Allen Brings

Tre madrigali concertati

for soprano, harpsichord & violoncello

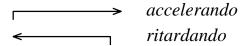
Seesaw Music

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REMARKS

The following scale of dynamic levels should be observed in the performance of these pieces: pp, più p, p, poco p, mp, mf, poco f, f, più f, ff.

Gradual changes of tempo are indicated thus:



Unless shown otherwise the tempo last indicated is again in effect at the conclusion of each change.

Although such fluctuations have apparently been indicated with precision, their execution should never be merely mechanical; their indication here as in music of the past is intended to provide guidance of a rather general nature, leaving the details to be determined by the performers both in these passages and in those where no indications are shown but where the affective rendering of the text and the phrase structure of the music require flexibility in rhythm and tempo.

Wilton July 28. 1978

TEXTS

1.

Ahi, dispietata morte! Ahi, crudel vita! L'una m'ha posto in doglia e mie speranze acerbament' ha spente; l'altra mi tien qua giù contra mia voglia, e lei che se n'è gita seguir non posso, ch'ella no'l consente. Ma pur ognor presente, nel mezzo del mio cor madonna siede: e qual'è la mia vita ella se'l vede.

Petrarch

Ah, pitiless death! Ah, merciless life! The one has placed me in grief and prematurely extinguished my hopes; the other holds me here against my will and forbids me to follow her who has left. But still always present, my lady sits in the middle of my heart: such is my life for him who would see it.

2.

Come la notte ogni fiamella è viva e riman spenta subito ch'aggiorna. Così quando il mio sol di se mi priva, mi leva incontra il rio timor le corna. Ma non sì tosto a l'orizont'arriva, che'l timor fugge e la speranza torna. Deh torn' a me, deh torn' o caro lume, e scaccia il rio timor, che mi consume.

Ariosto

As each flame is bright at night and is quickly extinguished at the break of day, so, when I am deprived of my sun, an evil fear seizes me with its claws. But it scarcely appears on the horizon when the fear flees and hope returns. Oh, return to me; oh, return, O dear light, and banish the evil fear, which devours me. Or che'l ciel e la terra e'l vento tace E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena, Notte il carro stellato in giro mena, E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace. Veglio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface Sempre m'è innanzi per mia dolce pena. Guerra è'l mio stato, d'ira e duol piena; E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.

Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva Move'l dolce e l'amaro ond' io mi pasco; Una man sola mi risana e punge. E perchè'l mio martir non giunga a riva, Mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco; Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

Petrarch

Now that heaven and earth and the wind are silent and sleep detains the beasts and the birds, night leads its starry chariot about, and in its bed the sea lies without a ripple. I awaken, think, burn, weep; and she who has been shameless to me is ever before me to my sweet distress. War is my state, filled with anger and sorrow, and only by thinking of her do I have any peace.

Thus only from one clear, livly stream flows the sweet and bitter wave on which I graze; one hand alone both heals and wounds me. And because my torment does not reach the bank, a thousand times a day I die and a thousand I am born; so far from salvation am I.



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