much-acclaimed staging of Sartorio's *L'Orfeo*, directed by Pier Luigi Pizzi. He has an extensive discography, notably including the complete madrigals of Monteverdi and complete secular works of Gesualdo for Naxos, and his performance with Delitiae Musicae of a new edition of Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610* at the opening concert of the Festival International de Musiques Sacrées, Fribourg was broadcast on Swiss radio. Longhini has taught at the Conservatorio di Brescia 'Luca Marenzio' since 1992, teaches choral direction in Scuola Diocesana di Musica Santa Cecilia, Brescia, and has also taught at the Moscow State Tchaikovsky Conservatory.



Pages from the *Ninth Book of Madrigals*

MADRIGALI E CANZONETTE, LIBRO NONO, 1651

2 BEL PASTOR

(Canzonetta dialogica attribuita a Ottavio Rinuccini)

Bel pastor dal cui bel guardo,
spira foco ond'io tutt'ardo,
m'ami tu?
Sì, cor mio.
Com'io desio?
Sì, cor mio.
Dimmi quanto.
Tanto, tanto.
Quanto, quanto?
Oh, tanto, tanto!
Come che?
Come te, pastorella
tutta bella.
Questi vezzi e questo dire
non fan pago il mio desire.
Se tu m'ami, o mio bel foco,
dimmi ancor, ma fuor di gioco:
come che?
Come te, pastorella
tutta bella.
Vie più 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?
Come te pastorella,
tutta bella.
Fa' sentirmi altre parole
se pur vuoi ch'io mi console:
m'ami tu?
Sì, cor mio.
Come la vita?

MADRIGALS AND CANZONETTAS, BOOK NINE, 1651

2 HANDSOME SHEPHERD

(Canzonetta in dialogue form; attrib. Ottavio Rinuccini)

Handsome shepherd, whose fair eyes
breathe flames in which I burn,
do you love me?
Yes, dear heart.
The way I want you to?
Yes, dear heart.
Tell me how much.
So, so much.
But how much, how much?
Oh, so, so much!
How do you love me?
I love you as I love you, my beautiful
shepherdess.
Your flattery and your reply
do not satisfy me.
If you love me, o handsome flame of mine,
tell me again, but seriously now:
how do you love me?
I love you as I love you, my beautiful
shepherdess.
I'd have been happier to hear you say,
'I love you as much as I do my eyes.'
Since they are guilty of my sorrow,
I do not want to love my eyes,
which are still not weary of gazing
upon the beauty that breaks my heart.
How do you love me?
I love you as I love you, my beautiful
shepherdess.
Express yourself some other way
if you want me to be consoled:
do you love me?
Yes, dear heart.
As you love life?

No, che afflitta e sbigottita
d'odio e sdegno e non d'amore,
fatt'è albergo di dolore
per due luci, anzi due stelle,
troppo crude e troppo belle.
Come che?
Come te pastorella,
tutta bella.
Non mi dir più 'come te';
dimmi: 'io t'amo'.
Io t'amo.
'Come me'.
No, ch'io stesso odio me stesso.
deh, se m'ami dimmi espresso.
Sì, cor mio.
Com'io desio?
Sì, cor mio.
Dimmi quanto.
Tanto, tanto!
Quanto quanto?
Oh, tanto, tanto.
Come che?
Come te, pastorella
tutta bella.

③ **ZEFIRO TORNA**
(Sonetto di Ottavio Rinuccini)

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti,
l'aer fa grato e'l piè discioglie a l'onde,
e mormorando tra le verdi fronde
fa danzar al bel suon sul prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin, Fillide e Clori
note tempran d'amor care e gioconde,
e da monti e da valli ime e profonde
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora e'l sole
sparge più lucid'or, più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.
Sol io per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begli occhi e'l mio tormento
come vuol mia ventura or piango or canto.

No, for afflicted and bewildered
by hatred and scorn, and not by love,
my life is now the refuge of pain
on account of two eyes, or rather two stars,
that are too cruel and too beautiful.
How do you love me?
I love you as I love you, my beautiful
shepherdess.
Stop saying, 'I love you as I love you';
just say, 'I love you'.
I love you.
'As I do myself'.
No, for I feel nothing but hatred for myself.
Ah, if you love me, tell me clearly.
Yes, dear heart.
The way I want you to?
Yes, dear heart.
Tell me how much.
So, so much.
But how much, how much?
Oh, so, so much!
How do you love me?
I love you as I love you, my beautiful
shepherdess.

③ **ZEPHYR RETURNS**
(Sonnet by Ottavio Rinuccini)

Zephyr returns and with his gentle breath
warns the air and melts the icy waters,
and, murmuring amid the greenery,
sets the flowers in the meadow
dancing to his sweet music.

With garlands in their hair, Phyllida and Chloris
sing light and merry songs of love;
and from mountain peaks and deep-lying valleys,
echoing caverns add to their harmony.

The dawn appears more lovely in the heavens, the sun
shines with a light more golden; a purer silver
glistens on Thetis' fair cloak of cerulean blue.
Yet I, doomed to wander alone through empty,
deserted forests, weep one moment, then sing the next
of two lovely eyes that burn brightly,
and of my torment.

④ **ALCUN NON MI CONSIGLI**
(Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Alcun non mi consigli,
se ben il cor perdei,
ch'abbandoni colei
ch'è la mia vita, ancor che cruda e fera.
Ché se ben vuol ch'io pera
e che la speme mia ne porti'l vento,
non me n'adiro, no,
non me ne doglio, no,
non me ne pento.

Ben s'affatica invano
chi m'addita il mio male
e'l contrastar non vale,
ché beltà ch'è severa un cor diletta.
Sì dolce è la saetta
che se ben brama il cor fiamma e tormento,
non me n'adiro, no,
non me ne doglio, no,
non me ne pento.

⑤ **DI FAR SEMPRE GIOIRE**
(Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Di far sempre gioire
amor speranza dà
ma vago di martire
languir poi sempre fa.
Sì che fuggite l'arco e la face
del nudo arciero, sì lusinghiero,
ch'egli è fallace.

A voi disciolti cori
dirlo per prova il so,
ché in van' pianti e dolori
miser per lui mi sto.
Sì che fuggite l'arco e la face
del nudo arciero, sì lusinghiero,
ch'egli è fallace.

④ **THOUGH I MAY HAVE LOST MY HEART**
(Canzonetta; anon.)

Though I may have lost my heart,
let no one advise me
that I should forsake the lady
who, despite her cruel, unfeeling nature, is my life.
For even if she wishes me to die
and for the wind to bear my hopes away,
I shall not become angry, no,
I shall not mourn, no,
I shall not repent.

He who reminds me of my woes
does trouble himself in vain,
and any struggle is futile,
for hostile beauty delights my heart.
So sweet is the arrow
that even if my heart yearns for fire and torment,
I shall not become angry, no,
I shall not mourn, no,
I shall not repent.

⑤ **CUPID INSPIRES THE HOPE**
(Canzonetta; anon.)

Cupid inspires the hope
that he will bring eternal joy,
yet, taking pleasure in suffering,
he instead always inflicts pain.
Flee, then, the bow and the torch
of the naked archer, for he flatters
only to deceive.

You whose hearts are free,
I tell you this from experience:
because of him I am wretched,
reduced to idle tears and sorrow.
Flee, then, the bow and the torch
of the naked archer, for he flatters
only to deceive.

Invan piangendo grido
del mio penar mercè,
chè'l dispietato infido
non mi mantien la fè.
Sì che fuggite l'arco e la face
del nudo arciero, sì lusinghiero,
ch'egli è fallace.

6 QUANDO DENTRO AL TUO SENO
(*Canzonetta d'autore anonimo*)

Quando dentro al tuo seno
vibra amoroso sguardo
il primo dolce dardo.
oh, che gioir!

Ma quando di veleno
arma le punte acute
e ti nega salute,
oh, che languir!

Quando quel vago viso
mira con dolci rai,
i tuoi pianti i tuoi guai,
oh, che gioir!

Ma quando in altri fiso
gira il tuo mal in canto
prende a riso il tuo pianto
oh, che languir!

Quando donna onorata
senti ch'a' tuoi sospiri
pietosa risospiri,
oh, che gioir!

Ma quando finge ingrata
non udir i lamenti
non veder i tormenti
oh, che languir!

Vainly weeping, I cry out
for pity on my suffering,
but, heartless and faithless,
he has no loyalty to me.
Flee, then, the bow and the torch
of the naked archer, for he flatters
only to deceive.

6 WHEN A LOOK OF LOVE
(*Canzonetta; anon.*)

When a look of love
fires its first sweet arrow
into your breast,
oh, what joy!

But when it dips those
sharpened tips in poison
and robs you of your health,
oh, what pain!

When that fair face
looks with sweetness
upon your tears and woes,
oh, what joy!

But when, gazing at others,
it turns your sorrow into song
and laughs at your tears,
oh, what pain!

When you hear a noble lady
sigh with compassion
in response to your sighs,
oh, what joy!

But when, indifferent, she feigns
not to hear your laments,
not to see your anguish,
oh, what pain!

7 NON VOGLIO AMARE
(*Canzonetta d'autore anonimo*)

Non voglio amare
per non penare,
ché amor seguendo
di duol sen va
l'alma struggendo
di pene amare.
Non vuo' più amare, no.

Chi vive amando
more penando,
s'è cieco amore,
come ch'egli è,
il mio dolore
non può mirare.
Non vuo' più amare, no.

Fuggir vogl'io
quest'empio e rio,
s'amor è crudo,
come ch'egli è,
fanciullo ignudo,
che mi può dare?
Non vuo' più amare, no.

8 COME DOLCE OGGI L'AURETTA
(*Canzonetta di Giulio Strozzi tratta da 'Proserpina Rapita', 1630: Canzonetta Parthenia (che significa eseguita da un coro di fanciulle) cantata dalle tre ninfe con armonia lidia)*)

Come dolce oggi l'auretta
spira, scherza, lusinga e vien lascivetta
a baciarmi le guance e'l sen.

Gli Amoretti l'aura fanno
quando l'ali spiegano al ciel quando vanno
della notte a squarciar il vel.

7 I WANT NOT TO LOVE
(*Canzonetta; anon.*)

I want not to love,
and thus to spare myself pain,
for by following Cupid
my soul is consumed
by grief and
bitter torment.
I want not to love any more, no.

He who loves while he lives
dies in sorrow,
for Cupid,
blind as he is,
cannot gaze
upon my sorrow.
I want not to love any more, no.

I want to flee from
this heartless, wicked god,
for Cupid,
cruel as he is,
this naked boy,
what can he give me?
I want not to love any more, no.

8 HOW SWEETLY TODAY THE BREEZE
(*Canzonetta; Giulio Strozzi, from 'Proserpina rapita', 1630: Canzonetta Parthenia – i.e. performed by a chorus of girls – sung by three maidens, with Lydian harmony)*)

How sweetly today the breeze
breathes, plays, caresses and wantonly
kisses my cheeks and breast.

Little Cupids create the breeze
as they fly up to heaven on their way
to draw back the veil of night.

Ride il bosco, brilla il prato,
scherza il fonte, festeggia il mar,
quando un fiato
d'aura fresca s'ode spirar.

Entri pur nel nostro petto,
o bell'aura, nel tuo venir,
quel diletto
che fa l'alme tanto gioir.

9 ALLE DANZE, ALLE GIOIE, AI DILETTI
(Autore anonimo)

Alle danze, alle gioie, ai diletti,
che c'infiammino il cor d'amore
al soave conforto de' petti.

Alle gemme, alle perle, a' bei fiori,
che v'adormino il crin e'l seno,
a' bei fregi di mille colori.

Alle tazze, ai cristalli, alli argenti,
che v'invitino a trar la sete,
a' bei pomi di minio ridenti.

10 PERCHÉ SE M'ODIAVI
(Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Perché se m'odiavi
mostravi d'amarmi
per sol ingannarmi?
Ahi, stella
ti fe' così bella,
si fera, si altera,
per l'alma impiagarmi.
Io t'adorava e tu sprezzavi me,
empia Filli, perché, perché?

Chi sa che una volta
la stolta fiera
non brami chi sprezza.
Ahi, ch'io
vuo' dir al cor mio
che fugga, che strugga
l'infida bellezza.
Forse a te toccherà a chieder pietà
empia Fillide, chissà, chissà?

The woods laugh, the meadow gleams,
the spring frolics, the sea sparkles,
when a breath
of fresh air is heard to murmur.

As you arrive, o lovely breeze,
may our hearts be filled
by the delight
that makes men's souls rejoice.

9 TO DANCES, JOYS AND DELIGHTS
(Anon.)

To dances, joys and delights,
let them set the loving heart ablaze with love,
to the gentle consolation of hearts.

To gems, pearls and pretty flowers,
may they adorn your hair and breast,
to fair ornaments of a thousand colours.

To cups, glasses and silver vessels,
may they invite you to quench your thirst,
to tasty apples of cheerful scarlet.

10 WHY, IF YOU HATED ME
(Canzonetta; anon.)

Why, if you hated me,
did you pretend to love me
only then to deceive me?
Alas, my star,
you made yourself so fair,
so proud, so lofty,
only to wound my soul.
I worshipped you and you rejected me,
cruel Phyllida, why, why?

Who knows if, some time,
foolish pride
may not yearn for one it now scorns.
Alas, I want
to warn my heart
to run away, to destroy
the faithless beauty.
Perhaps it will be your turn to beg for mercy,
cruel Phyllida, perhaps, perhaps?

No, no, ch'io non voglio
se scoglio m'aspetta
drizzar la barchetta.
Ahi, fiera
quest'empia megera
uccide, sen ride
e ridendo saetta.
Chiama pur quanto vuoi, ch'io non verrò
empia Fillide, no, no! No, no!

11 SÌ, SÌ, CH'IO V'AMO
(Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Sì, sì, ch'io v'amo,
occhi vaghi, occhi belli,
sì sì ch'io bramo
vostri nodi tenaci,
aurei capelli
e null'altro desio
che sia vostro il mio cor
com'egli è mio.

Sì, sì, ch'io spero,
occhi dolci, occhi amati,
sì, sì, ch'è vero
ch'ognor voglio adorarvi
occhi beati,
e null'altro desio
che sia vostro il mio cor
com'egli è mio.

Sì, sì, ch'ardete,
occhi lieti, occhi cari,
sì, sì, che sete,
occhi fonte d'amore,
del sol più chiari,
e null'altro desio
che sia vostro il mio cor
com'egli è mio.

No, no, if a rock awaits me
I do not want
to steer my boat towards it.
Alas, this proud
and wicked Fury
is killing me, laughing,
and as she laughs, firing an arrow.
Call as much as you wish, I shall not come,
cruel Phyllida, no, no! No, no!

11 YES, YES, I LOVE YOU
(Canzonetta; anon.)

Yes, yes, I love you,
fair eyes, pretty eyes,
yes, yes, I long for
your silken curls,
o golden tresses,
and I desire nothing else
than for my heart to be yours
as it is mine.

Yes, yes, how I hope,
gentle eyes, beloved eyes,
yes, yes, how true it is
that I want always to worship you,
blessed eyes,
and I desire nothing else
than for my heart to be yours
as it is mine.

Yes, yes, for you burn,
merry eyes, dearest eyes,
yes, yes, for you are,
o eyes, the source of love,
you who are brighter than the sun,
and I desire nothing else
than for my heart to be yours
as it is mine.

12 SU SU SU PASTORELLI VEZZOSI
(Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Su, su, su, pastorelli vezzosi,
correte, venite,
a mirar, a goder
l'aure gradite
e quel dolce piacer
ch'a noi porta ridente
la bell'alba nascente.
Mirate i prati
pien di fiori odorati
ch'al suo vago apparir
ridon festosi.
Su, su, su, pastorelli vezzosi.

Su, su, su, augelletti canori,
sciogliete snodate
al cantar, al garrir
le voci amate,
ed al dolce apparir
del sol che i monti indora
salutate l'aurora,
e su' rametti
pien di vaghi fioretti
del leggiadro suo crin
dite gli onori.
Su, su, su, augelletti canori.

Su, su, su, fonticelli loquaci,
vezzosi correte
a gioir, a scherzar
come solete.
Siavi caro il mirar
di quai splendor si veste
la bell'alba celeste,
e di quai lampi
son coloriti i campi
che prometton ai cor
gioie veraci.
Su, su, su fonticelli loquaci.

12 COME, HANDSOME SHEPHERD LADS
(Canzonetta; anon.)

Come, handsome shepherd lads,
run, come
and see, come and enjoy
the pleasant breezes
and that sweet joy
cheerily brought to us
by the fair rising dawn.
Look at the fields
full of perfumed flowers,
that at dawn's fair appearance
laugh in celebration.
Come, handsome shepherd lads.

Come, little songbirds,
unleash, set free
your beloved voices
to song and rejoicing
and at the fair rising
of the sun that gilds the peaks,
greet the dawn,
and on boughs
laden with pretty blossom
sing the praises
of those golden crests.
Come, little songbirds.

Come, chattering brooks,
prettily flow
and rejoice and play
as usual.
Enjoy gazing upon
the splendours that clothe
the fair breaking day.
and the bright colours
that tinge the fields
and promise our hearts
true happiness.
Come, chattering brooks.

13 O MIO BENE, O MIA VITA
(Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

O mio bene, o mia vita,
non mi far più languire,
non mi negar aita
chio mi sento morire.
Non più guerra d'amore,
no, no, mio core.

O belli occhi, o bei rai,
non più, non più penare,
non mi date più guai
ch'io mi sento mancare.
Non più guerra di pene,
no, no, mio bene.

O mio core, o mia face,
non m'essere più crudele,
non mi negar più pace
perch'io ti son fedele.
Non più guerra di noia,
no, no, mia gioia.

13 O MY LOVE, O MY LIFE
(Canzonetta; anon.)

O my love, o my life,
do not make me suffer any more,
do not deny me help,
for I feel myself dying.
No more this war of love,
no, no, my heart.

O fairest eyes, o shining stars,
do not hurt me any more,
do not bring me further distress,
for I feel myself growing weak.
No more this war of pain,
no, no, my love.

O my heart, o my torch,
do not be cruel to me any more,
do not any longer deny me peace,
for I am loyal to you.
No more this war of sadness,
no, no, my joy.

SCHERZI MUSICALI

*cioè Arie et Madrigals in stil recitativo
con una Ciaccona, a 1 et 2 voci
Venezia, 1632*

14 MALEDETTO SIA L'ASPETTO (Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Maledetto
sia l'aspetto
che m'ardé,
tristo a me,
poi ch'io sento
rio tormento,
poi ch'io moro,
né ristoro
ha mia fê
sol per te.

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

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

SCHERZI MUSICALI

*Arias and Madrigals in recitative style
with a Chaconne, for 1 or 2 voices
Venice, 1632*

14 CURSED BE THE FACE (Canzonetta; anon.)

Cursed
be the face
that has set me ablaze,
woe is me,
for I feel
such bitter torment,
for I am dying,
and my faith
has no peace
because of you.

Cursed
be the arrow
that has wounded me:
it will kill me.
Such is the wish
of my sun,
such the desire
of one who shuns love
as much as she can;
what am I to do?

Cruel lady,
she has wounded me
and does thus desire
my death.
She makes fun
of my passion
and wants me to suffer,
to bleed to death;
I shall die here,
o pitiless day.

15 QUEL SGUARDO SDEGNOSETTO (Canzonetta d'autore anonimo)

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto,
lucente e minaccioso,
quel dardo velenoso,
vola a ferirmi il petto.
Bellezze, ond'io tutt'ardo
e son da me diviso,
piagatemi col sguardo,
sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
d'asprissimo rigore,
versatemi sul core
un nembo di faville.
Ma'l labro non sia tardo
a ravvivarmi ucciso,
feriscami quel sguardo
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begli occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi
in sin ch'io venga meno,
e se da' vostri dardi
io resterò conquiso,
ferischino quei sguardi,
ma sanimi quel riso.

16 ERI GIÀ TUTTA MIA (Aria d'autore anonimo)

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

15 THAT SCORNFUL GLANCE (Canzonetta; anon.)

That scornful glance,
fiery and threatening,
that poisoned arrow
flies to pierce my breast.
Beauty, you who have set me on fire,
and torn me apart,
wound me with a glance,
but heal me with a smile.

Arm yourselves, fair eyes,
with the most destructive cruelty,
pour upon my heart
a hail of sparks,
but once I am dead, let her lips
not linger to revive me.
Let a glance wound me,
but let a smile then heal me.

Beautiful eyes, to arms, to arms,
I am preparing my breast for you.
Enjoy wounding me
until I lie senseless.
And if I am defeated
by your arrows,
let those glances wound me,
but let a smile then heal me.

16 YOU WERE ONCE ALL MINE (Aria; anon.)

You were once all mine,
mine were that heart and soul,
who has turned you from me,
what new bond of love?
O beauty, o courage,
o admirable constancy,
where are you?
You were once all mine,
but you no longer belong to me,
no longer, no longer,
ah, you no longer belong to me.

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

Il gioir nel mio viso
ah, che più non rimiri
il mio canto, il mio riso,
è converso in martiri.
O dispersi sospiri,
o sparita pietade,
dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia,
or non sei più,
non più non più,
ah, che mia non sei più.

17 ECCO DI DOLCI RAGGI
(Autore anonimo)

Ecco di dolci raggi il sol armato
del verno saettar la stagion orrida.
Di dolcissimo amor inebriato,
dorme tacito il vento in sen di Clorida.
Talor però, lascivo ed odorato,
ondeggiar, tremolar fa l'erba florida.
L'aria, la terra, il ciel spirano amore.
Arda dunque d'amor, arda ogni core.

You used to turn your laughing eyes
to look upon me alone,
for me your golden tresses
used to fly free in the wind.
O fleeting happiness,
o loving loyalty,
where are you?
You were once all mine,
but you no longer belong to me,
no longer, no longer,
ah, you no longer belong to me.

The joy in my face,
ah, you will no longer see,
my song, my laughter,
all has turned to suffering.
O scattered sighs,
o vanished pity,
where are you?
You were once all mine,
but you no longer belong to me,
no longer, no longer,
ah, you no longer belong to me.

17 SEE HOW THE SUN
(Anon.)

See how the sun, armed with gentle rays,
fires its arrows at the burgeoning season of spring.
Intoxicated with the sweetest love,
the wind sleeps silently upon Chloris' breast.
At times, however, wanton and perfumed,
he makes the flowering grass tremble and ripple.
Air, earth and sky breathe love.
Let love then set every heart aflame.

18 IO CH'ARMATO SINOR D'UN DURO GELO
(Ottava toscana d'autore anonimo)

Io ch'armato sinor d'un duro gelo
da gli assalti d'amor potei difendermi,
né l'infuocato suo pungente telo
puote l'alma passar o'l petto accendermi
or ch'io tutto si cangia al novo cielo,
a due begli occhi ancor non dovrò arrendermi?
Sì, sì, disarmo il solito rigore,
arda dunque d'amor, arda il mio core.

19 ED È PUR DUNQUE VERO
(Canzone-Ode d'autore anonimo)

Ed è pur dunque vero,
disumanato cor, anima cruda,
che cangiando pensiero,
e di fede e d'amor tu resti ignuda:
d'aver tradito me datti pur vanto
ché la cetera mia rivolgo in pianto.

E' questo il guiderdone
de l'amorose mie tante fatiche:
così mi fa ragione
il vostro reo destin, stelle nemiche:
ma se'l tuo cuor è d'ogni fè ribelle
Lidia, la colpa è tua, non delle stelle.

Beverò sfortunato
gli assassinati miei torbidi pianti
e sempre addolorato
a tutti gli altri abbandonati amanti,
e scolpirò sul marmo la mia fede:
'sciocco è quel cor ch'in bella donna crede'.

**18 SHALL I WHO ARMED
WITH IMPERVIOUS ICE**
(Tuscan ottava; anon.)

Shall I who armed with impervious ice
have always defended myself from Cupid's attacks,
and prevented his sharp and flaming arrow
from piercing my soul or setting my heart ablaze,
have to surrender to a pair of beautiful eyes
now that all has changed with the new season?
Yes, yes, my usual indifference is disarmed,
let love then set my heart aflame.

19 AND IS IT THEN TRUE
(Canzone-Ode; anon.)

And is it then true,
unfeeling heart, pitiless soul,
that in changing your mind
you have forsaken loyalty and love?
You now boast of having betrayed me,
and I take up my lyre to lament.

Is this my reward
for so many labours of love?
Is this how your cruel destiny
brings me justice, inimical stars?
Yet if your heart has become hostile to any love,
Lydia, the blame lies with you, and not with the stars.

Wretch that I am, I shall drink
my despairing, wasted tears,
and in everlasting grief
for all other abandoned lovers
shall carve in marble my firm belief:
'Foolish the heart that in fair lady puts its faith.'

Povero di conforto
mendico di speranza, andrò ramingo
e senza salma o porto
fra tempeste vivrò mesto e solingo,
né avrò la morte di precipizi 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 degli affanni
che non mi diero mai riposo breve,
insegneranno a mormorar i venti
le tue perfidie, o cruda, e i miei tormenti.

Vivi col cor di ghiaccio
e l'incostanza tua l'aure diffidi,
stringi il tuo ben in braccio
e del mio mal con lui trionfa e ridi
ed ambi in union dolce e gradita
fabricate il sepolcro della mia vita.

Abissi udite, udite
di mia disperazion gli ultimi accenti
da poi che son fornite
le mie gioie e gli amor e i miei contenti,
tanto è il mio mal che nominar io voglio
emulo dell'inferno il mio cordoglio.

Deprived of consolation,
begging for hope, I shall wander the earth
and without burden or haven
endure life's storms alone and sad of heart;
and I shall take no pains to avoid an early death,
for he who is not alive cannot die.

The many years during which
I melted like snow in the sun of your beauty,
and the intensity of my suffering,
which has never given me a moment's peace,
will teach the winds to murmur
of your treachery, cruel girl, and my torment.

Live then with your heart of ice,
challenge the winds for fickleness,
hold your beloved in your arms,
laugh with him as you glory in my pain,
and in sweet and happy union
the two of you can make a tomb for my life.

Hear, you chasms, hear
the final utterance of my despair;
since my joys, my loves and
my pleasures are all at an end,
so wretched am I that I would say
my sorrow rivals the horrors of hell.

English translations: Susannah Howe

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MONTEVERDI
(1567–1643)

Madrigals Book 9 • Scherzi musicali (1632)

1	Biagio Marini (1594–1663):		
	Sinfonia prima à 3	3:07	
	Madrigali e canzonette, Libro nono		
2	Bel pastor dal cui bel sguardo	7:08	
3	Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti	6:08	
4	Alcun non mi consigli	3:24	
5	Di far sempre gioire	3:04	
6	Quando dentro al tuo seno	1:48	
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8	Come dolce oggi l'auretta	3:25	
9	Alle danze, alle gioie, ai diletti	3:16	
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11	Sì, sì, ch'io v'amo	5:17	
12	Su, su, su, pastorelli vezzosi	4:44	
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17	Ecco di dolci raggi il sol armato	1:33	
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19	Ed è pur dunque vero	13:07	

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A detailed track and artist list can be found inside the booklet.

The Italian sung texts and English translations can be found inside the booklet,
and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/555318.htm

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