

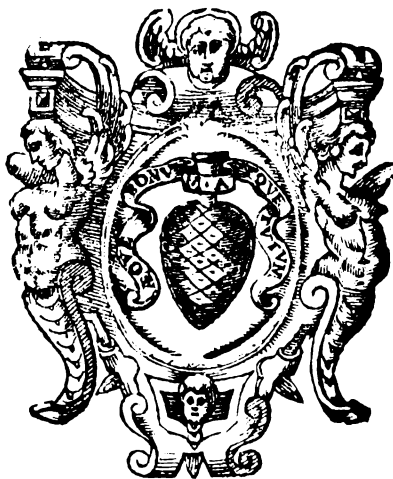
SATIRO,
E CORISCA.

DIALOGO MUSCALE
A DVE VOCI

DEL CAVALIER TARQVINIO
MERULA.

Nuouamente composto, & dato in luce
CON PRIVILEGIO

Alli Molto Illustri Signori Alessandro, & Gio:
Pietro Bonetti.



IN VENETIA,

Appresso Alessandro Vincenti. MDCXXVI.



MOLTO ILLVSTRI SIGNORI
ET PATRONI COLENDISSIMI.



I*V sempre lodeuole costume, Molto Illustri Signori, di quelli che ritornati da lontaniſſimi, & ſtranieri paefi, di comparire à ſuoi più cari qualche ſegno della longa, & fruttuoſa Peregrinatione loro. La onde anch'io non hò voluto ne potuto partirmi da così nobile, & vſitato costume; che perciò gli offero, quaſi teſtimonio vero dell' antica mia ſeruitù, queſti frutti, che ſogliono partorire ſimili paefi. Gradifchino dunque elle, e con fronte lieta riceuino queſta mia fatica, forſi riguardeuole per l'inuentione, che è nuoua. E muſica di Satiro, al cui ſuono non così facilmente ſapranno tutti preſtare armonica concerto: Io frà tanto mi perſuaderò, le debba eſſer grata almeno, perche le vien donata da humile, & cordiale ſeruidore, e goderò che compariſchi in publica viſta dè virtuoſi ſotto il Nome, e Veſſillo delle Signorie loro, alle quali per fine humilmente bacio le mani.*

Di Venetia li 20. di Nouembre MDCXXVI,

Delle SS. VV. Molto Illuſtri

Deuotiſſimo Seruitore

Il Cauallier Tarquinio Merula.



S O N E T T O
DEL MOLTO ILLVSTRE SIG. GIO. VALENTINI
MAESTRO DI CAPELLA DELLA
MAESTA CESAREA.



 Ncidi i cor con l'amorosa mano,
E all'insensate carne dando vita,
L'alme da Corpi fanno dipartita,
Tanto hà valor tuo stil alto, e sourano;

Ben ciò la prouo all'hor, ch'io tento in vano

Voglièr alteroue il piè, che l'alma vscita

Abbandona le membra, e par salita

Donc il dolce concento, è sour'humano;

Si scorgon nel tuo suon Marte, & Amore,

Hor pace, hor guerra, hor tregua, hor sdegno, hor armi,

Et hor contendi il vago con l'orrore:

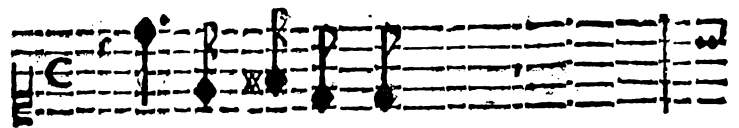
Perciò il tuo Nome con eterni carmi

Sarà dipinto, & il diuin tenore

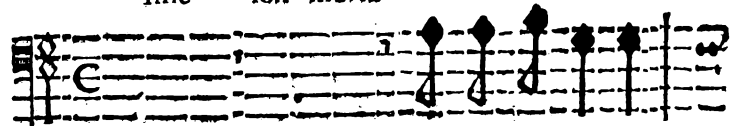
Scolpito à lettere d'oro en duri marmi.

CORISCA

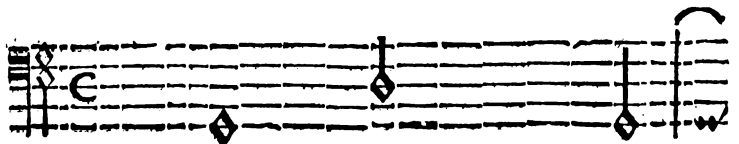
SATIRO



Ime son morta



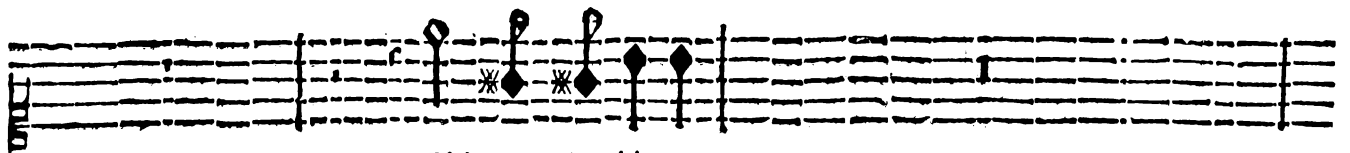
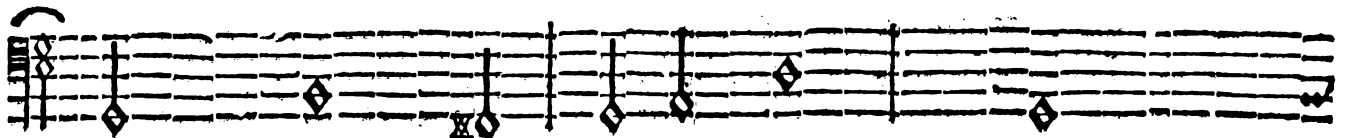
Ed'io son viuo



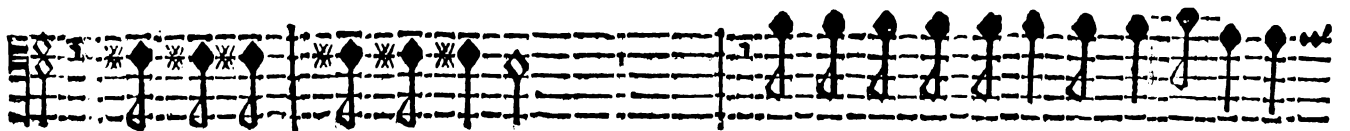
Torna, Torna Amarilli mia, che prefa fono,



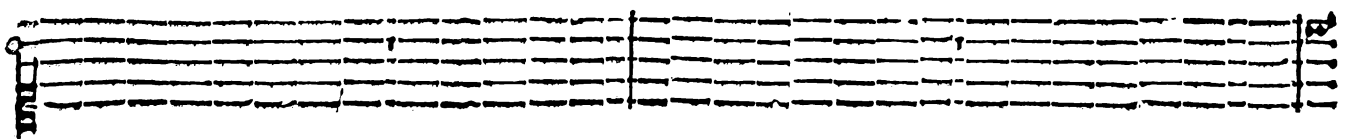
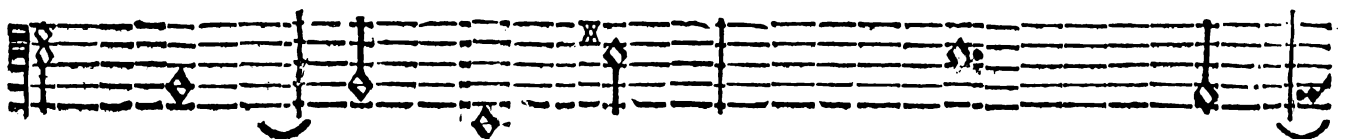
Amarilli non t'ode: à questa volta



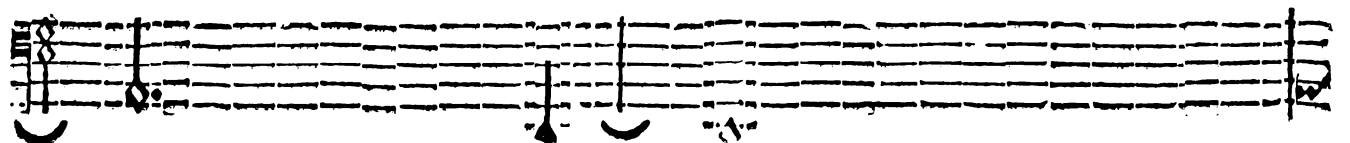
Ohime le chiome.

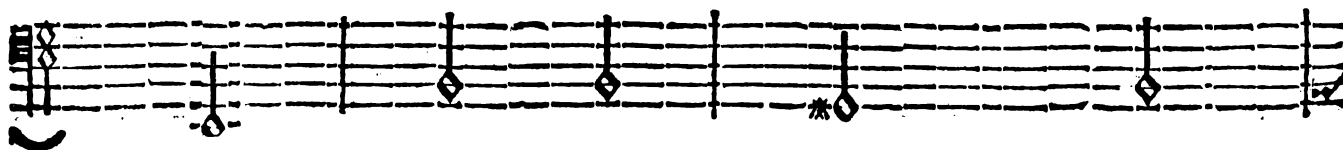
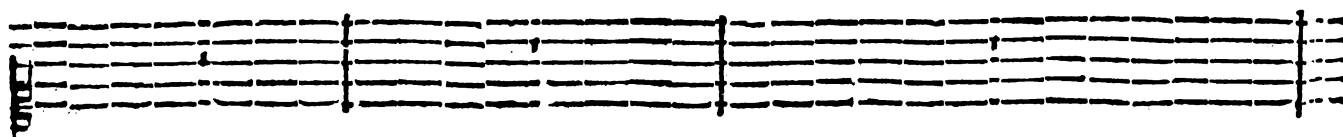
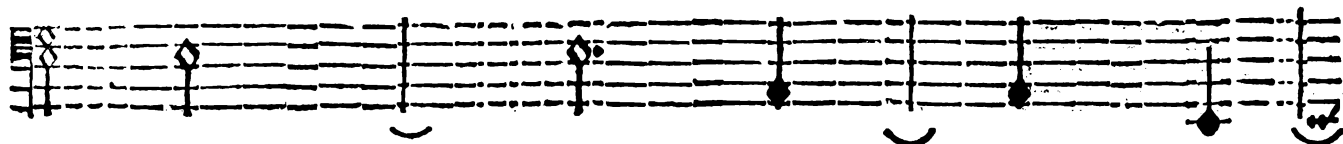
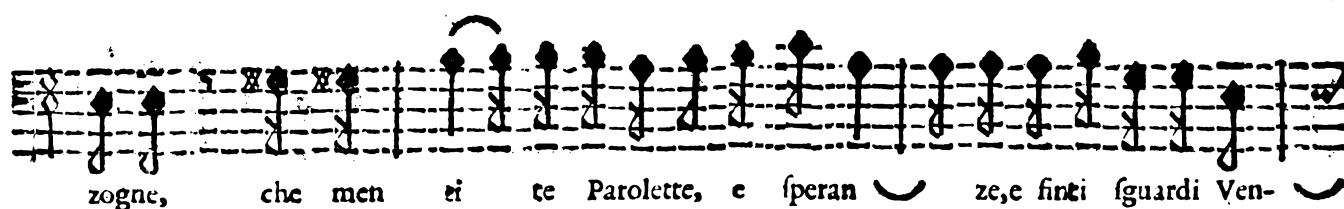
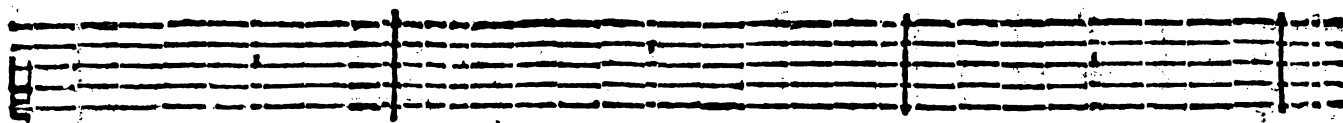
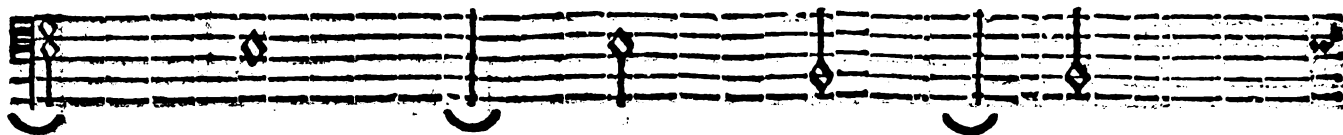
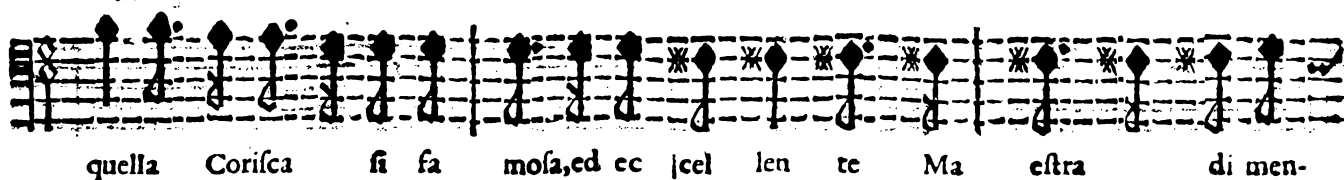
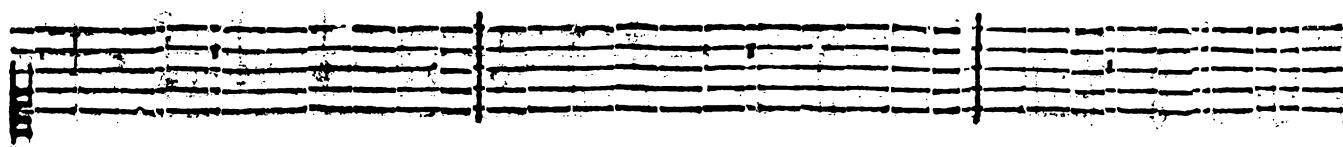
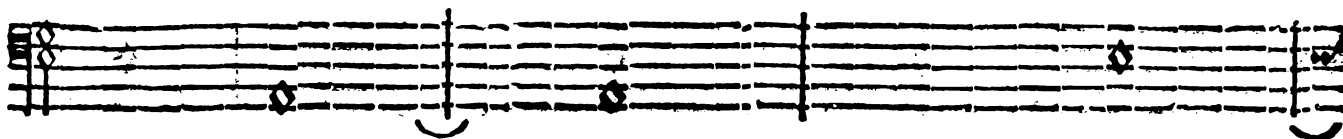
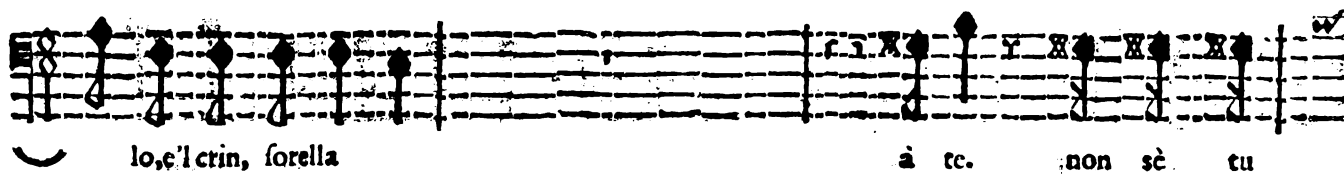


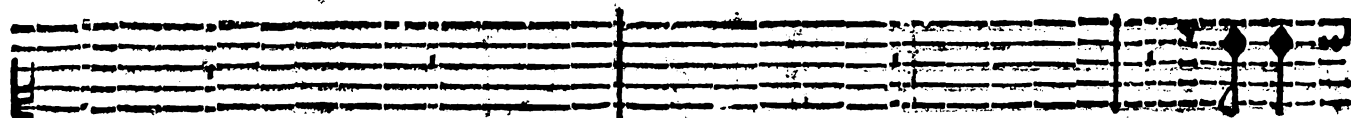
Ti conuerrà stal faldà. T'hò pur sì lungamente attesa al varco



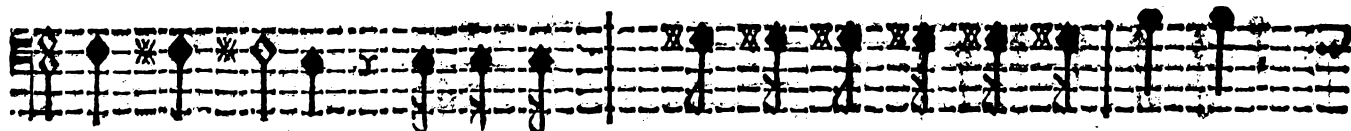
Che ne la rete se caduta è sai Questo non è il mantel.



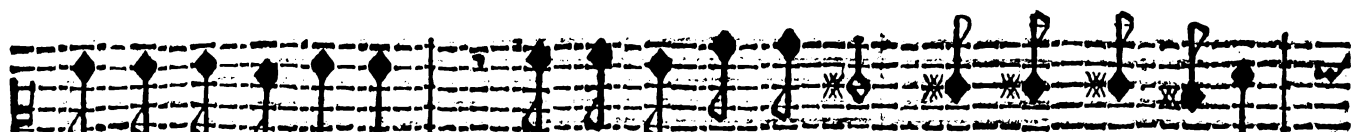
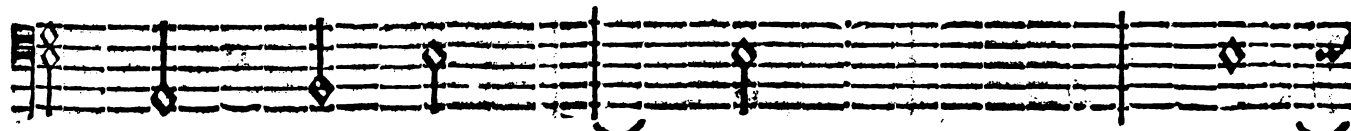




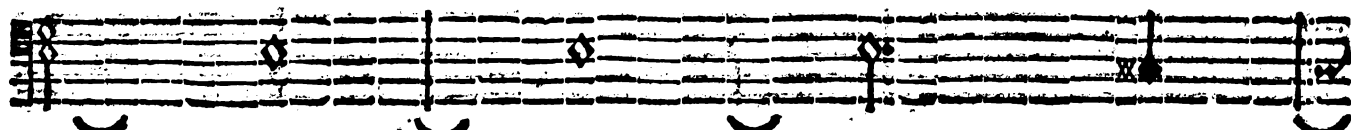
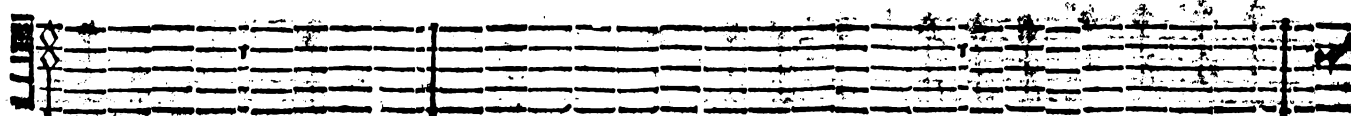
Corif-



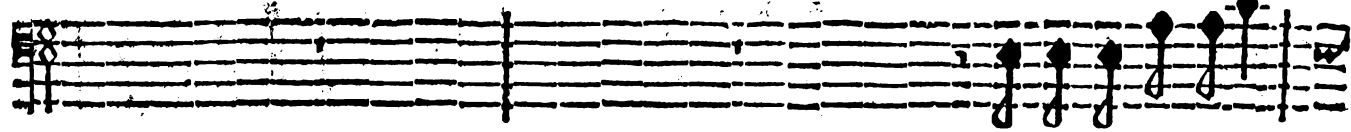
to fempre, Inganna trice, e peffima Co rifca



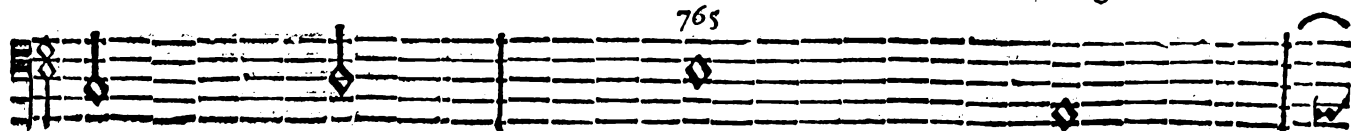
ca fon ben'io; ma non già quello Sa ti ro mio gentil



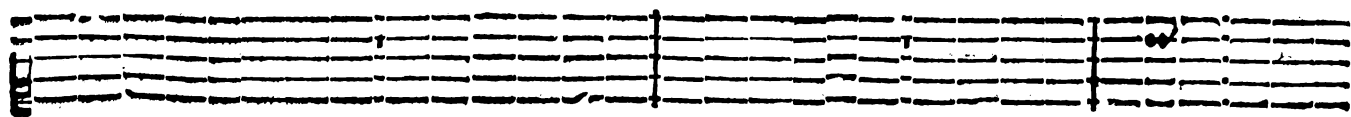
ch'à gliocchi tuoi Vn tem po fù fi cara



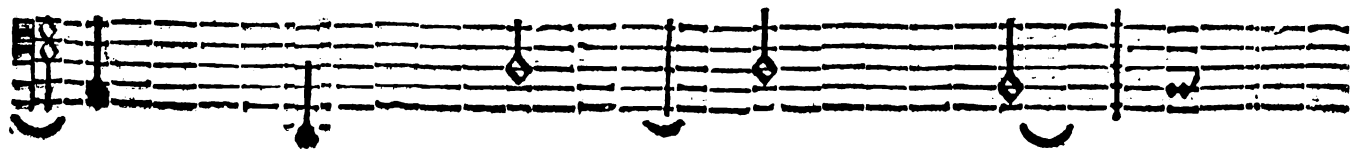
hor fon gentile Si



765



fcclerata, ma gentil non fui, Quando per Coridon



4

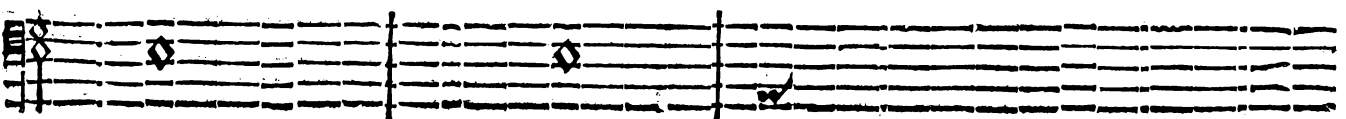
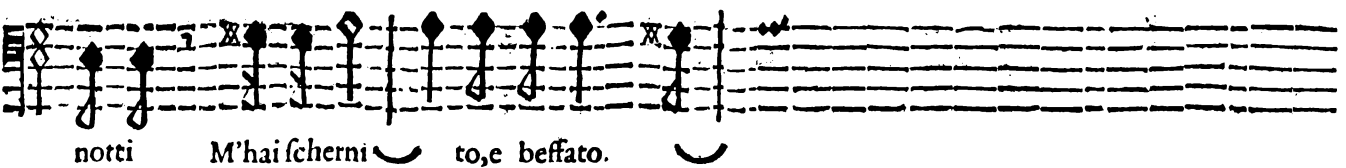
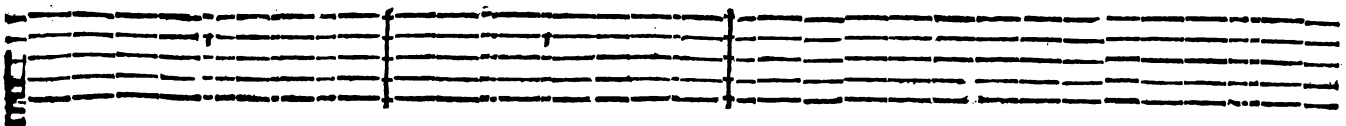
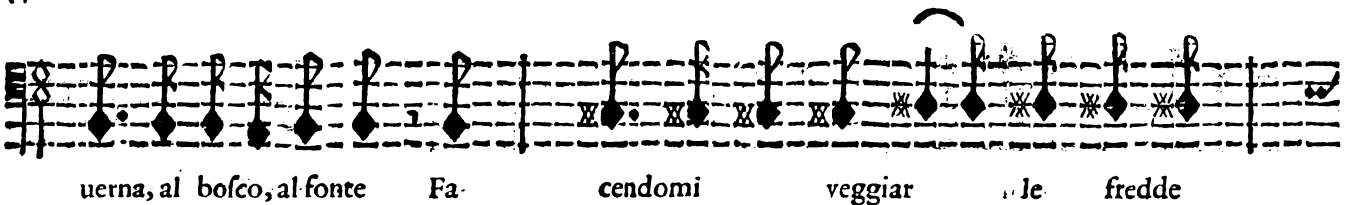
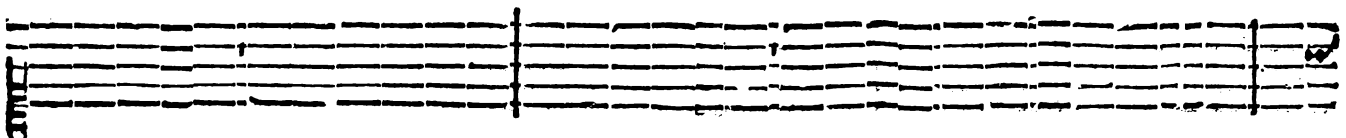
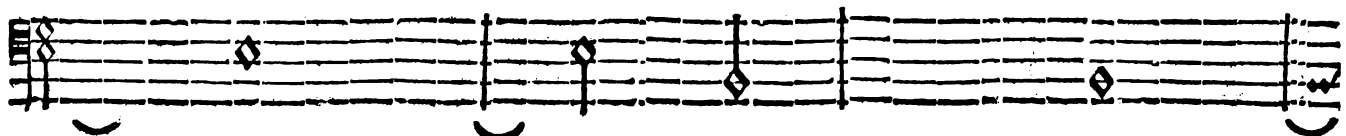
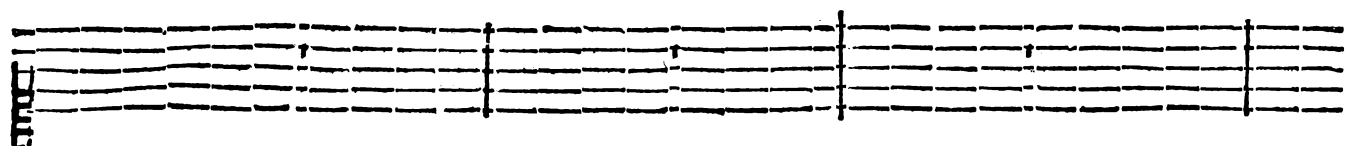
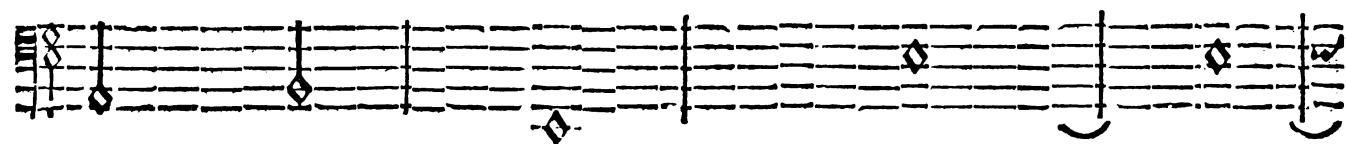
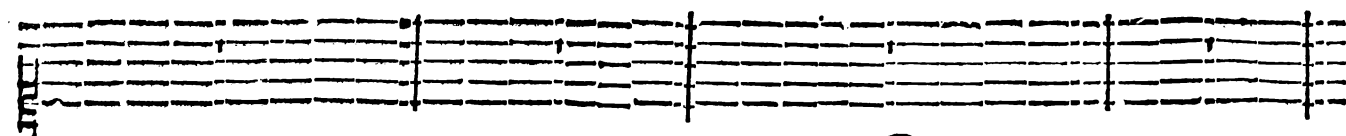
Te per altrui?

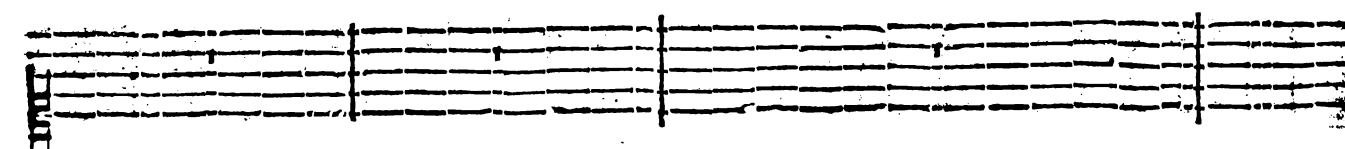
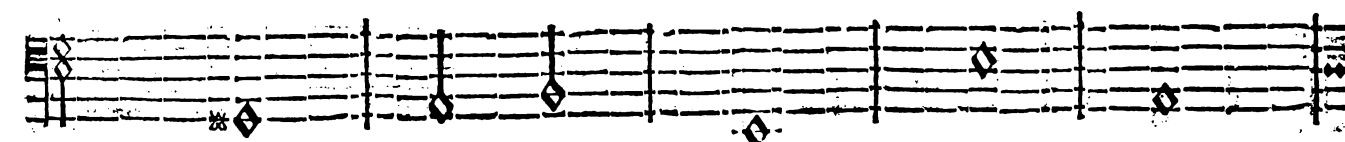
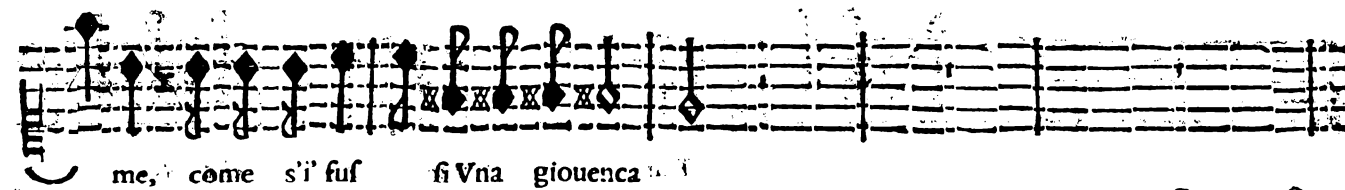
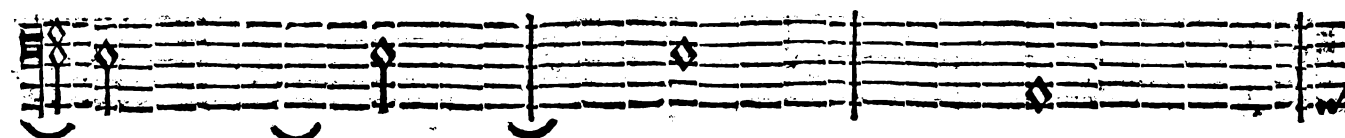
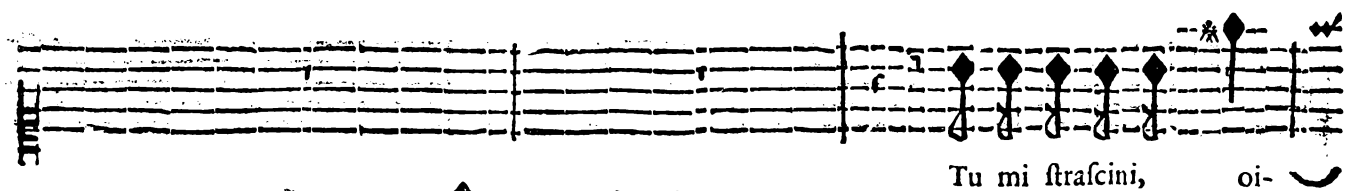
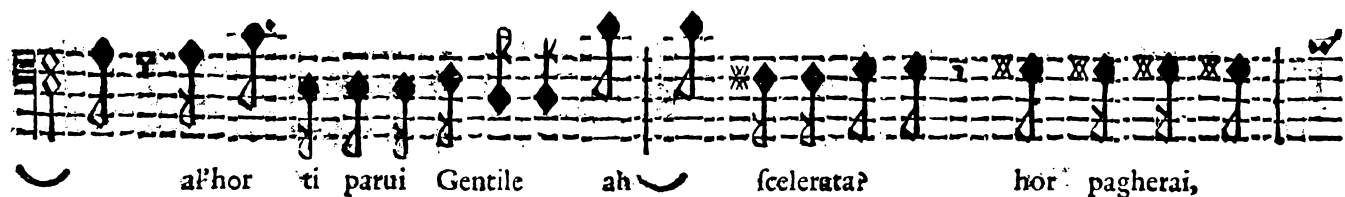
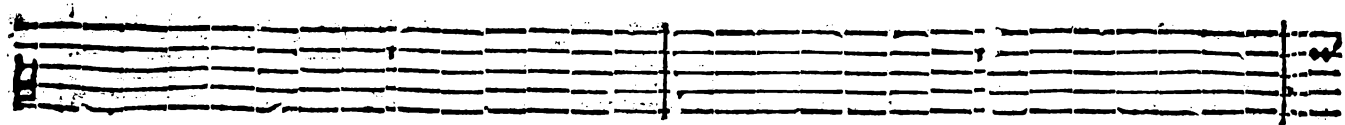
tu mi lasciasti hor o di merauiglia, E cosa noua à l'a-

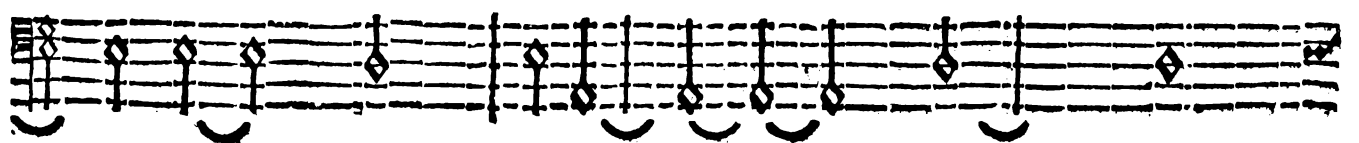
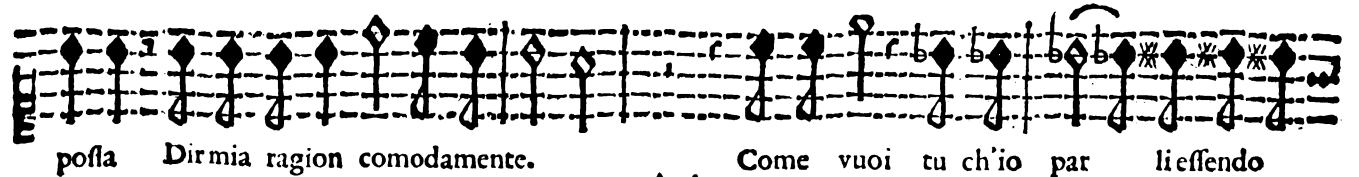
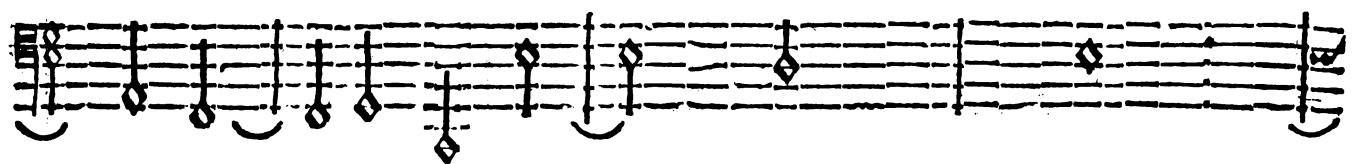
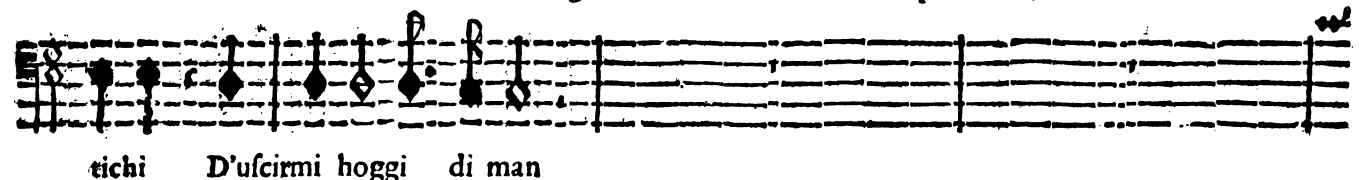
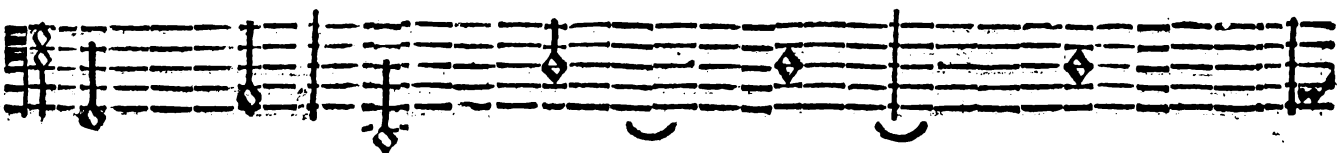
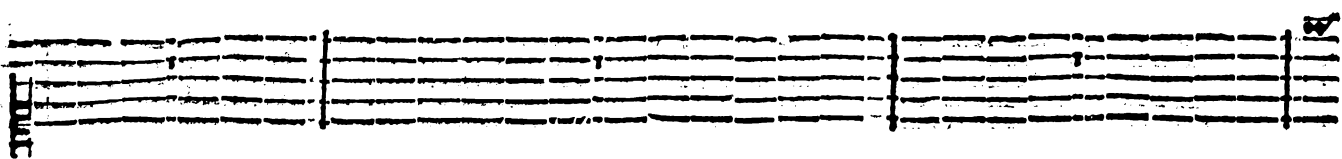
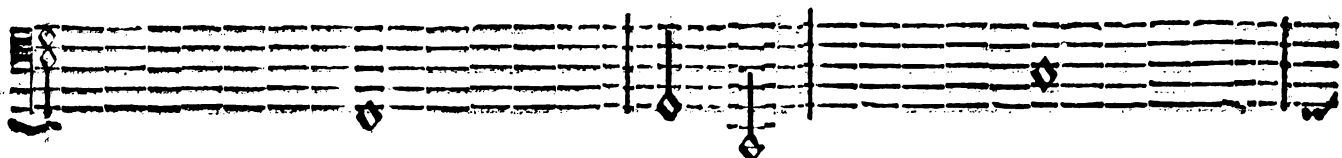
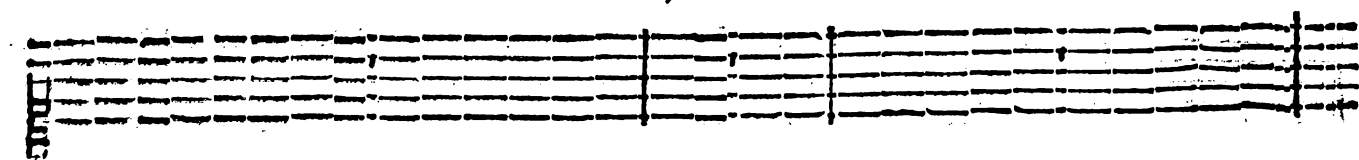
nimo fincero? E quan do l'arco à Lil- la, e' velo a Clori, La veste à

Daf ne, e d'i cotturni à Siluia M'indu cesti a rubar, perche'l mio furto

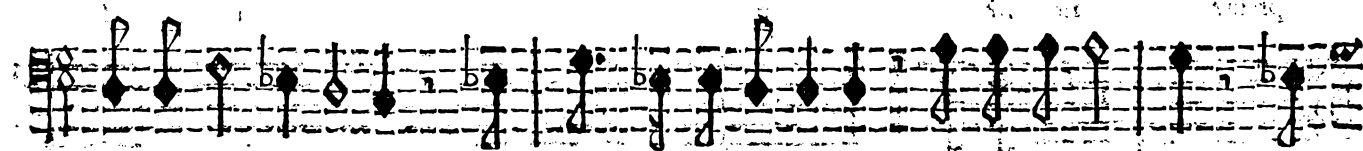
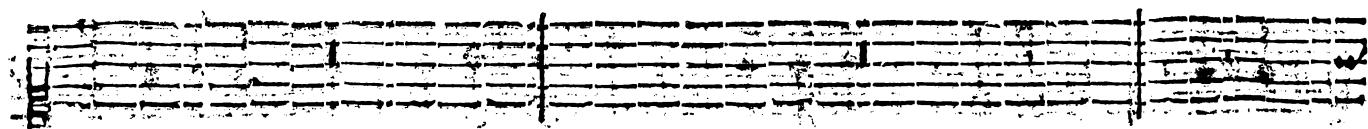
Fosse di quell'amor poscia mer cede, Ch'à me promesso fù



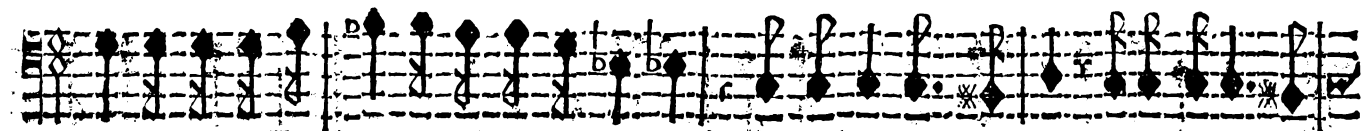
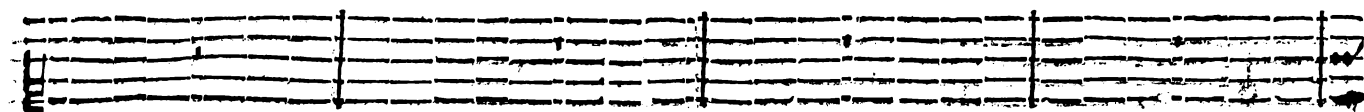
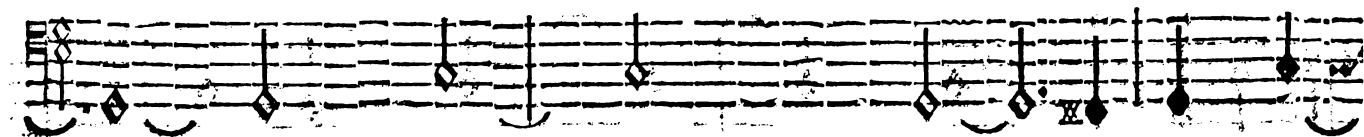




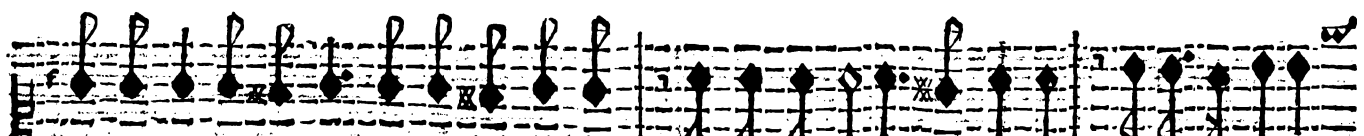
prefa? Lasciami? I' ti prometto La fede mia di non fug-
 ch'i ti lasci?
 34 43
 gir?
 qual fede, Perfidissima femmina? ancor osi Parlar
 meco di fede? I' vo condurti Ne la più spauente
 vuole cauerna Di questo monte oue non giunga mai Raggio di sol non



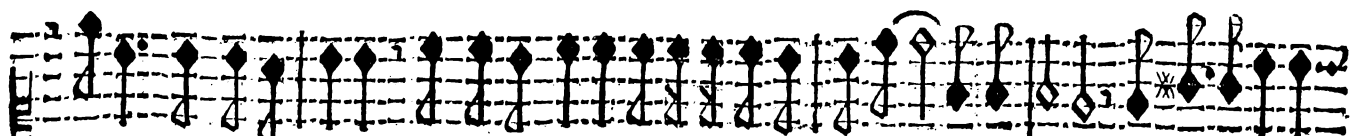
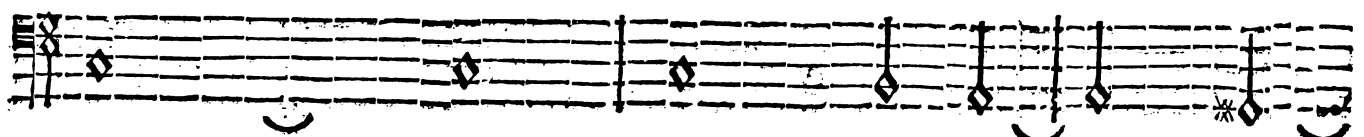
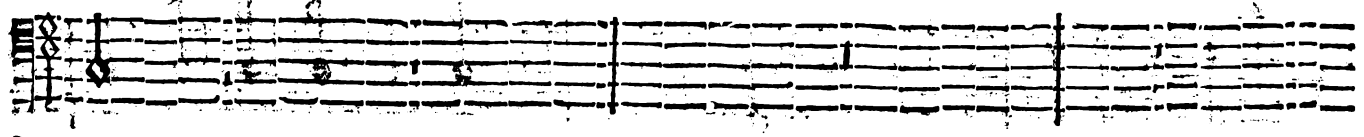
che vestigio humano Del resto non ti parlo, il sentirai. Fa-



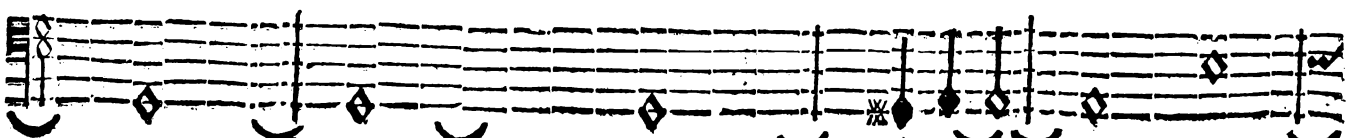
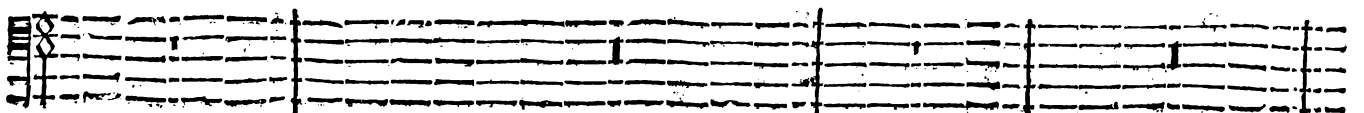
rò con mio diletto, e con tuo scorno Quello stratio di te, che meritasti

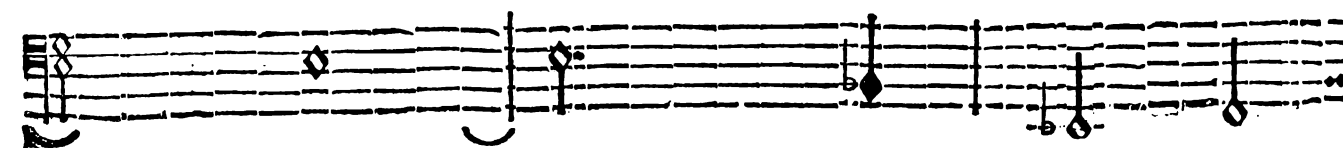
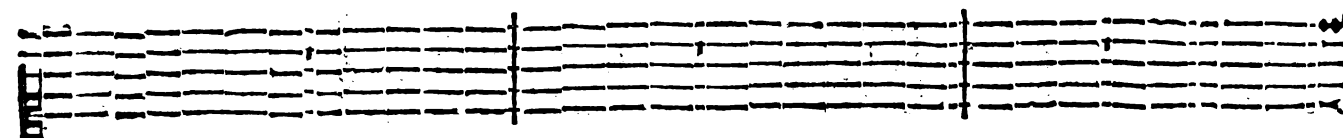
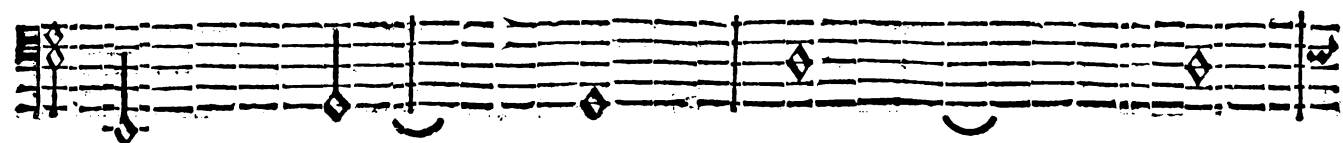
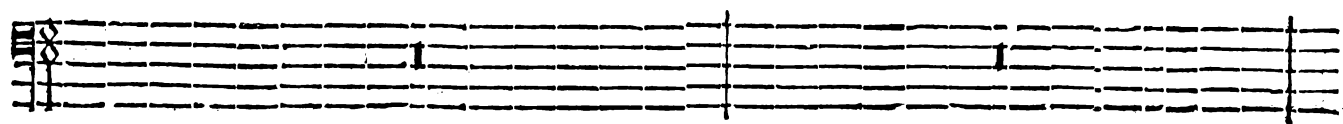


Puoi tu dunque, crudele, a questa chioma, Che ti legò già il core; a questo volto



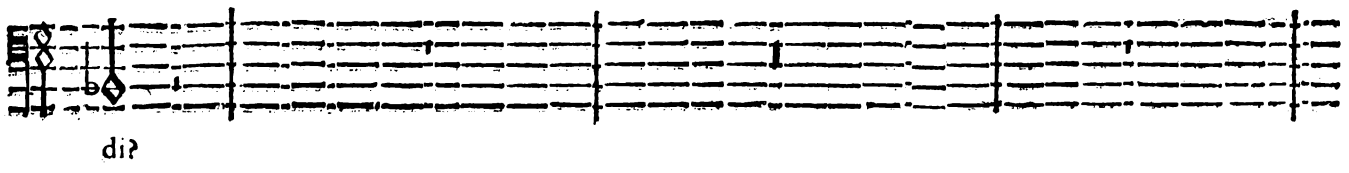
Che fu già il tuo diletto, a questo vn tēpo Più de la vita tua ca ra Corisca, Per cui giuravi







Deh, Satiro gentil, non far più stratio Di chi t'adora, oime non sè già



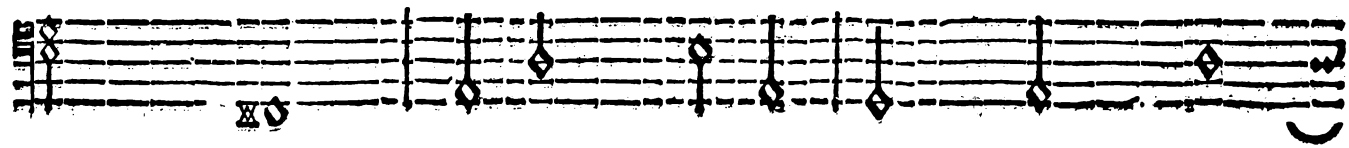
di?



fera Non hà già il cor di mar mo, o di macigno, Ec comia piedi tuoi, se mai t'of-



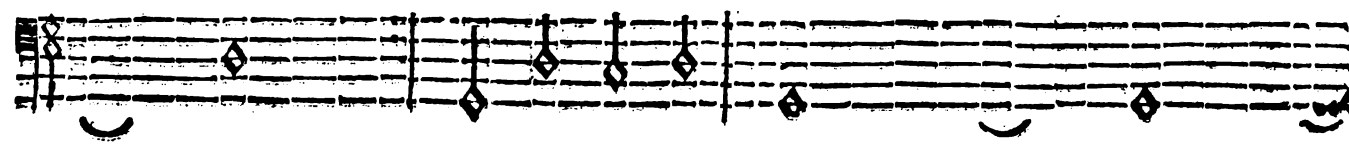
fesi, Idolo del mio cor, perdon ti chieggiò. Per que ste nerboru te, e f'oua hu-



ma ne Tue ginocchia, ch'abbrac cio, à cui m'inchino, Per quello amor che



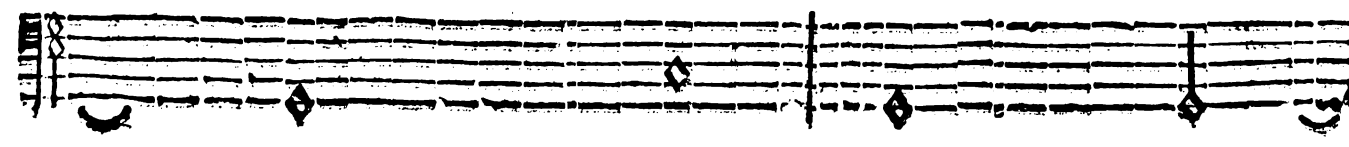
ma ne Tue ginocchia, ch'abbrac cio, à cui m'inchino, Per quello amor che



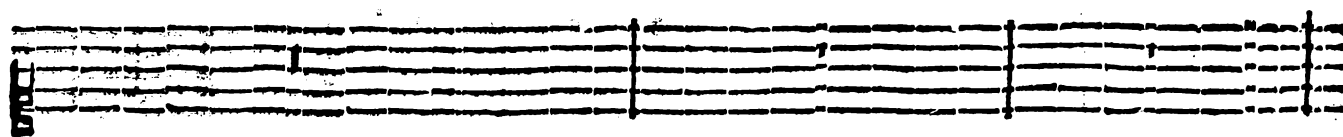
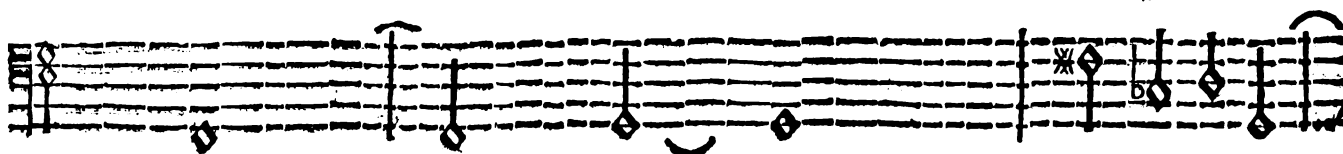
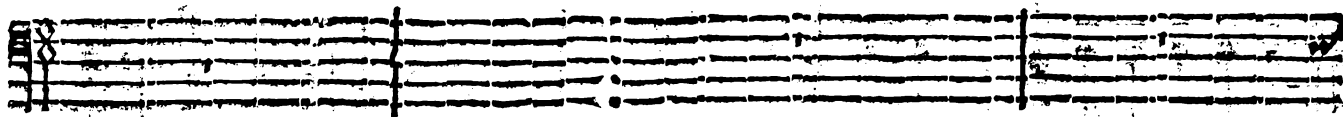
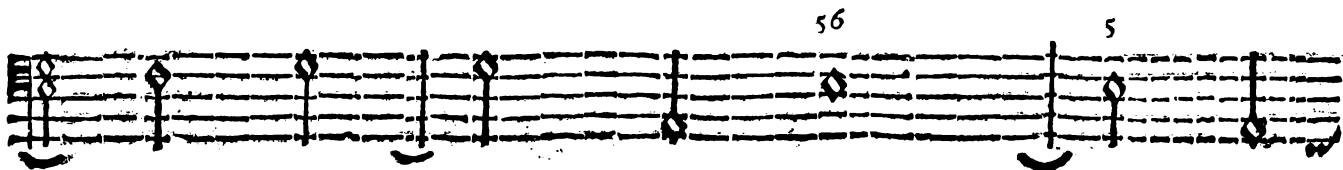
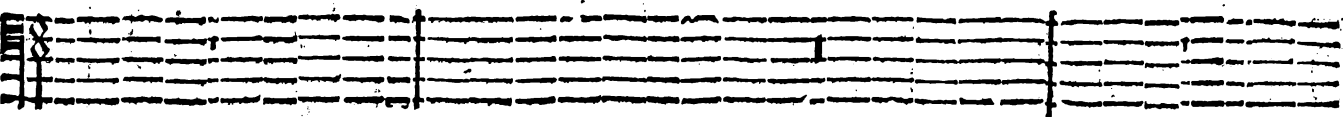
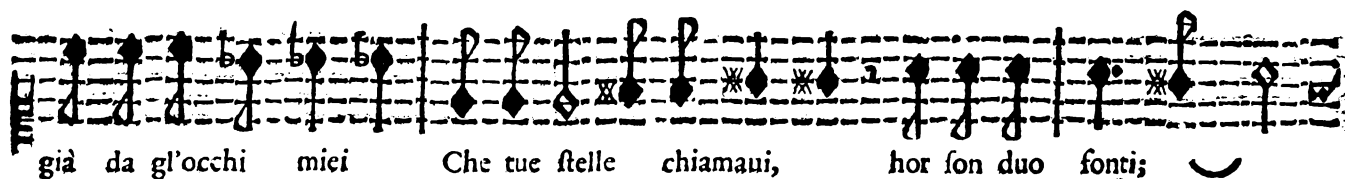
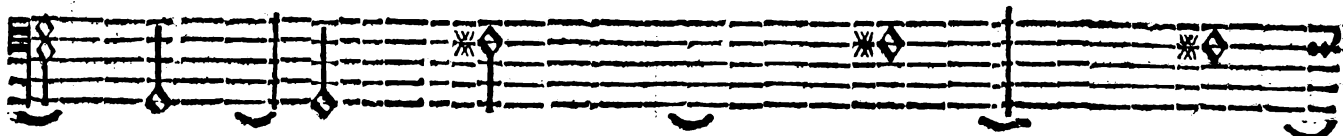
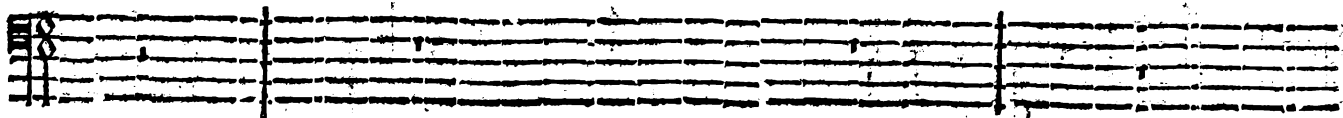
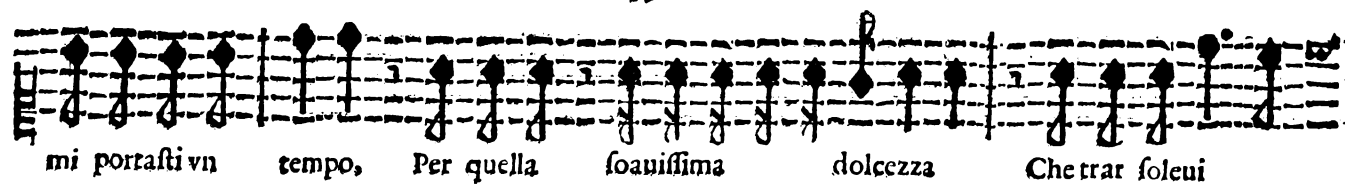
ma ne Tue ginocchia, ch'abbrac cio, à cui m'inchino, Per quello amor che

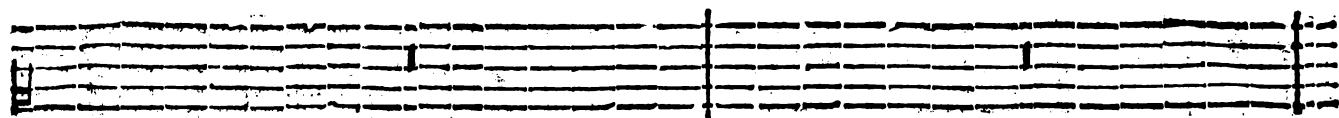


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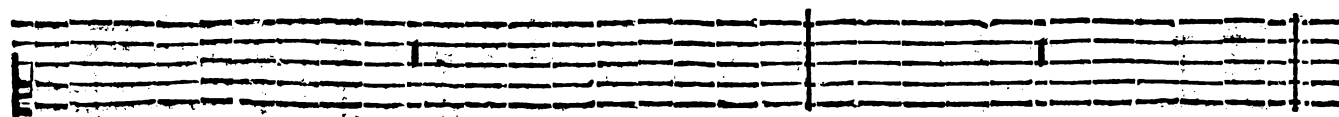
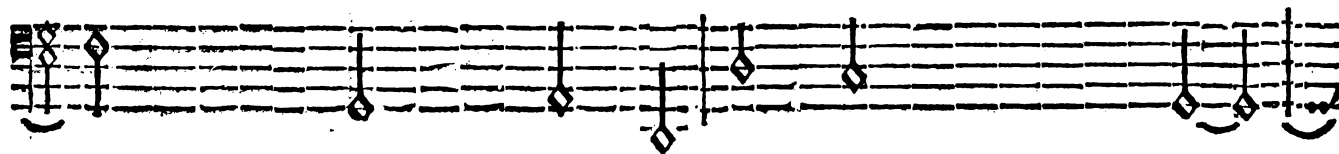


ma ne Tue ginocchia, ch'abbrac cio, à cui m'inchino, Per quello amor che

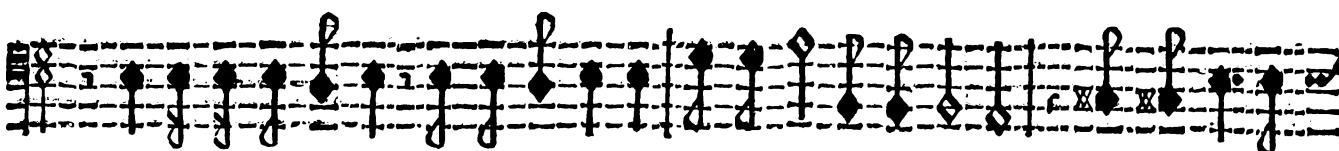
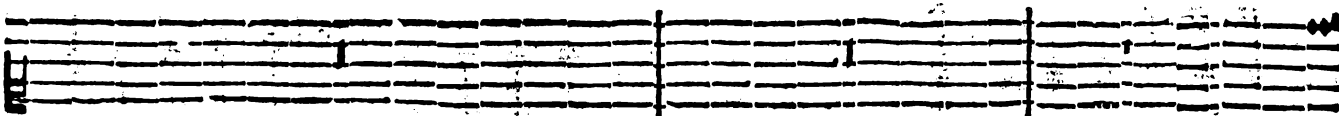
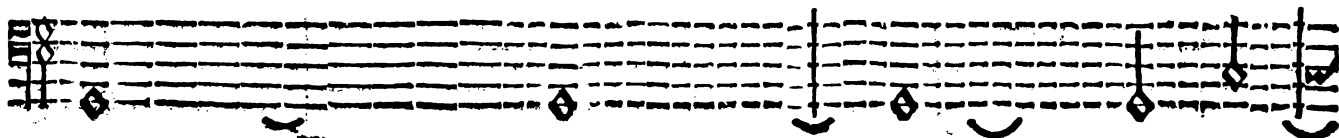




a fè che farei vinto. Main fomma io non ti creddo.



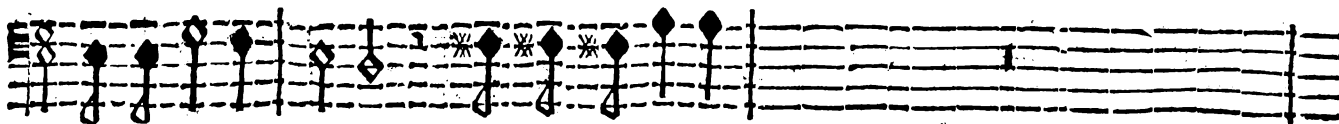
tu sè troppo Maluaggia, è'nganni più, che più si fida



Sotto quell'humiltà, sotto que' preghi Si nasconde Corisca: tu non puoi Ef-

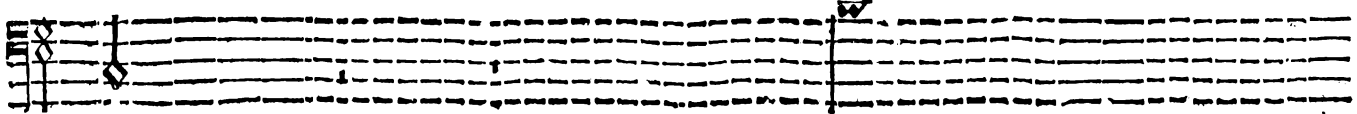
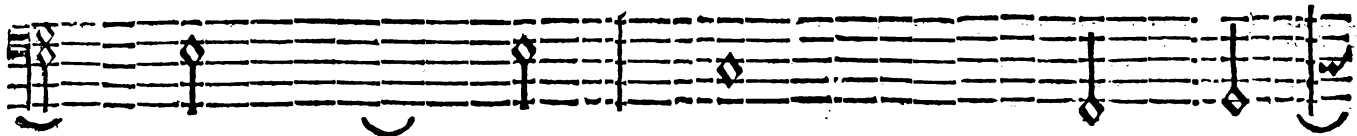
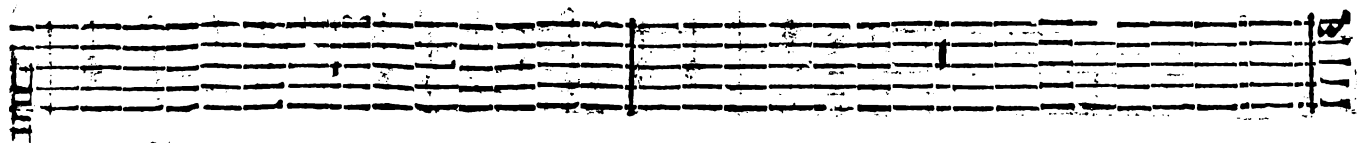
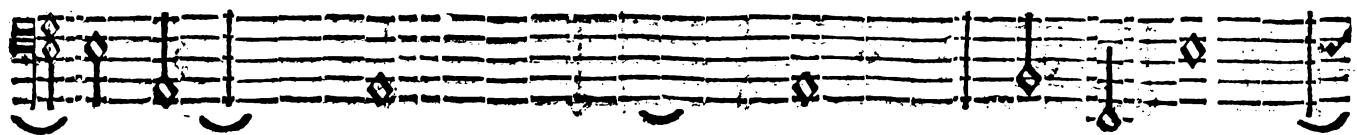
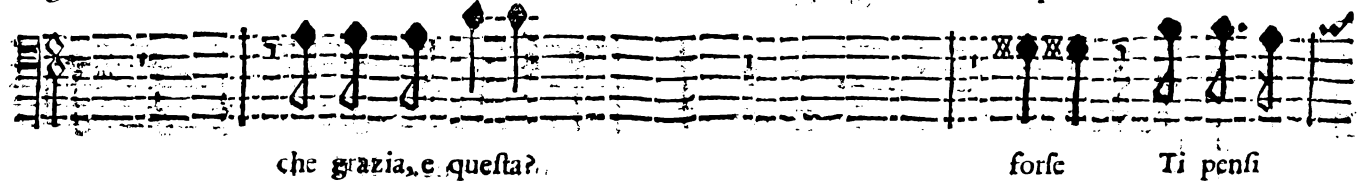
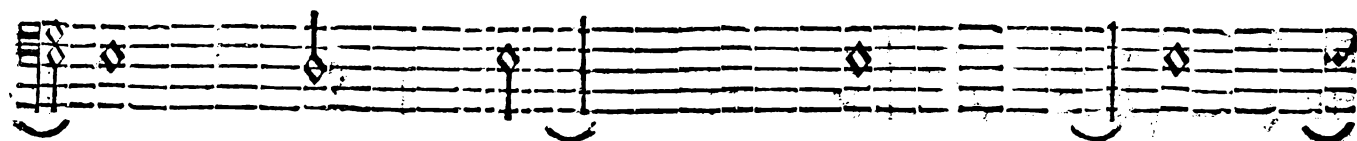
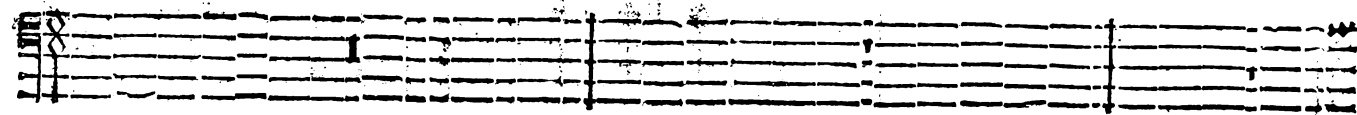


Oi me il mio capo, ah crudo;

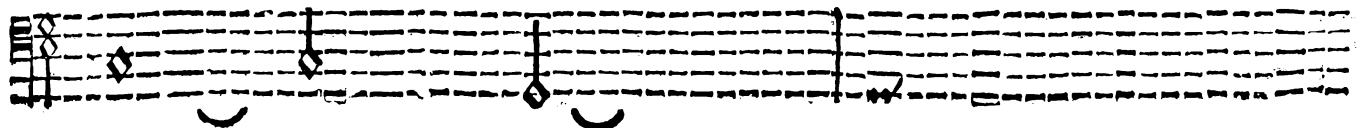


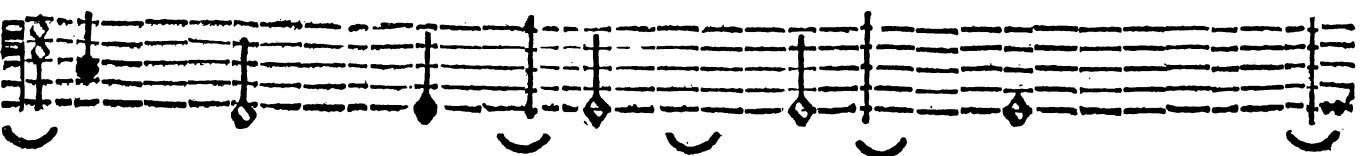
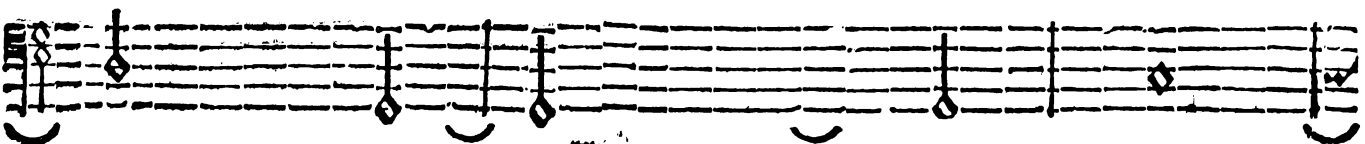
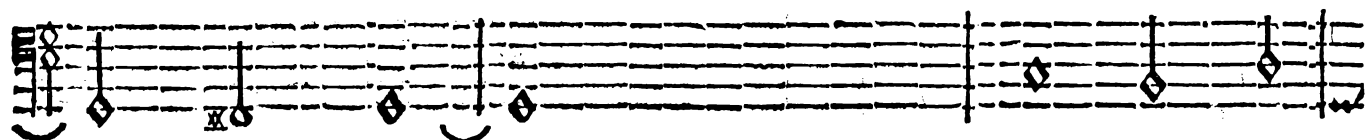
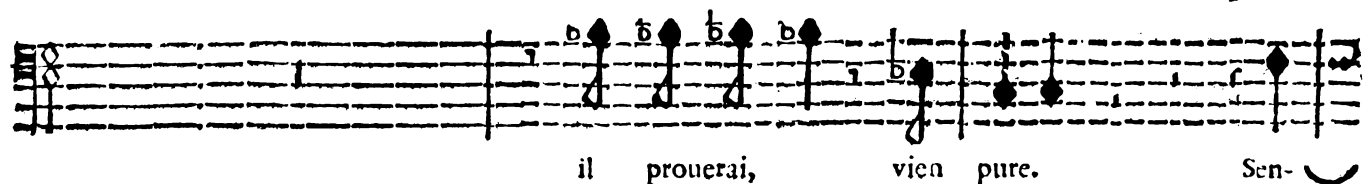
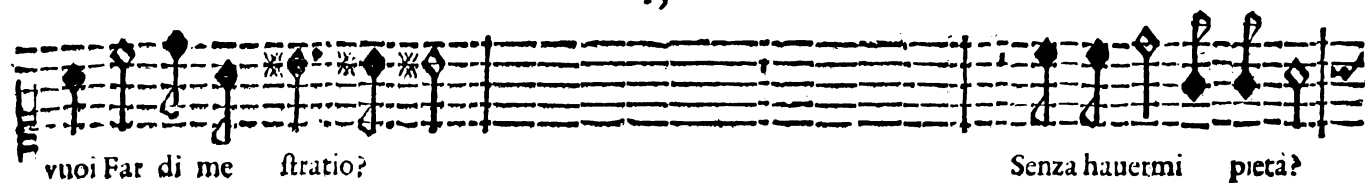
fer da te diuerfa. ancor contendì?

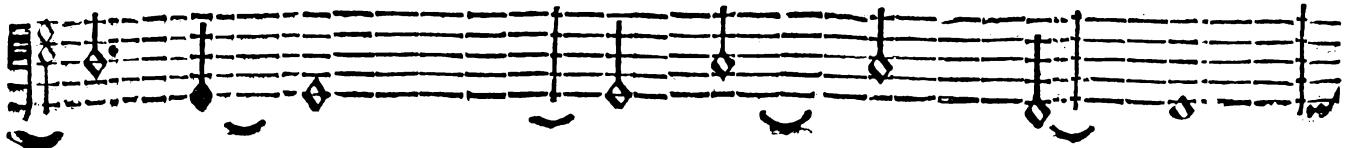
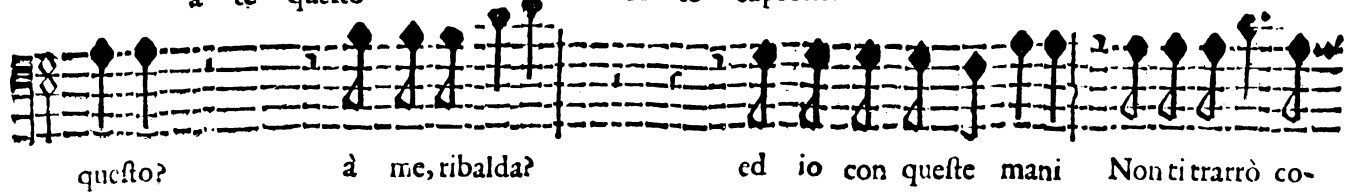
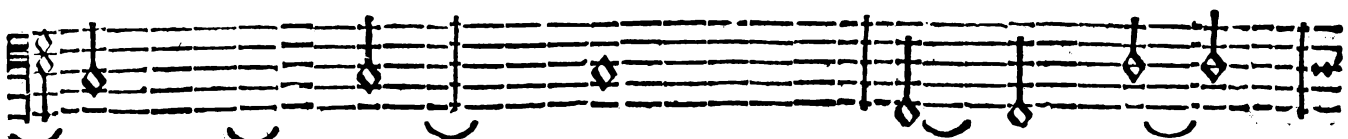
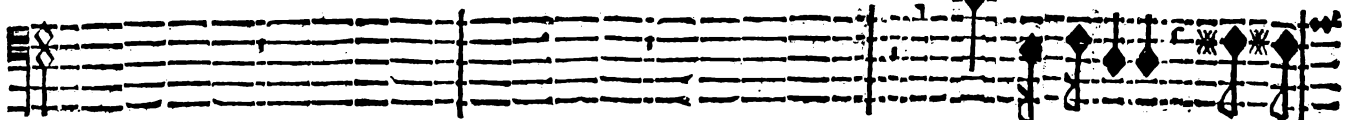
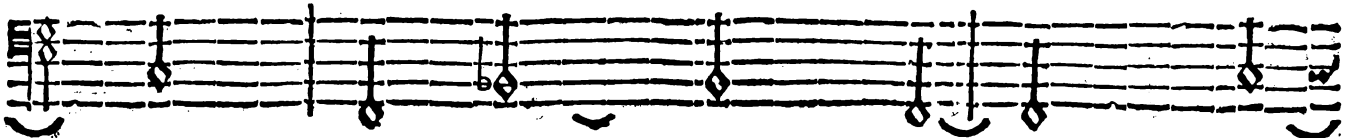
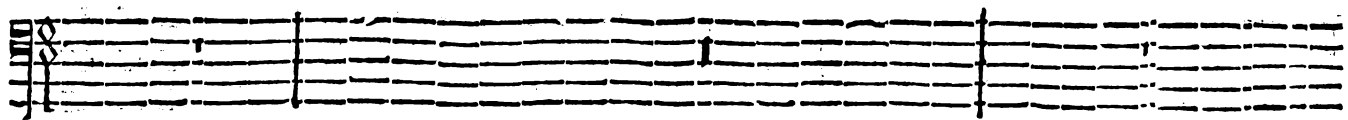
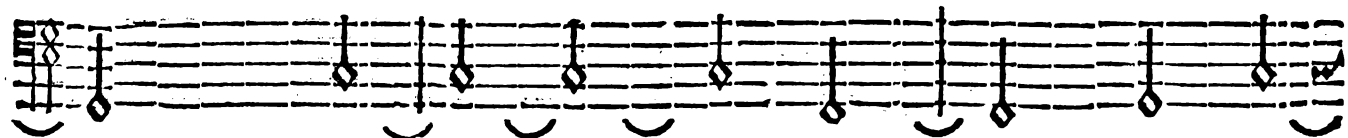
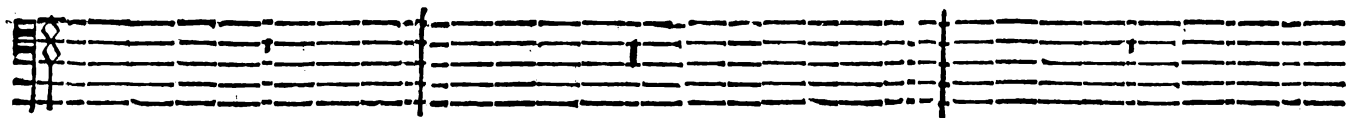




mi?







fe r'acosti, E fossi tant'ar-

testa tua canina, Ed'è portuna lingua?

di ro.

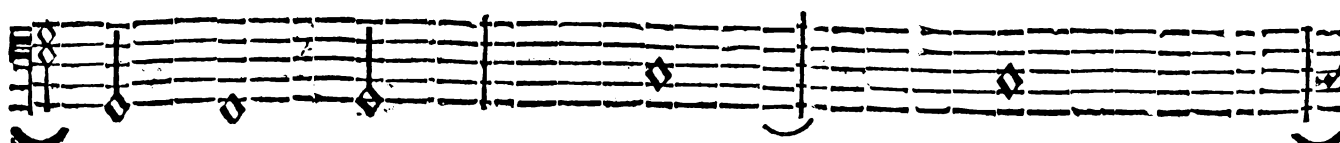
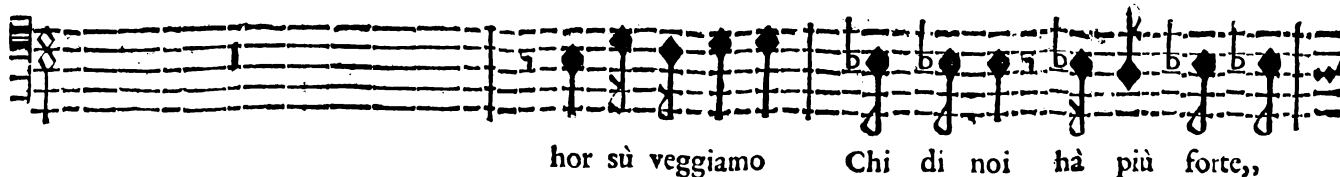
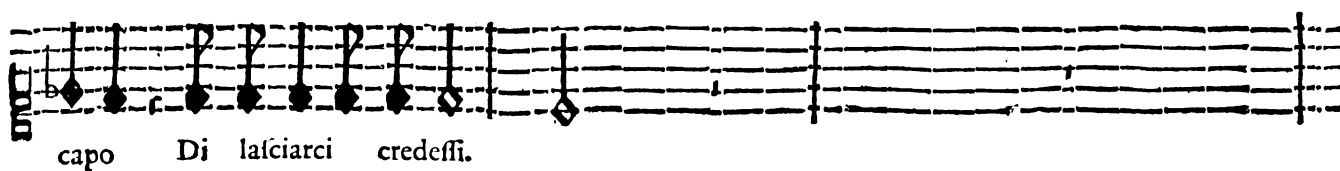
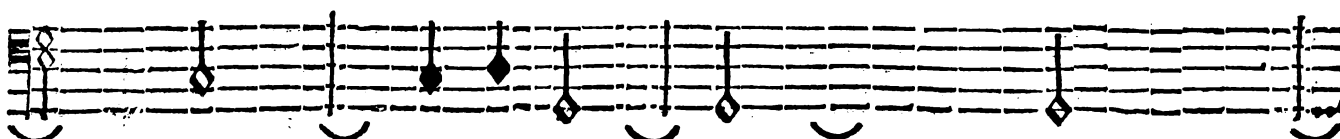
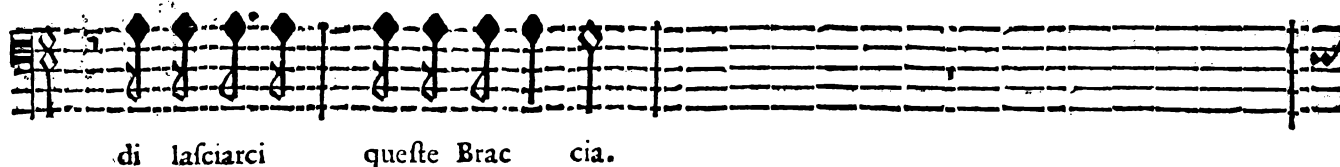
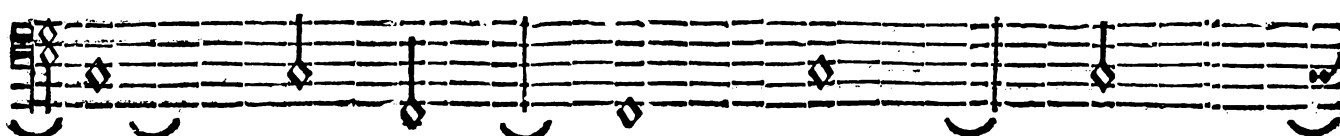
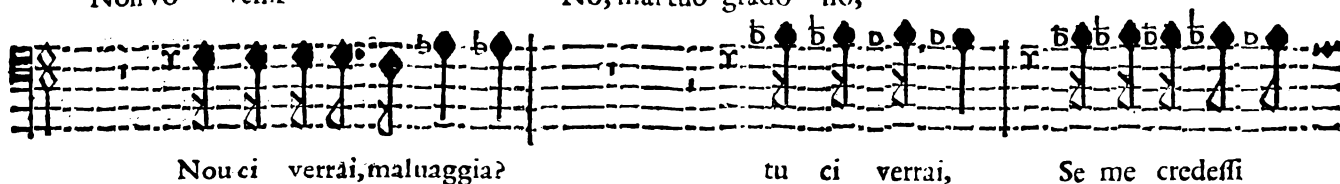
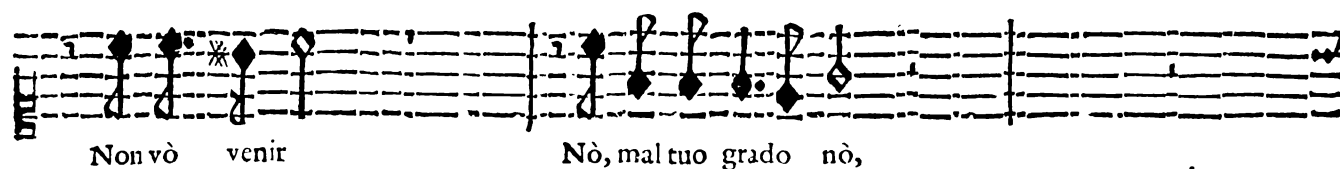
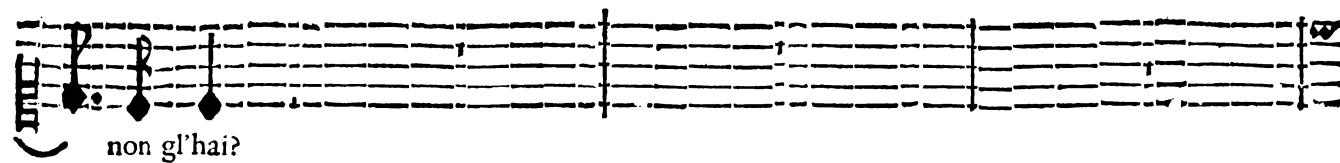
In tale stato Vna vil femminuzza; in queste mani?

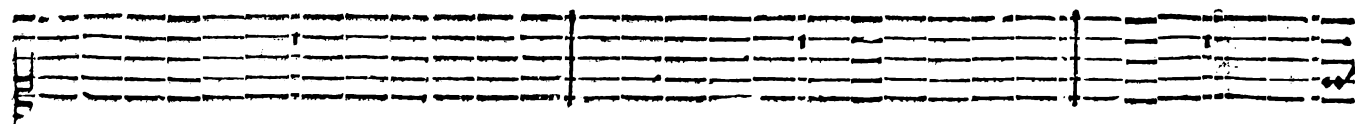
Che mi farai vil-

'E non temerò e m'oltrag già? e mi dispreggia? lo ti farò

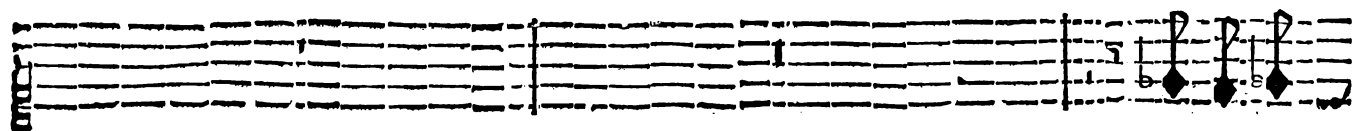
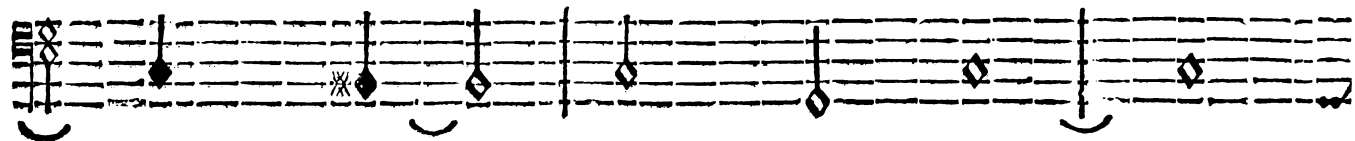
lano? e con qua' denti, Se tu

I' ti mangerò viua'

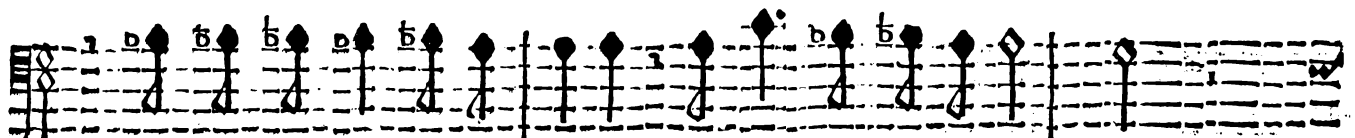




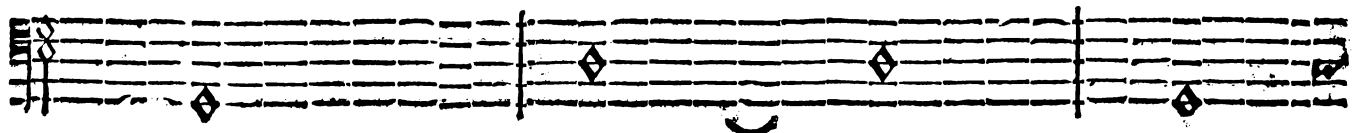
e più tenace Tu il col lo, odio le braccia, tu ci metti Le mani;



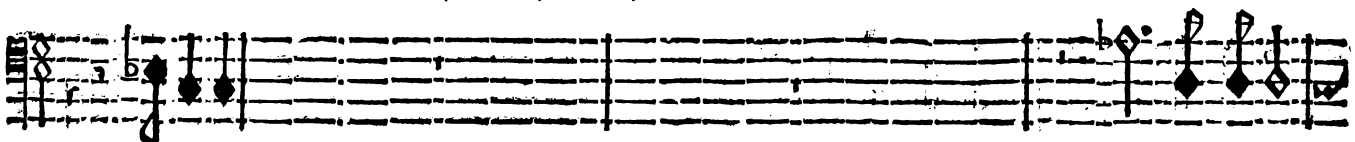
hor'il ve-



nè con questo anco potrai Difenderti per uer fa

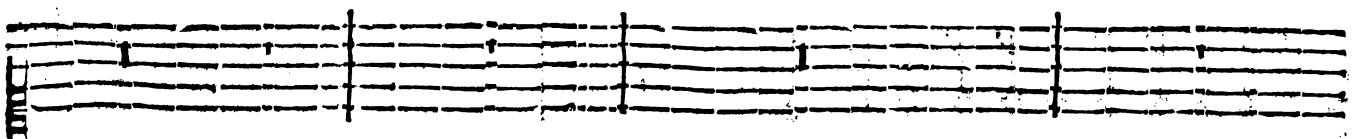
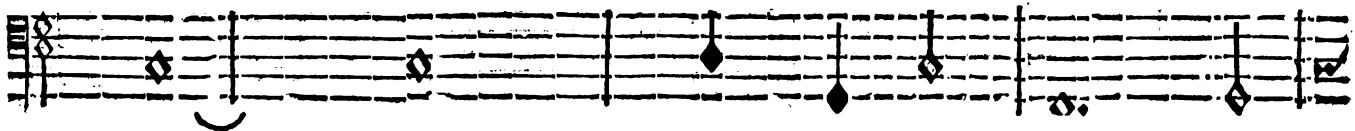


dremo tira ben, Satiro, addio, Fiaccati il collo.



Sì certo

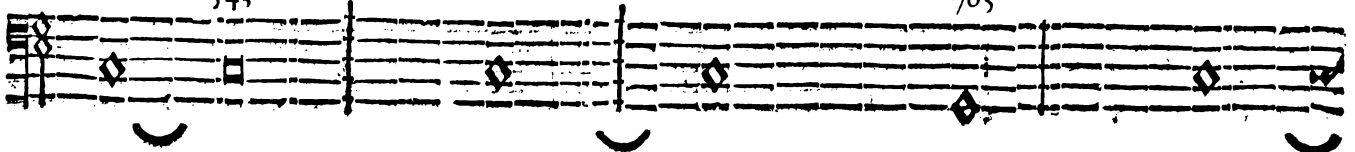
[oime.. dolen-

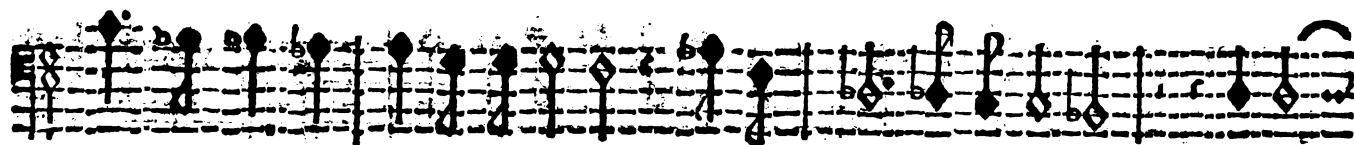
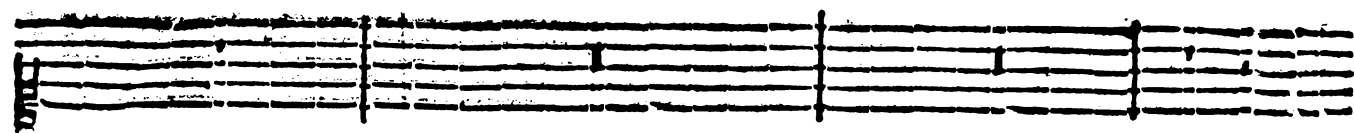


te, ah! lasso, Oime il ca po, oime il fianco, oime la schiena. Oime il ca-

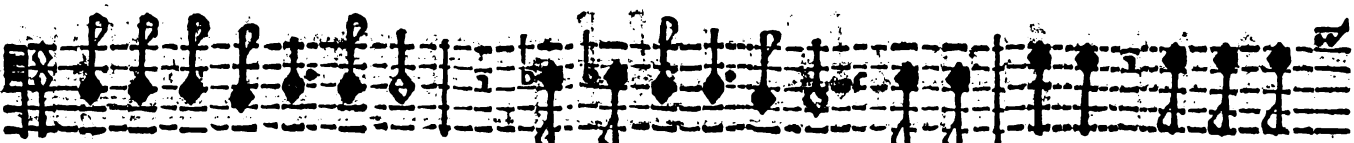
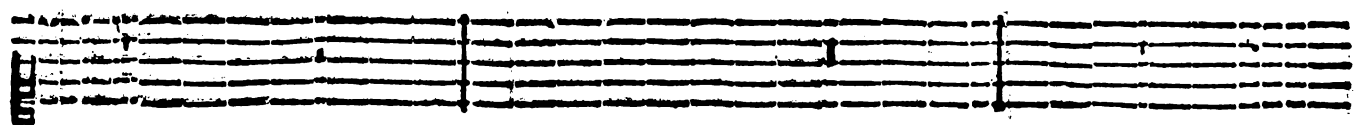
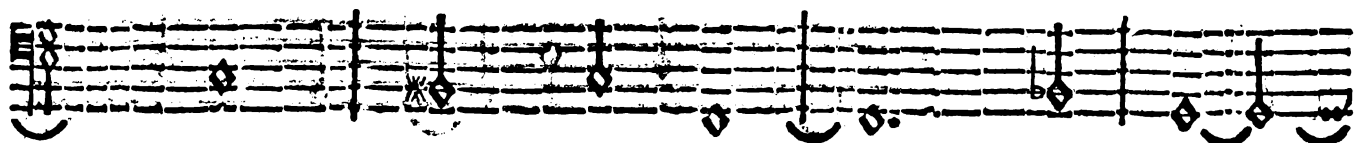
543

765

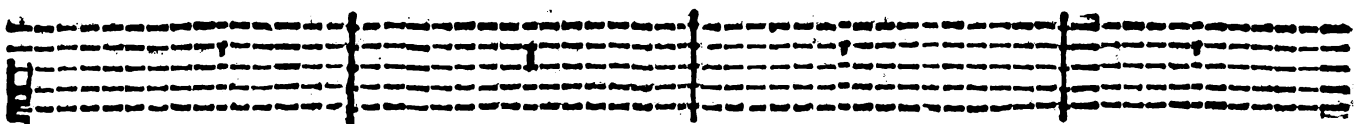
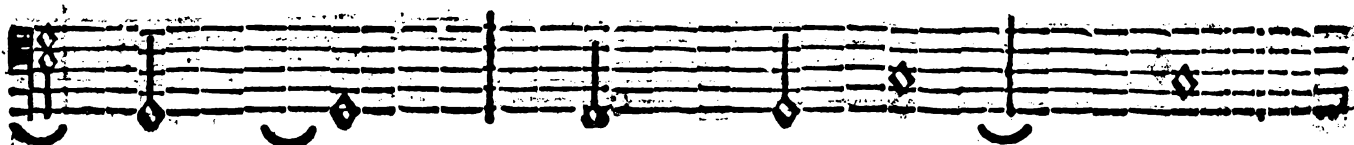




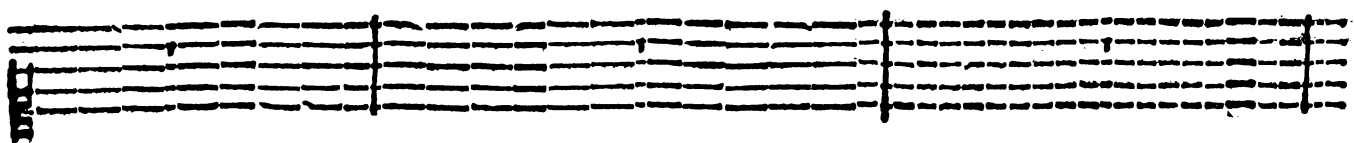
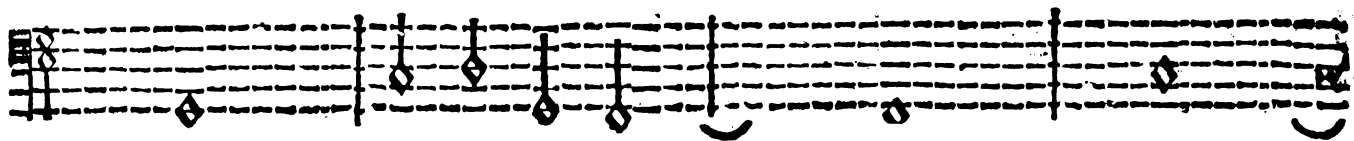
po, oimè il fianco oi me la schiena. O che fiera caduta a pe-



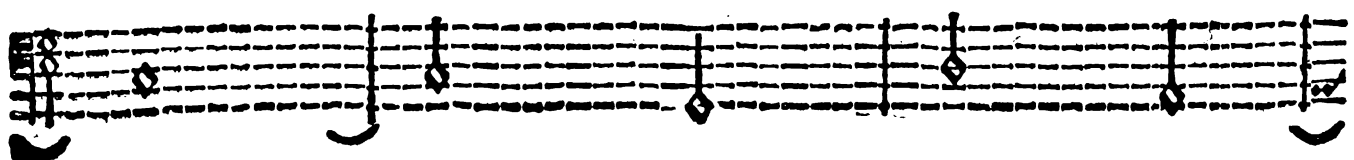
na i possa Mouérmì, e rilénarmene: e pur vero E ch'ella

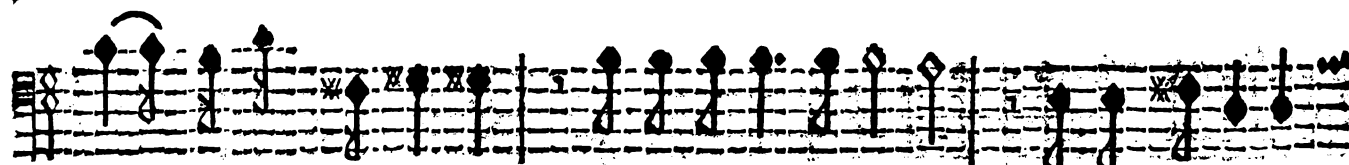
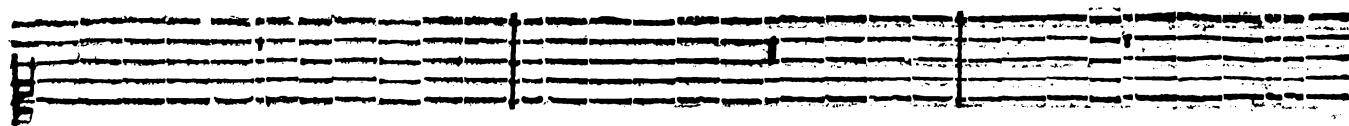


fug ga, e qui ri manga il teschio? O marauiglia inusitata: O

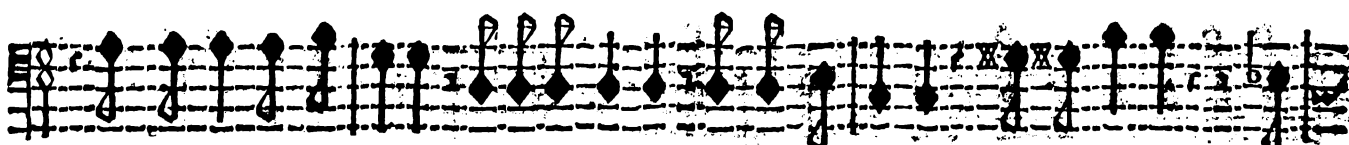
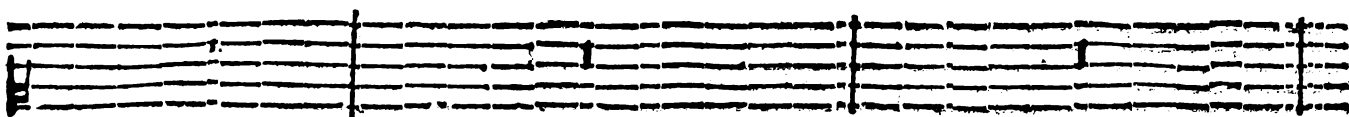
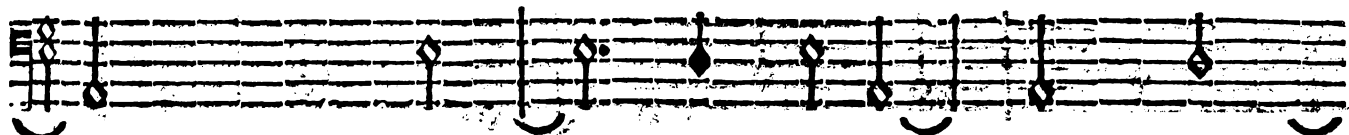


Ninfe, O Pastori accorre te, e rimirate Il magico stu-

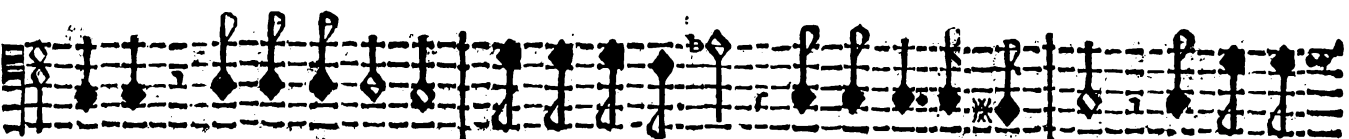
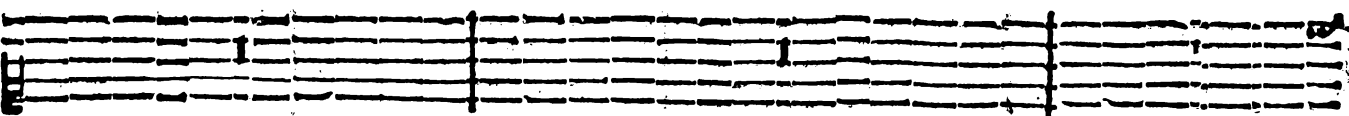
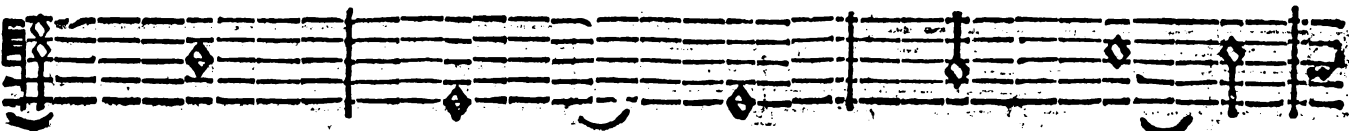




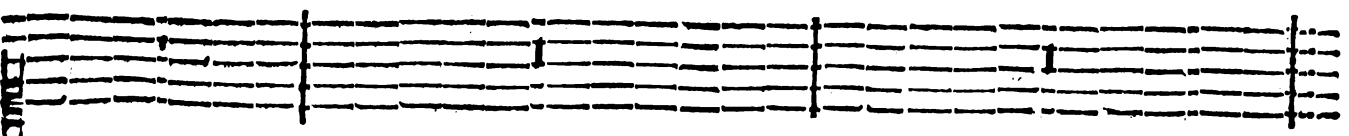
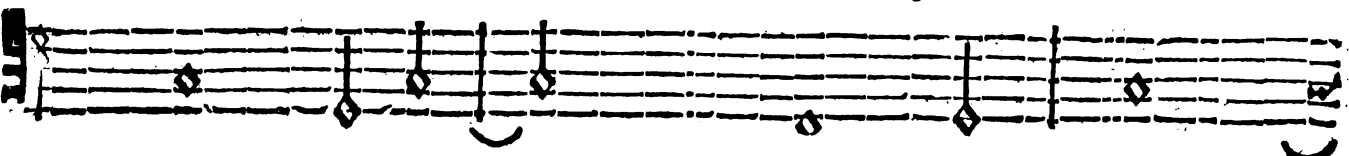
por di chi se'n fugge, E viue senza capo, ò come è lieue:



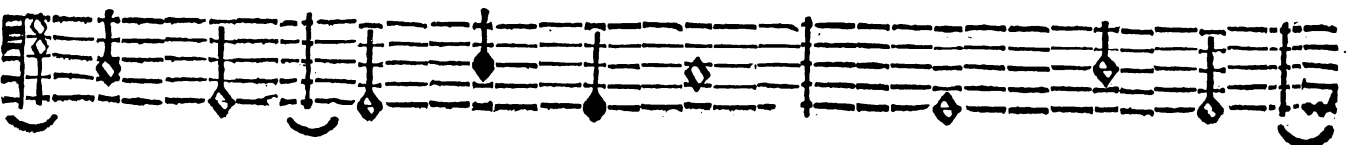
Quãto hà poco ceruello; e come il sangue Fuor non nè spiaccia? Ma che miro? ò

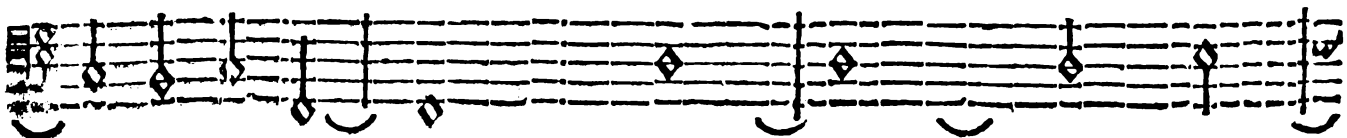
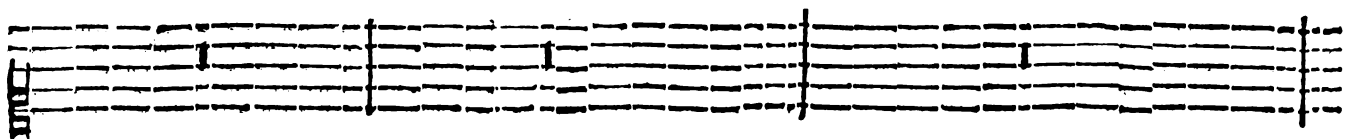
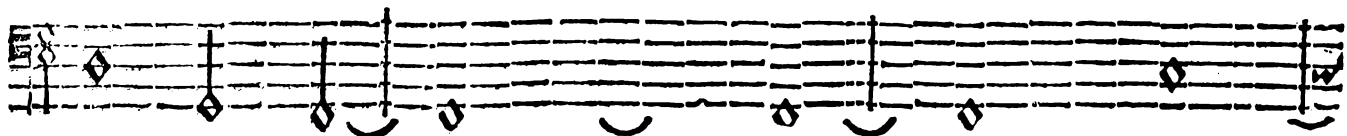
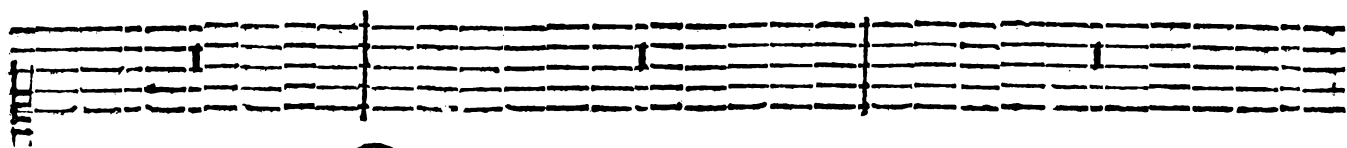
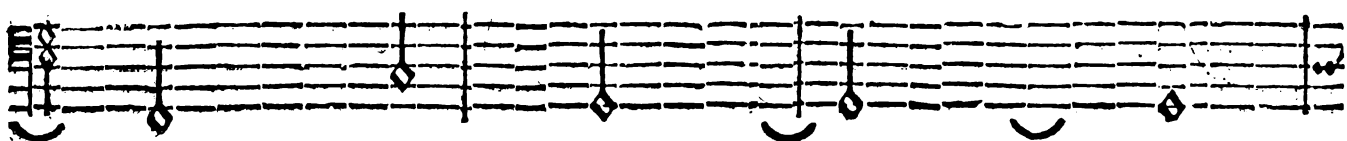
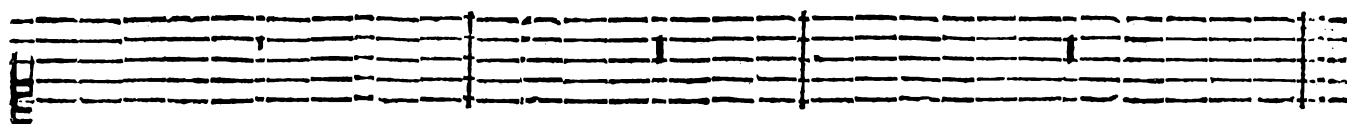
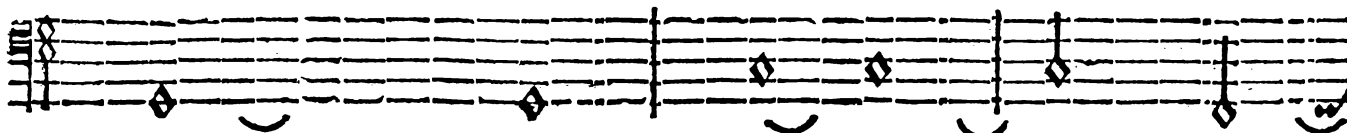
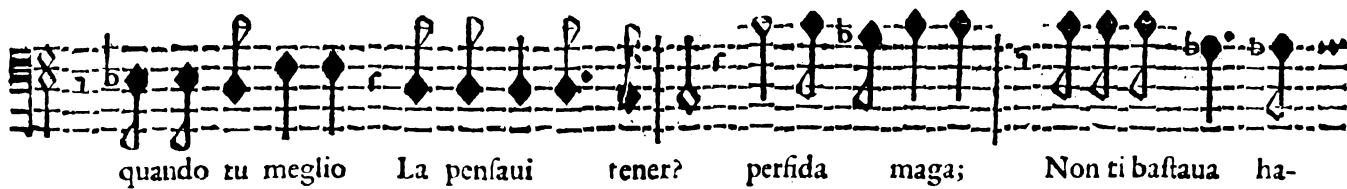
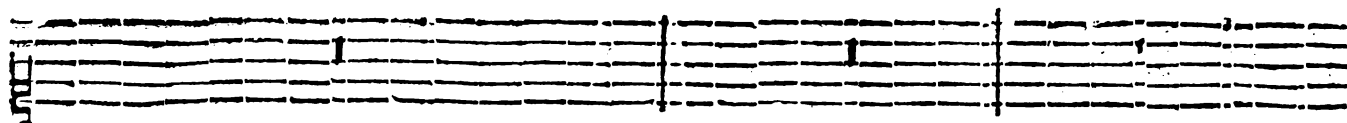


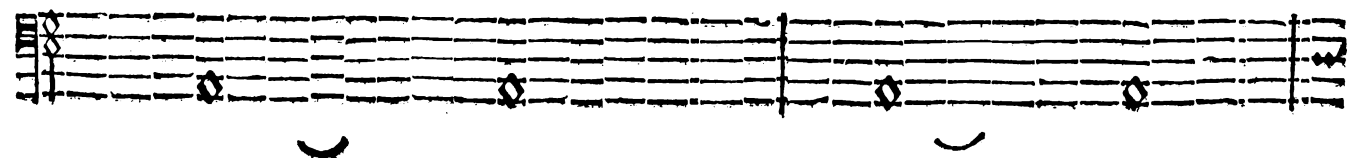
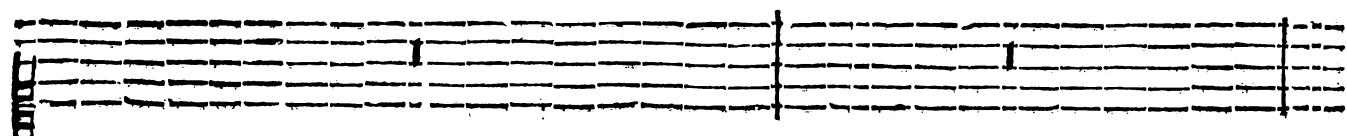
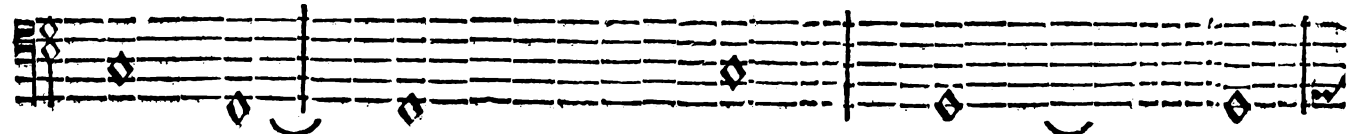
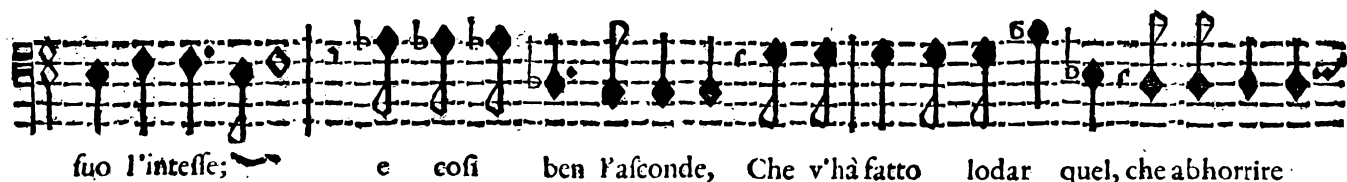
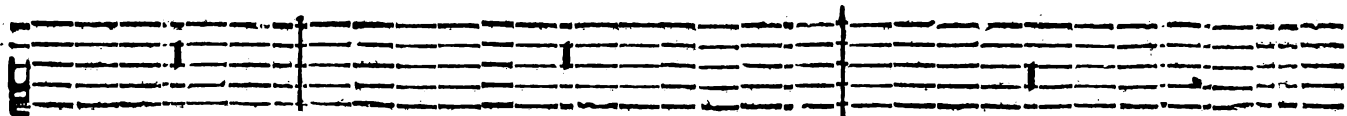
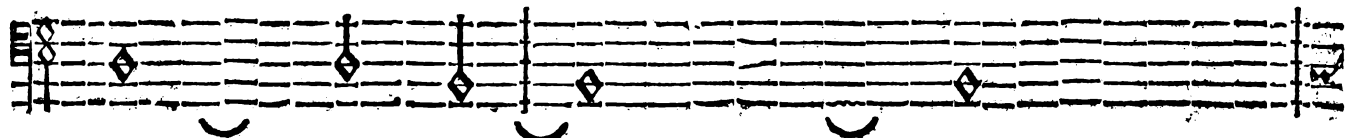
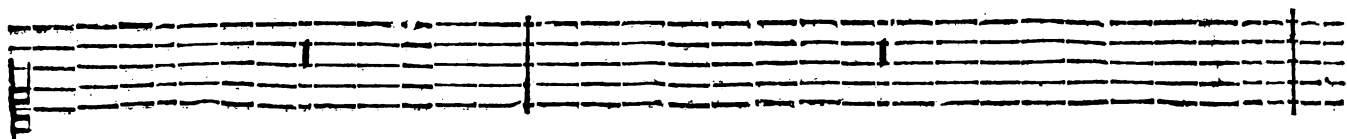
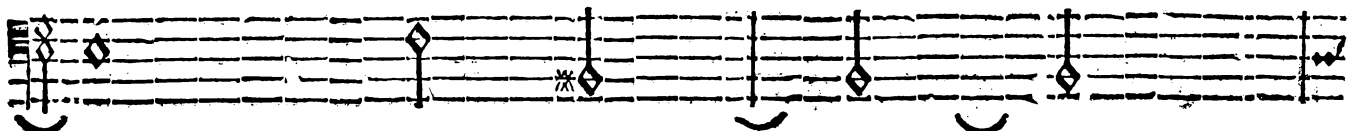
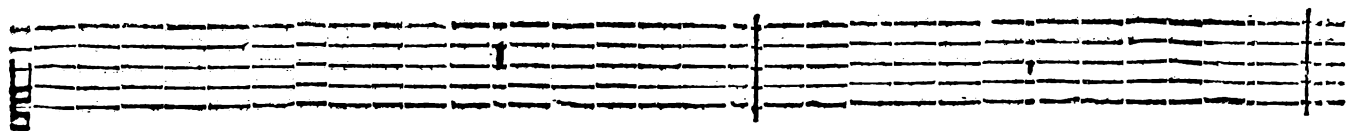
felioco, O mentacatto: senza capo lei? Senza capo sè tù: chi vide

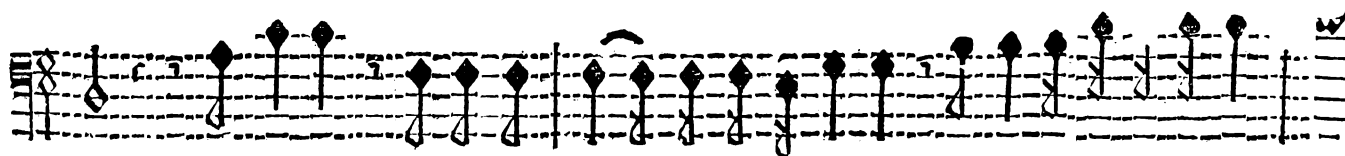
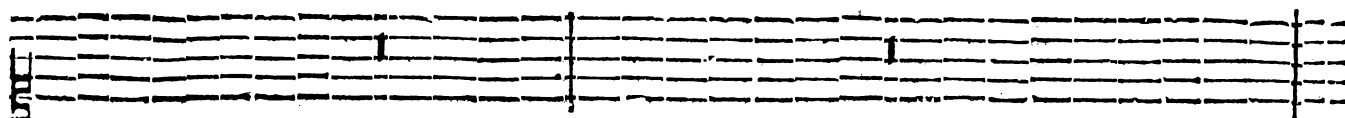


mai Huom di te più fchernito? hor mira s'ella Hà saputo fuggir

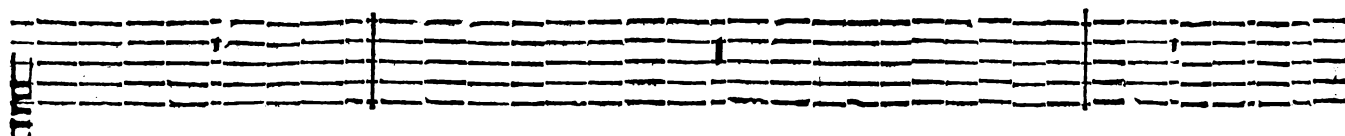




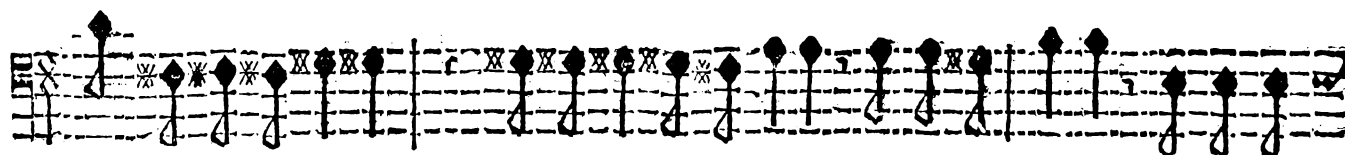
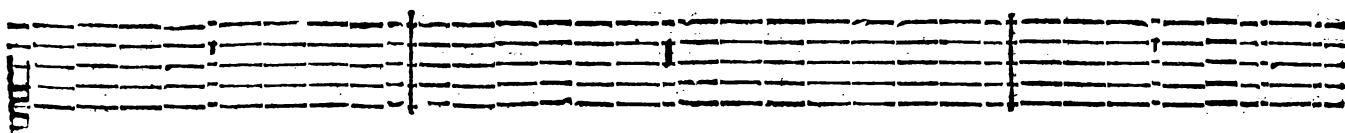
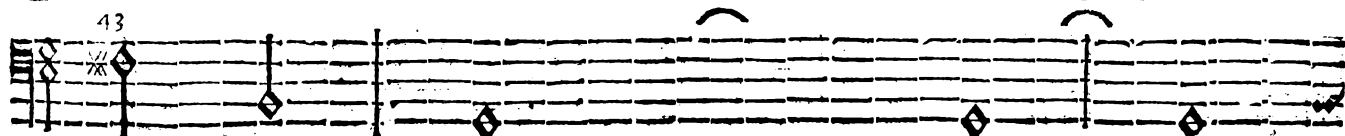




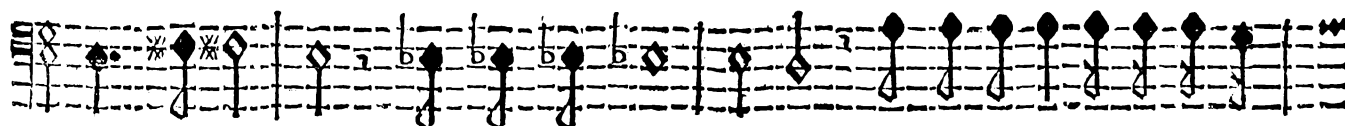
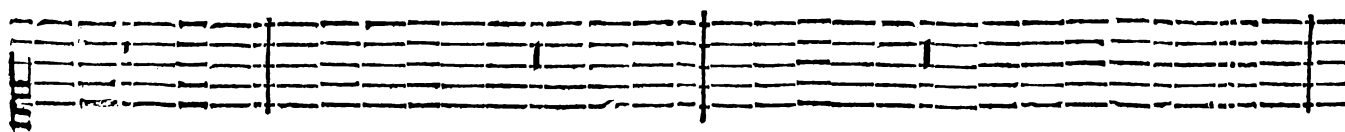
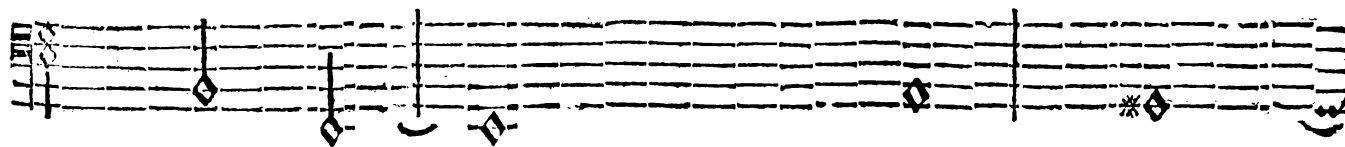
me Amanti hor non son que fti i vostri nodi? Mira te e vergogna-



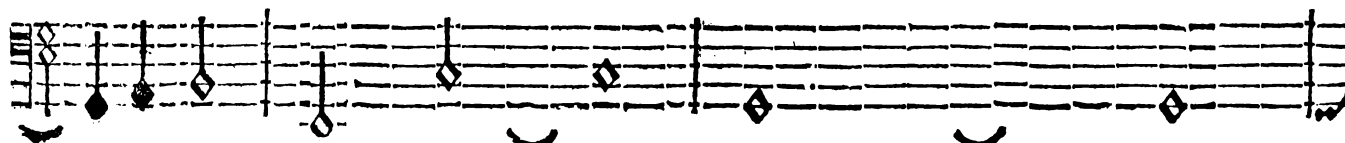
teui, meschini, E se come voi di te, i vostri cori Son pur qui ritenu-

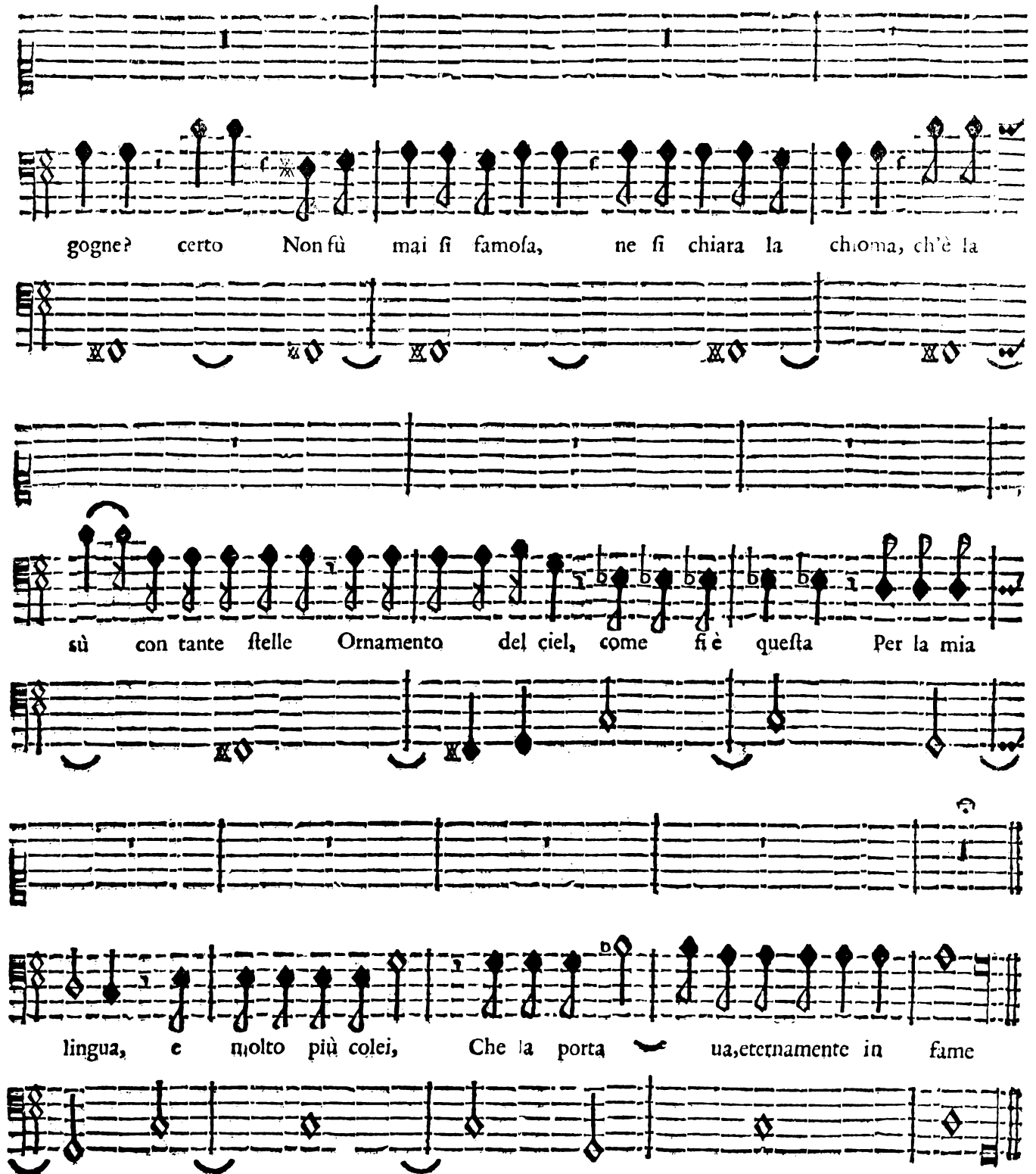


ti homai ciascuno Potrà senza sospiri, e senza pianto Ricoue-



ra r'il suo Ma che più tar do A publicar le sue ver-





gogne? certo Non fù mai fi famola, ne fi chiara la chioma, ch'è la

sù con tante stelle Ornamento del ciel, come fi è questa Per la mia

lingua, e molto più colei, Che la porta ua, eternamente in fame

IL FINE DEL DIALOGO.

