Intavolatura de li Madrigali ... da cantare et sonare nel lauto, intavolati per Messer Adriano. (Laute).

Person/Institution: Verdelot, Philippe, ca. 1485 bis 1530 [KomponistIn]; Willaert, Adrian, [KomponistIn]

Ort/Verlag: Venetia

Jahr/Datierung: 1536

Umfang/Illustr./Format: 32 Bl.

Ausgabe: Novamente Stampata. Et con ogni diligentia corretta.

Schlagwörter: Instrumentalmusik ; Solo

Zitierlink: http://data.onb.ac.at/rec/AC09218051

Verfügbar: ÖNB Musiksammlung

S.A. 77. D.9.

Verdelotto.

RISM

II. 26 nach Bonn (Dr Gerhartz)
VI. 35 Zürich (H. Leeb)

1000 S

INTAVOLATVRA DE LI MADRIGALI DI VERDE.

LOTTO DA CANTARE ET SONARE NEL LAVTO, INTAvolati per Messer Adriano, Nouamente Stampata. Et con ogni diligentia Corretta.

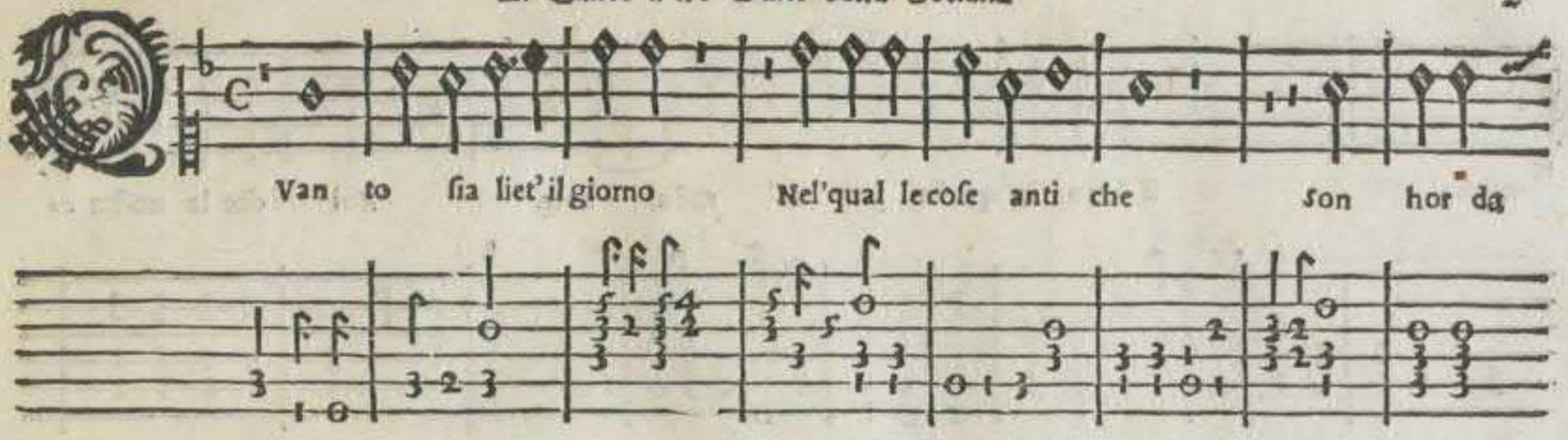
M. D. XXXVI.

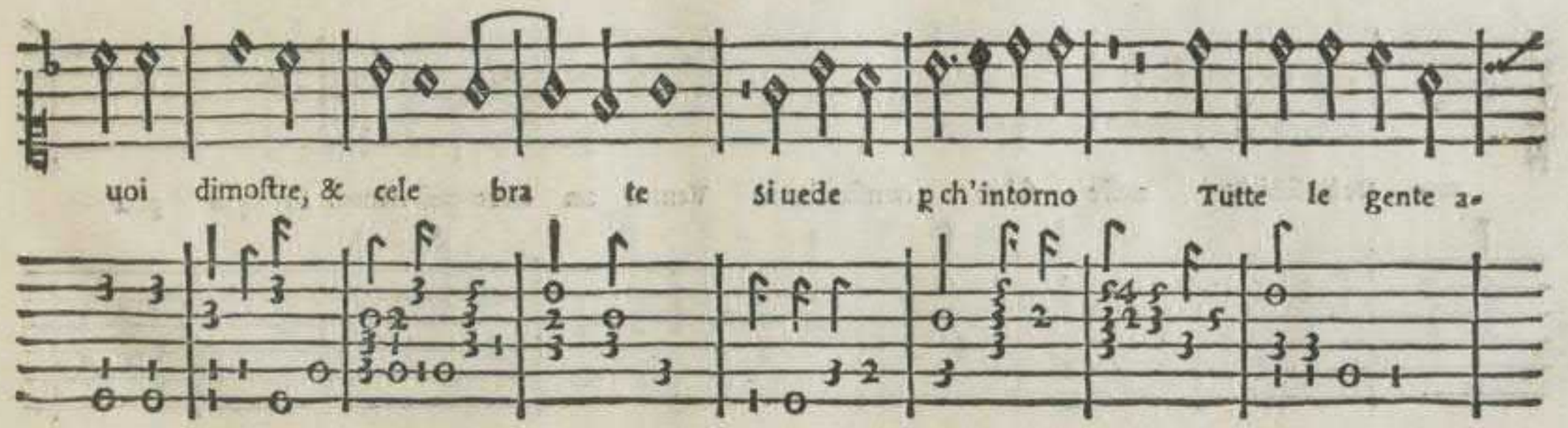
National-Bibliothek Wien

Con Gratia, & Priuilegio.

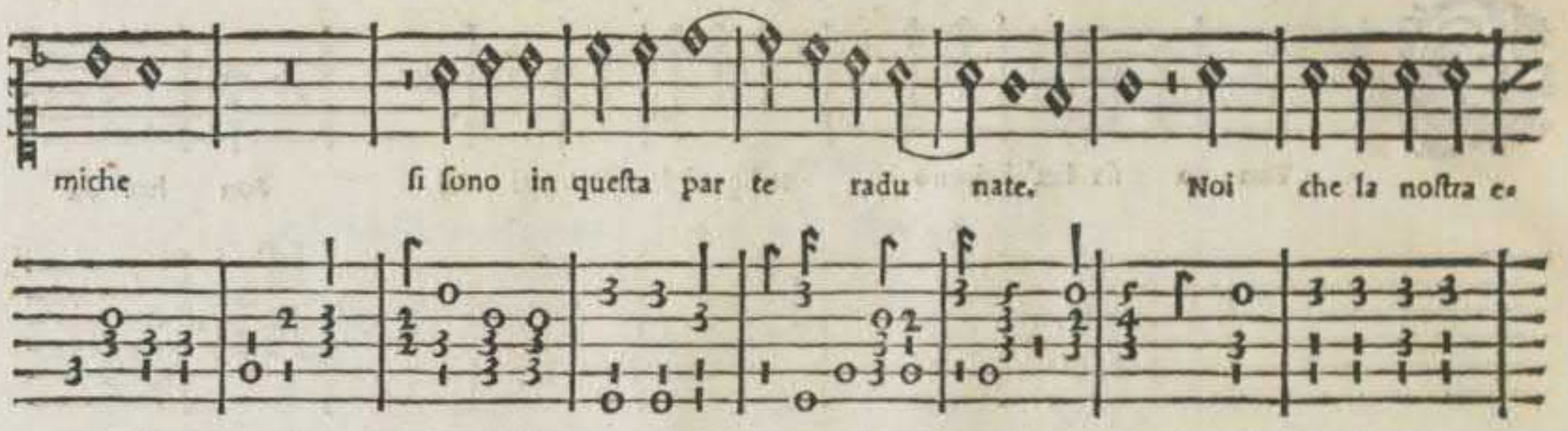
Tauola

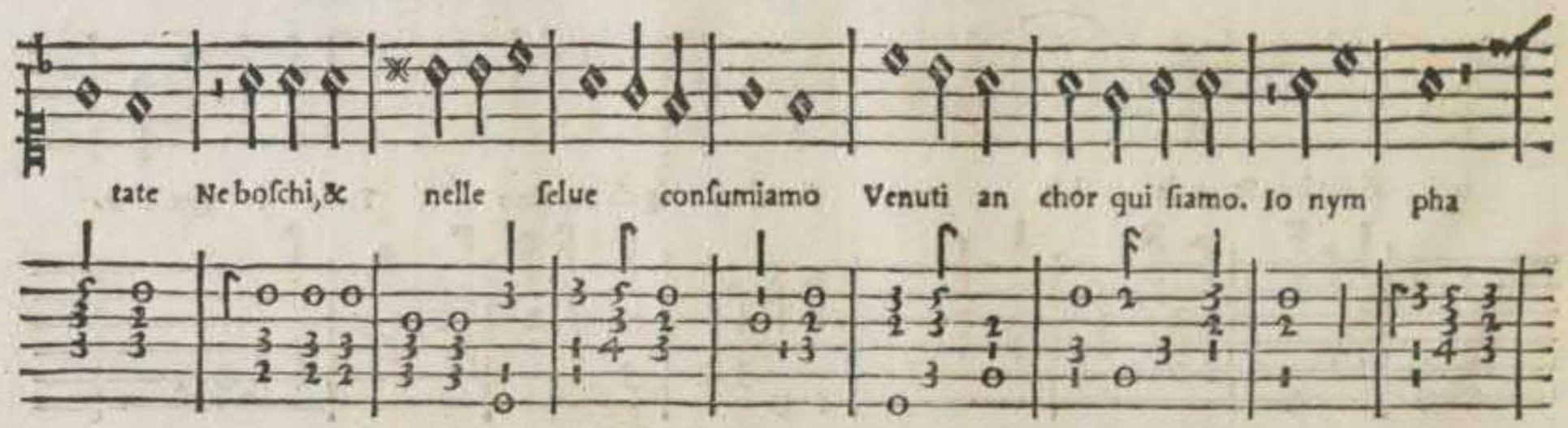
Quanto ſia lieto il giorno	1	Ben chel'miſero core	12
Quando amor i begliocchi	2	Madonna il tuo bel viſo	13
Donna leggiadra,e bella	3	Dini ni occhi ſereni	14
Madonna qual certeçça	4	Se lieta e grata morte	15
Con lagrime,e ſoſpir	5	Vita de la mia vita	16
Fuggi fuggi cor mio	6	Gloriar mi poſſo io donne	17
Igno ſoaue oue il mio foco	7	Pioue da gli occhi della donna	18
Amor ſe d'hor in hor	8	Con langelico riſo	19
Donna che ſete tra le belle bella	9	S'io penſaſſe madonna	20
Se mai prouaſti donna	10	Madonna i ſol vorrei	21
Afflitti ſpirti mei	11	Madonna per voi ardo	22

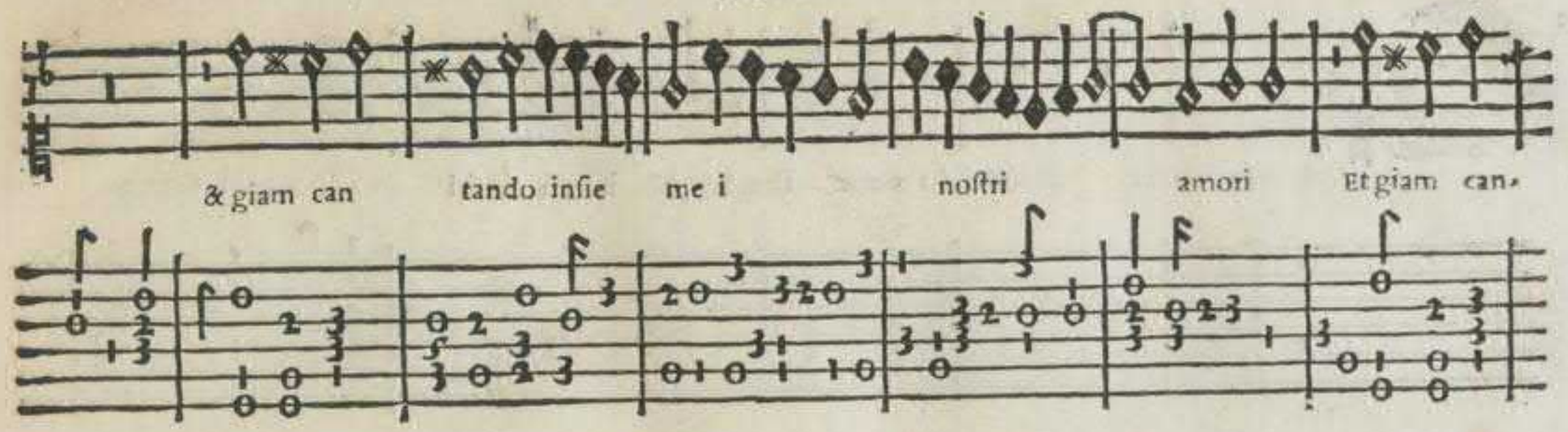

Van to sia liet'il giorno Nel'qual le cose anti che son hor da

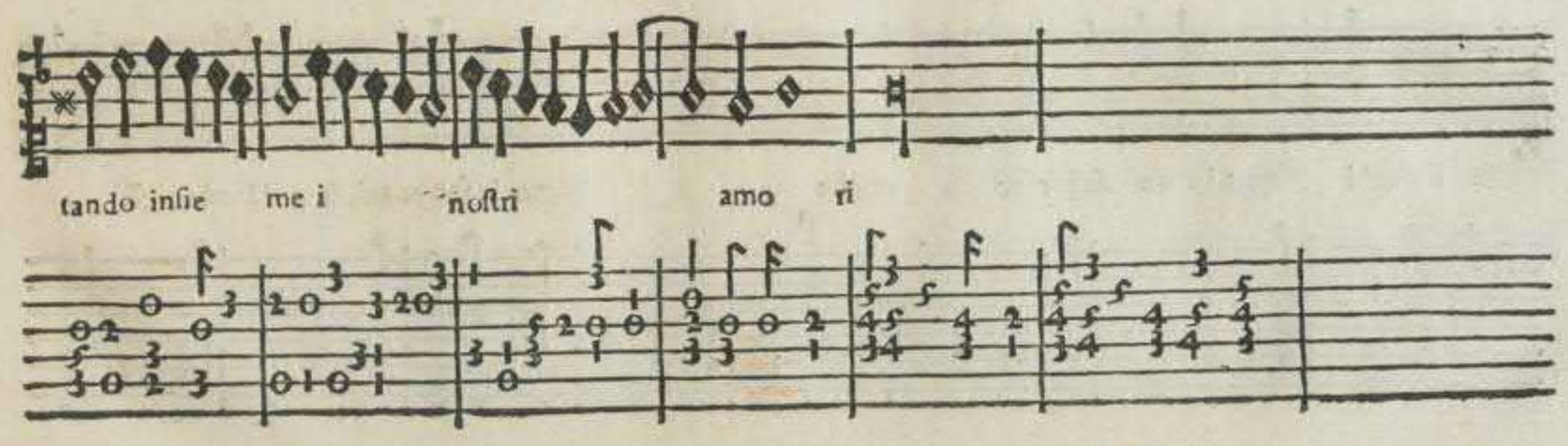

uoi dimostre, & cele bra te si uede p ch'intorno Tutte le gente a-

Verdelotto


miche
si sono in questa par te radu nate.
Noi che la nostra e


tate Ne boschi, &
nelle selue consumiamo
Venuti an chor qui siamo. Io nym pha

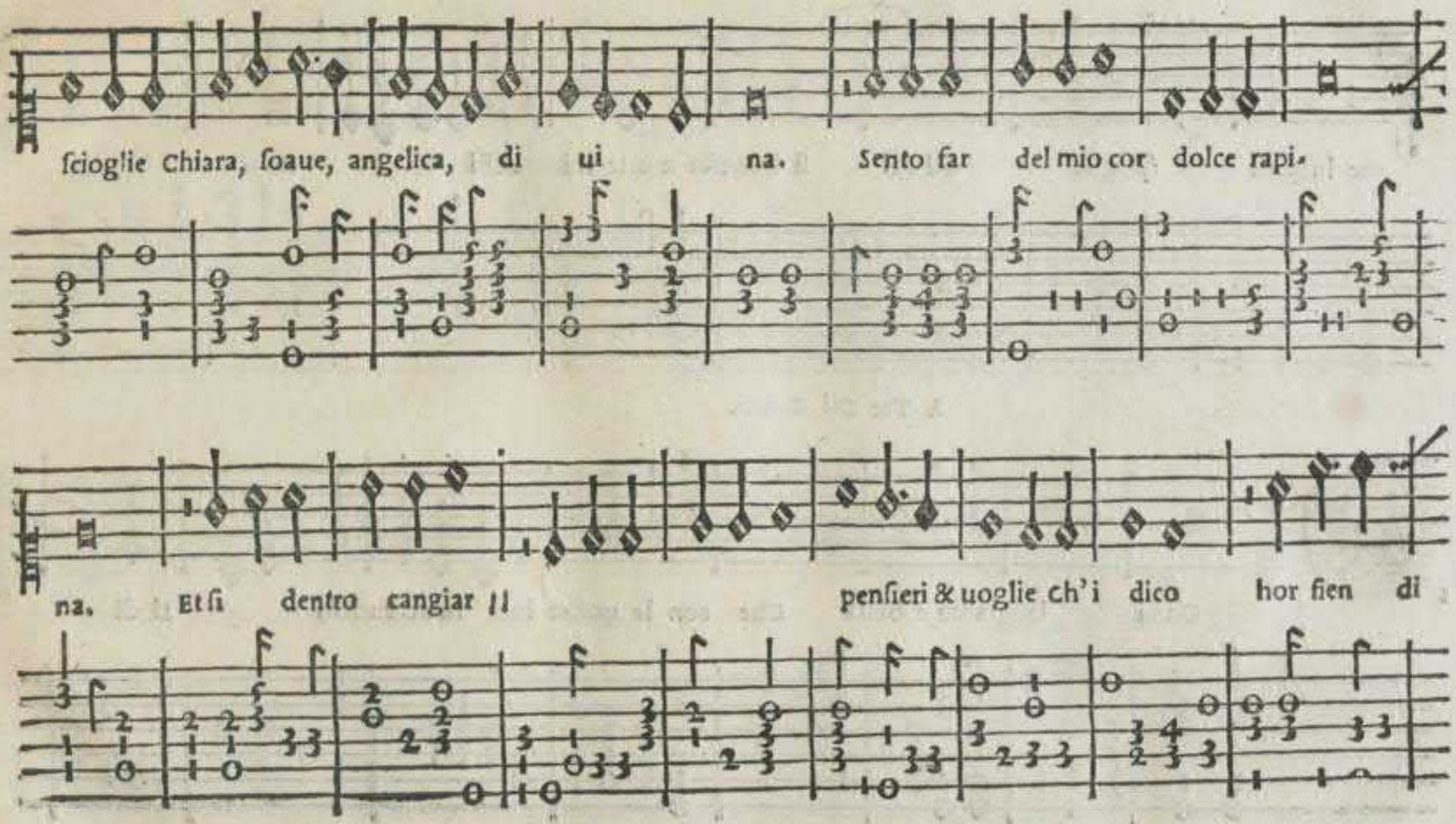

& giam can tando insie me i nostri amori Et giam can-


tando insie me i nostri amo ri

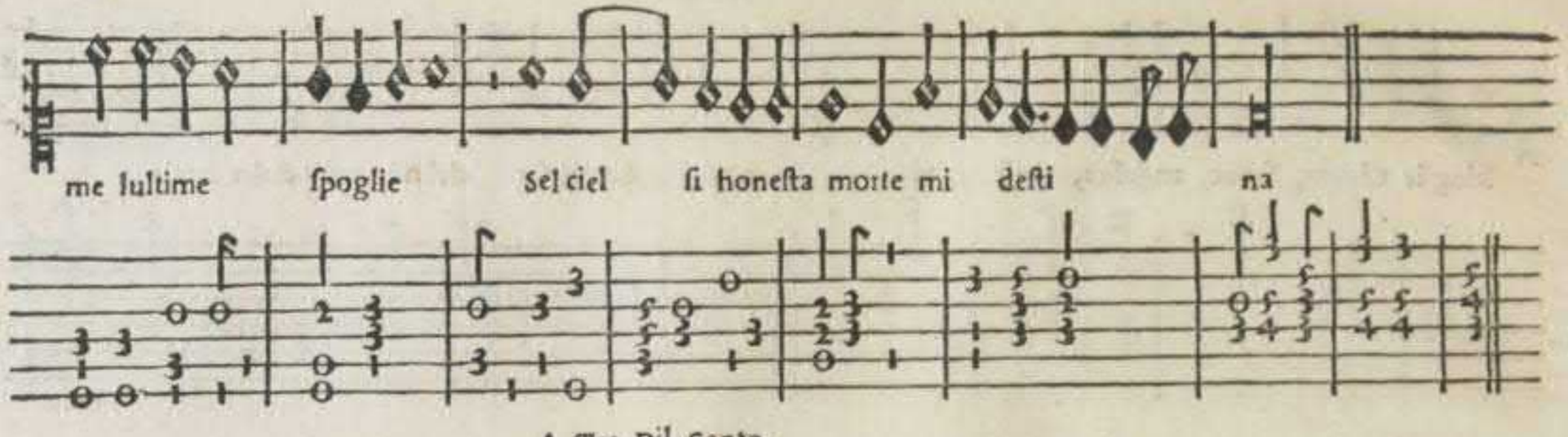
Al Quinto del Canto

Vando amor i begliocchi à terra inchi na

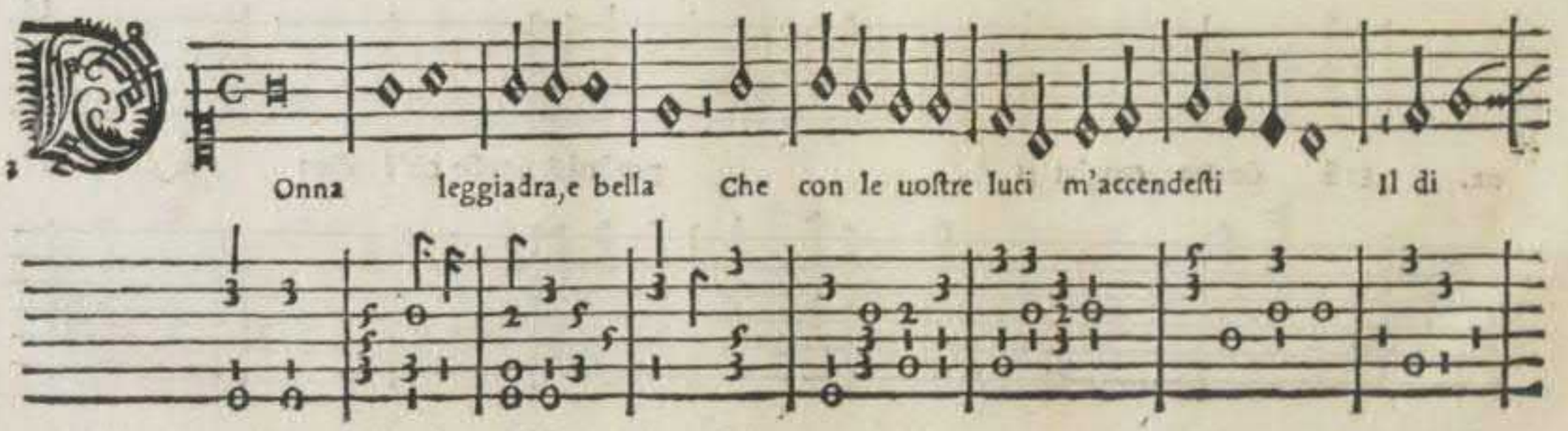
E i uaghi ſpiriti in un ſoſpir ac coglie con le ſoe mani, & poi i uoce gli


scioglie Chiara, soaue, angelica, di ui na. Sento far del mio cor dolce rapi-
na. Et si dentro cangiar ll pensieri & uoglie ch'i dico hor fien di

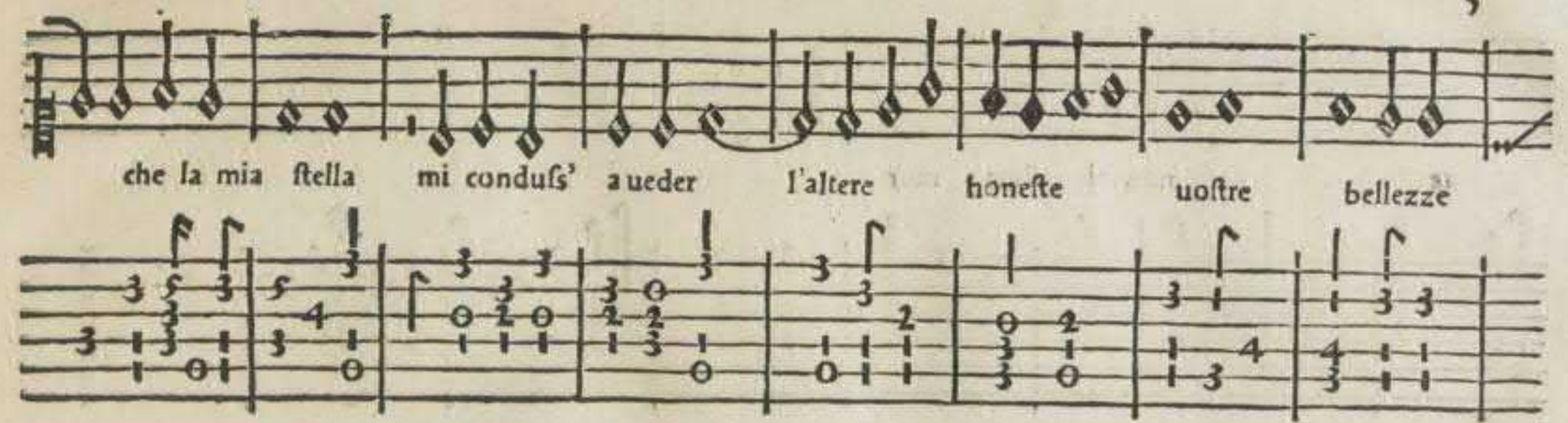
Verdelotto

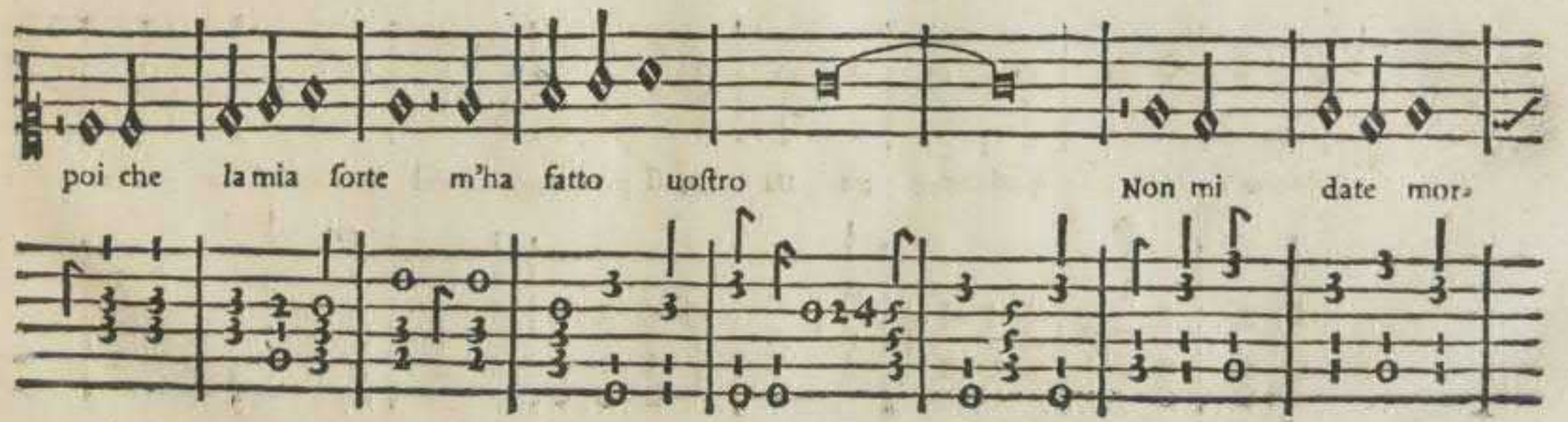


A Tre Dil Canto.



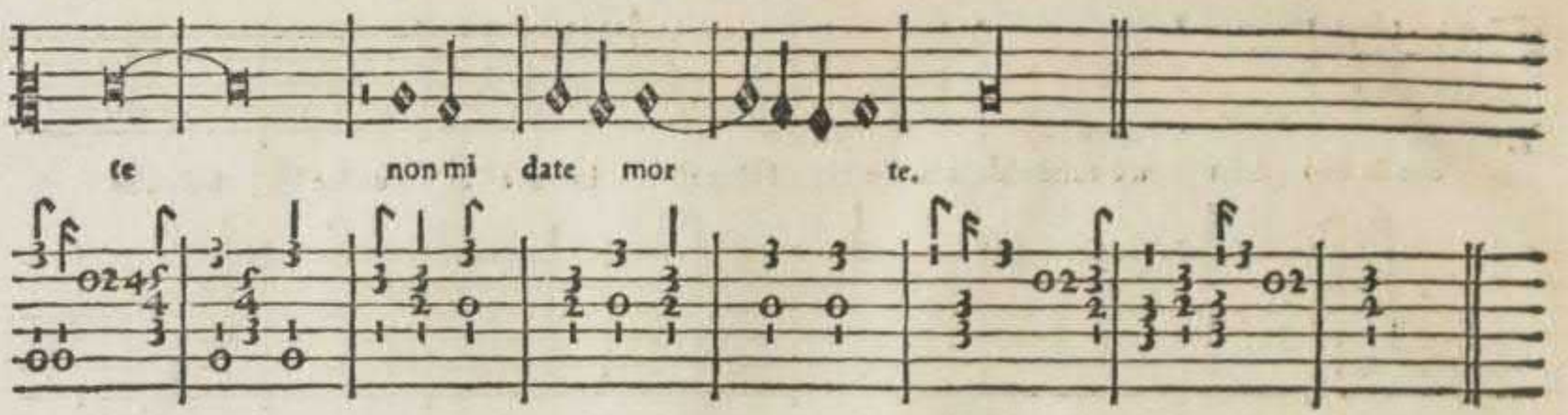
che


che la mia ſtella mi conduſs' a ueder l'altere honeſte uoſtre bellezze

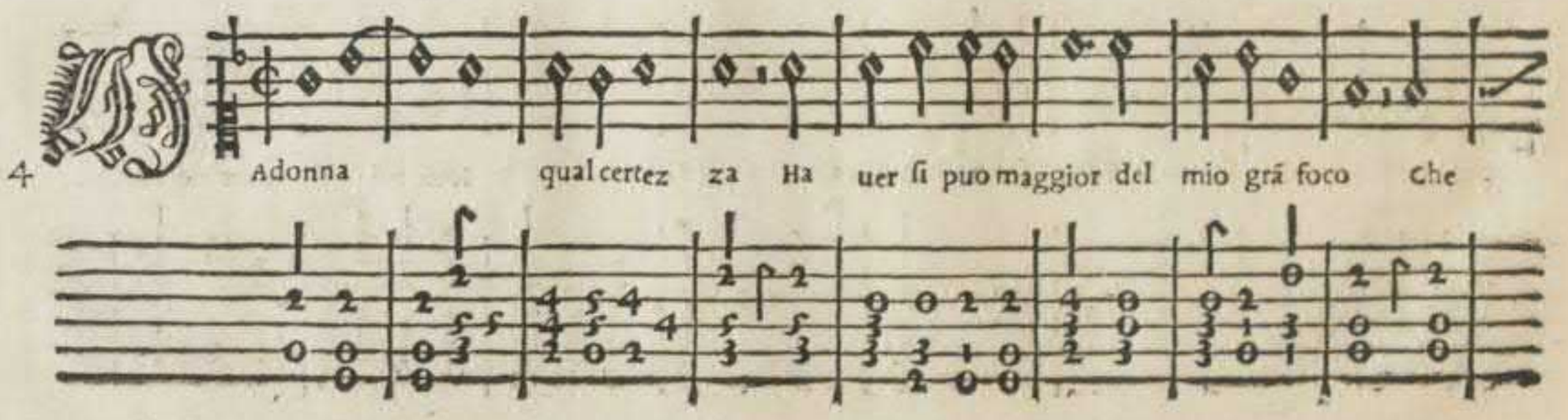

poi che la mia ſorte m'ha fatto uoſtro
Non mi date mor-

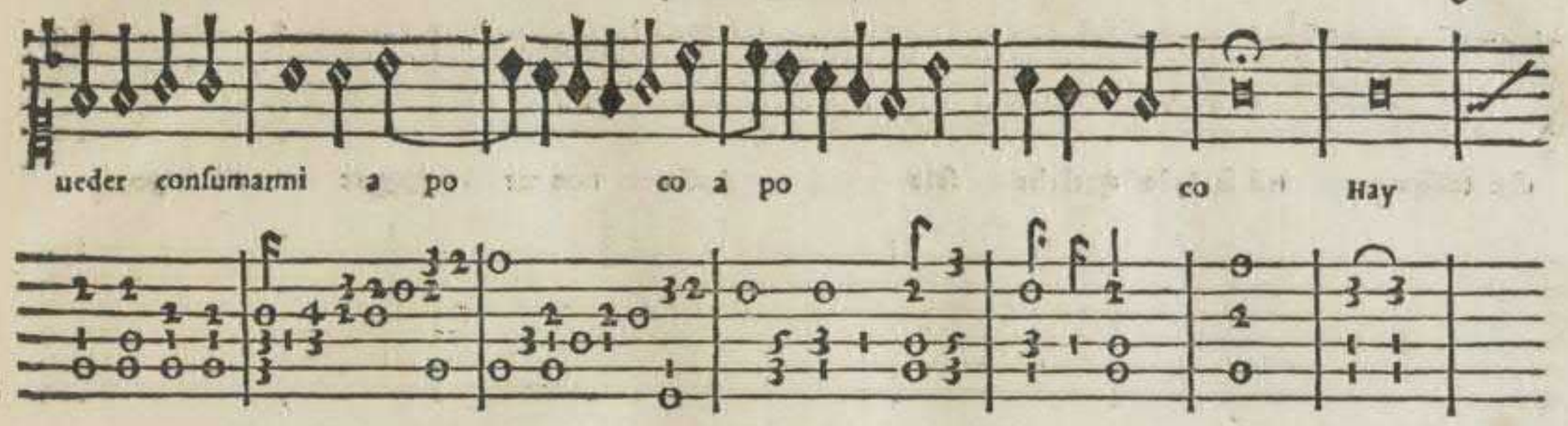
B

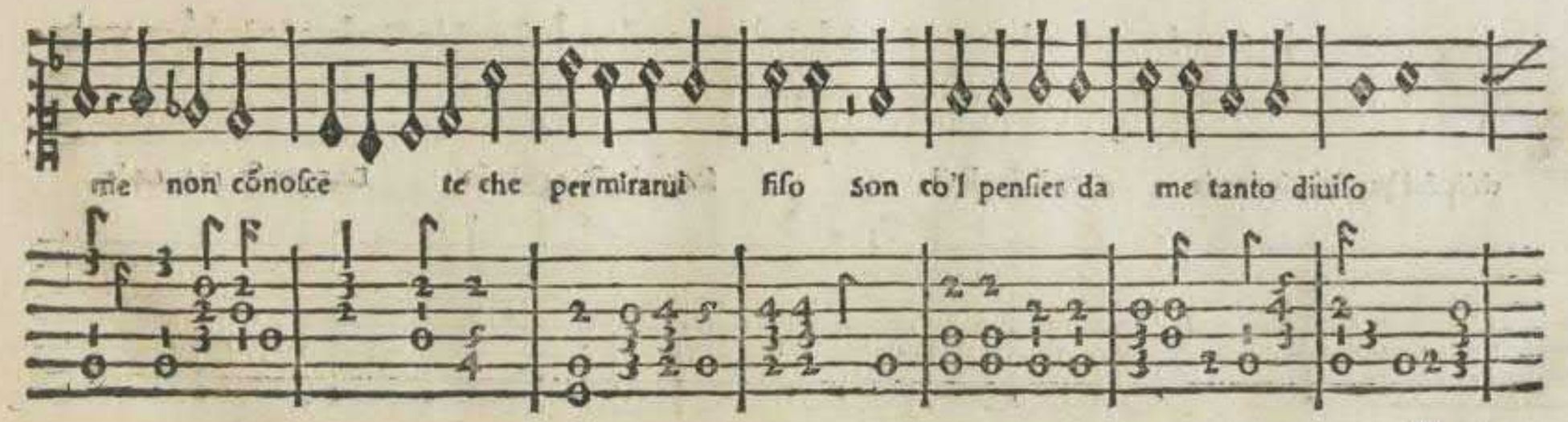
3



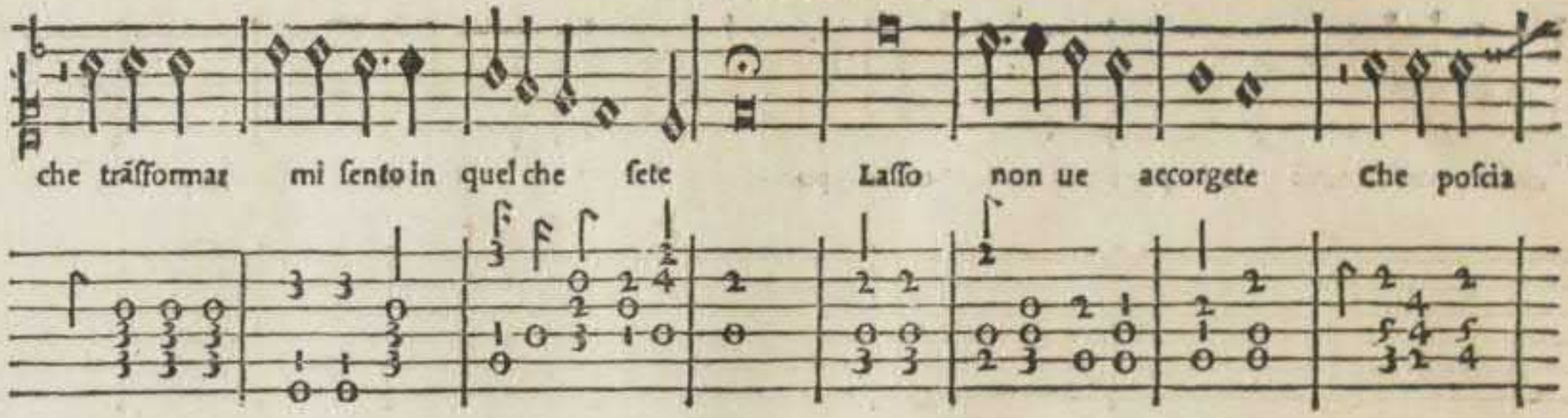
El Canto Vuoto.

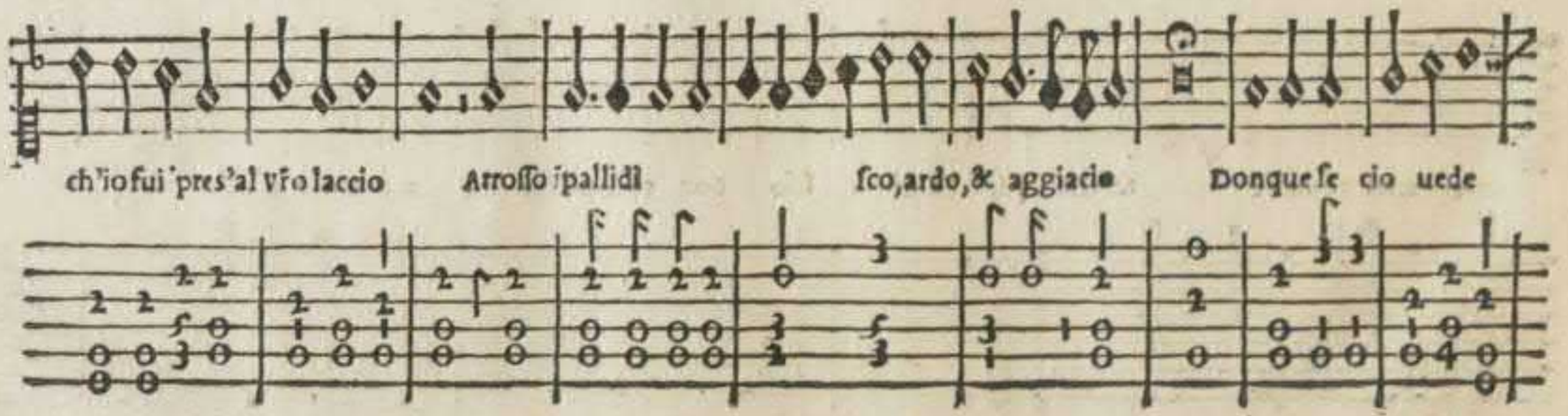


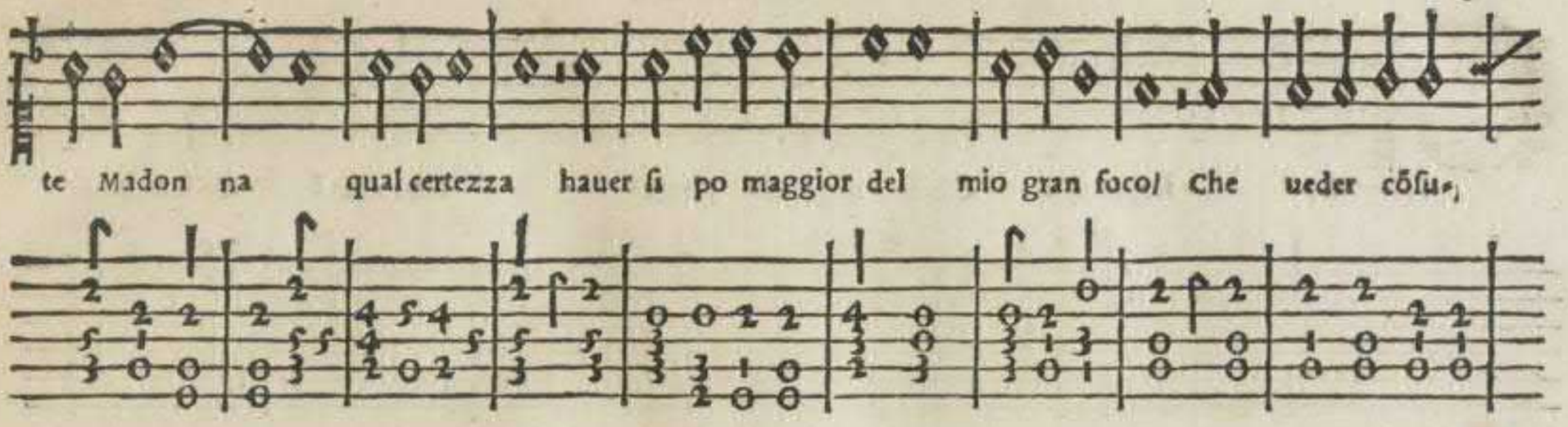

ueder conſumarmi a po co a po co Hay

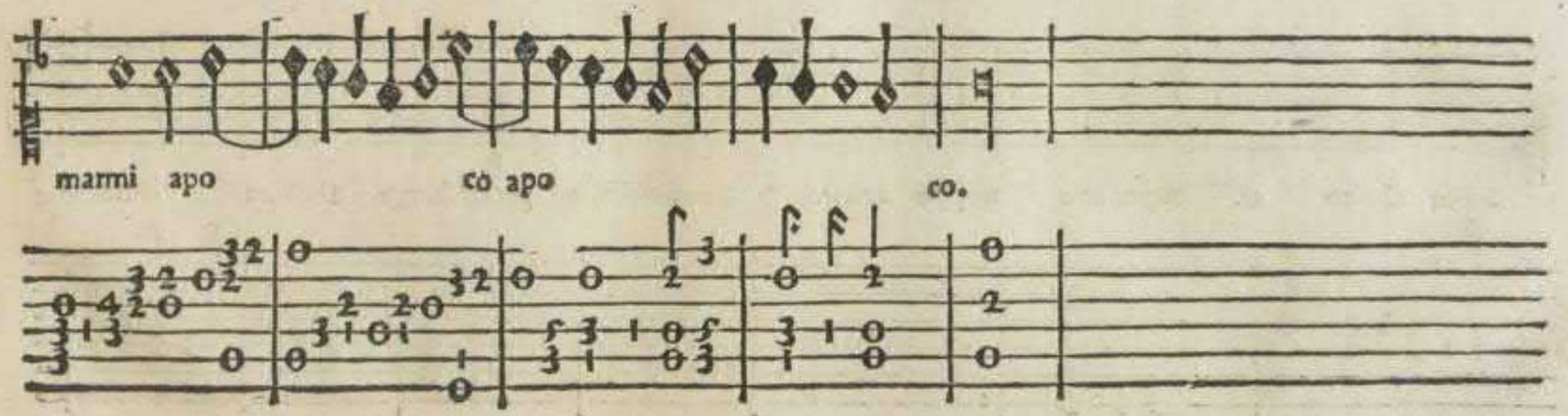

me non cõnoſce te che per mirarui fiſo ſon co'l penſier da me tanto diuiſo

Verdelotto

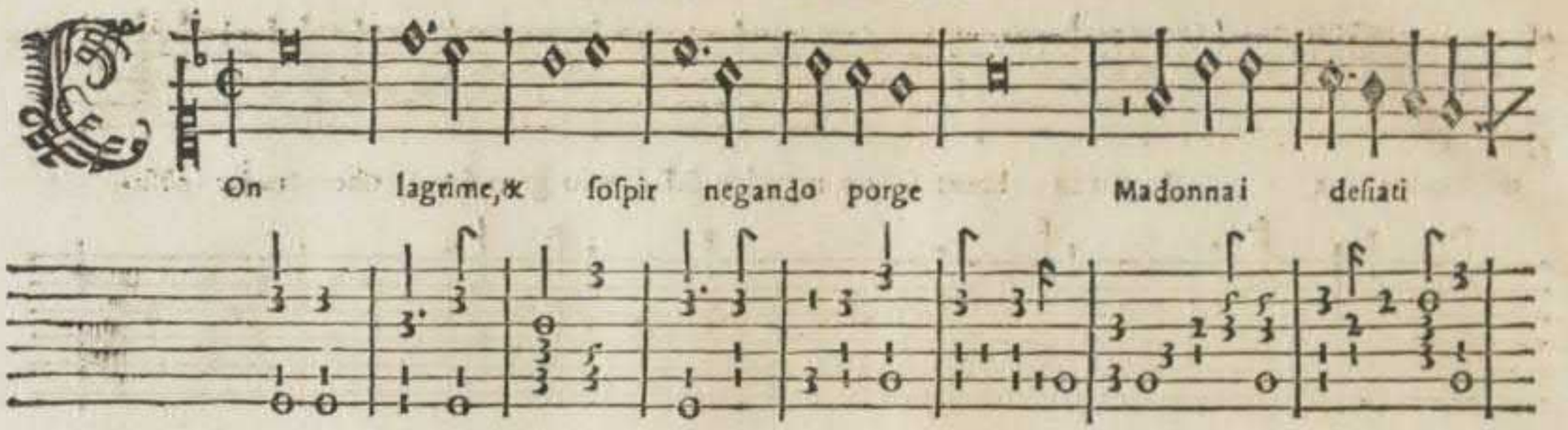

che trãſformar mi ſento in quel che ſete
Laſſo non ue accorgete
Che poſcia

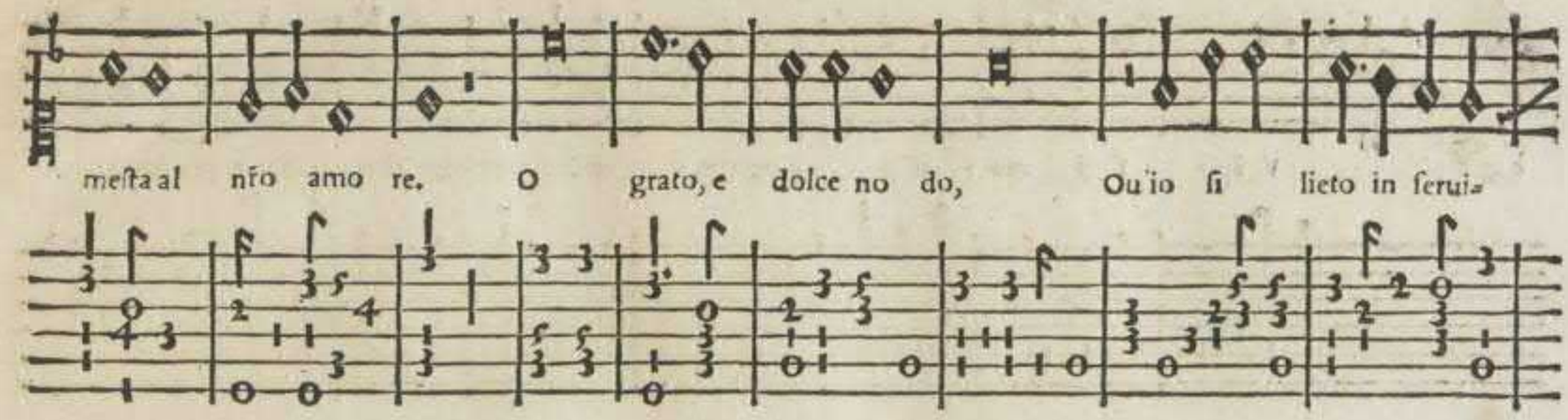

ch'io fui 'pres'al vſo laccio
Atroſſo ipallidi
ſco,ardo,& aggiacio
Donque ſe cio uede

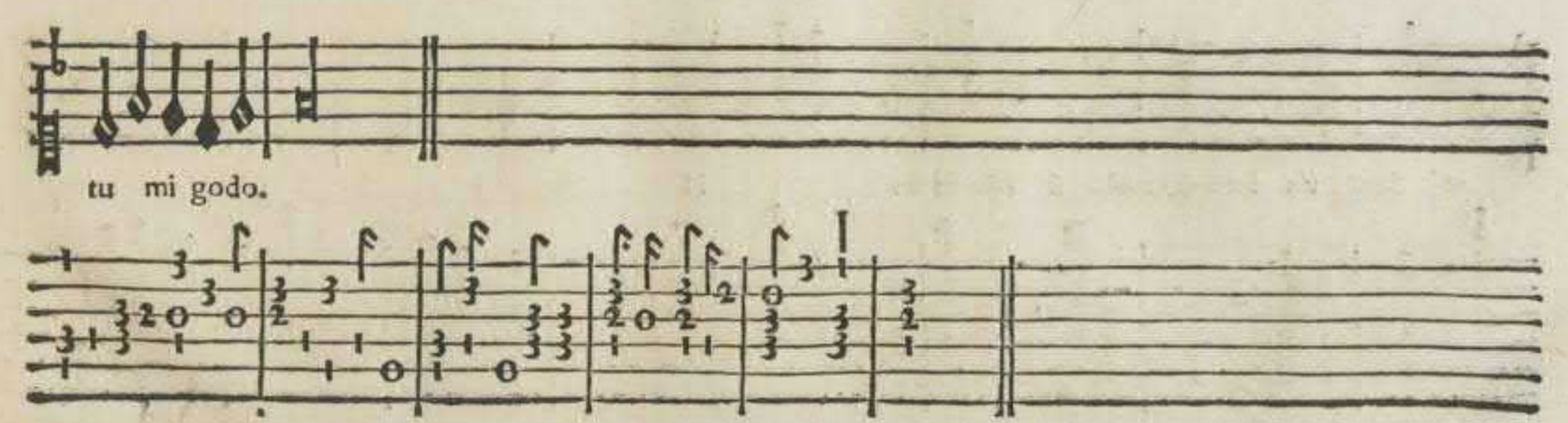

te Madon na qual certezza hauer si po maggior del mio gran foco/ che ueder cõsu-


marmi apo cò apo co.

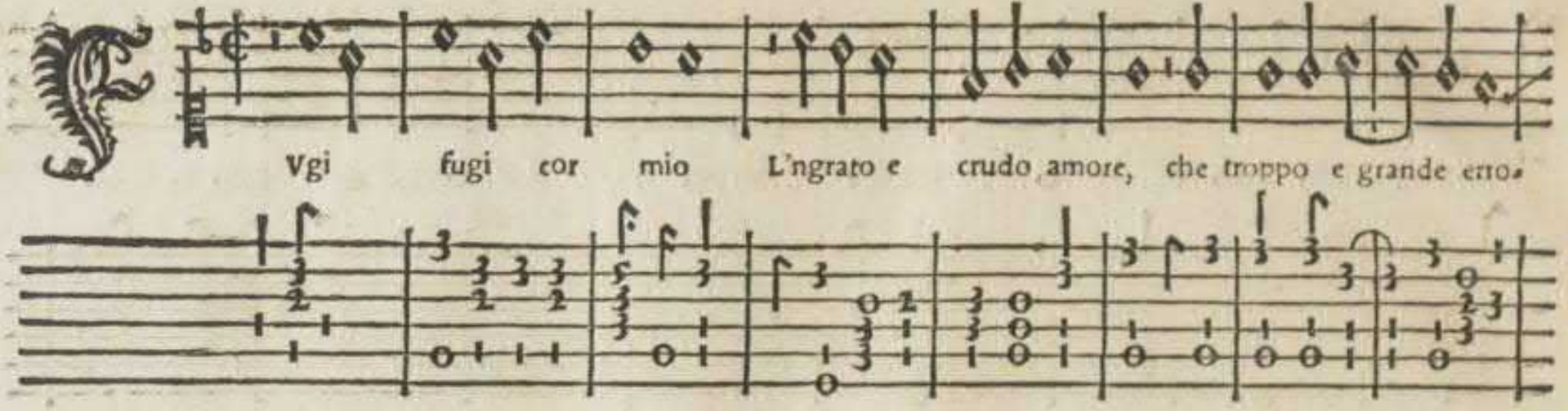
A tre Tasti dil Cãto.

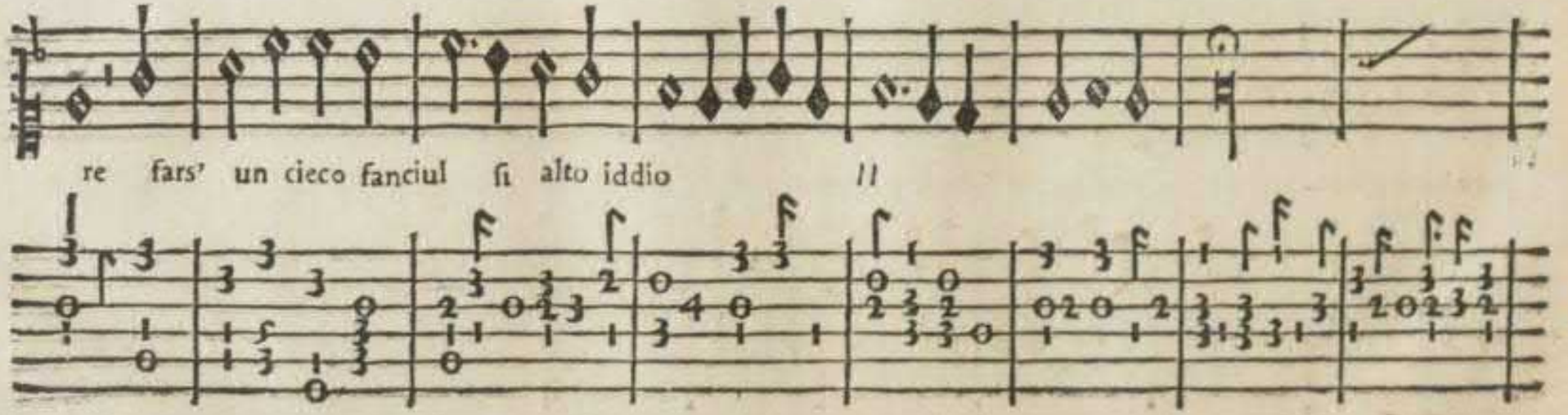



meſta al nño amo re. O grato, e dolce no do, Ou'io ſi lieto in ſeruis


tu mi godo.

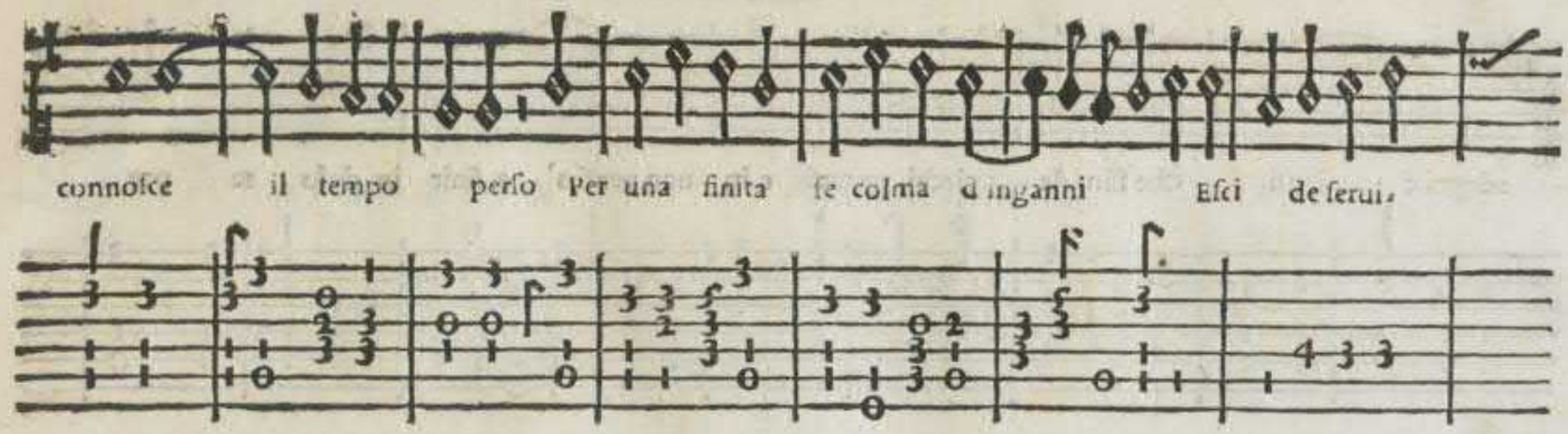
A Tre dil Canto

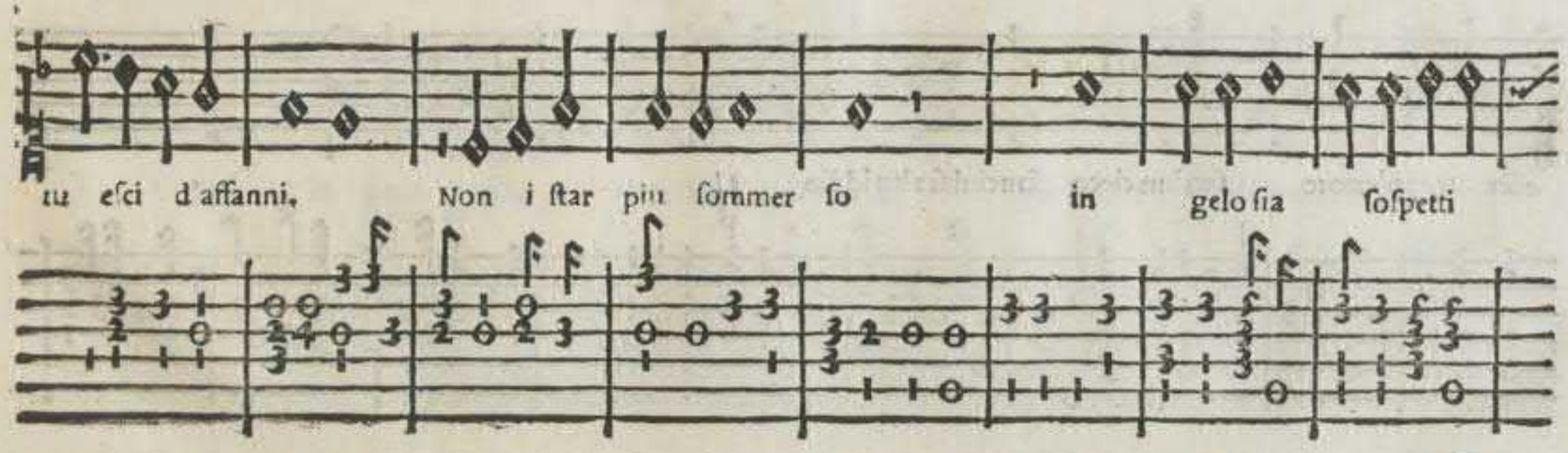




Connoſce

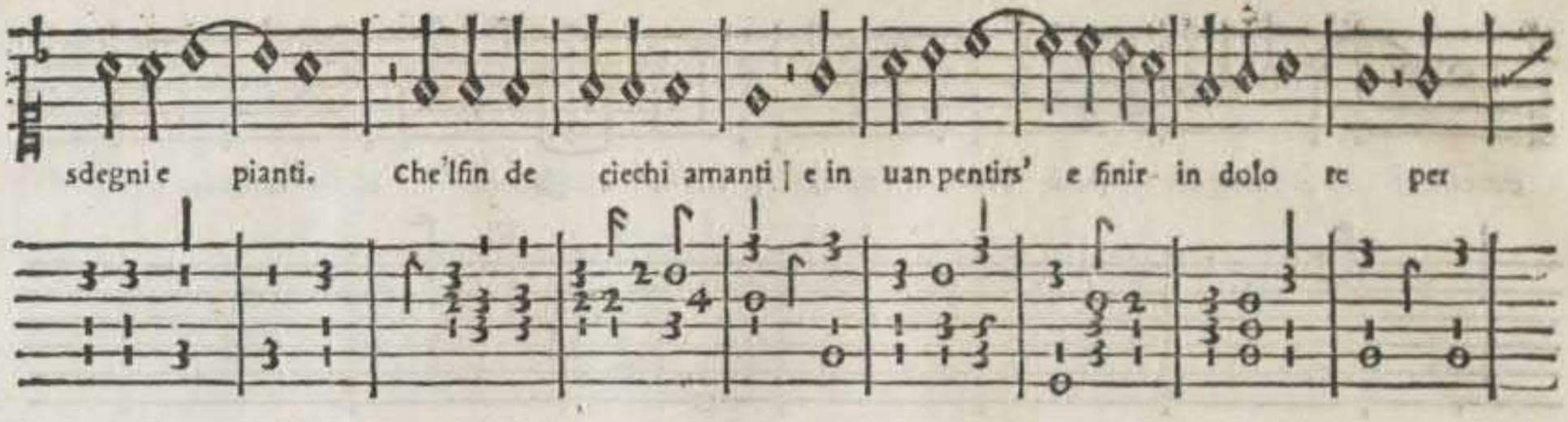
Verdelotto

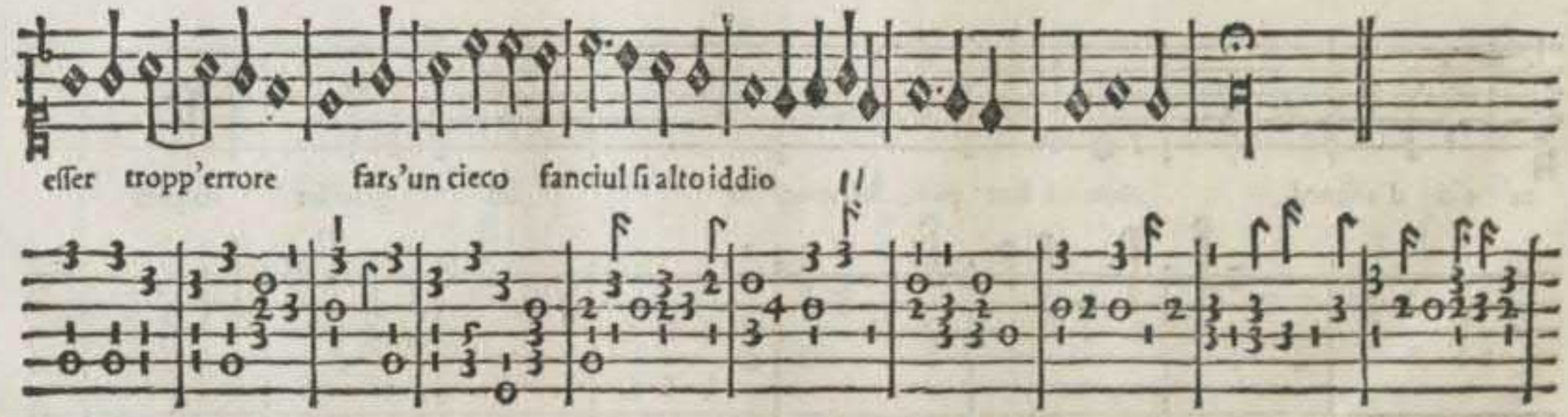


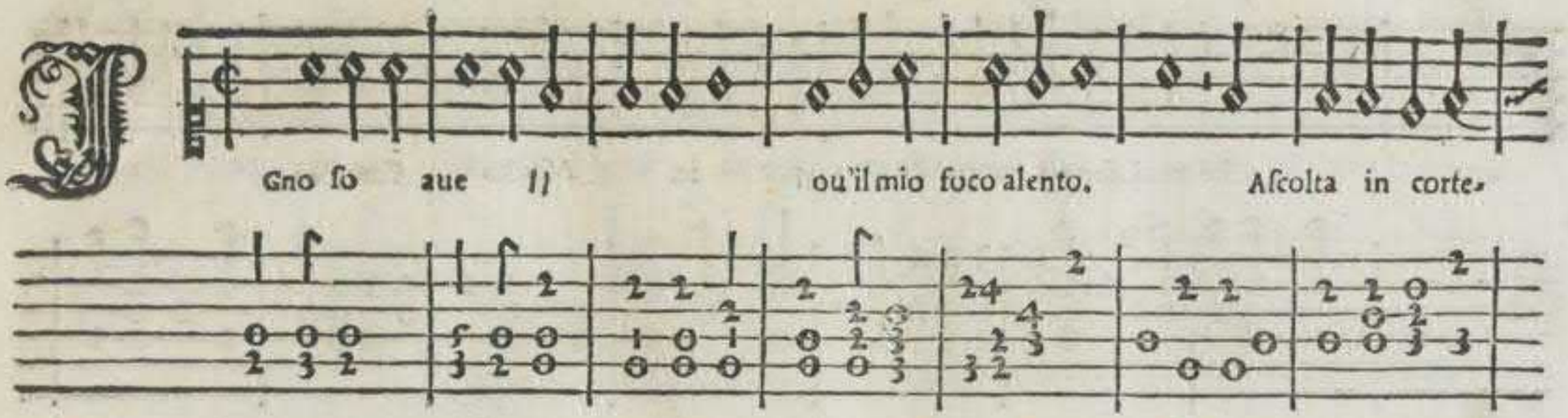


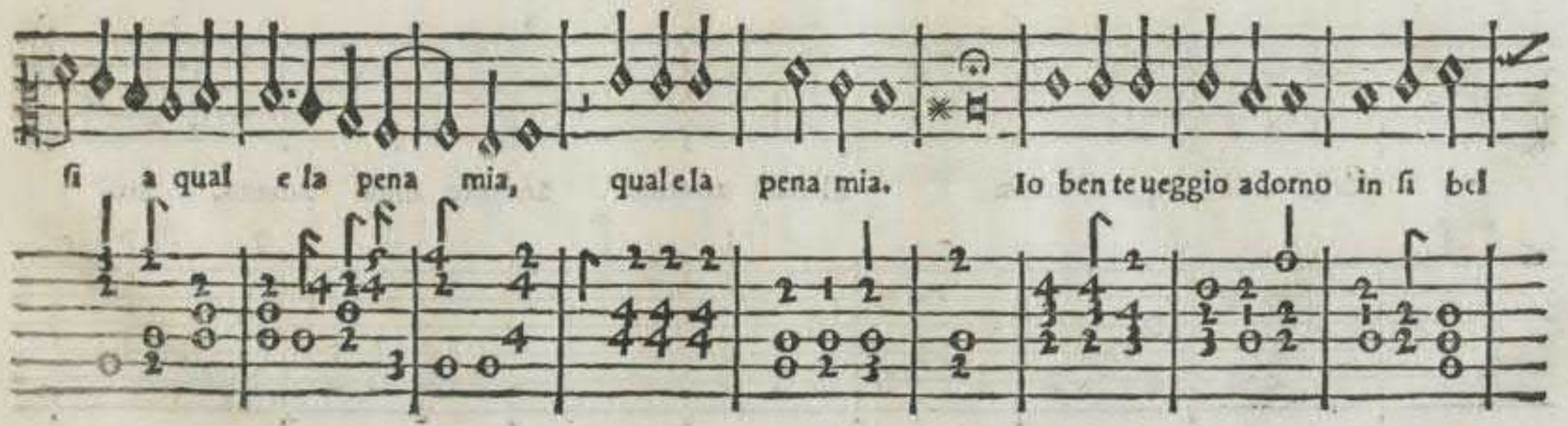
C

Verdelotto

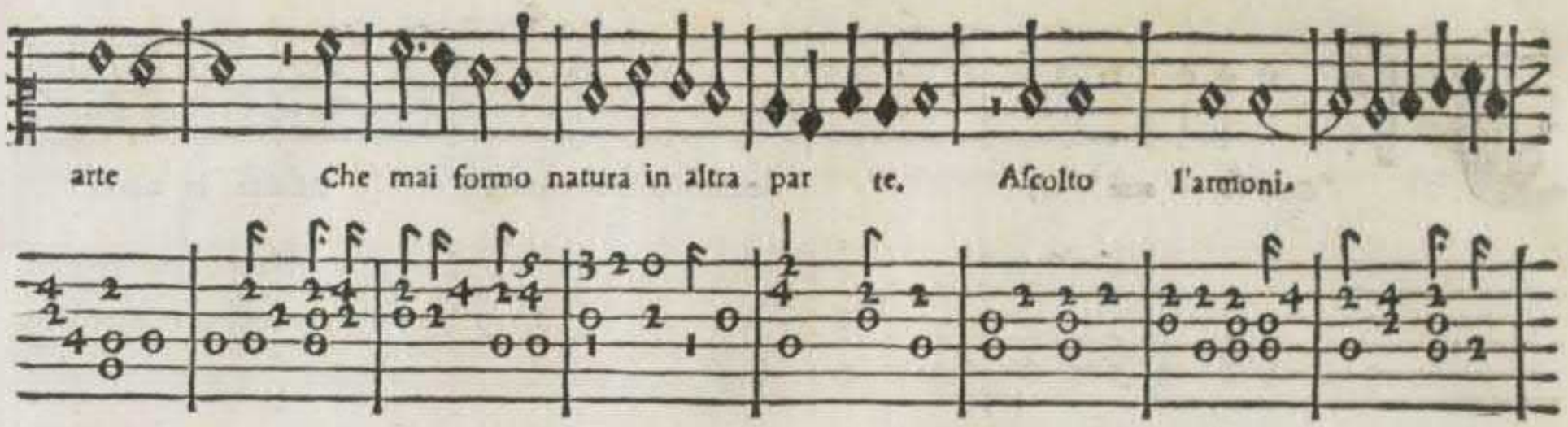

sdegni e pianti. che'lfin de ciechi amanti | e in uan pentirs' e finir in dolo re per

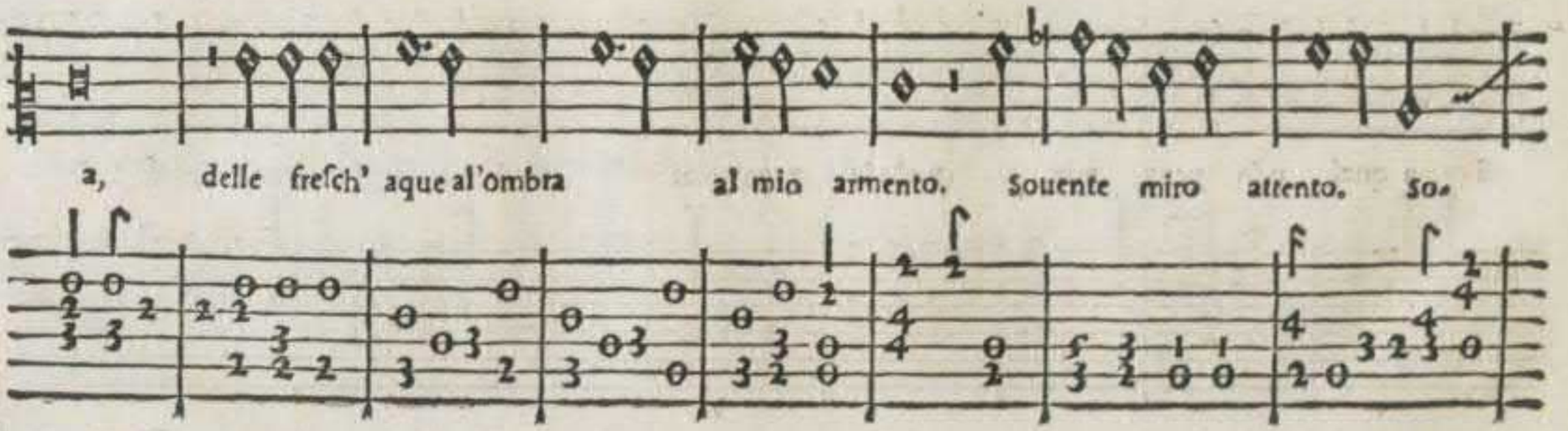

esser tropp'errore fars'un cieco fanciul si alto iddio

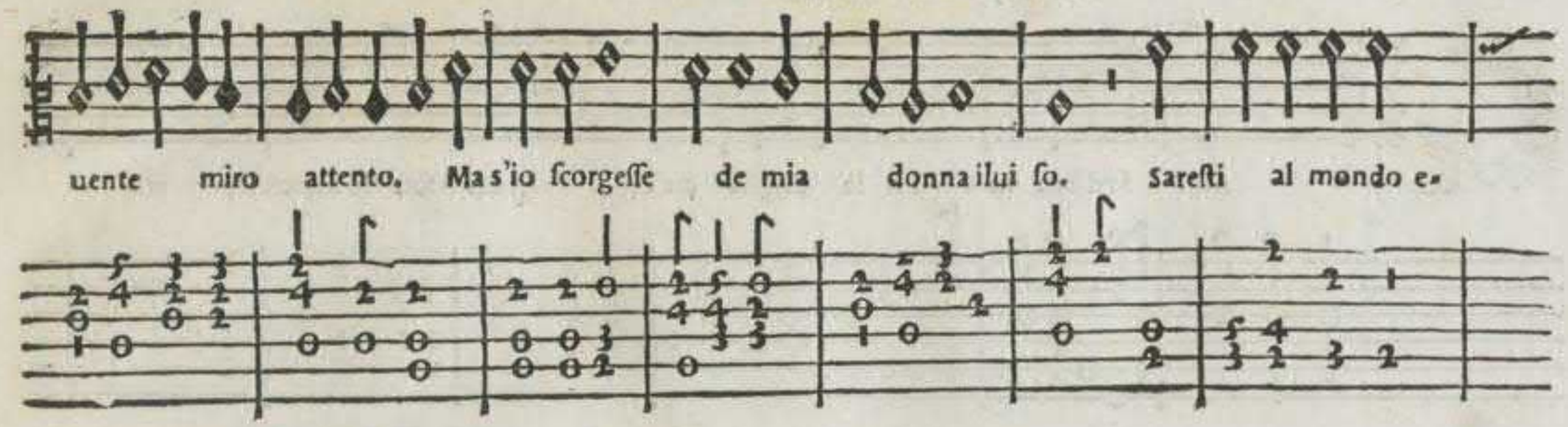

Gno so aue ll ou'il mio foco alento, Ascolta in corte.

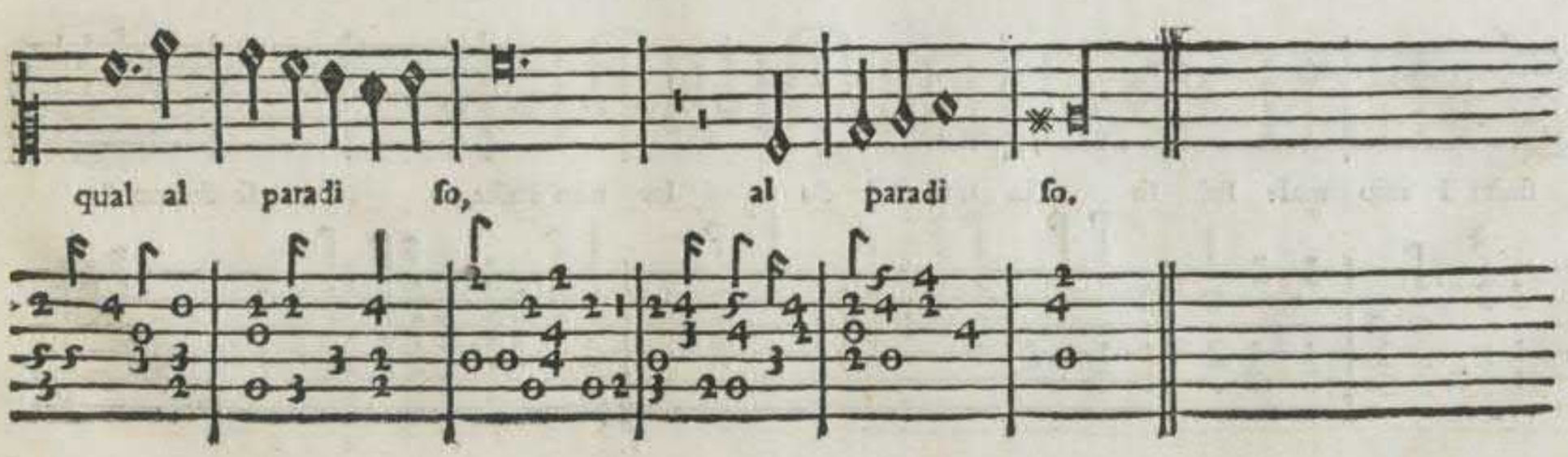

si a qual e la pena mia, qual e la pena mia. Io ben te ueggio adorno in si bel

Verdelotto


arte Che mai formo natura in altra par te. Aſcolto l'armoni-


a, delle freſch' aque al'ombra al mio armento. Souente miro attento. So-

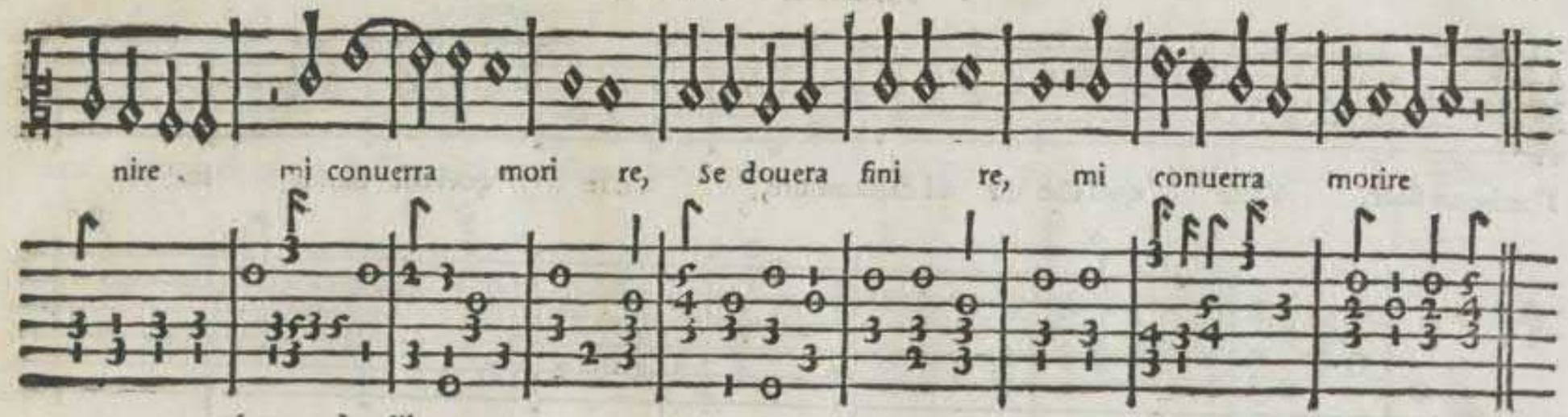

uente miro attento. Ma s'io ſcorgeſſe de mia donna ilui ſo. Sareſti al mondo e-


qual al paradi ſo, al paradi ſo.

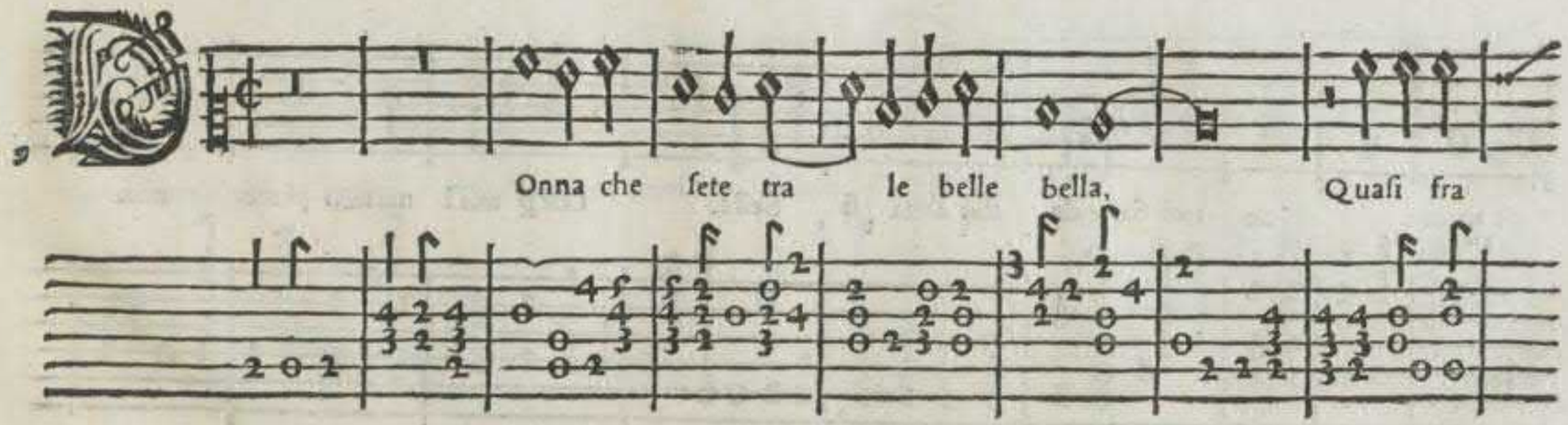
Al terço de la Sottana

Mor fe d'hor in hor la doglia creſce, Anzi fatt' imortale, chi

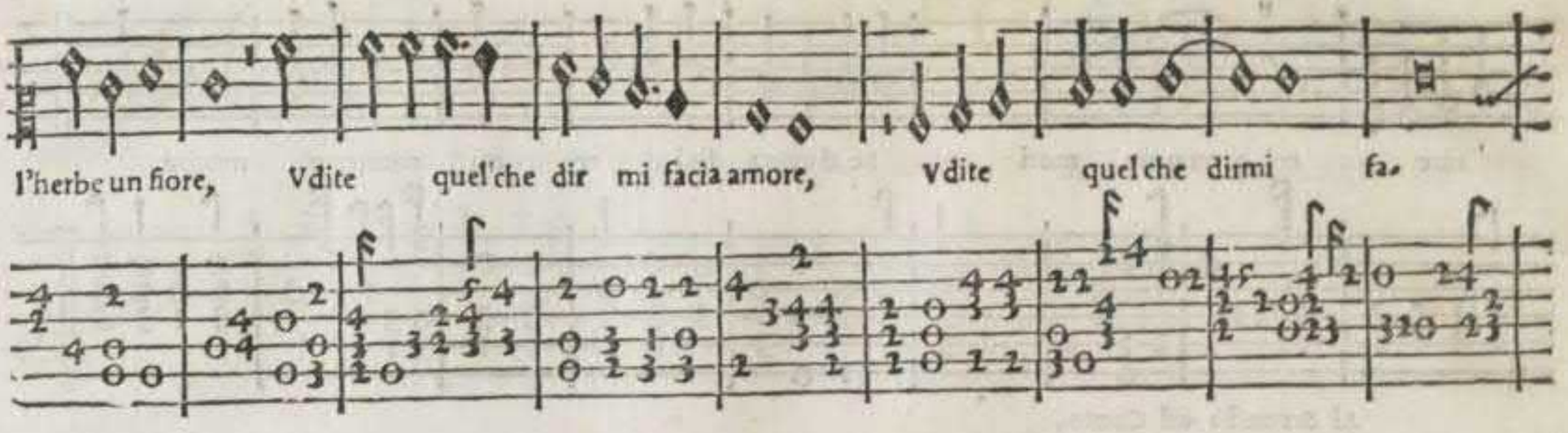
finirà il mio male laſ ſo s' in uita de'l do lor non s'aſce ſe douera fi-

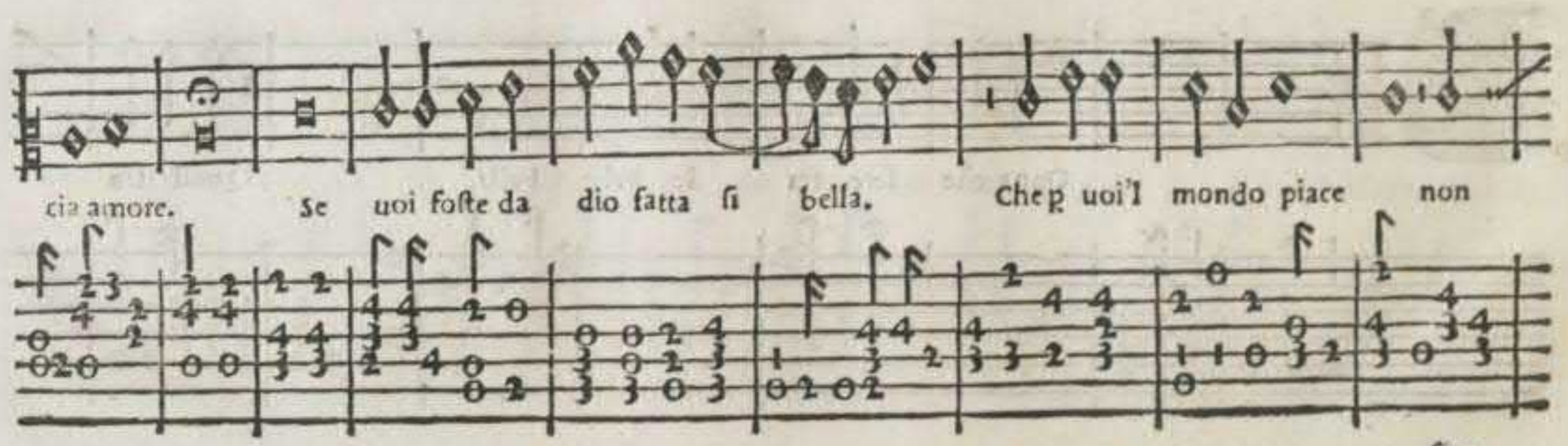


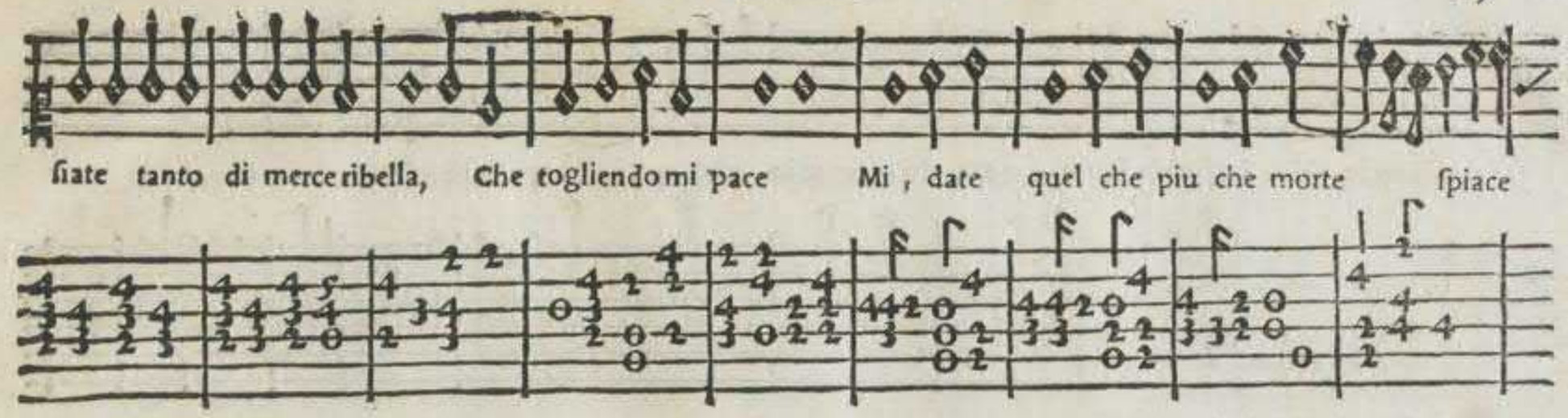
Al Secondo dil Canto.

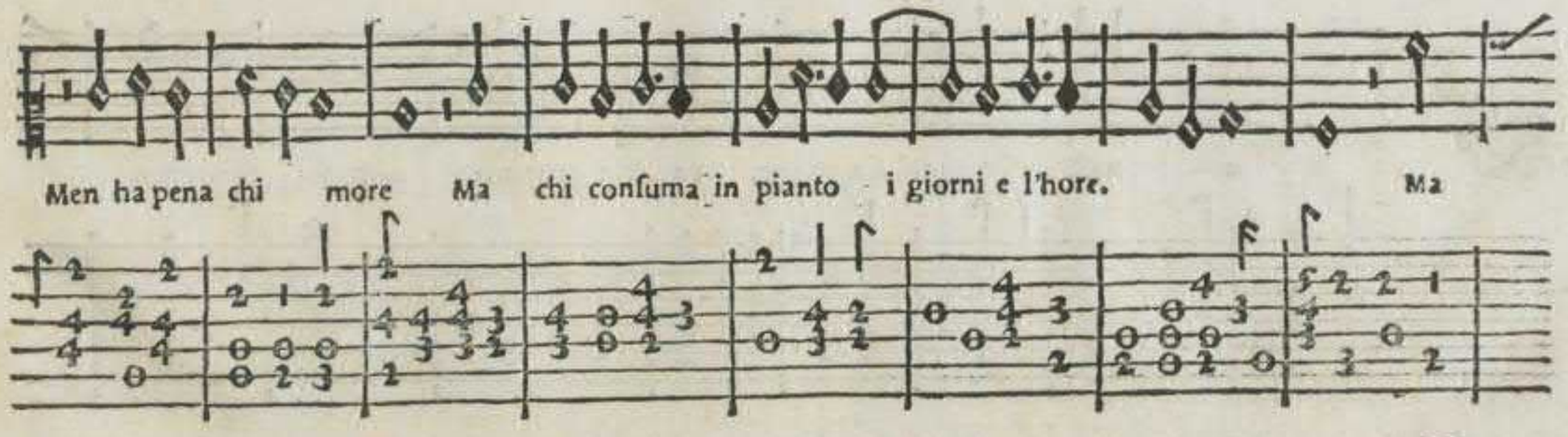


Verdelotto


l'herbe un fiore, Vdite quel che dir mi facia amore, Vdite quel che dirmi fa.

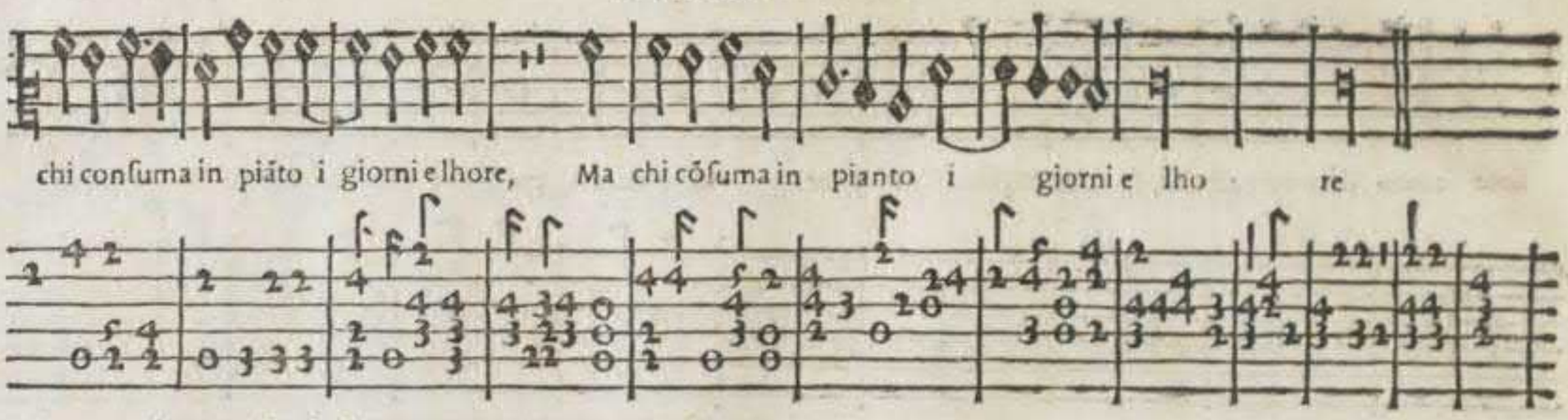

cia amore. Se uoi foste da dio fatta si bella. Che p uoi'l mondo piace non
fiate


ſiate tanto di merce ribella, Che togliendo mi pace Mi, date quel che piu che morte ſpiace

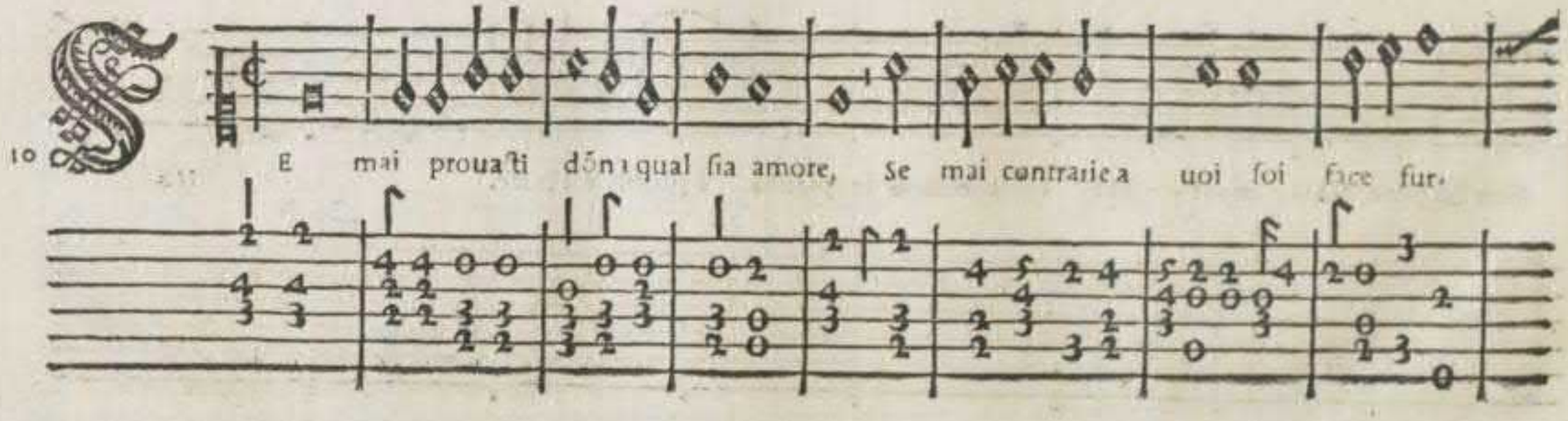

Men ha pena chi more Ma chi conſuma in pianto i giorni e l'hore. Ma

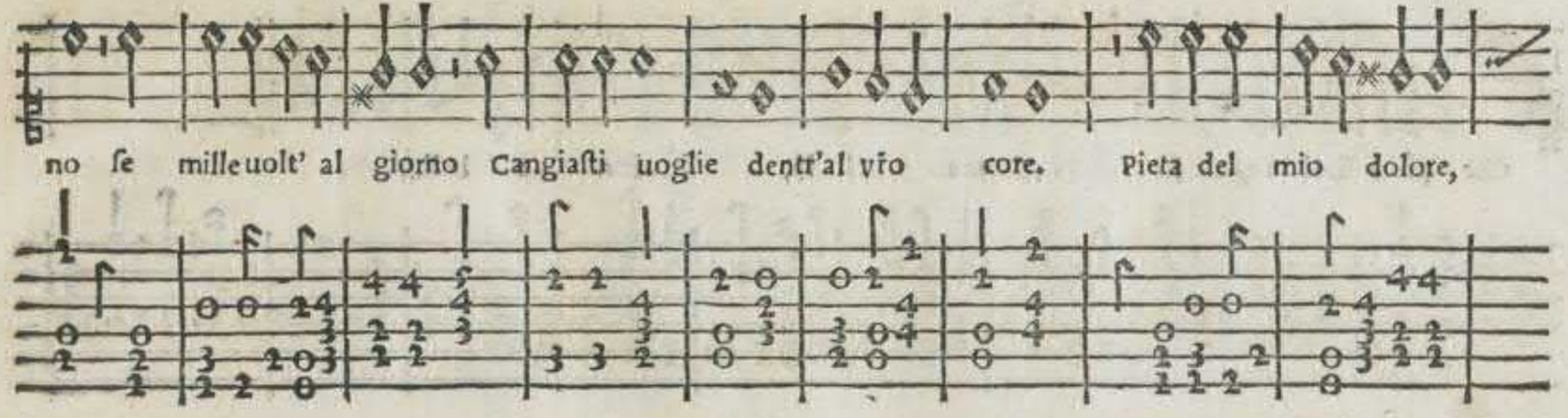
D

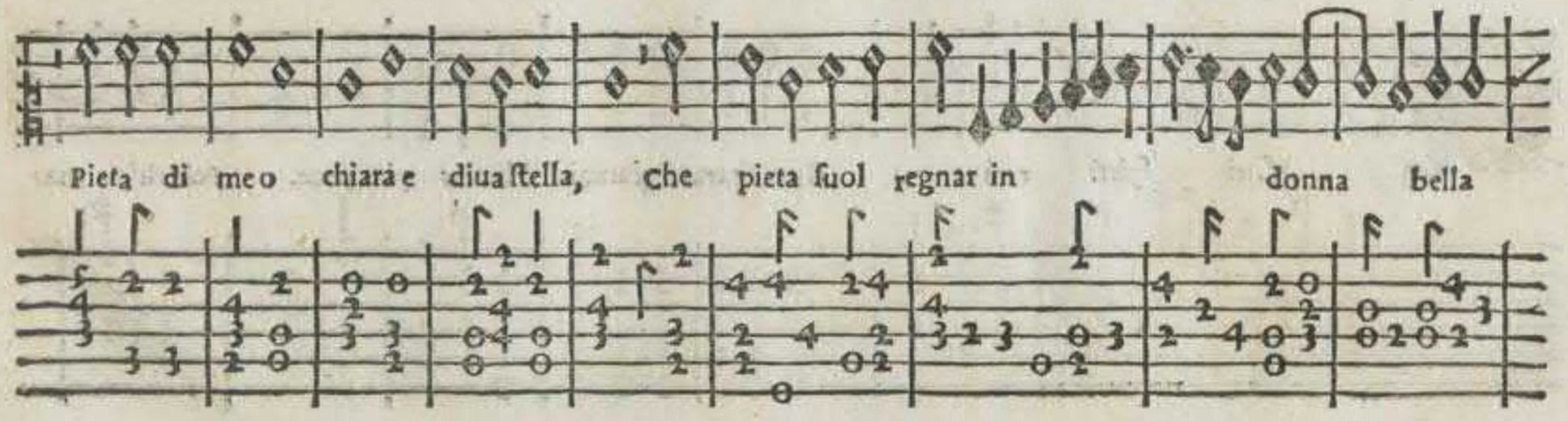
Verdelotto.



Al Secondo de la Sottana.




no ſe milleuolt' al giorno Cangiaſti uoglie dentr'al vſo core. Pieta del mio dolore,

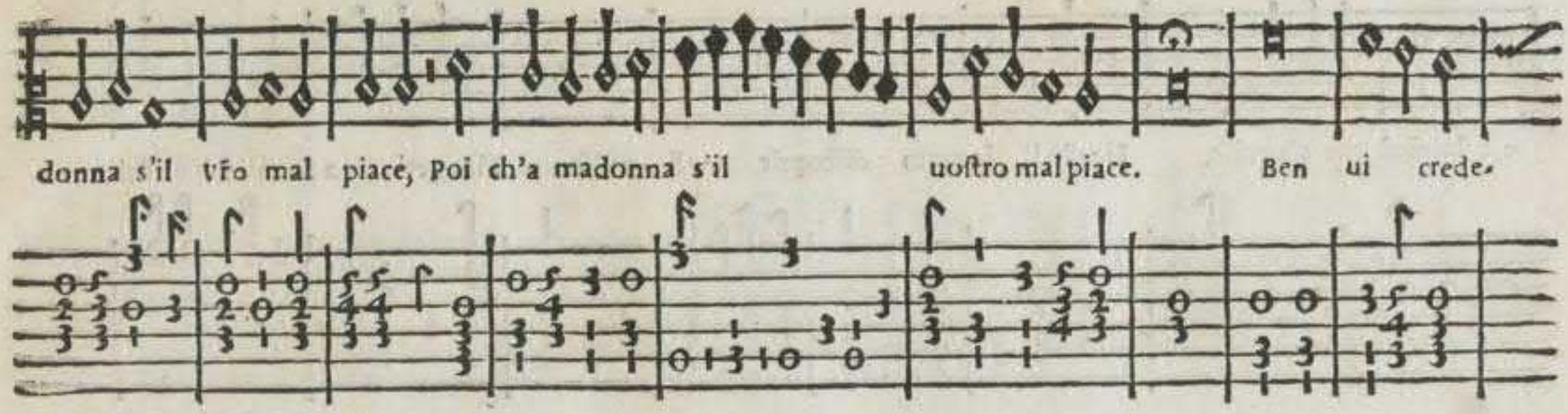

Pieta di meo chiarà e diuaſtella, che pieta ſuol regnar in donna bella

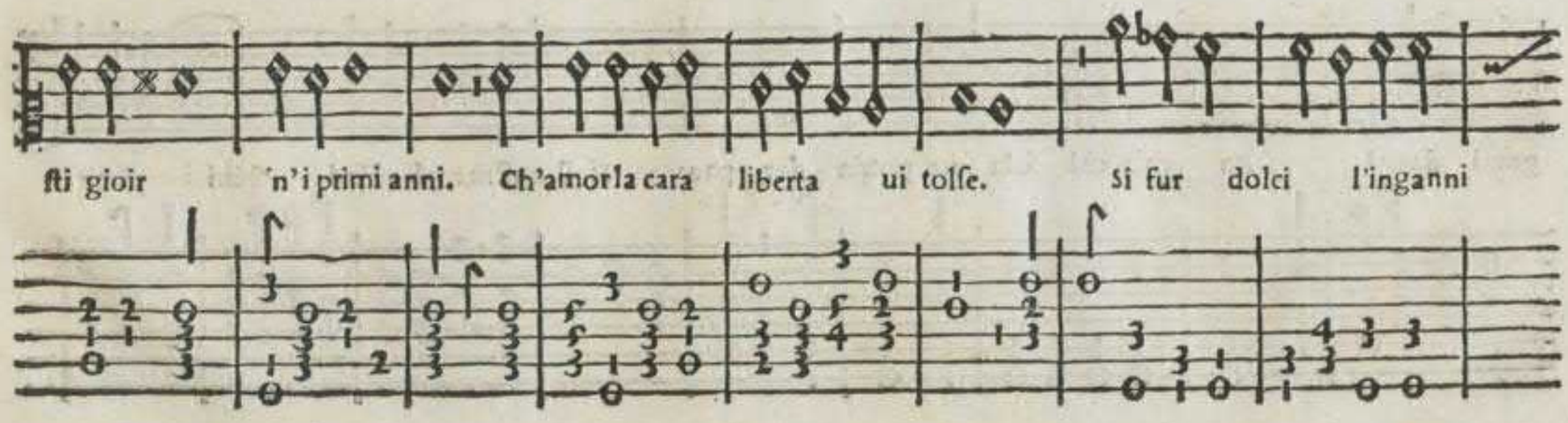
Verdelotto

Che pieta ſuol regnar in donna bel la, in don na bella.

Al Terzo taſto de la Sottana.

Ffiitti ſpirti mei Non ſperate giamai d'hauer piu pace. Poi ch' a ma-

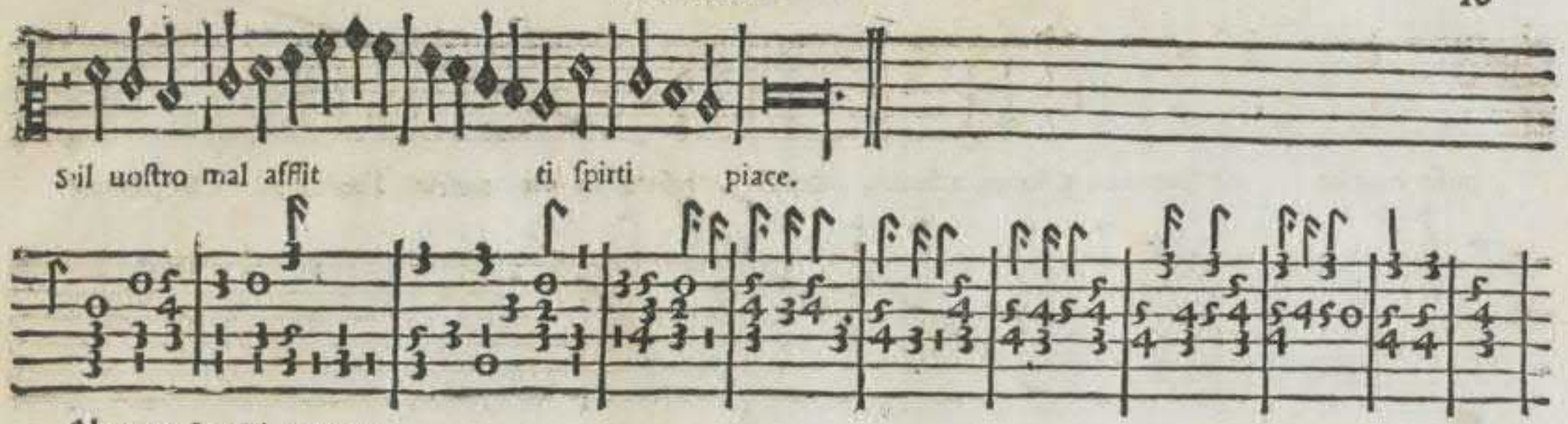

donna s'il vſo mal piace, Poi ch'a madonna s'il uoſtro mal piace. Ben ui crede-


ſti gioir 'n'i primi anni. Ch'amor la cara liberta ui tolſe. Si fur dolci l'inganni

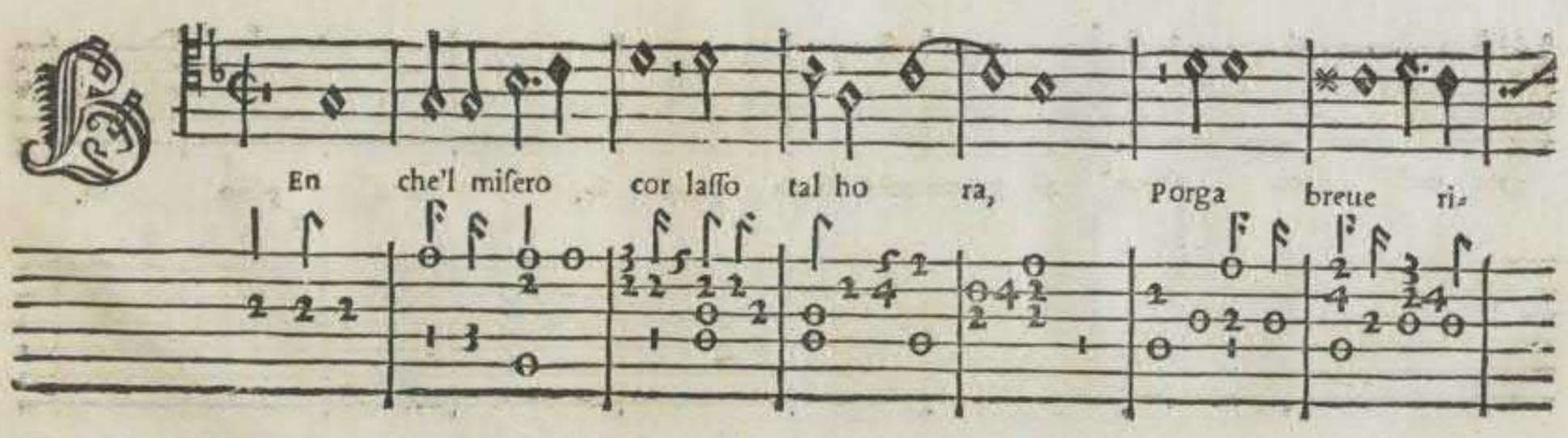
Verdelotto

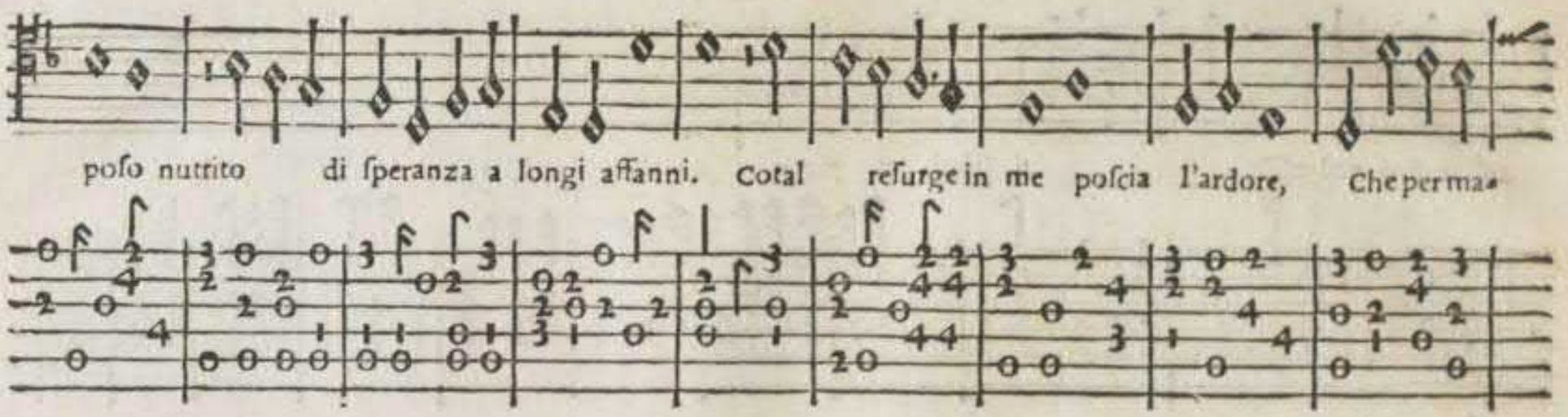
e i lacci al cor s'auolſe, Fin chel' ingrato diſcoprir gli uolſe. Pianget' adonque i uoſtri

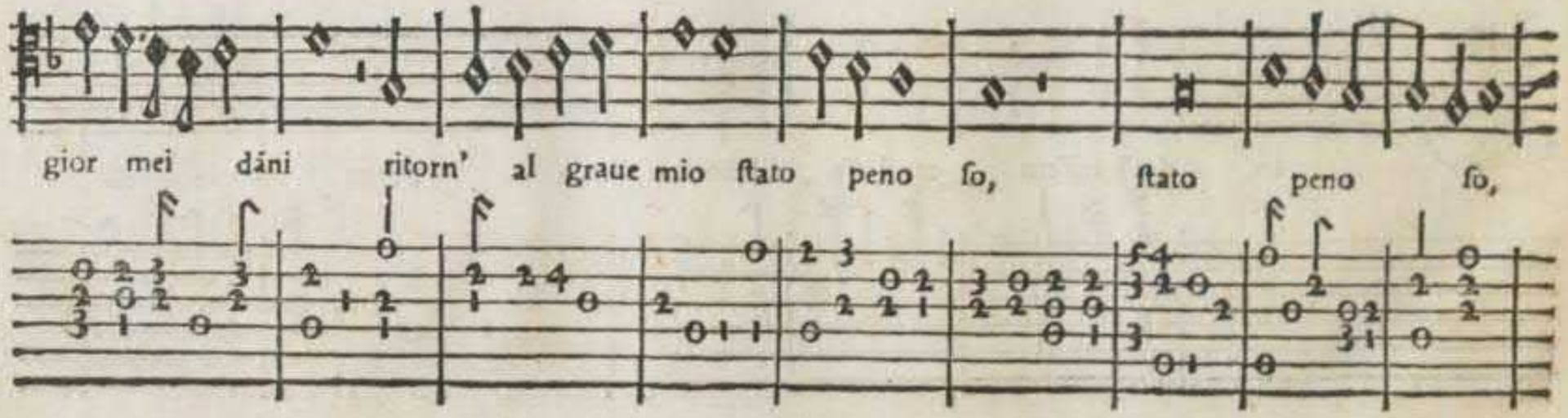
graui danni Da ch'a chi ſola ue potria dar pace, ſi il uoſtro mal afflitti ſpirti piace

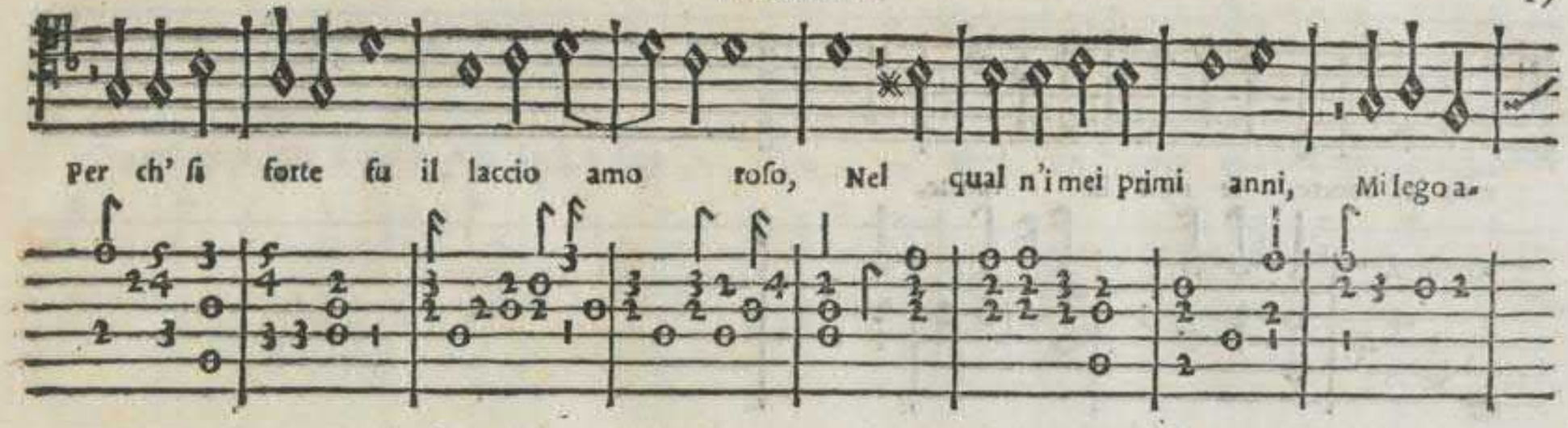


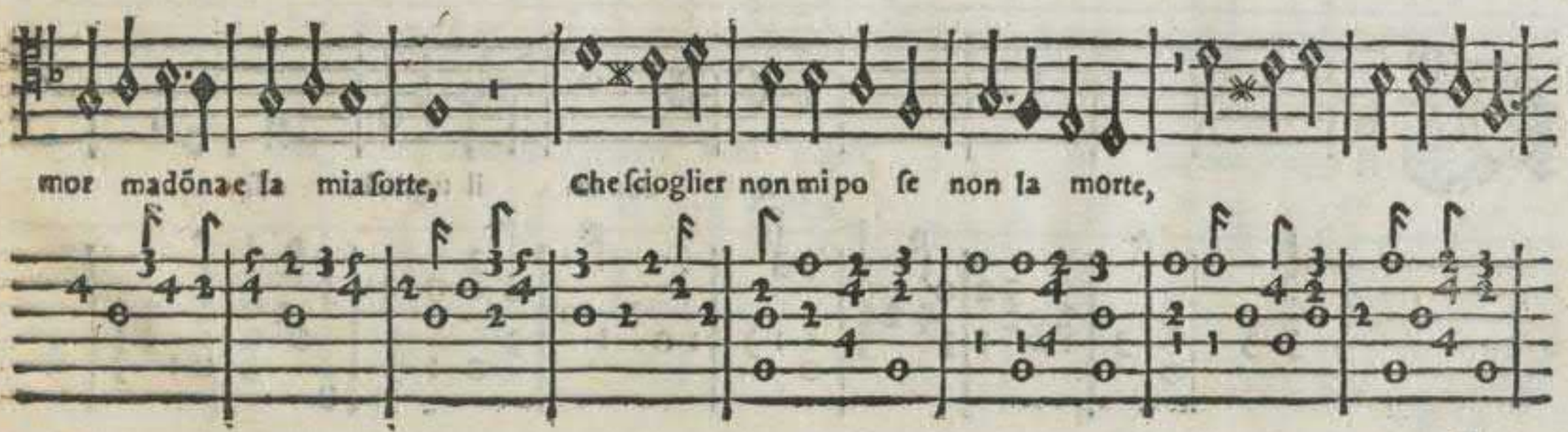
Al Secondo dil Tenore.




poſo nutrito di ſperanza a longi affanni. Cotal reſurge in me poſcia l'ardore, Che per ma-


gior mei dãni ritorn' al graue mio ſtato peno ſo, ſtato peno ſo,
per che


Per ch' ſi forte fu il laccio amo roſo, Nel qual n'i mei primi anni, Mi lego a-

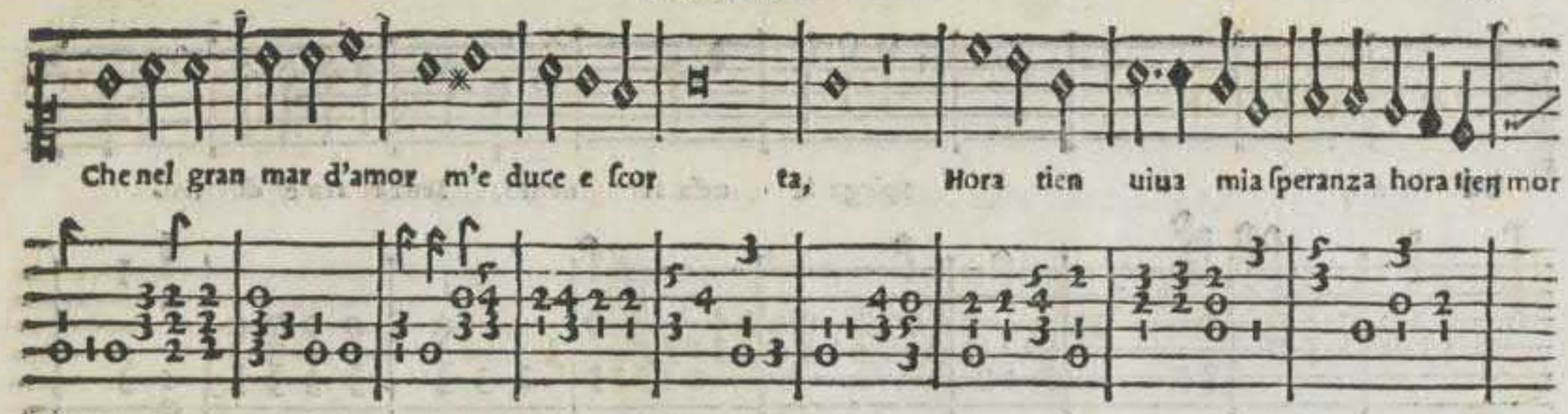

mor madõna e la mia ſorte, Che ſcioglier non mi po ſe non la morte,

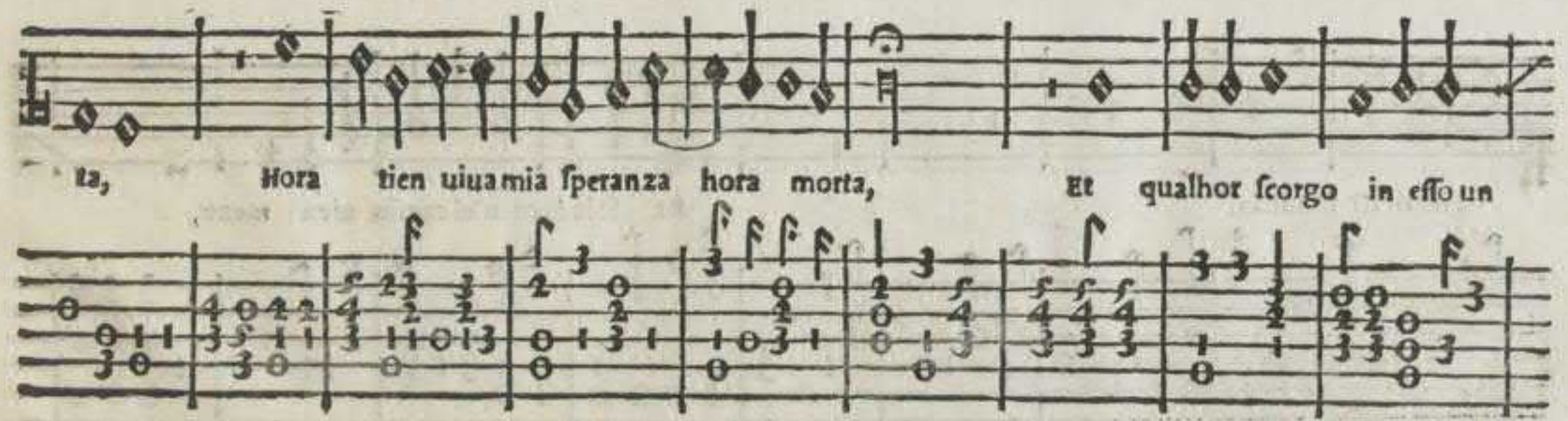
Verdelotto

non la morte, se non la morte.

Al Terzo de la Sottana.

13 A donna il tuo bel viso.

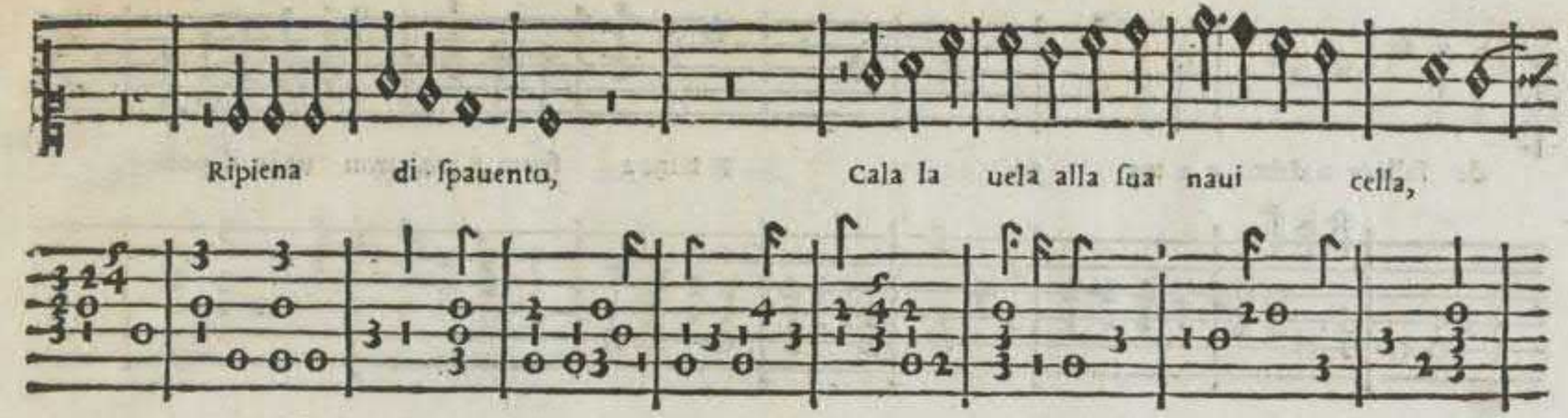

Che nel gran mar d'amor m'e duce e ſcor ta, Hora tien uiua mia ſperanza hora tien mor

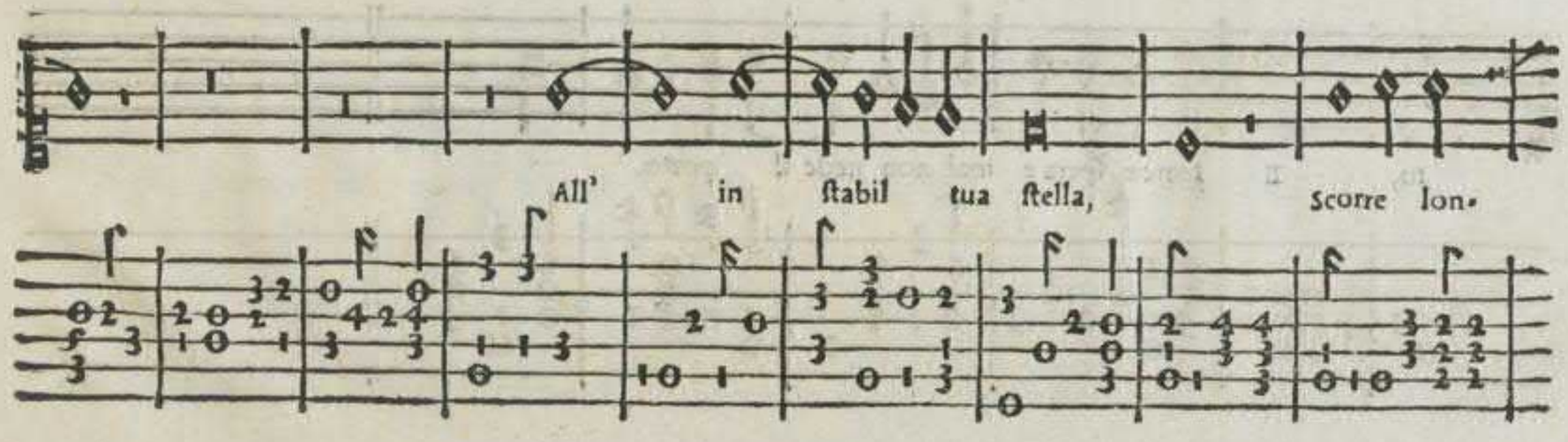

ta, Hora tien uiua mia ſperanza hora morta, Et qualhor ſcorgo in eſſo un

Verdelotto

bel ſereno, ſpiega la uela al uento, Senza teme di ſco-

glio o di procella, Ma ſe la luce n'el camin uien meno,

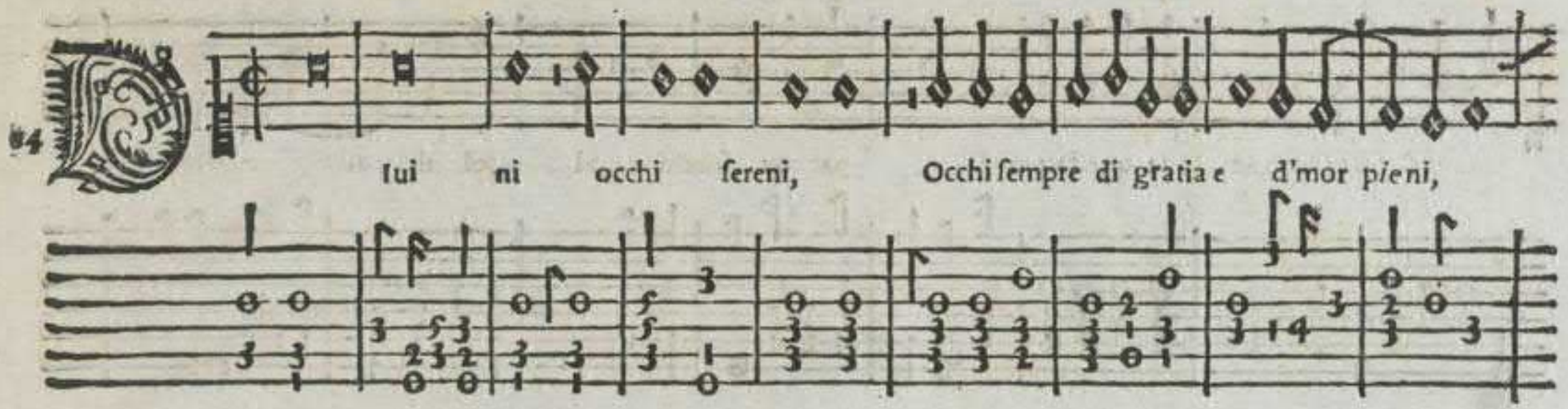

Ripiena di ſpauento, Cala la uela alla ſua naui cella,

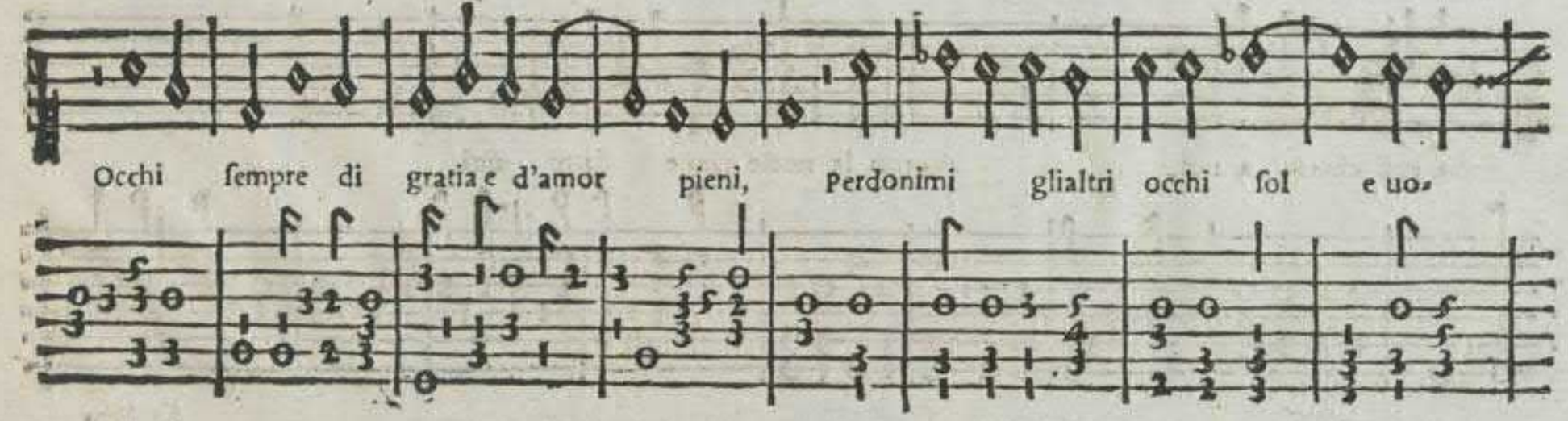

All' in ſtabil tua ſtella, ſcorre lon-

Verdelotto

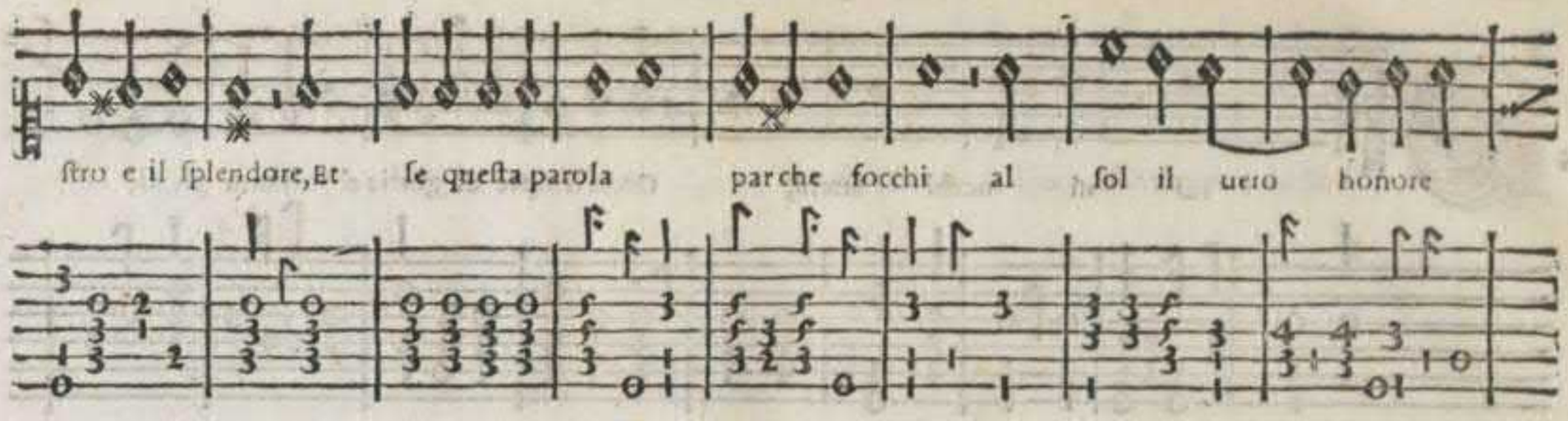
de fallace a dritto e a tor to, E teme e ſpera e mai non uede il por-

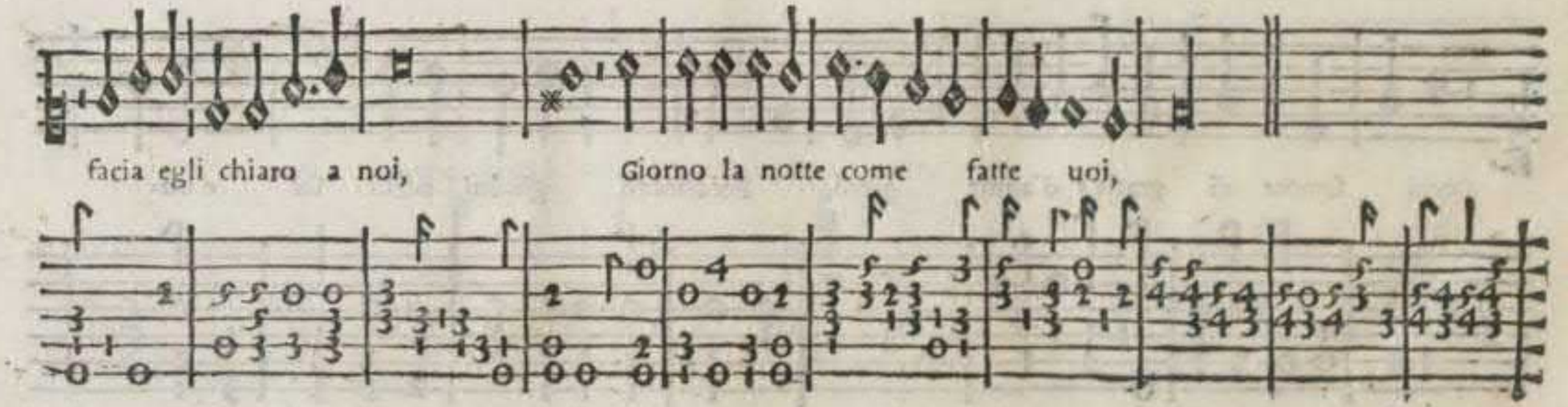
to, E teme e ſpera e mai non uede il porto.


lui ni occhi ſereni, Occhi ſempre di gratia e d'mor pieni,

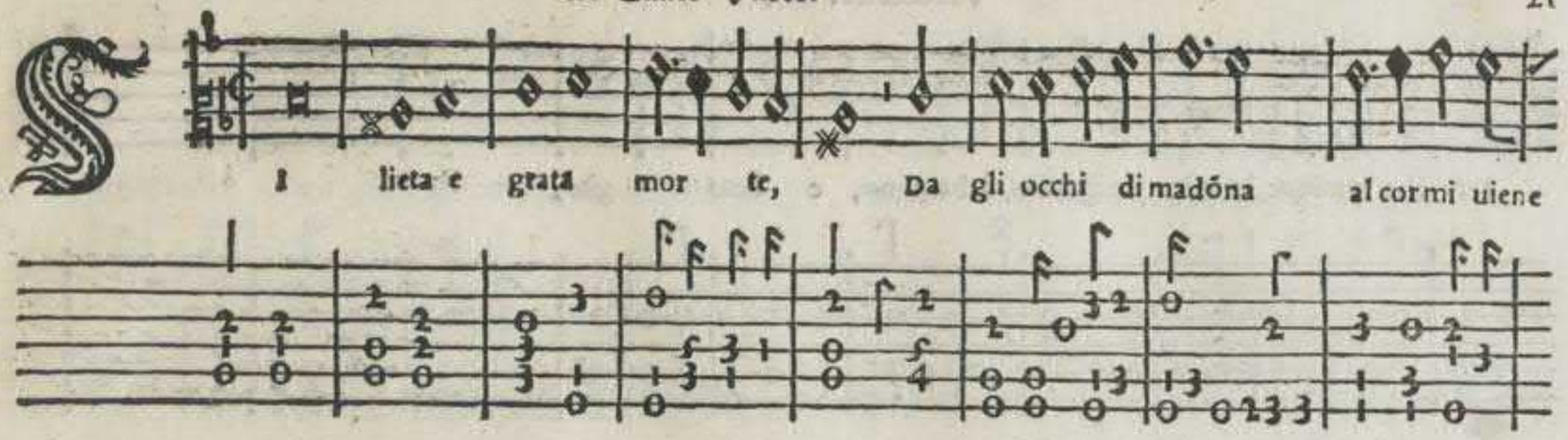

Occhi ſempre di gratia e d'amor pieni, Perdonimi glialtri occhi ſol e uo-

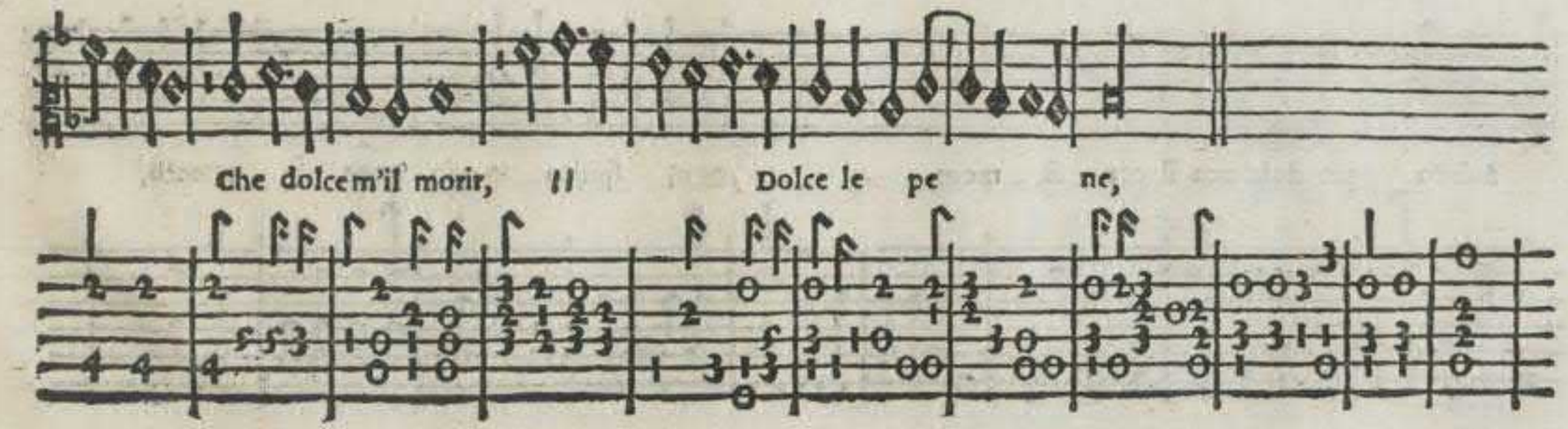
Verdelotto



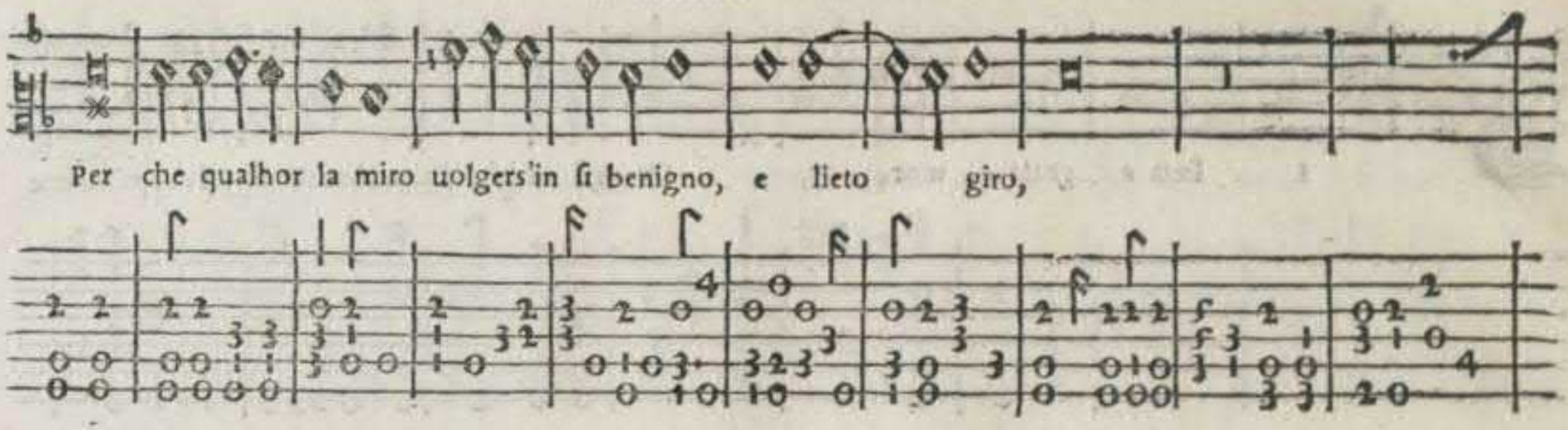


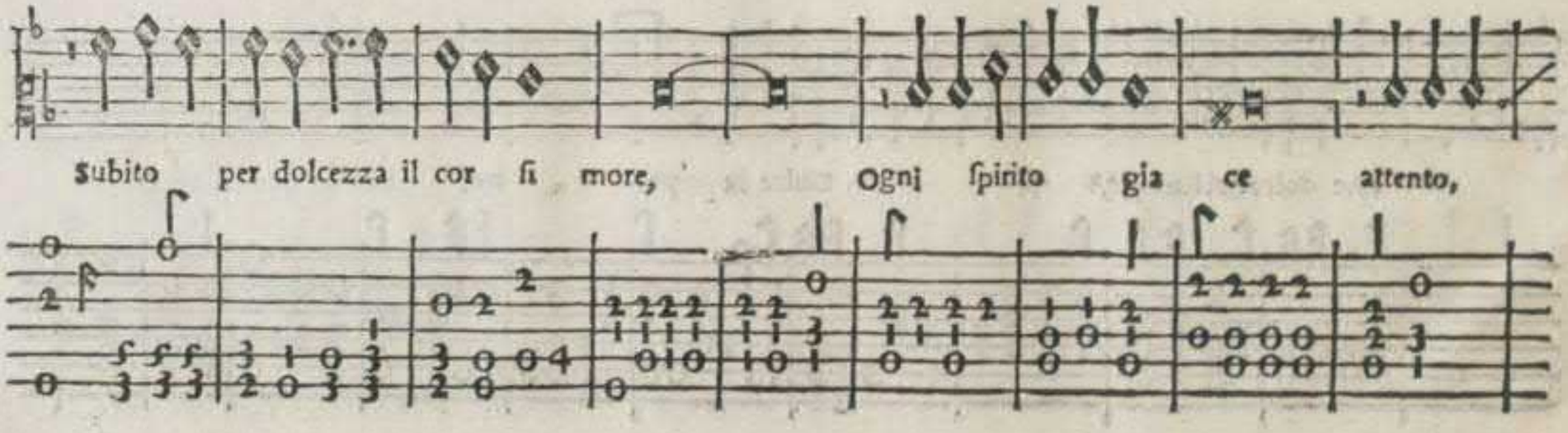
Si lieta

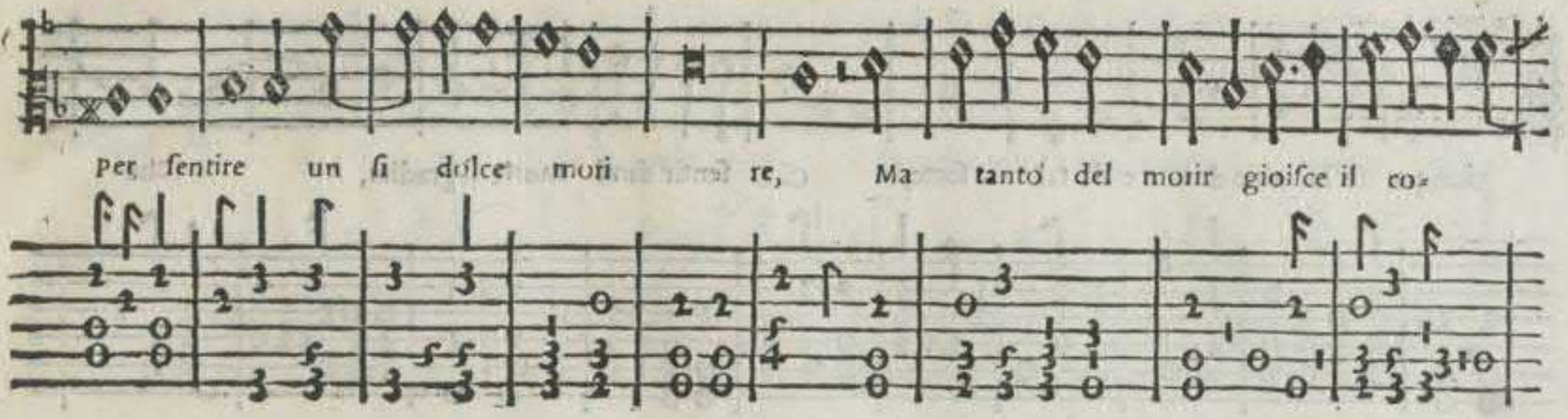

Si lieta e grata mor te, Da gli occhi di madõna al cor mi uiene

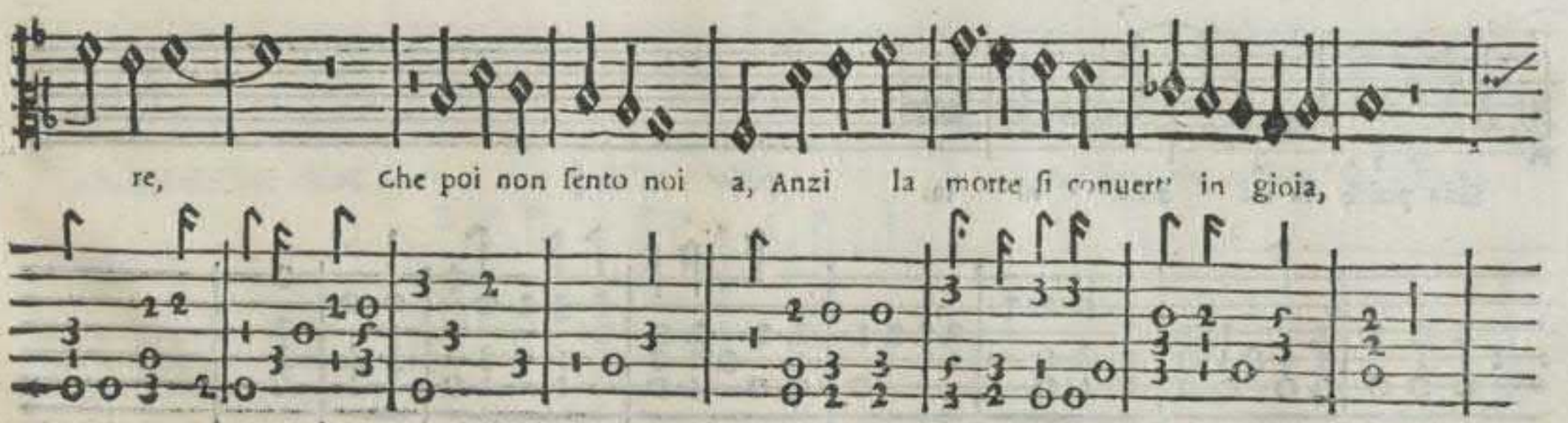

Che dolce m'il morir, Dolce le pe ne,

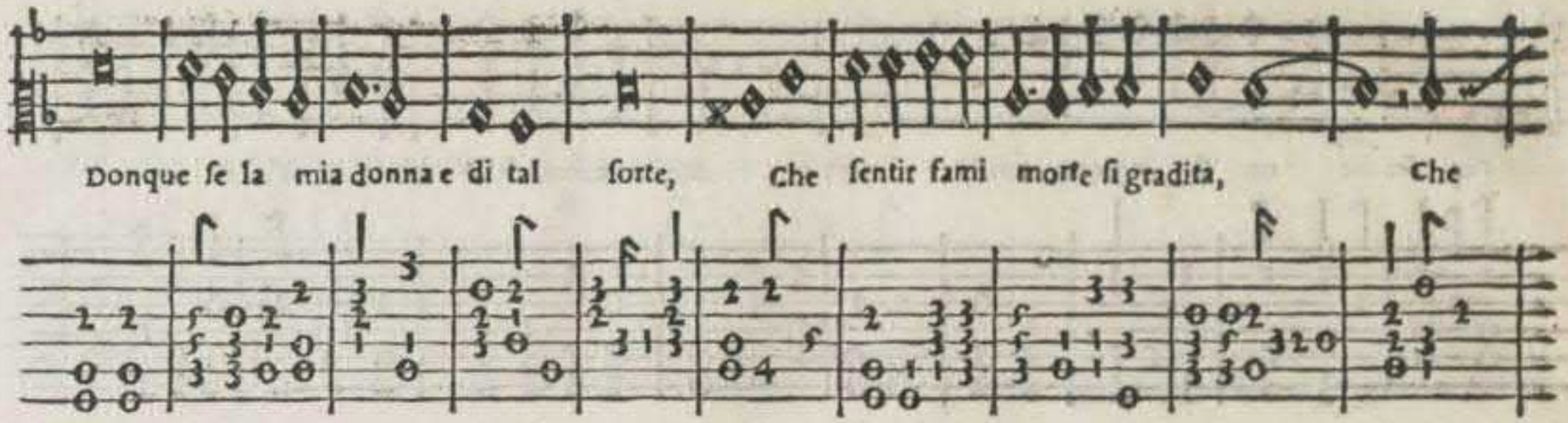
Verdelotto.

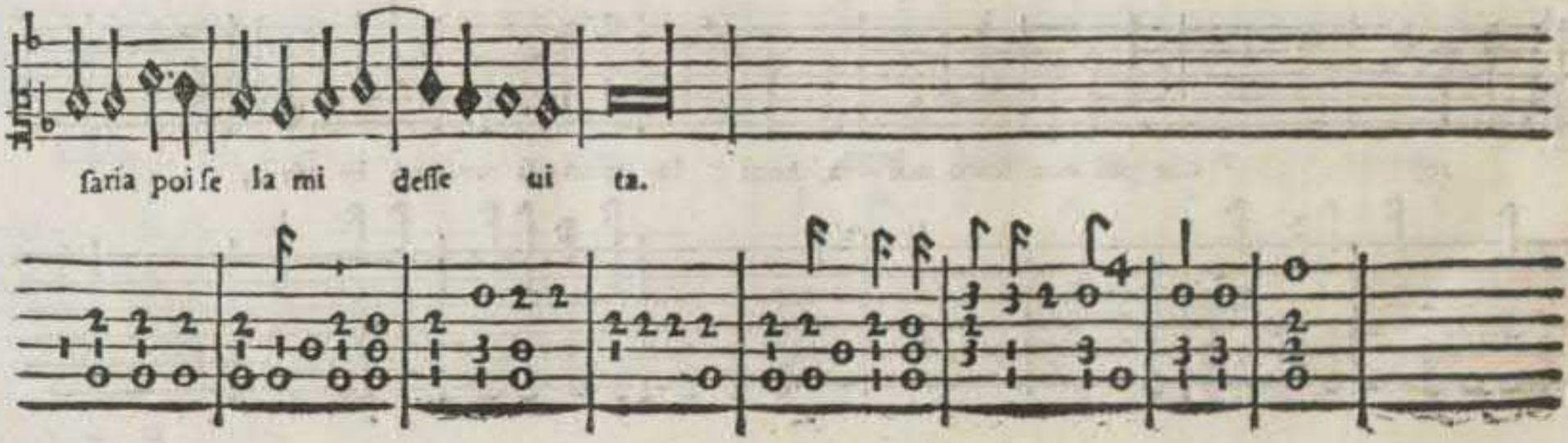

Per che qualhor la miro uolgers'in ſi benigno, e lieto giro,

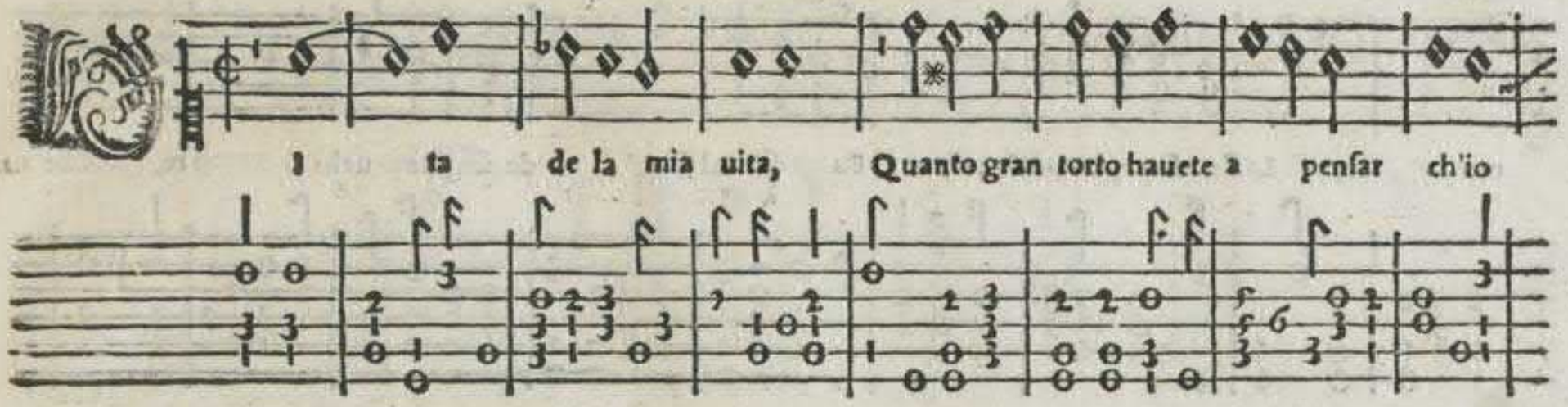

Subito per dolcezza il cor ſi more, ogni ſpirito gia ce attento,

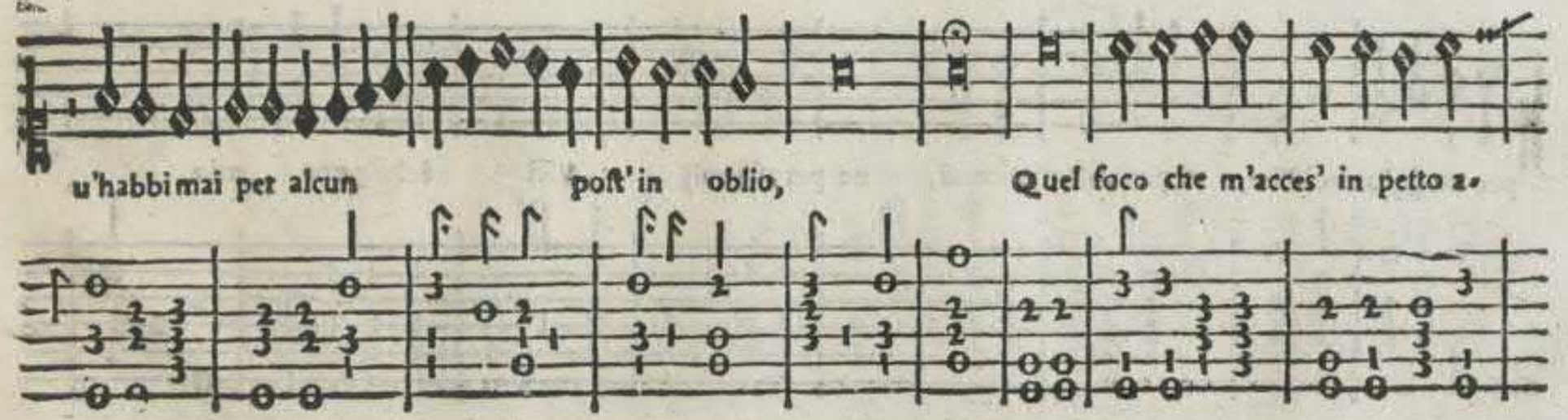

Per ſentire un ſi dolce mori re, Ma tanto del morir gioiſce il co-

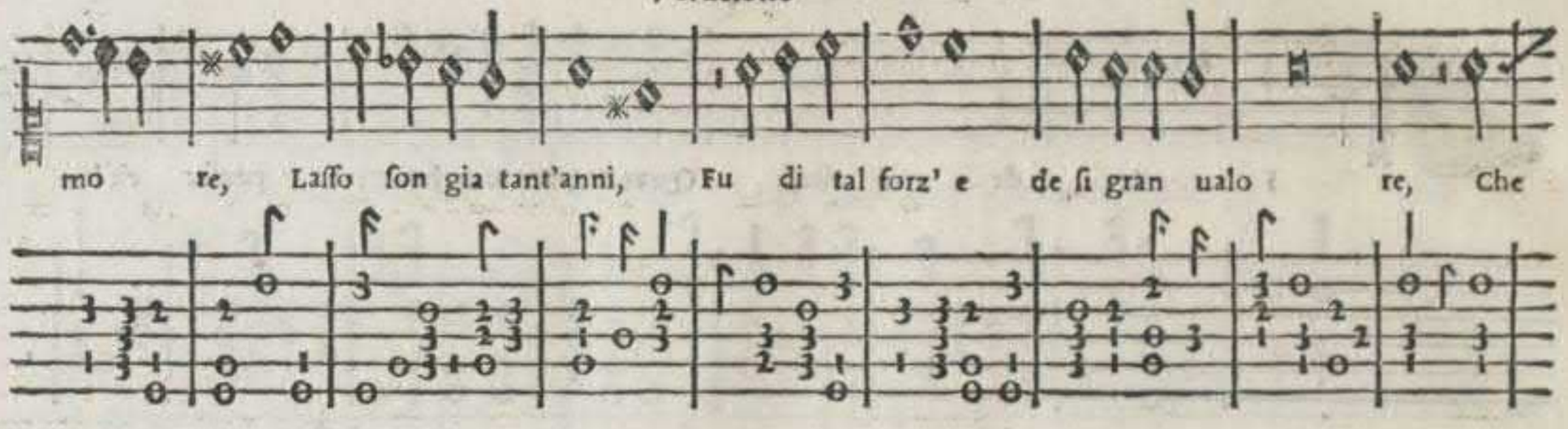

re, che poi non ſento noi a, Anzi la morte ſi conuert' in gioia,

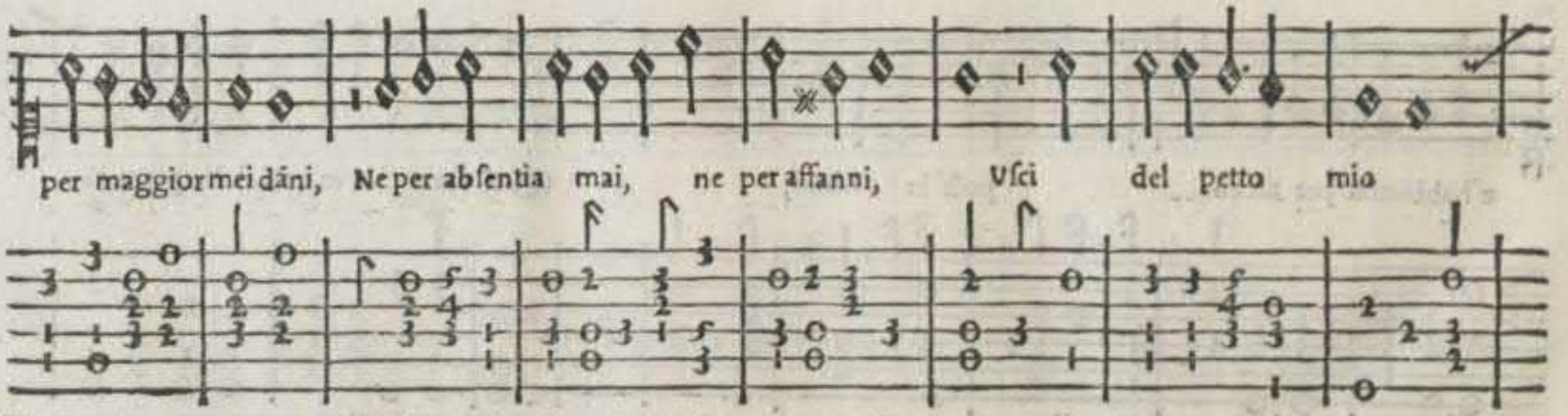

Donque se la mia donna e di tal sorte, Che sentir fami morte si gradita, Che

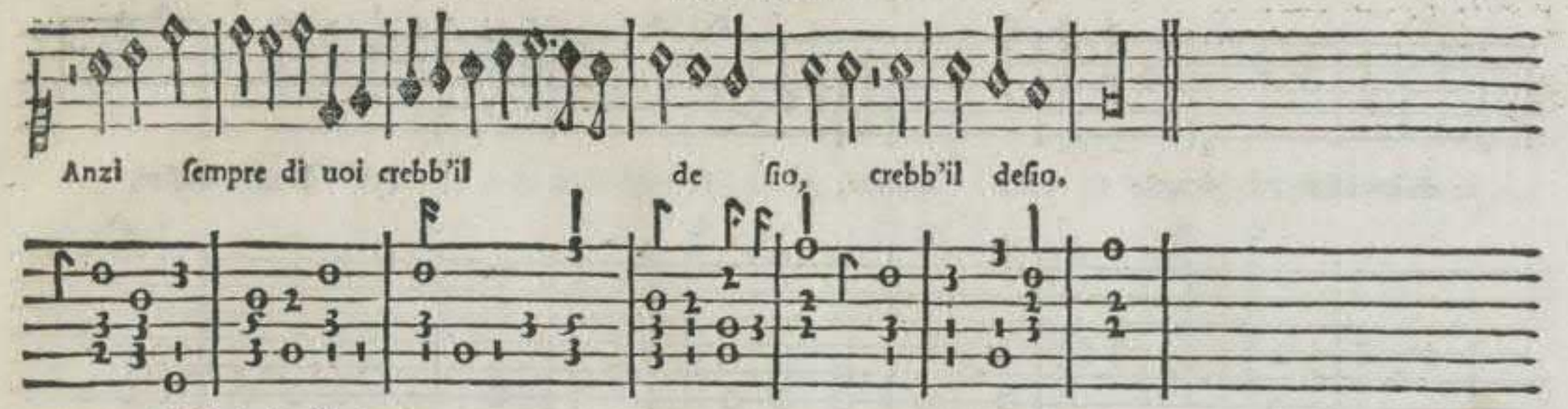

saria poi se la mi desse ui ta.


16
ta de la mia uita, Quanto gran torto hauete a penſar ch'io

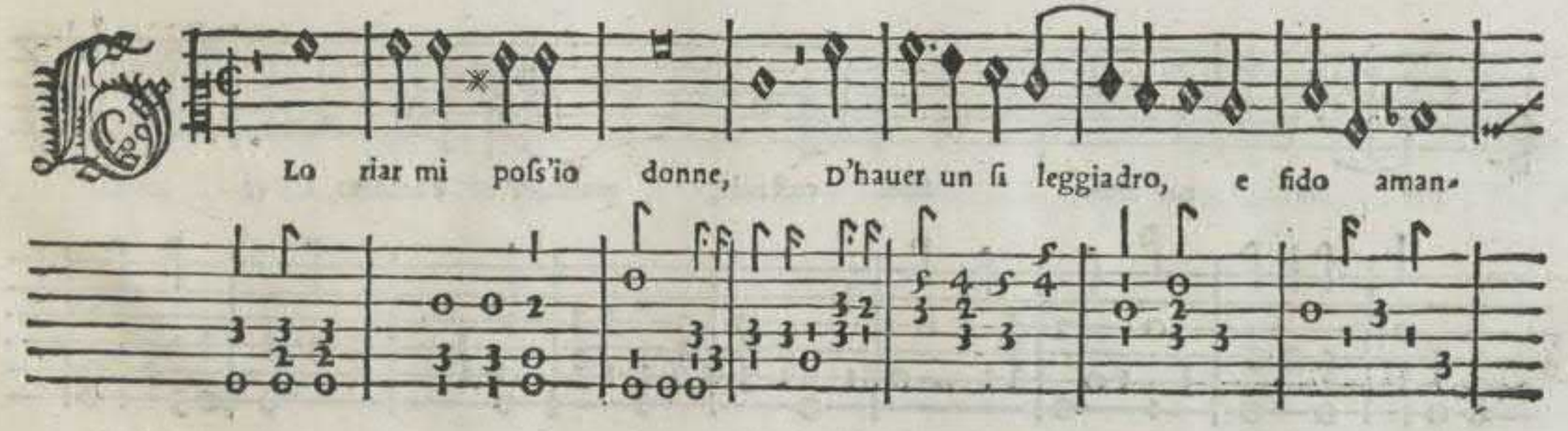

u'habbi mai per alcun poſt'in oblio, Quel foco che m'acces' in petto a-


mo re, Laſſo ſon gia tant'anni, Fu di tal forz' e de ſi gran ualo re, Che

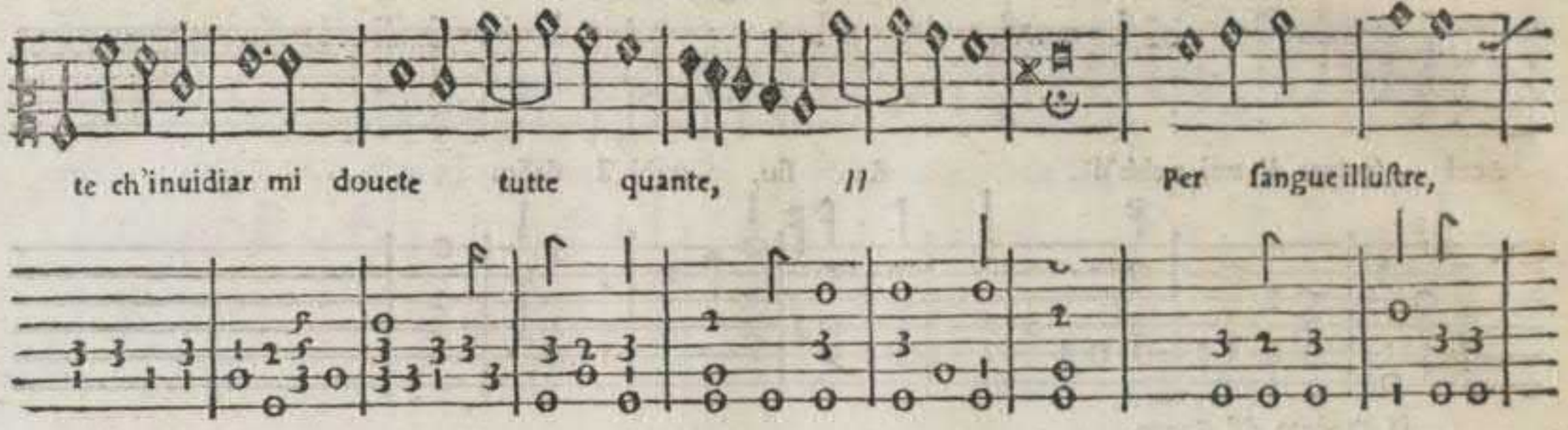

per maggior mei dãni, Ne per abſentia mai, ne per affanni, Vſci del petto mio

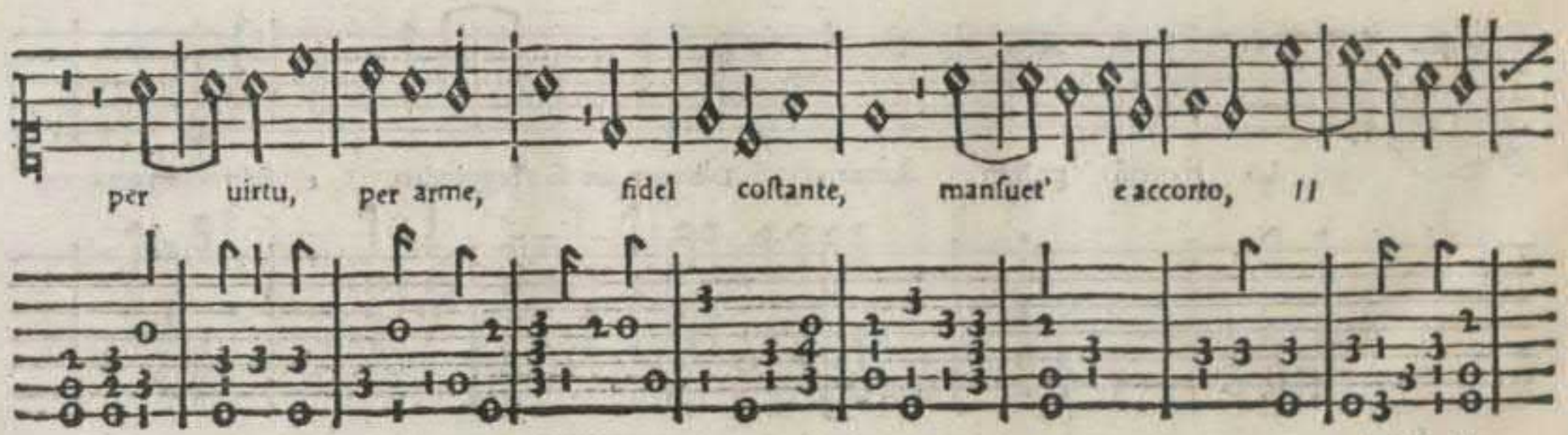


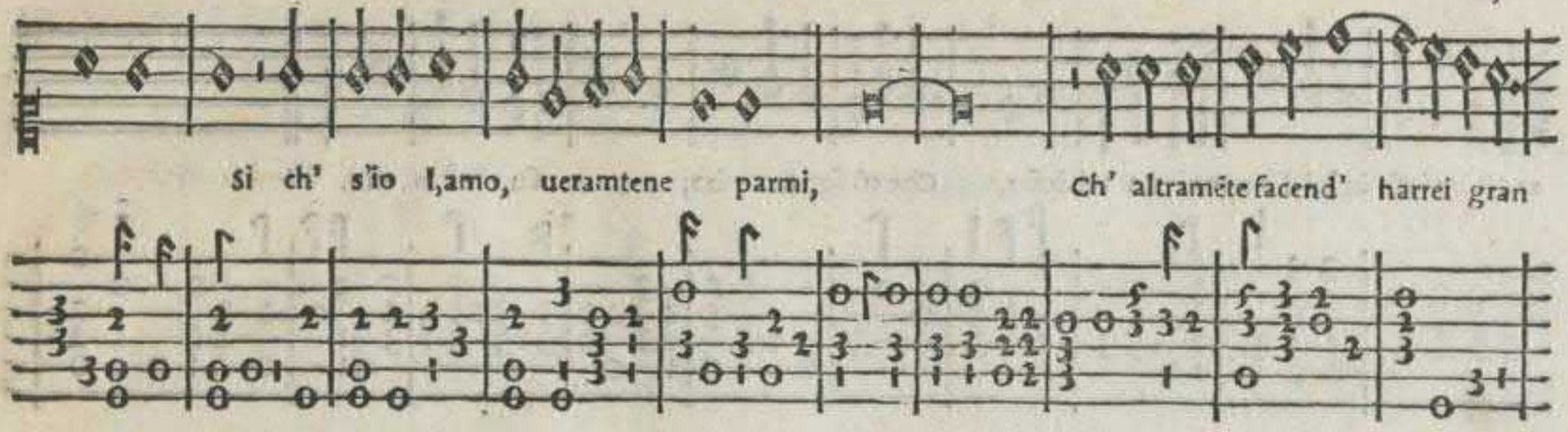
Al Quinto dil Canto.

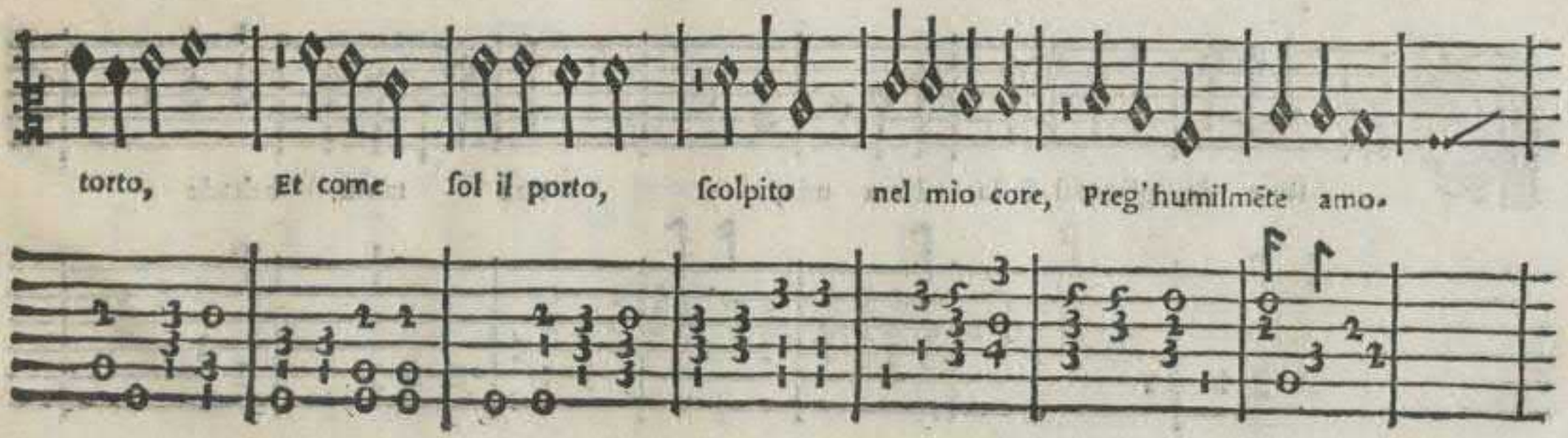


Verdelotto

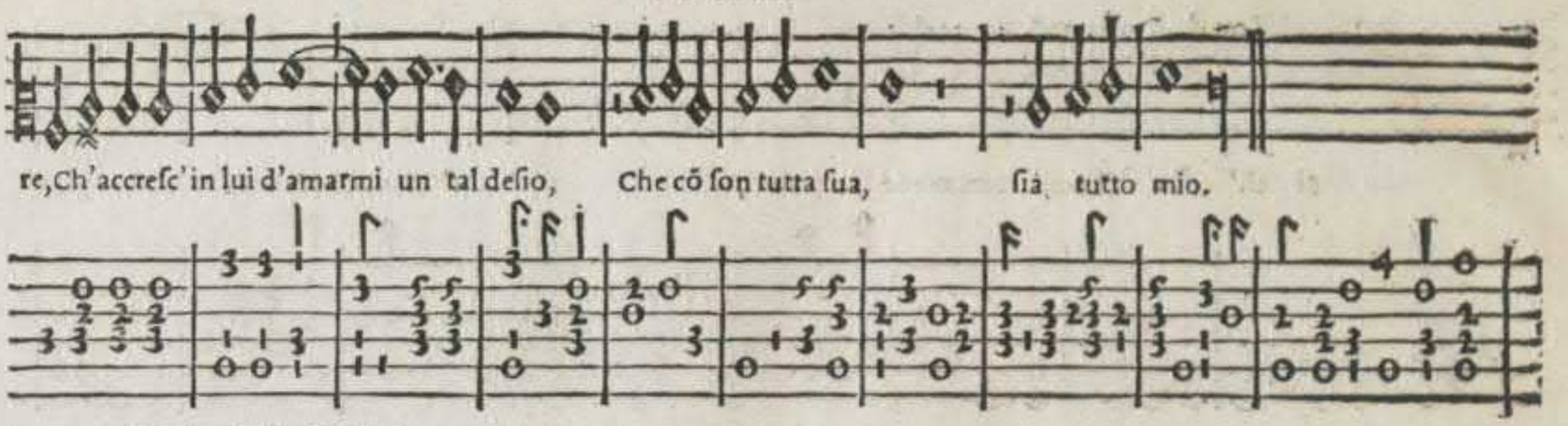

te ch'inuidiar mi douete tutte quante, //
Per ſangue illuſtre,


per uirtu, per arme, fidel coſtante, manſuet' e accorto, //
ſi che

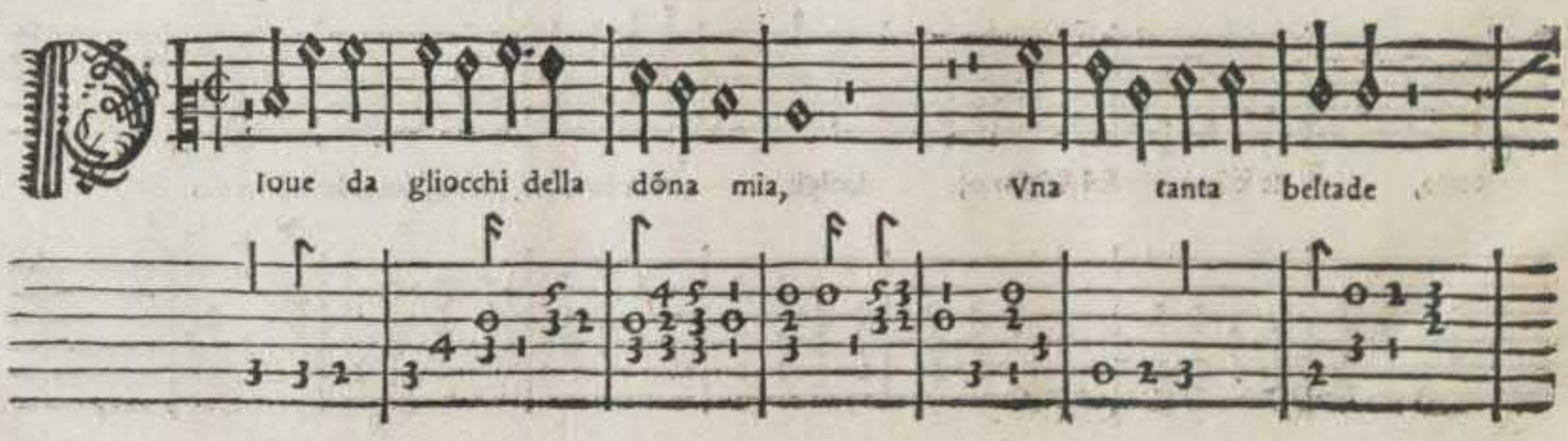

si ch' s'io l,amo, ueramtene parmi, ch' altramẽte facend' harrei gran

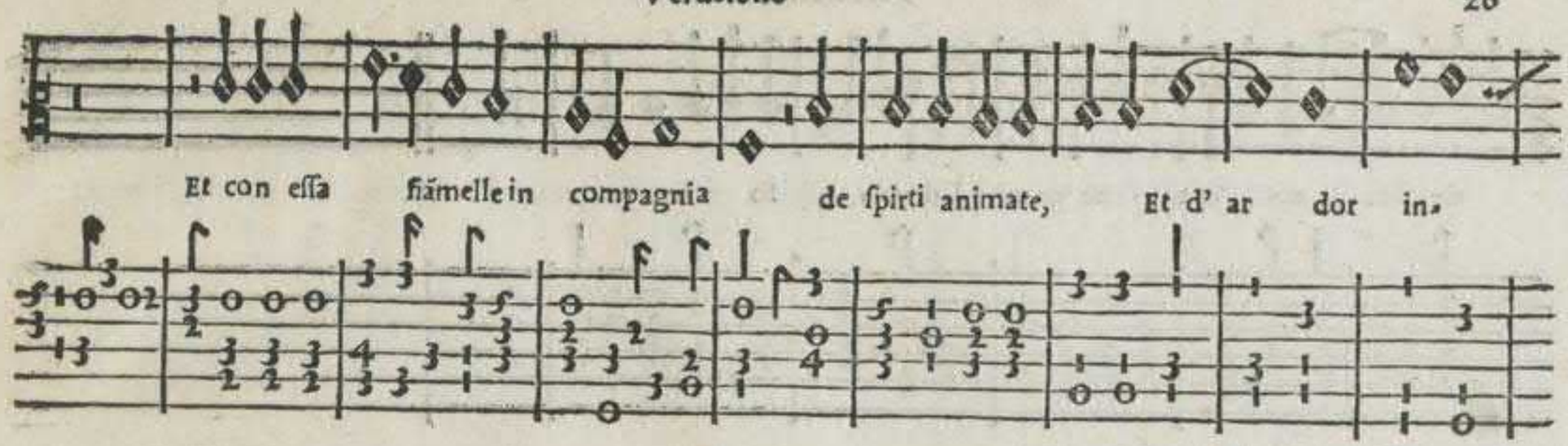

torto, Et come fol il porto, ſcolpito nel mio core, Preg'humilmẽte amo.

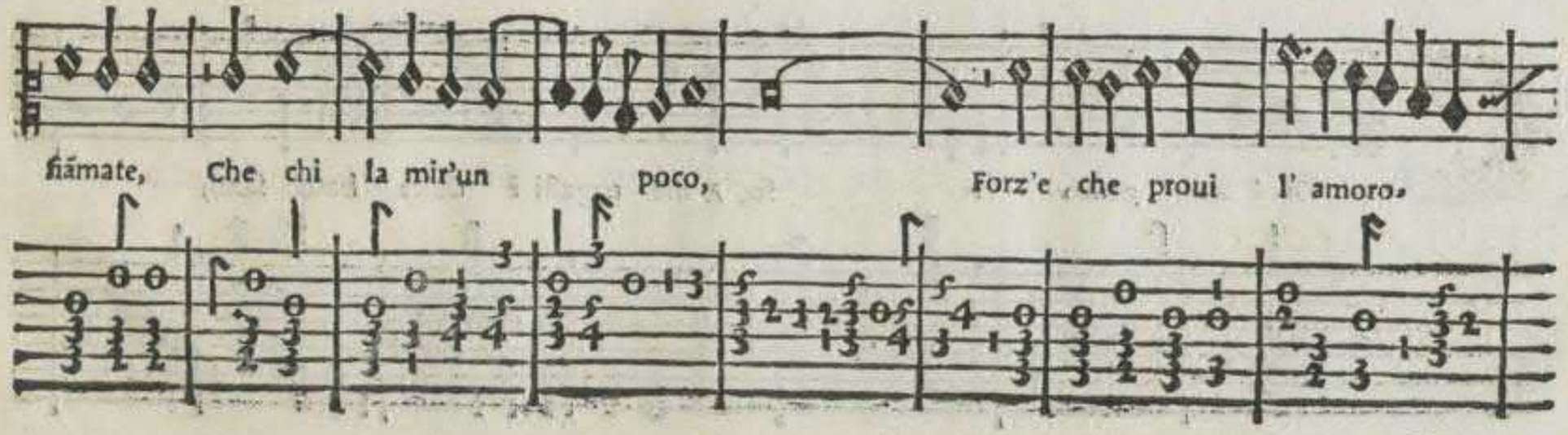
Verdelotto



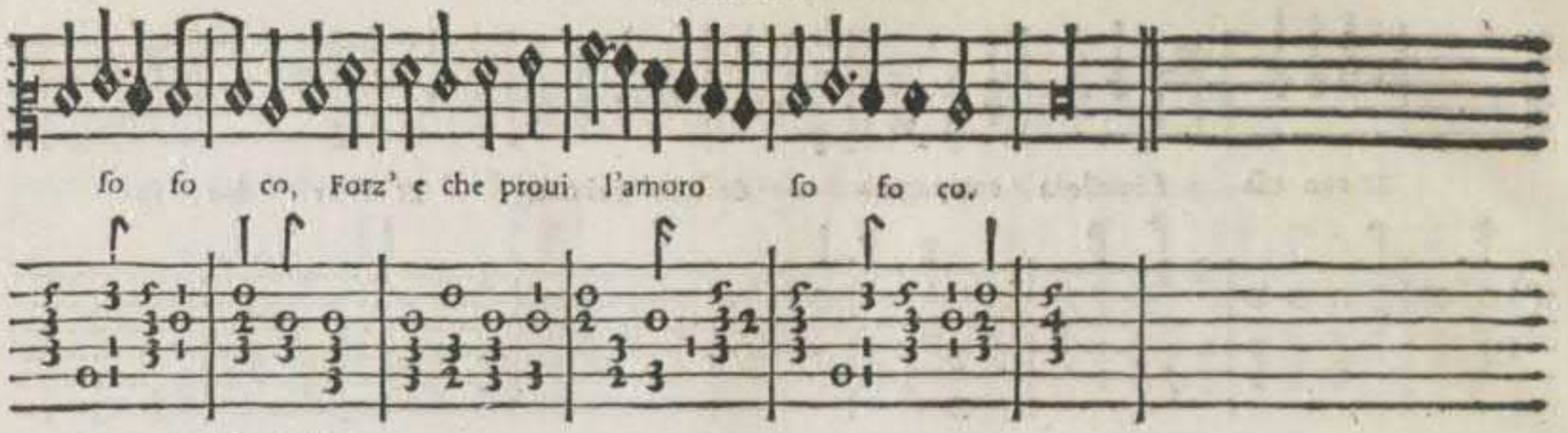
A Tre de la Sottana.



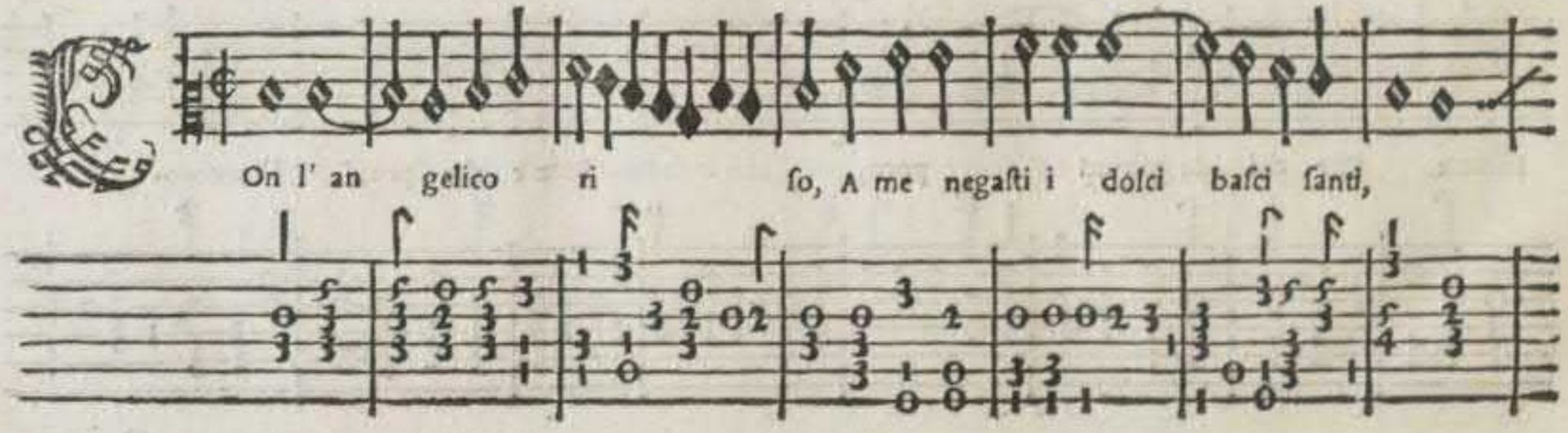

Et con essa fiãmelle in compagnia de spirti animate, Et d' ar dor in-

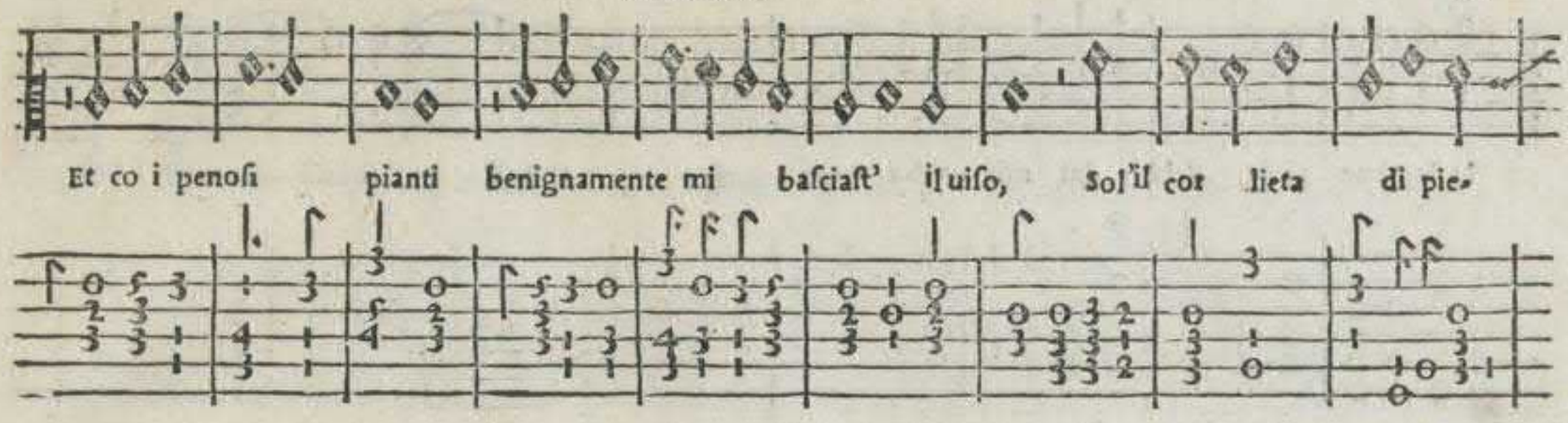

fiãmate, Che chi la mir'un poco, Forz'e che proui l' amoro-

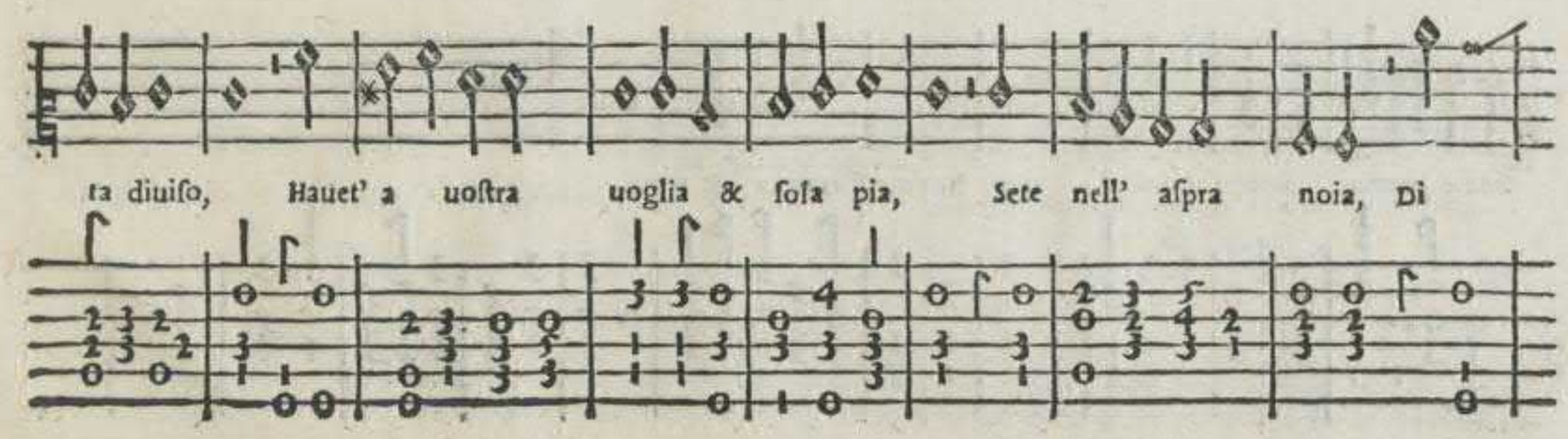
Verdelotto



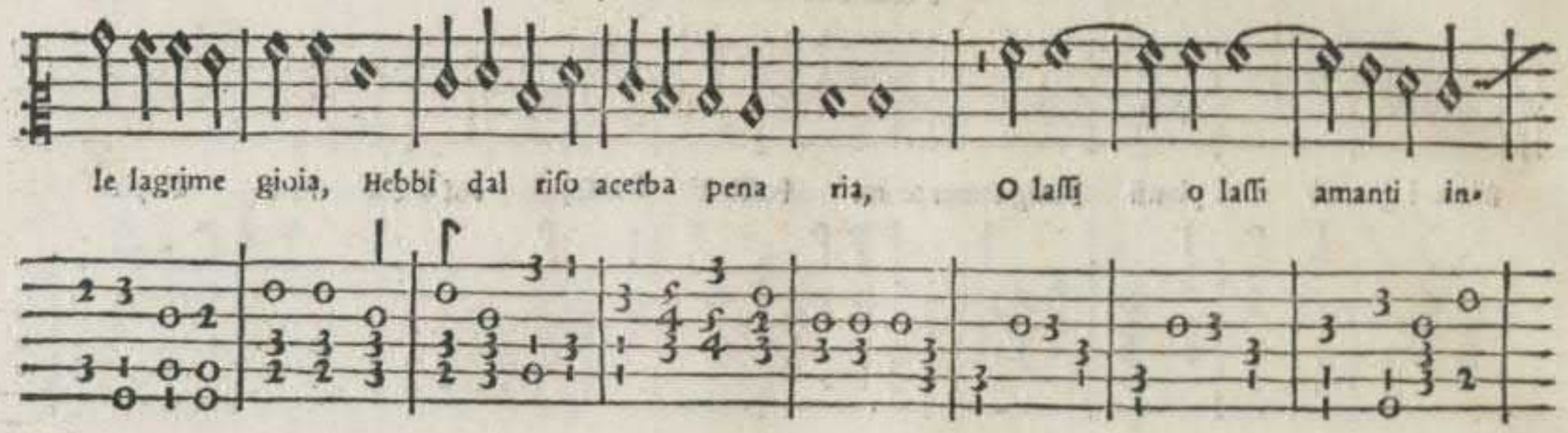
A Tre de la Sottana.

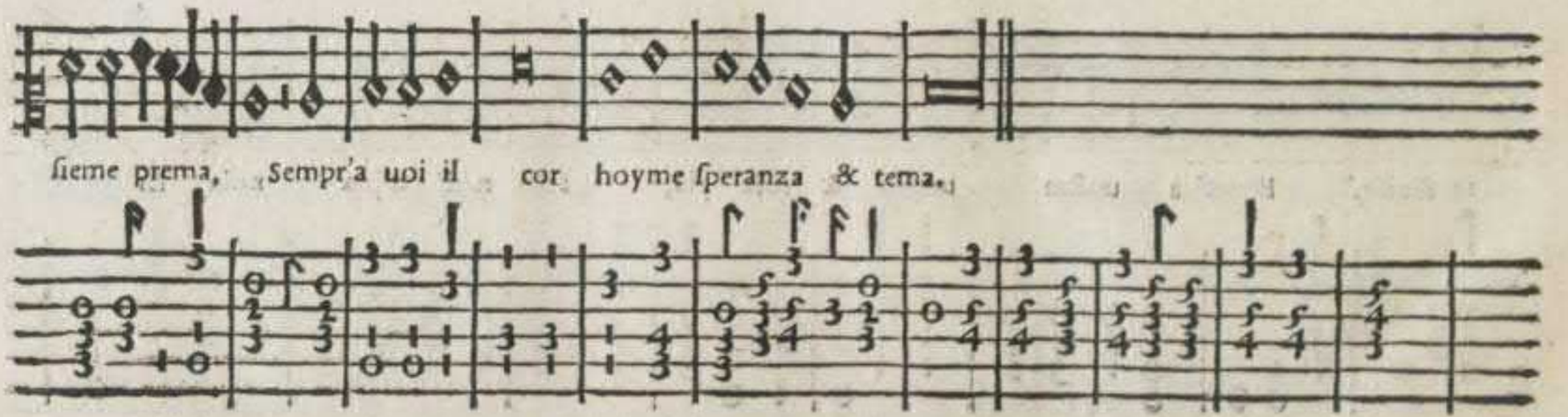


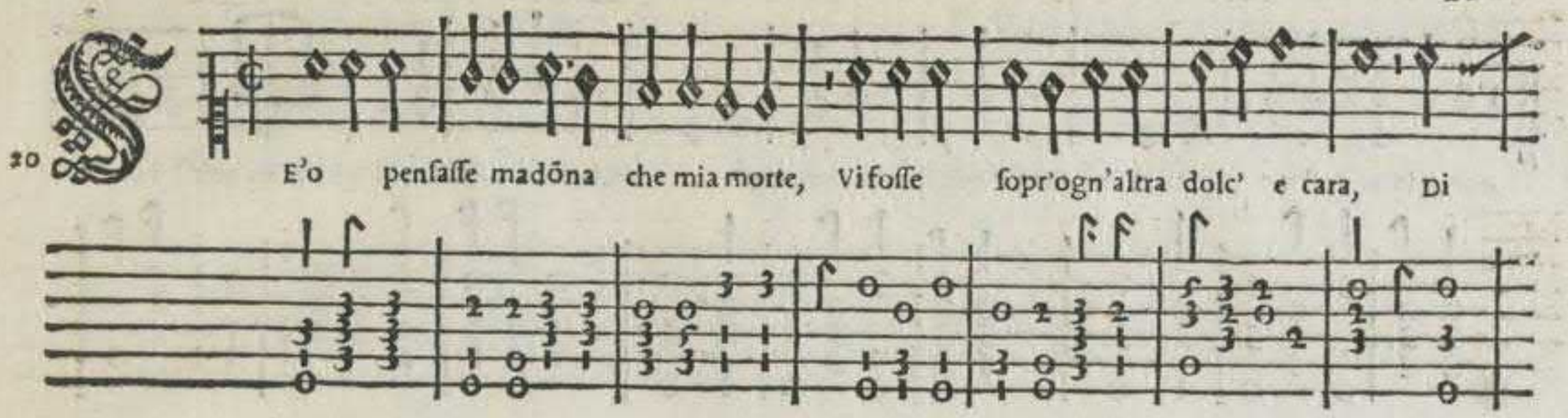

Et co i penoſi pianti benignamente mi baſciaſt' il uiſo, Sol'il cor lieta di pie-

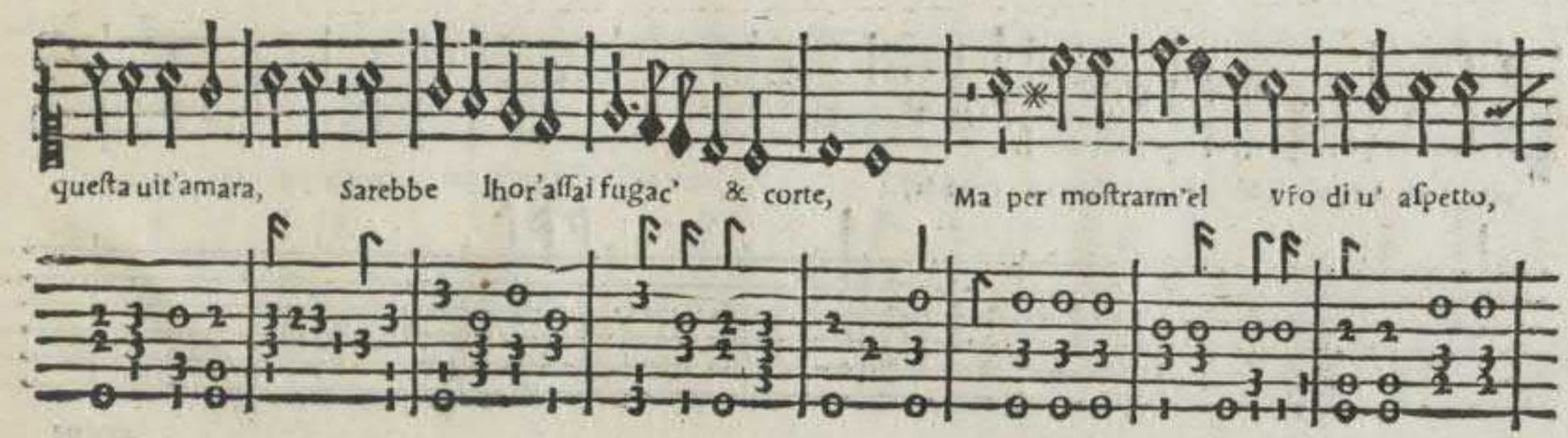

ta diuiſo, Hauet' a uoſtra uoglia & ſola pia, Sete nell' aſpra noia, Di

Verdelotto

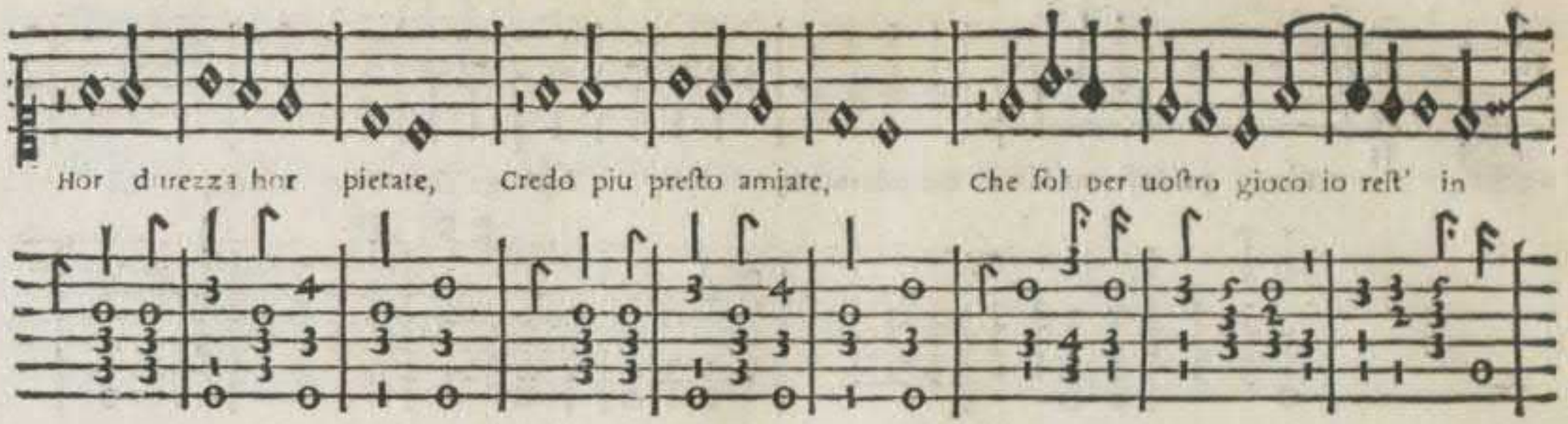

le lagrime gioia, Hebbi dal riſo acerba pena ria, O laſſi o laſſi amanti in-

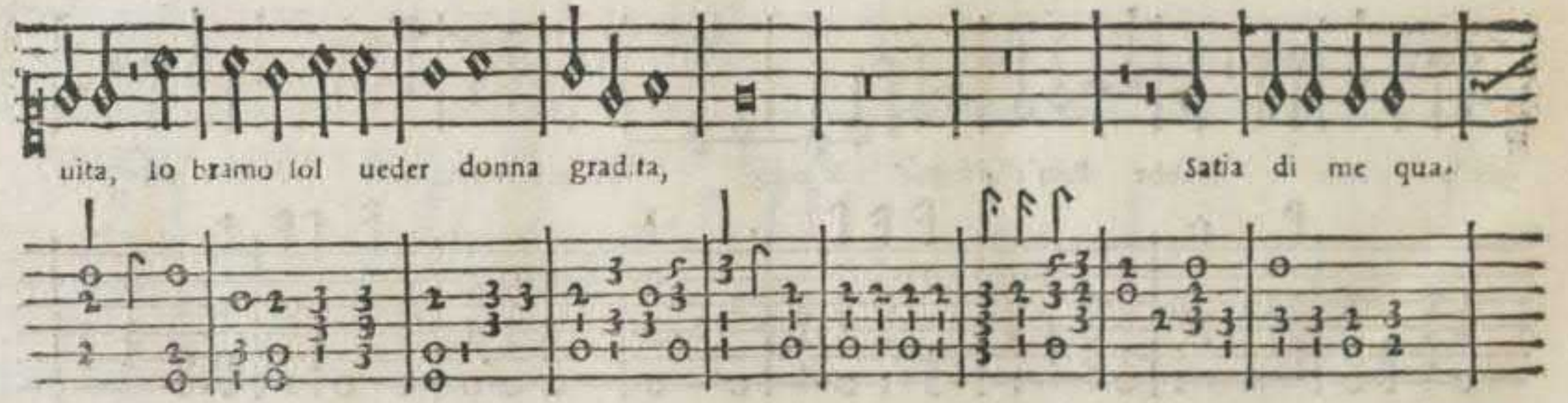

ſieme prema, Sempr'a uoi il cor hoyme ſperanza & tema.


20
E'o penſaſſe madõna che mia morte, Vi foſſe ſopr'ogn'altra dolc' e cara, Di

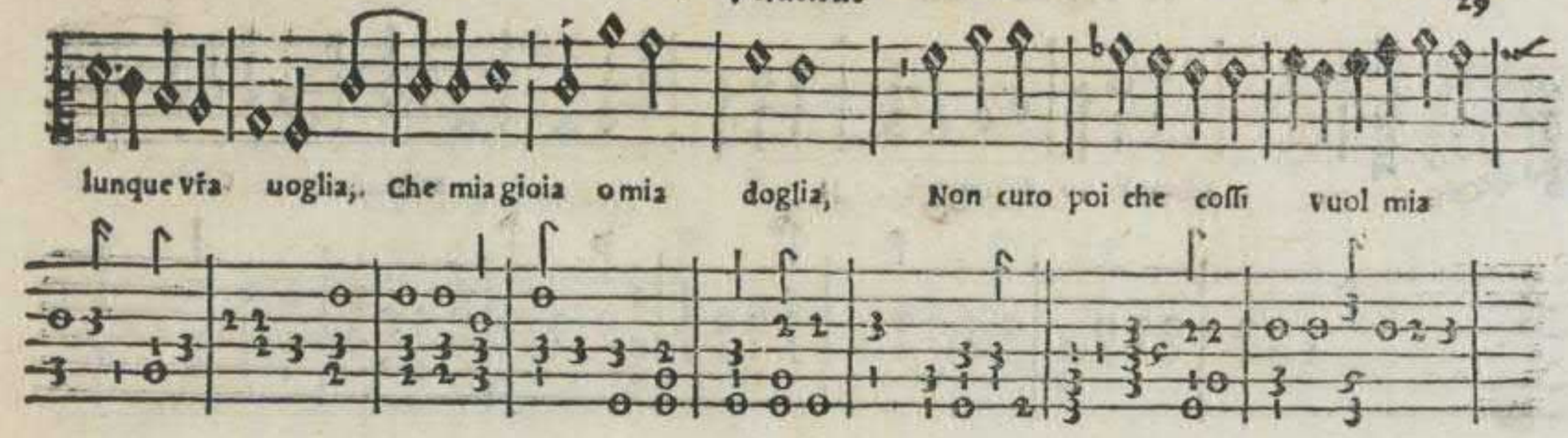

queſta uit'amara, Sarebbe lhor'aſſai fugac' & corte, Ma per moſtrarm'el vſo di u' aſpetto,

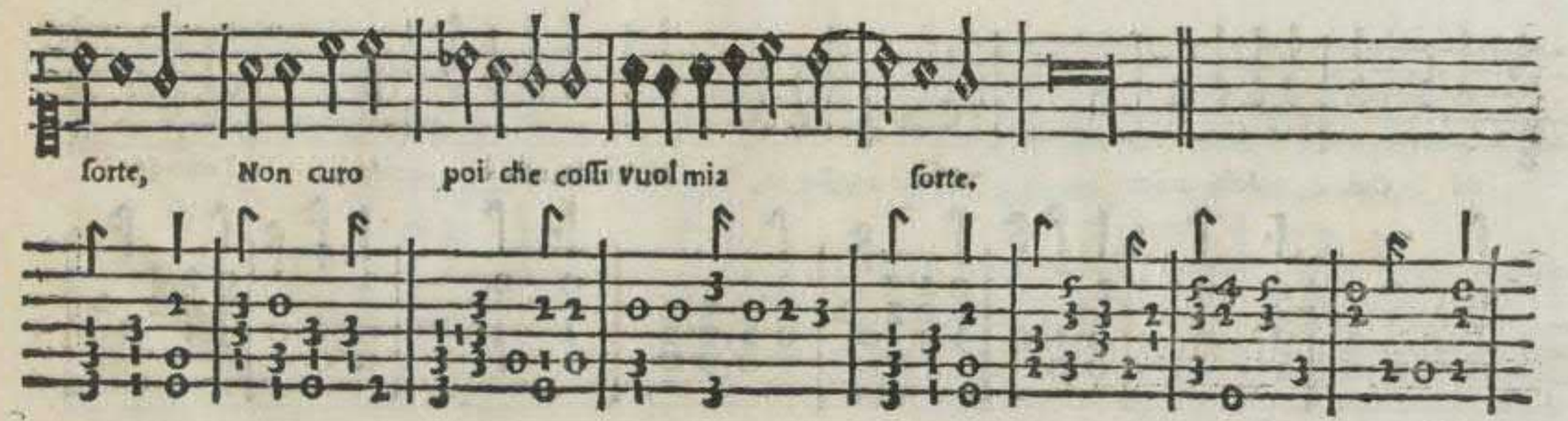
Verdelotto



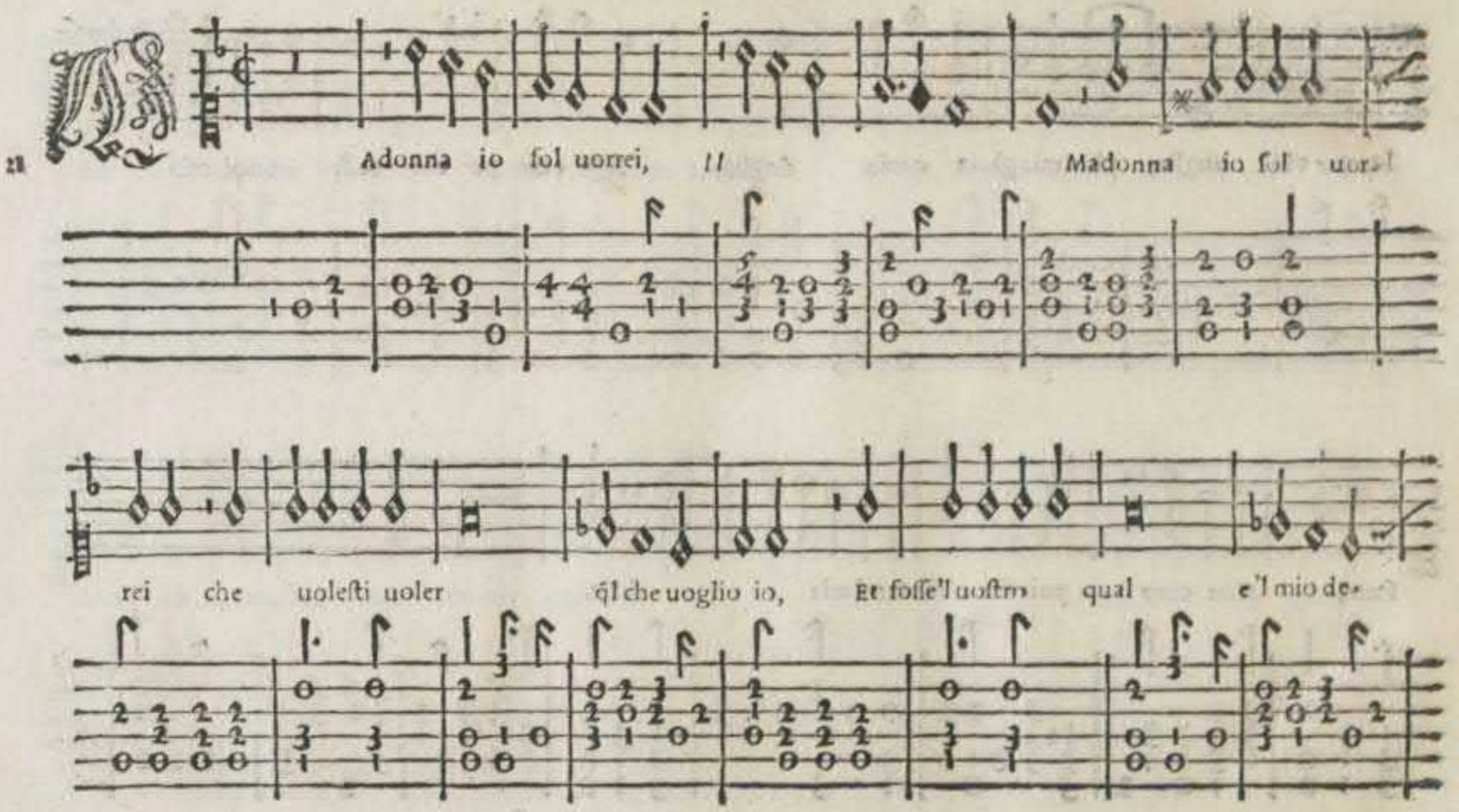


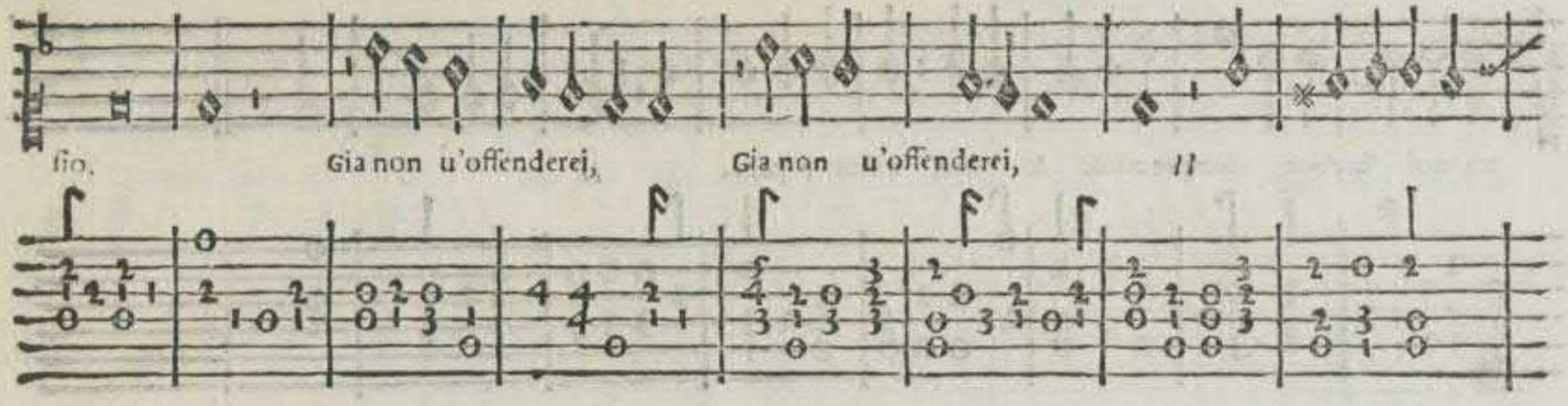
lunque

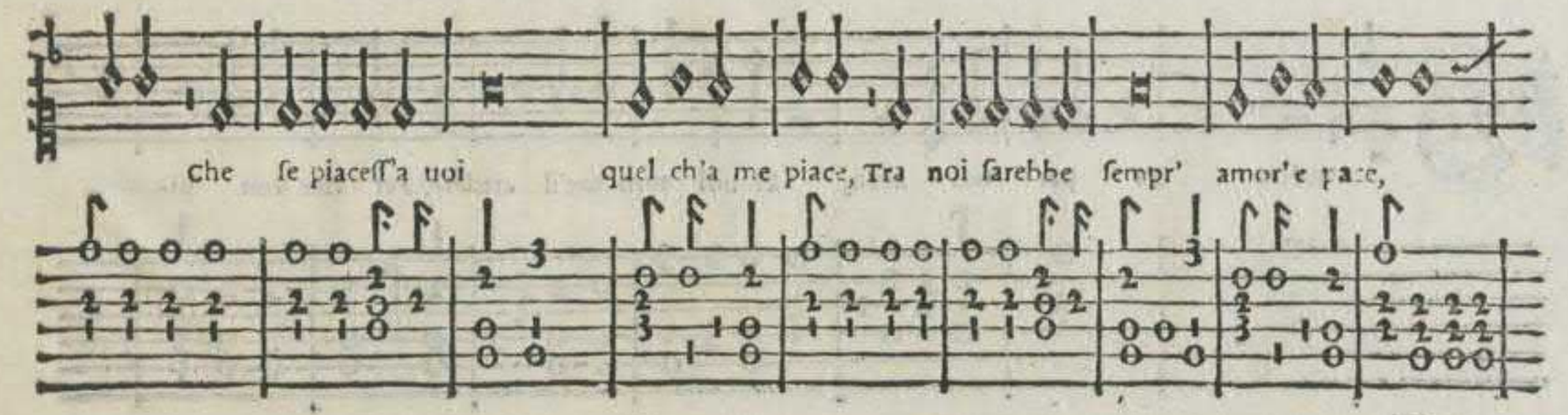

lunque vſa uoglia, Che mia gioia o mia doglia, Non curo poi che coſſi vuol mia


ſorte, Non curo poi che coſſi vuol mia ſorte.

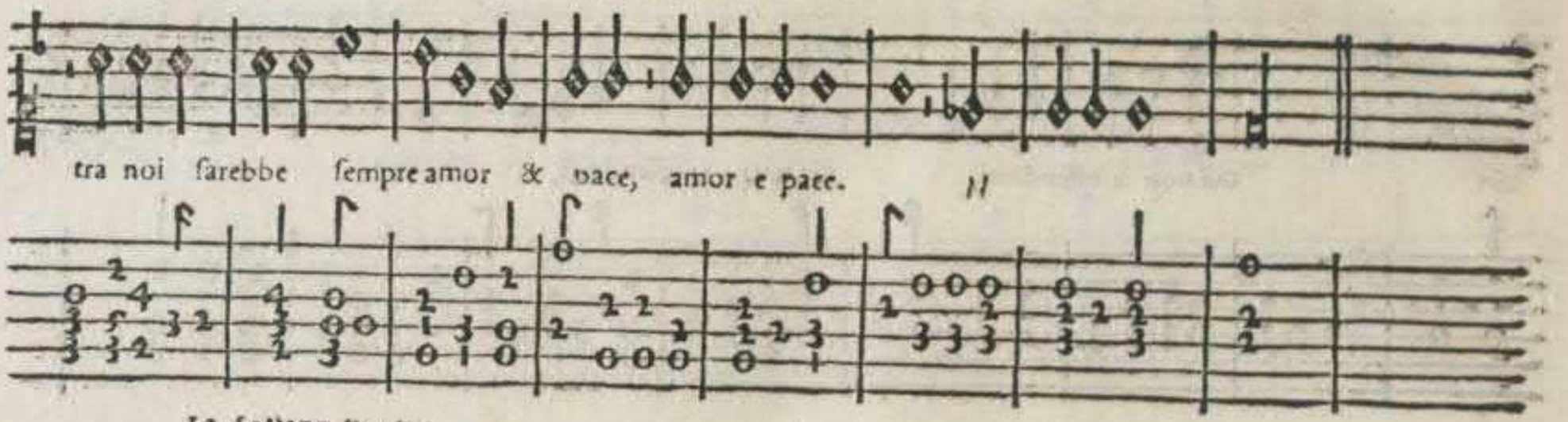
A Tre dil Canto



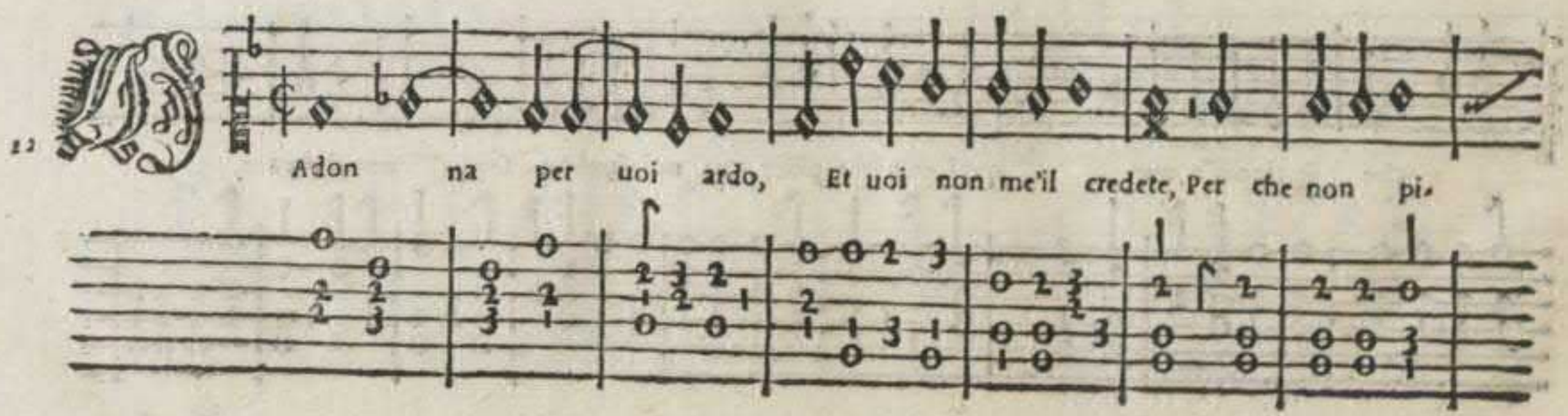

fio. Gia non u'offenderei, Gia non u'offenderei, 11

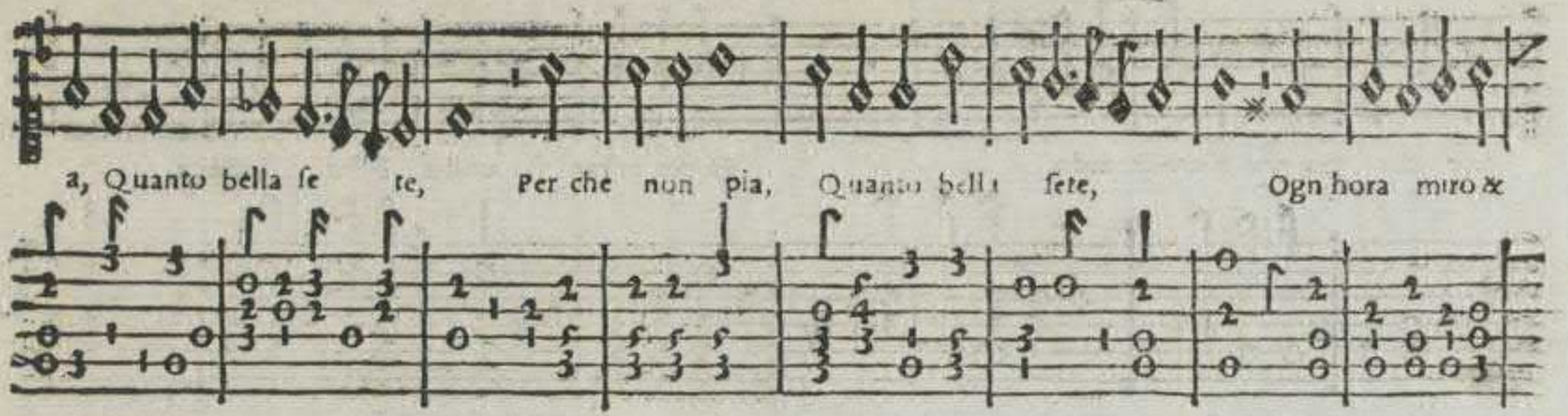

che ſe piaceſſ'a uoi quel ch'a me piace, Tra noi ſarebbe ſempr' amor'e pace,

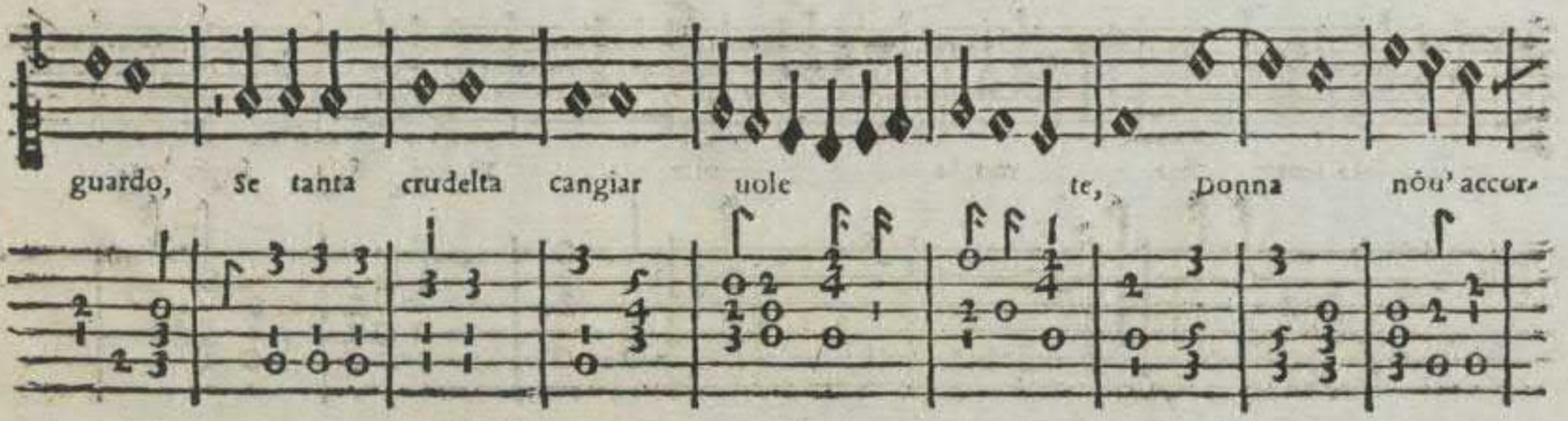
Verdelotto



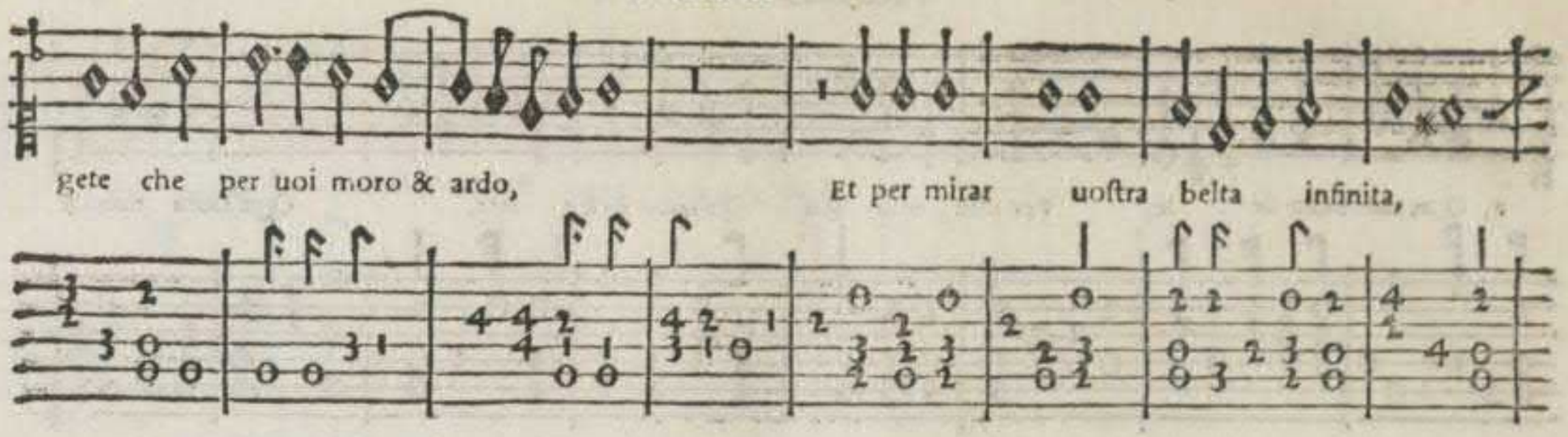
La Sottana Vuota.

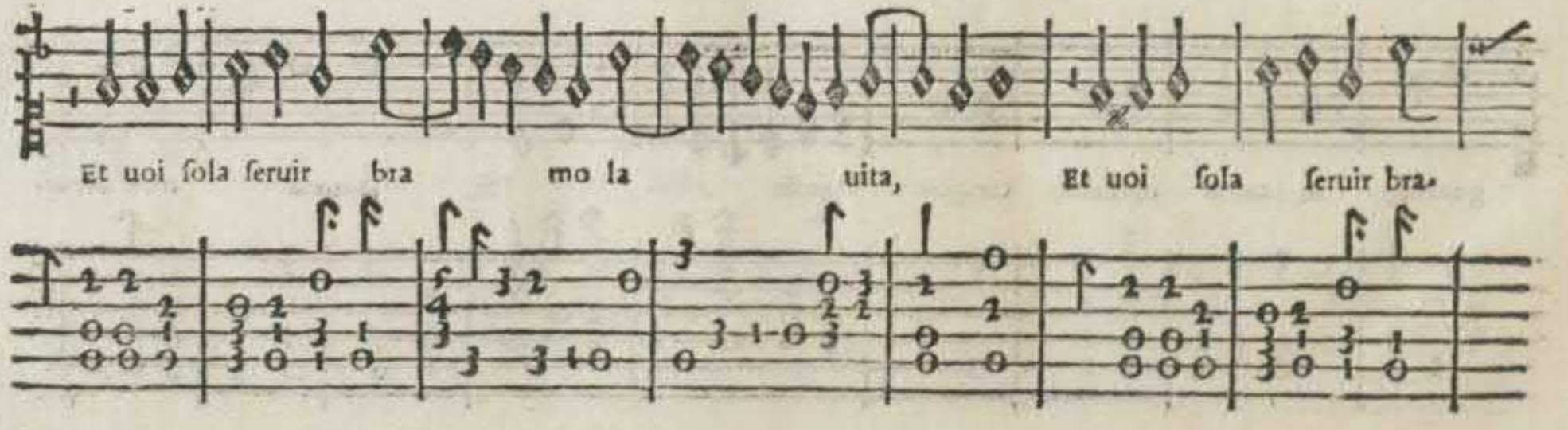


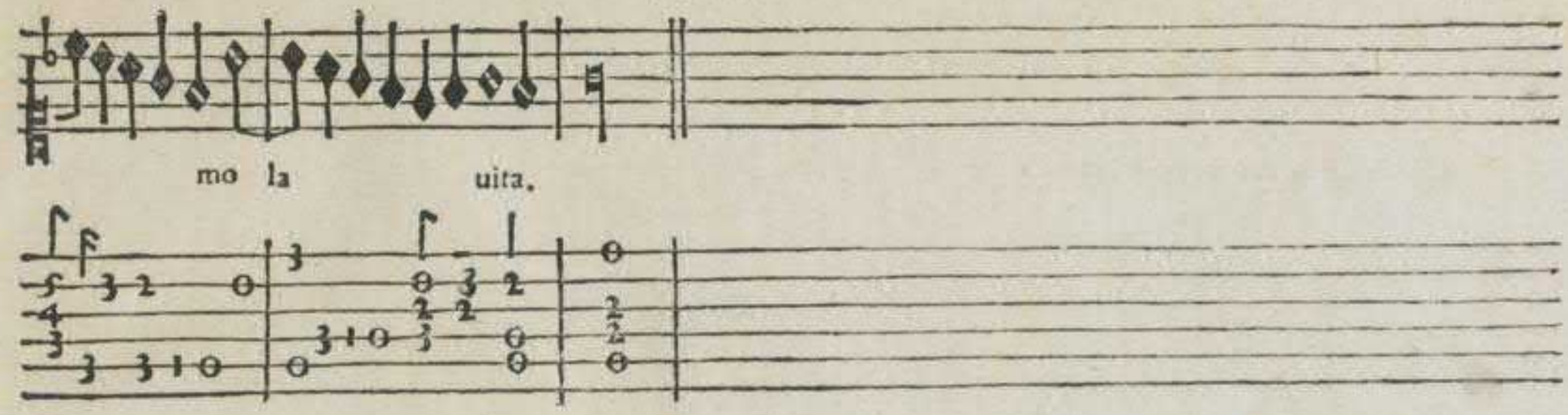

a, Quanto bella se te, Per che non pia, Quanto bella sete, Ogn hora miro &

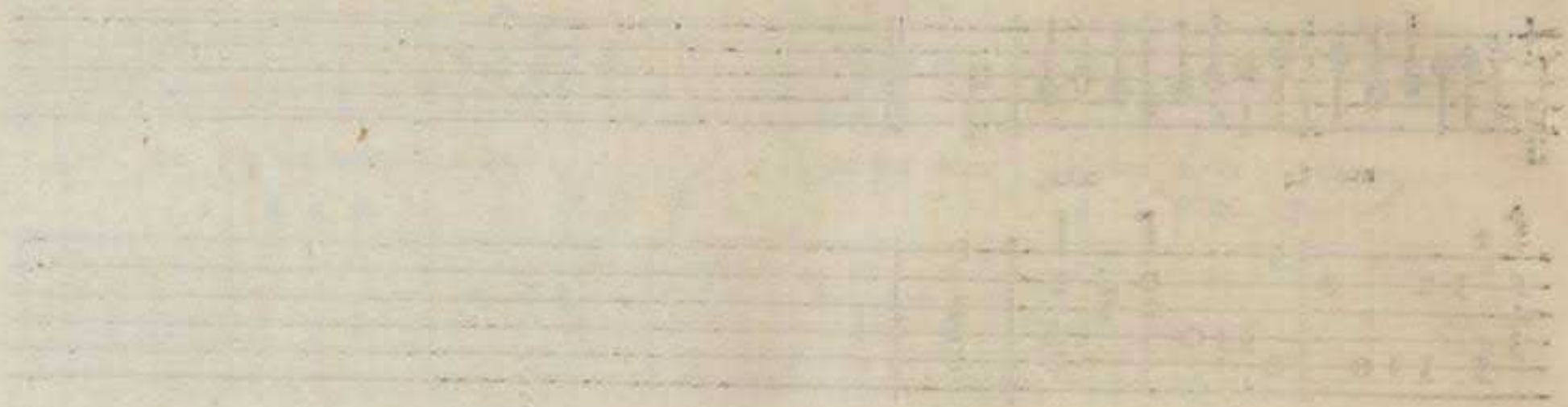

guardo, Se tanta crudelta cangiar uole te, Donna nõu' accor-

Verdelotto


gete che per uoi moro & ardo,
Et per mirar uoſtra belta infinita,


Et uoi ſola ſeruir bra mo la uita,
Et uoi ſola ſeruir bra-


mo la uita.



Nationalbibliothek Wien

ÖNB
+Z125367205