

Dolcissimo Signore

[The Magdalene at the Foot of the Cross]

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The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line starting with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign (#) above a note. The middle staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C), containing a bass line with whole notes and rests. The bottom staff is a guitar-style tablature for a theorbo, with two lines labeled '9 - Eb' and '12 - Bb'. It shows fret numbers (0, 1, 2, 3) and techniques like 'X' (mute) and '0' (open string). A dynamic marking '1' is placed above the first measure of the treble staff.

Dol-cis - si-mo Si - gno - re,

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The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign (#) above a note. The middle staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C), containing a bass line with whole notes and rests. The bottom staff is a guitar-style tablature for a theorbo, with two lines labeled '9 - Eb' and '12 - Bb'. It shows fret numbers (0, 1, 2, 3, 8, 11, 12) and techniques like 'X' (mute) and '0' (open string). A dynamic marking '3' is placed above the first measure of the treble staff.

Ahi, che ne mo - ro, e sen - to Strug-ger-si il se - no e li que-far-si il co - re!

8

Ma l'ido-lor m'è con-ten-to, Più so-a-vi de-si-ri Non ho de miei mar-ti-ri. A-mo, so-spi-ro e

13

tre-mo, al-ma in-no-cen-te, Co-me gra-ve d'er-ror co-sì do-len-te.

19

Già pec-ca-tri-ce io fu-i, A te ri-cor-ro a-i-ta, Poi-ché sol mo-ri per dar pa-ce al-tru-i,

24

So-spi-ra - tamia vi - ta! Già del mon-do fal- la- ce, I - do- la - tra se - gua- ce, Tefug- gii, te prez-

29

-zai, maben dis-s'i - o Che non po - tea sal-var-mi al - tro che Di - o.

34

Ne la Cro-ce ti mi - ro, Che permio ben pia-ga - to, Ho - lo - cau - sto di pe-na e di mar-ti - ro, Ver-si

39

l'al - ma dal la - to. Se le mie col - pe ab-hor - ri, Soc - cor - ri, pur, soc-cor -

3 0 8 8 8
0 4 3 2 0 3 1 3 1 1 0
4 3 3 2 0 3 1 3 1 1 0

43

- ri, E mo-stral'al-ma a me cle-men - te e pi - a: Tuo sia il per - do - no, se la col - pa è mi -

4 3# 4 3#
8 3 0 3 3 1 0 3 0 1 3 X
5 0 0 0 3 1 0 0 0 1 0 0
6 4 4 3 3 1 4 4 4 3 4 3
5 3 3 2 1 1 1 1 1 3 2 1

48

- a. Magra-di - temie pe - ne, Sem'è da - to lan-gui - re O-ve in Cro-ce già lan-gue il som - mo

0 14 0 12 1 1 1 1 1
0 0 0 0 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

54

be - ne. Sen-to ge - li-do u - sci - re Da me lo spir - to fuo - ri, Al - ma do-len - te

59

mo - ri, Io più non pos - so, — Di mia vi - ta il cor - so man - ca, ahi —

64

— las - sa, io mi mo - ro, o Dio, soc-cor - so. —

Dolcissimo Signore,
 ahì, che ne moro e sento
 struggersi il seno e liquefarsi il core.
 Ma 'l dolor m'è contento:
 più soavi desiri
 non ho de' miei martiri.
 Amo, sospiro, e tremo, alma [in]nocente,
 come grave d'error così dolente.

Già peccatrice io fui:
 a te ricorro aita
 poiché sol mori per dar pace altrui,
 sospirata mia vita,
 già del mondo fallace,
 idolatra seguace
 te fuggii, te sprezzai, ma ben diss'io
 che non potea salvarmi altro che Dio.

Ne la Croce ti miro,
 che per mio ben piagato,
 holocausto di pena e di martiro
 versi l'alma dal lato.
 Se le mie colpe abborri,
 soccorsi pur, soccorsi,
 e mostra l'alma a me clemente e pia.
 Tuo sia il perdono, se la colpa è mia.

Ma gradite mie pene,
 se m'è dato languire
 ove in Croce già langue il Sommo Bene.
 Sento gelido uscire
 da me lo spiro fuori:
 alma dolente, mori . . .
 Io più non posso . . . Di mia vita il corso
 manca. Ahi lassa! io mi moro . . . o Dio, soccorso!

—Anonymous

My Lord, you who are most sweet,
 alas, how I die, and feel
 upheaval within my breast and my heart melt.
 But my grief makes me content:
 I have no sweeter desire
 than to suffer these torments.
 I love, I sigh, I tremble, oh purest soul,
 so stricken with grief as if laden with sin.

Once I lived as a sinner:
 to you now I turn for help,
 since you die only to give peace to others,
 you who are what my heart seeks,
 once a pagan follower
 of the deceiving world, I
 fled from you and scorned you; but well should have said
 that there is no one who could who save me but God.

I see you there on the Cross,
 wounded for my salvation,
 holocaust of torture and of suffering,
 pour out your soul from your side.
 Though you may abhor my sins,
 have mercy, still, have mercy
 and show me your visage merciful and meek;
 let the pardon be yours, as the sin is mine.

But are all my pains are pleasing,
 if I 'm allowed to suffer
 on that Cross where the Supreme Good now suffers.
 I can feel now cold as ice
 my spirit as it leaves me.
 Grieving soul, you are dying . . .
 I cannot go on.... The course of my life is
 broken. Alas, I die. O my God, help me!

—M. Murata