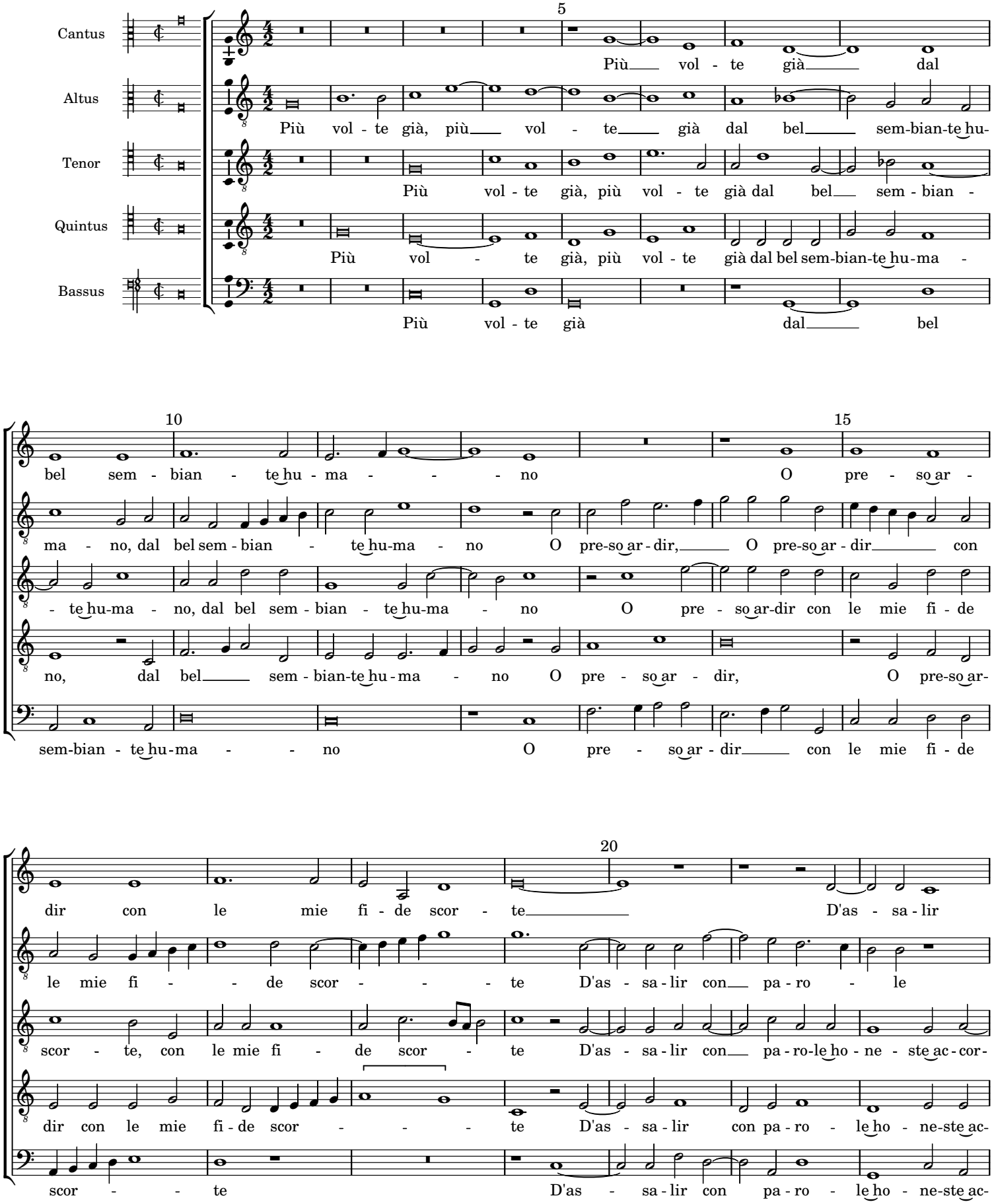
Più volte già dal bel sembiante humano

Petrarca, *Canzoniere* CLXX (170)

Adrian Willaert (c.1490-1562)

Musica Nova (Gardano press, Ferrara, 1559)

Prima parte



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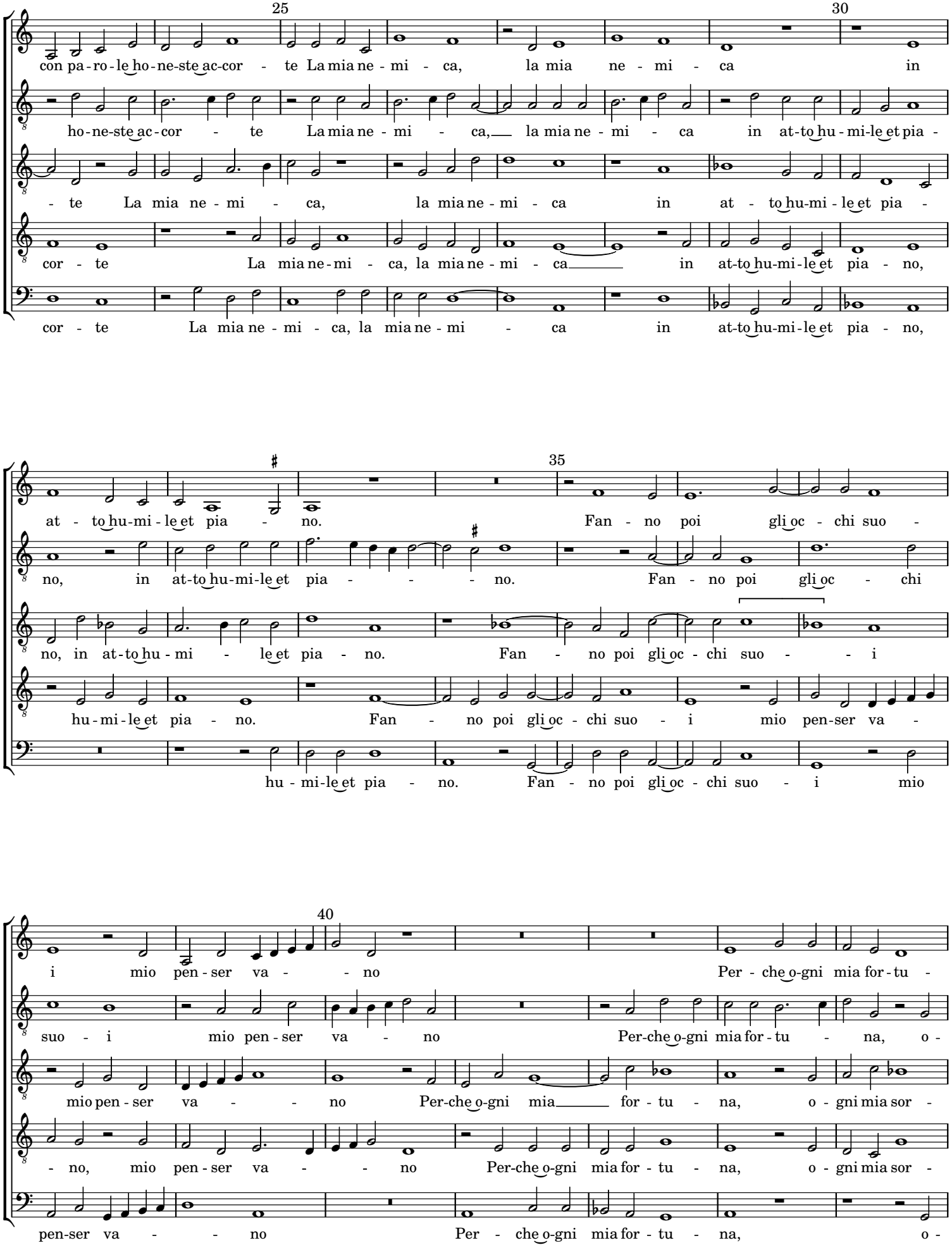

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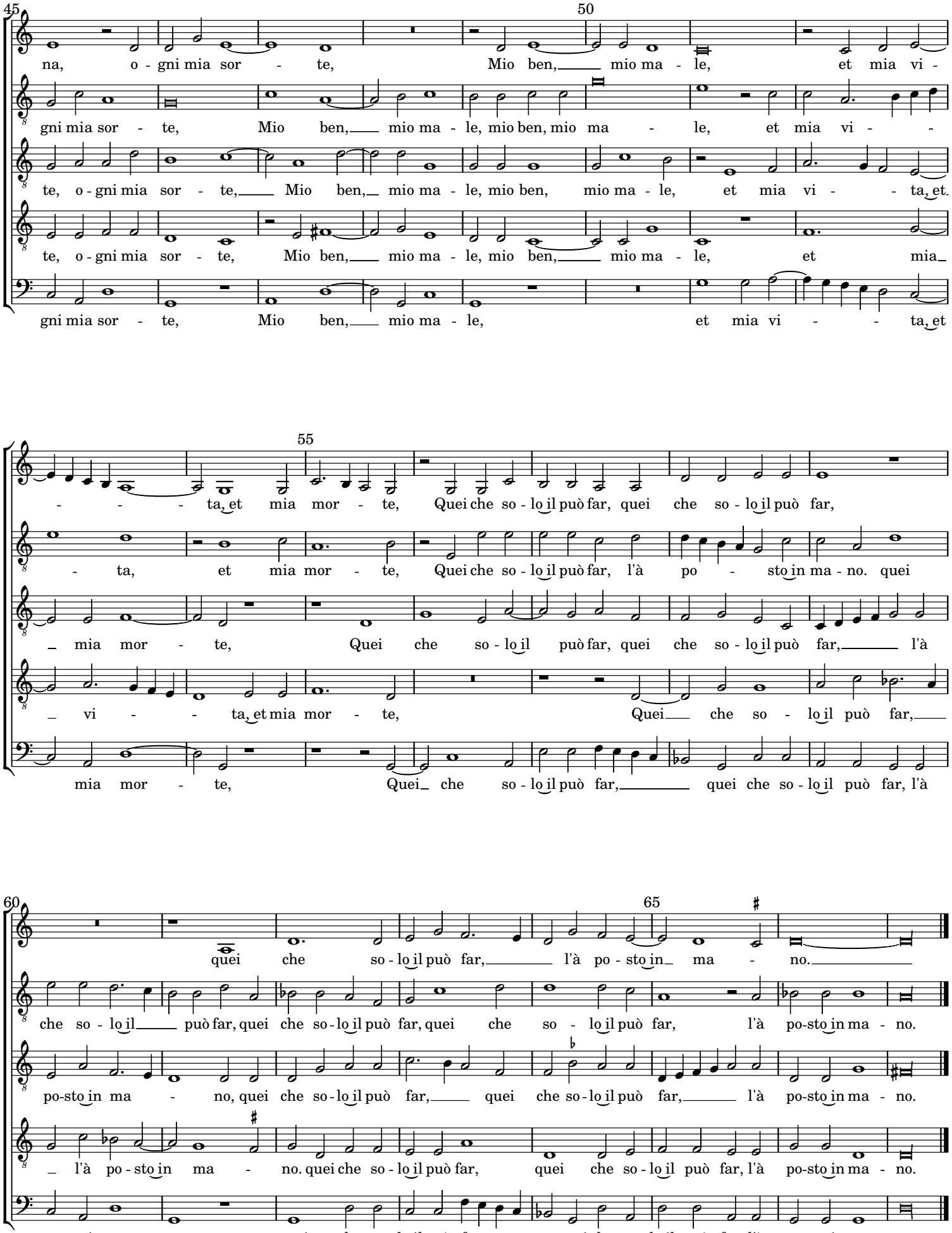

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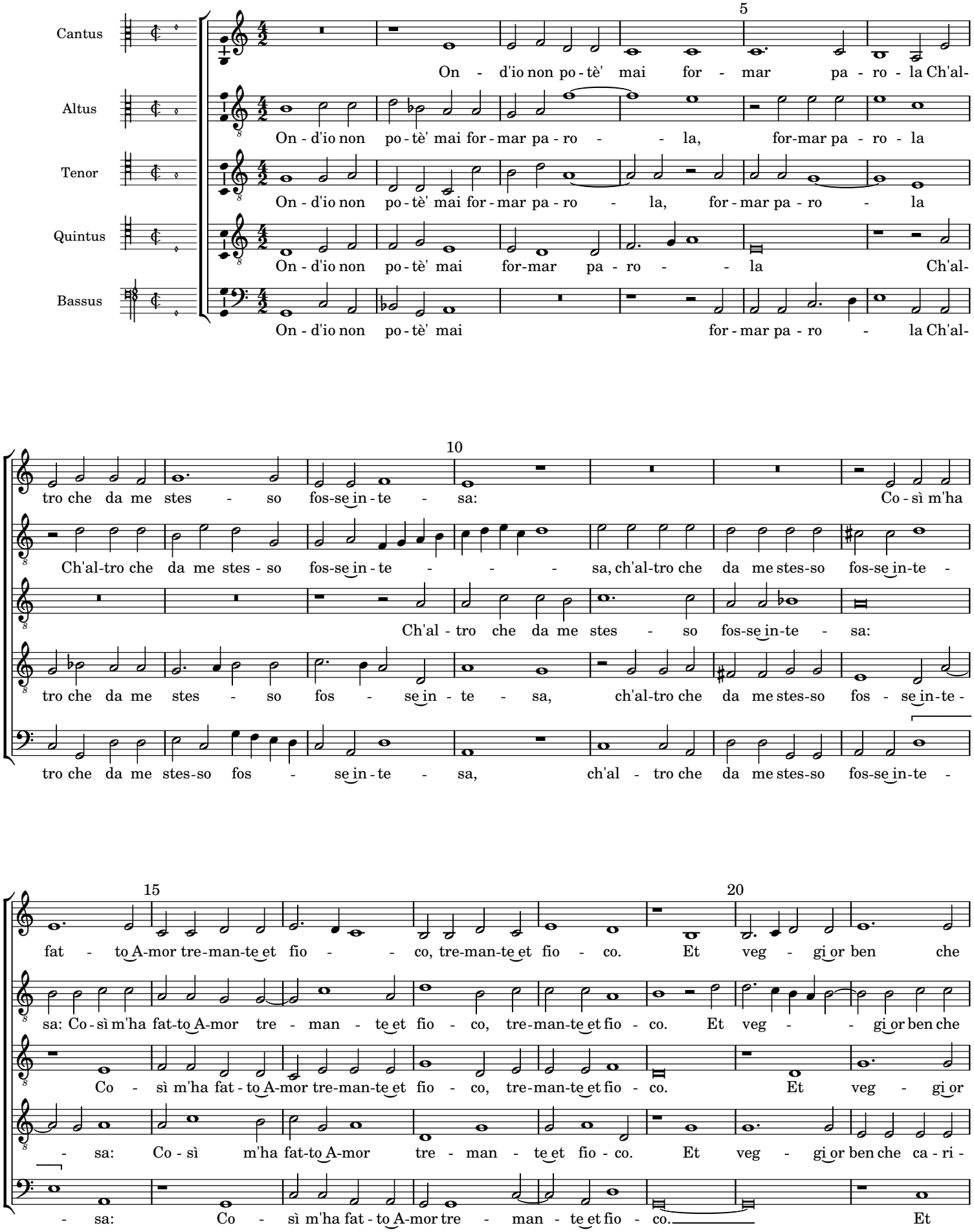
Seconda parte



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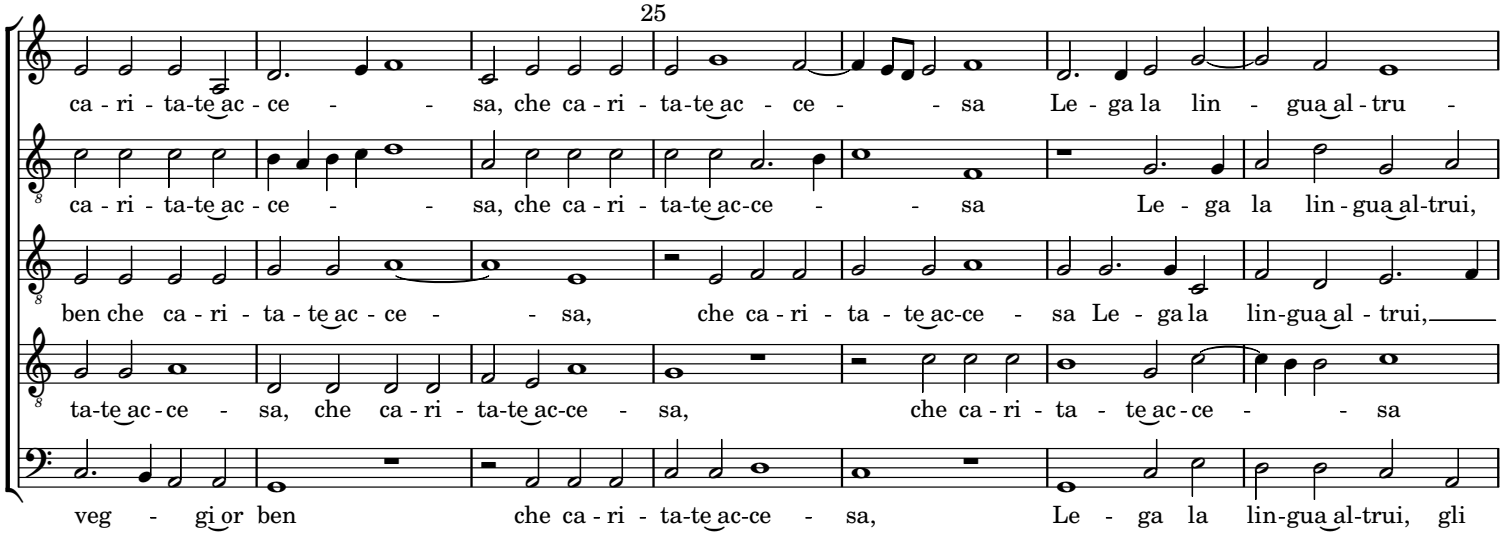

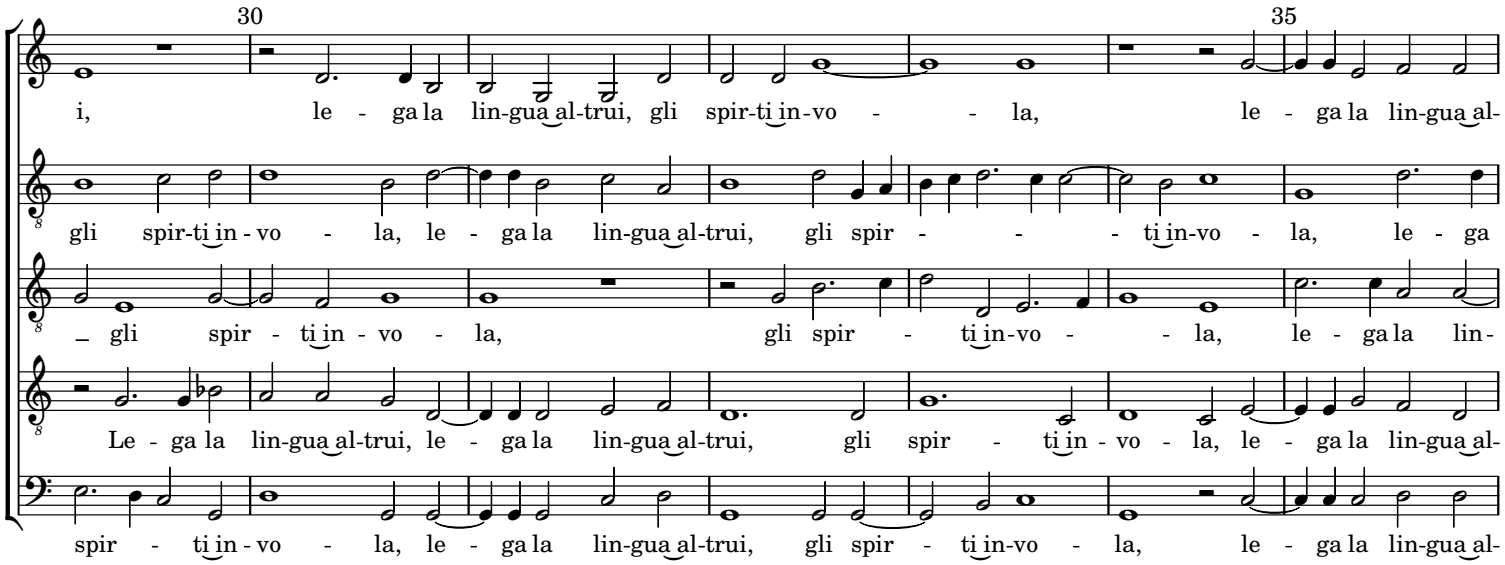

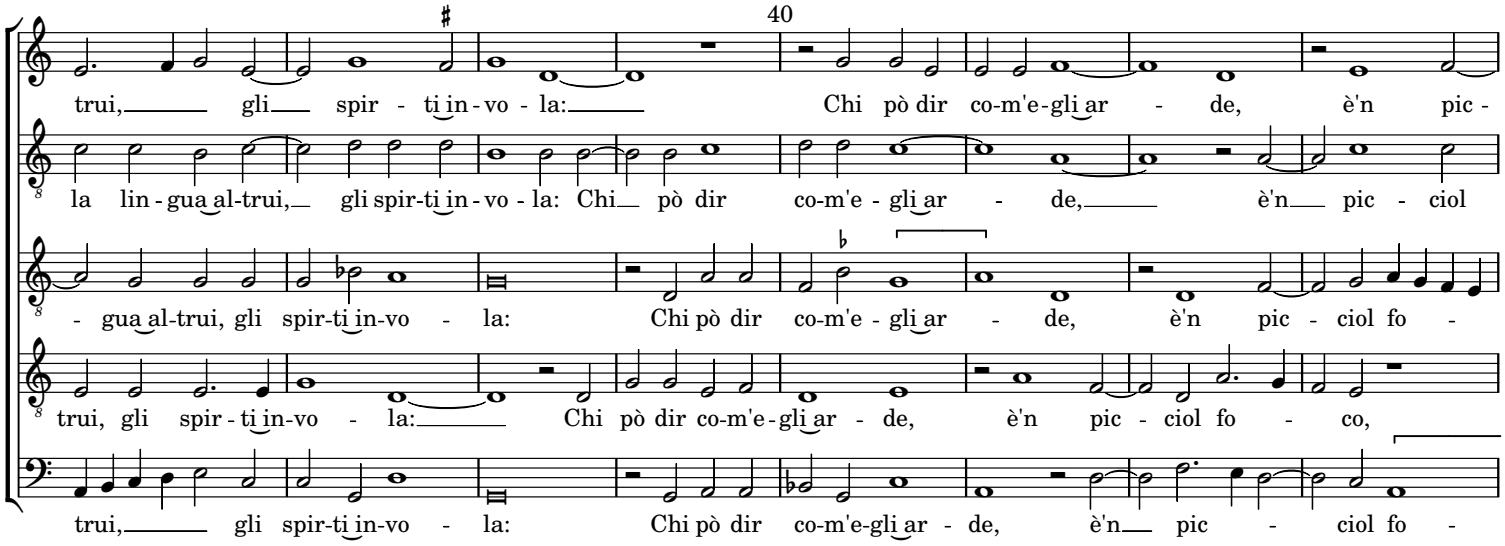

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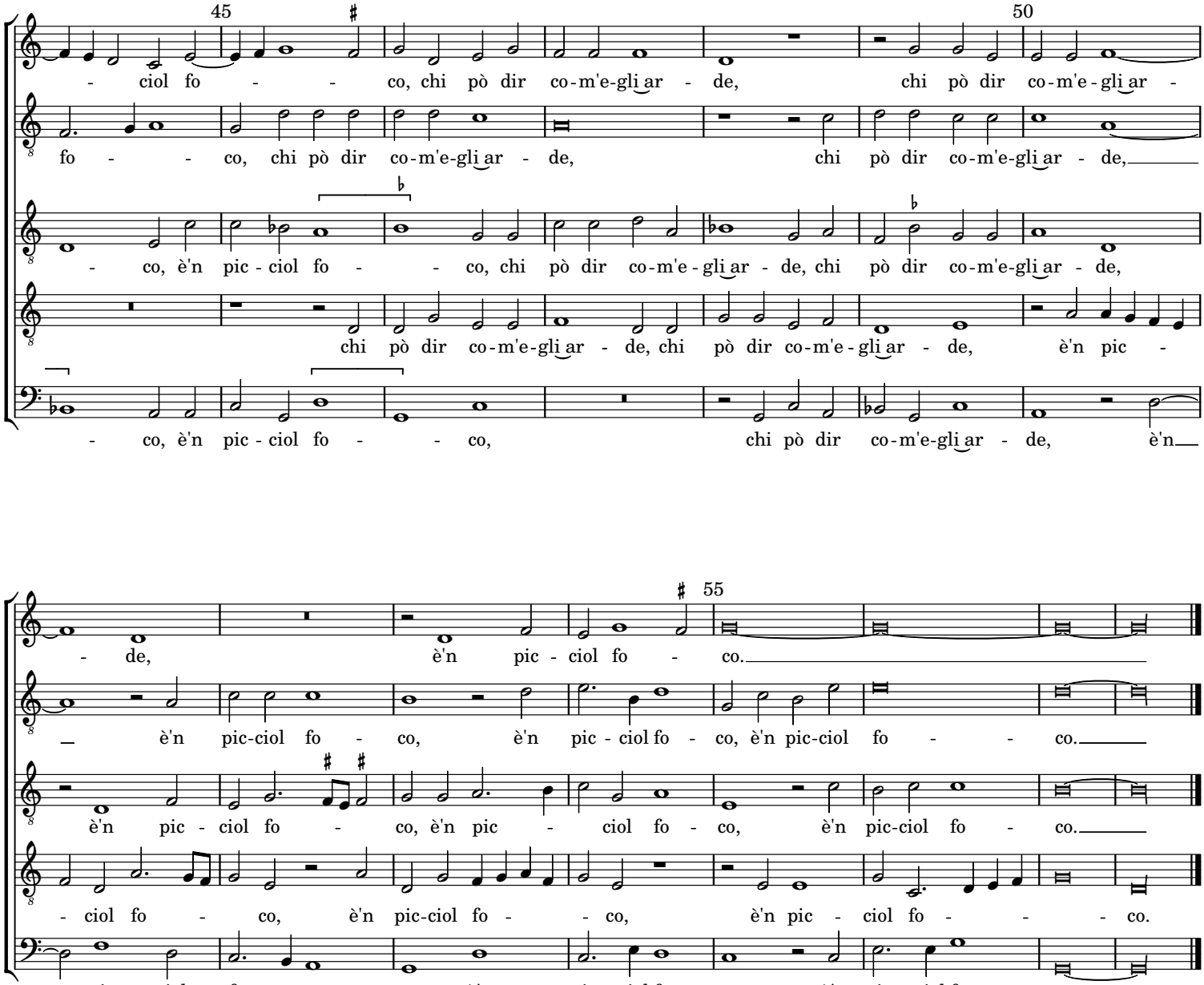

Prima parte

Più volte già dal bel sembiante humano
O preso ardir con le mie fide scorte
D'assalir con parole honeste accorte
La mia nemica in atto humile et piano.
Fanno poi gli occhi suoi mio penser vano
Perch'ogni mia fortuna, ogni mia sorte,
Mio ben, mio male, et mia vita, et mia morte,
Quei che solo il pò far, l'à posto in mano.

Petrarca, *Canzoniere* 170

Translation

Many times now, with my true thought,
I've dared to assail my enemy, quiet and humble
in her actions, her beauty seeming kind,
with my honest well-considered speech.
Then her eyes rendered my thought vain
since all my fortune, all my destiny,
my good, my bad, my death and life, had been
placed in her hands, by him who alone can do so.

A.S. Kline (©2004, used with permission)

Seconda parte

Ond'io non potè' mai formar parola
Ch'altro che da me stesso fosse intesa:
Così m'a fatto Amor tremante et fioco.
E veggi' or ben che caritate accesa
Lega la lingua altrui, gli spirti invola:
Chi pò dir com'egli arde, è 'n picciol foco.

Petrarca, *Canzoniere* 170

Translation

So I could not even form true words
that anyone but me could understand:
Love had made me blaze and tremble so.
And I see clearly now that glowing charity
ties a man's tongue, and daunts his spirit:
who utters while he burns is in slight fire.

A.S. Kline (©2004, used with permission)

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