BIBLIOTECA DEL R. CONSERVATORIO
DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI

Sala Riviste 35.9.19
Scaffale N N S Pluteo N N 7
N. di Scaffale (Volume) N N 6
N. dei Manoscritti in copia

N. di biblioteca

Parte Seconda

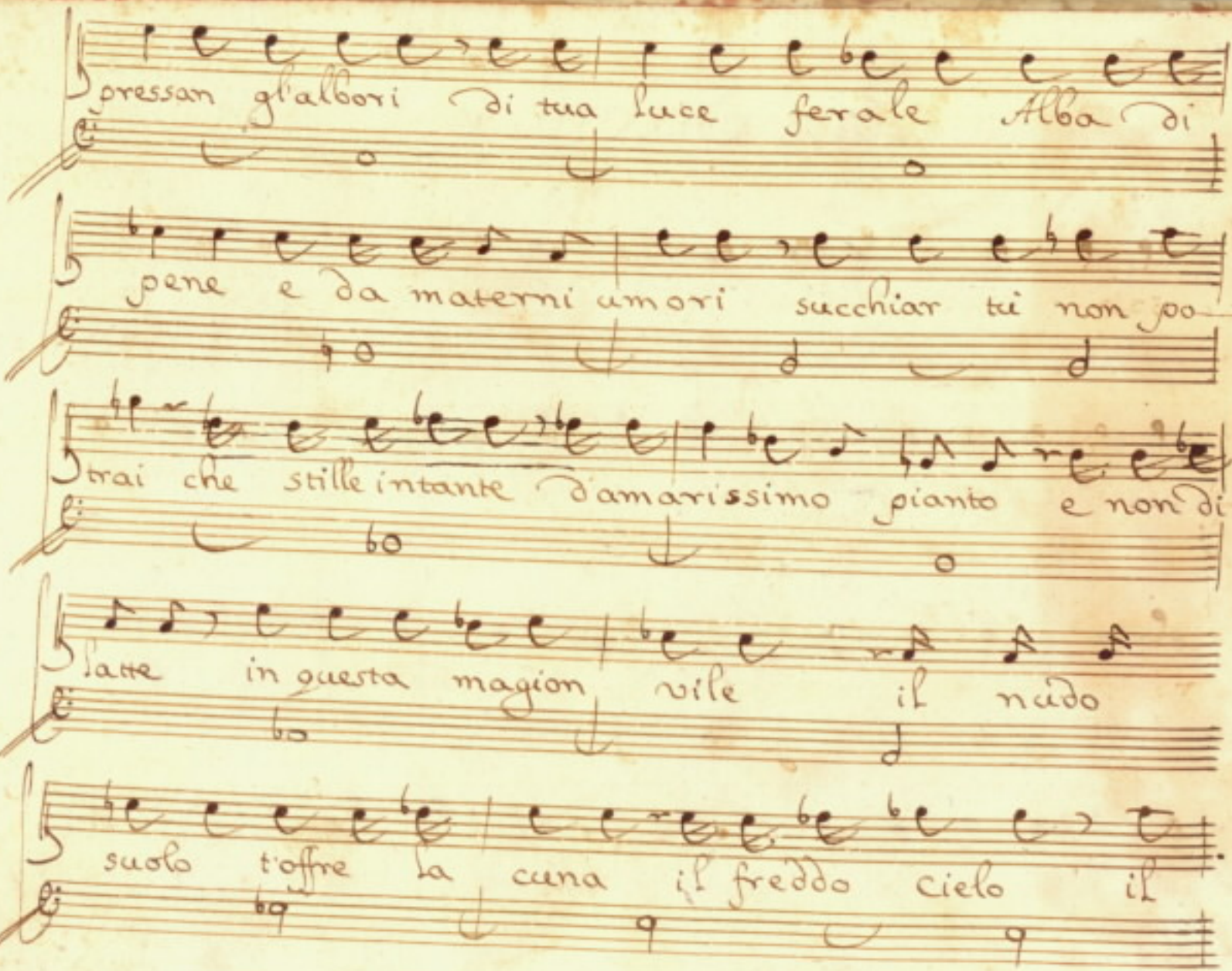
Alba

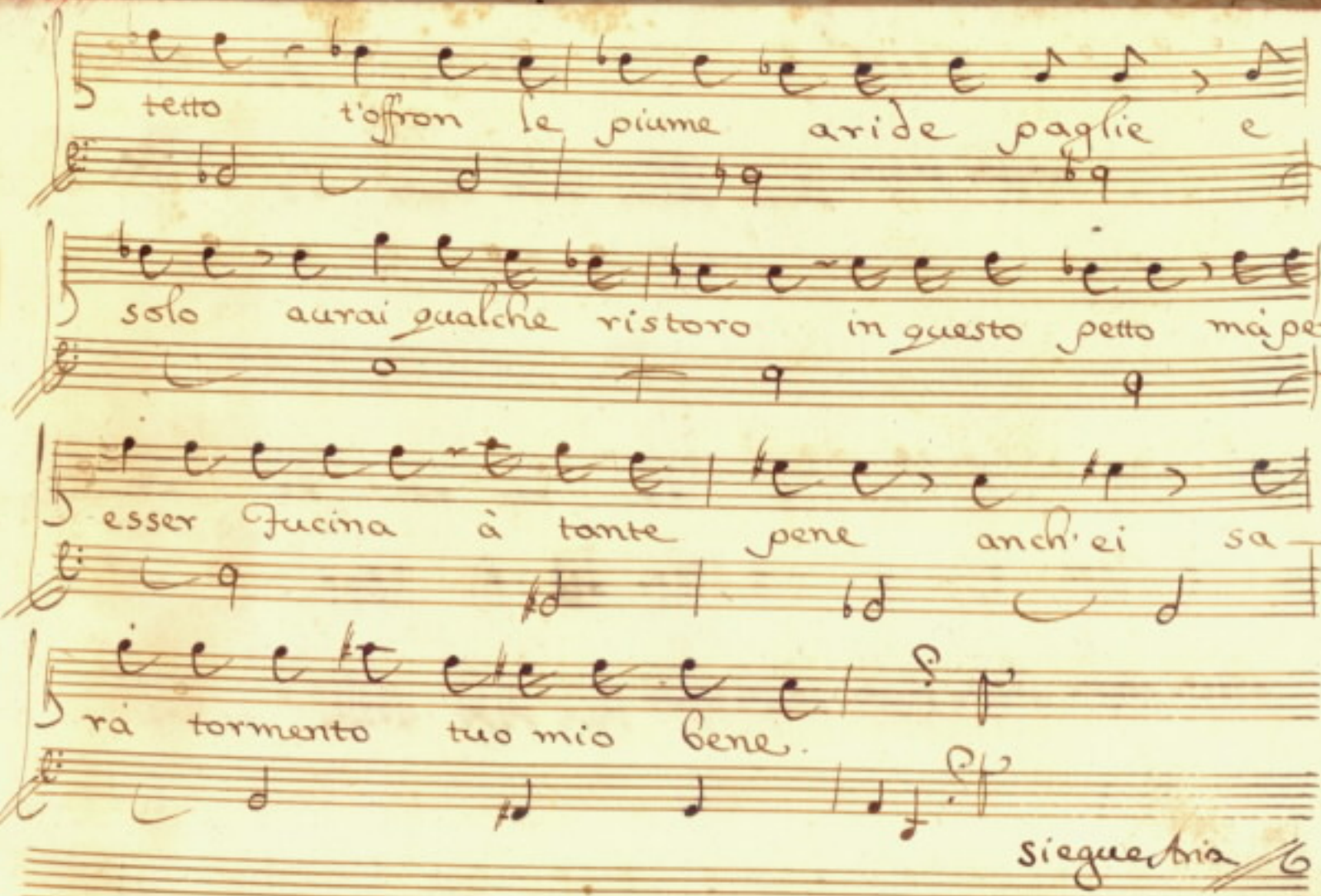
Figlio parte immatura del mio povero

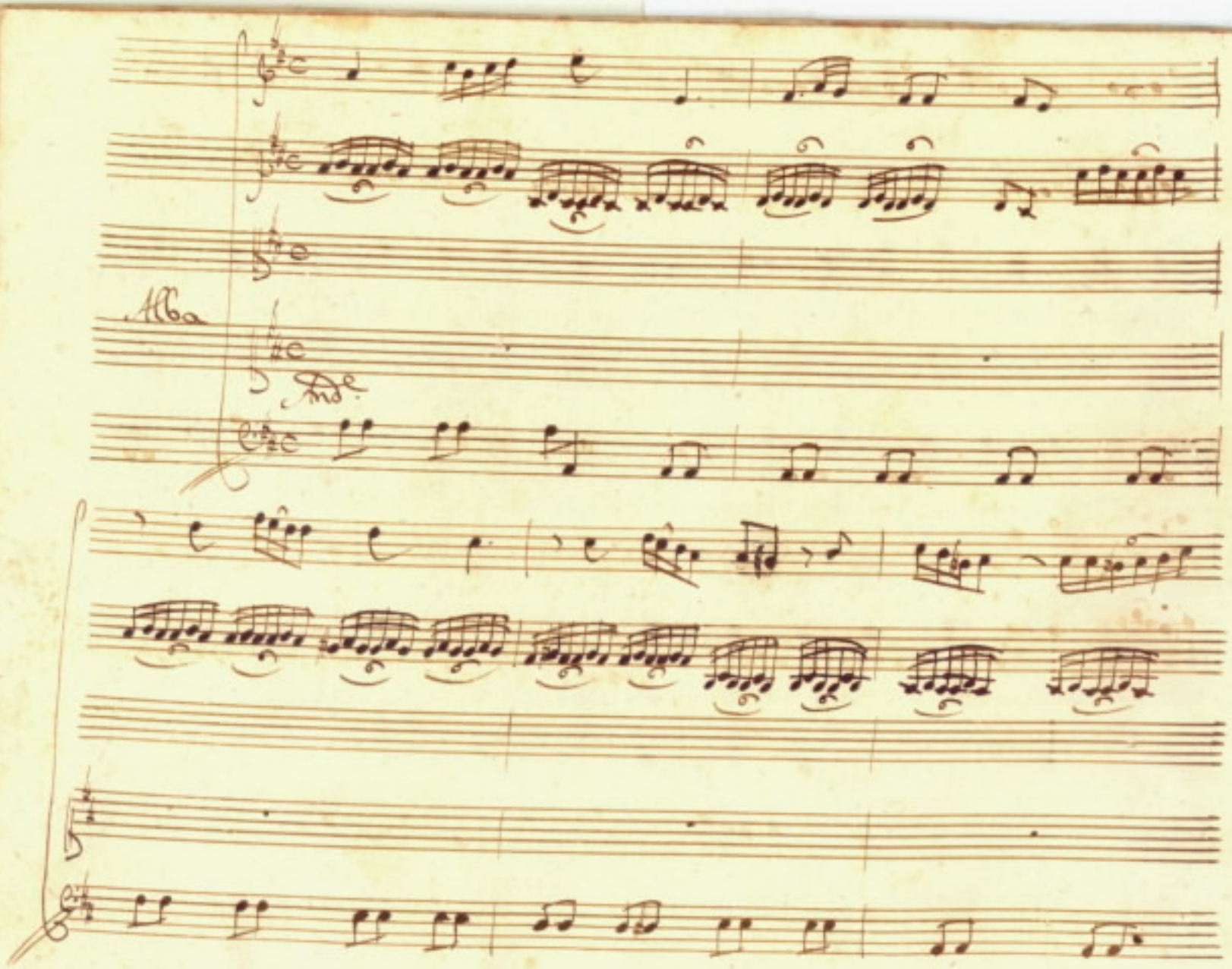
seno ancor non sei e se trà mori avvinto an—

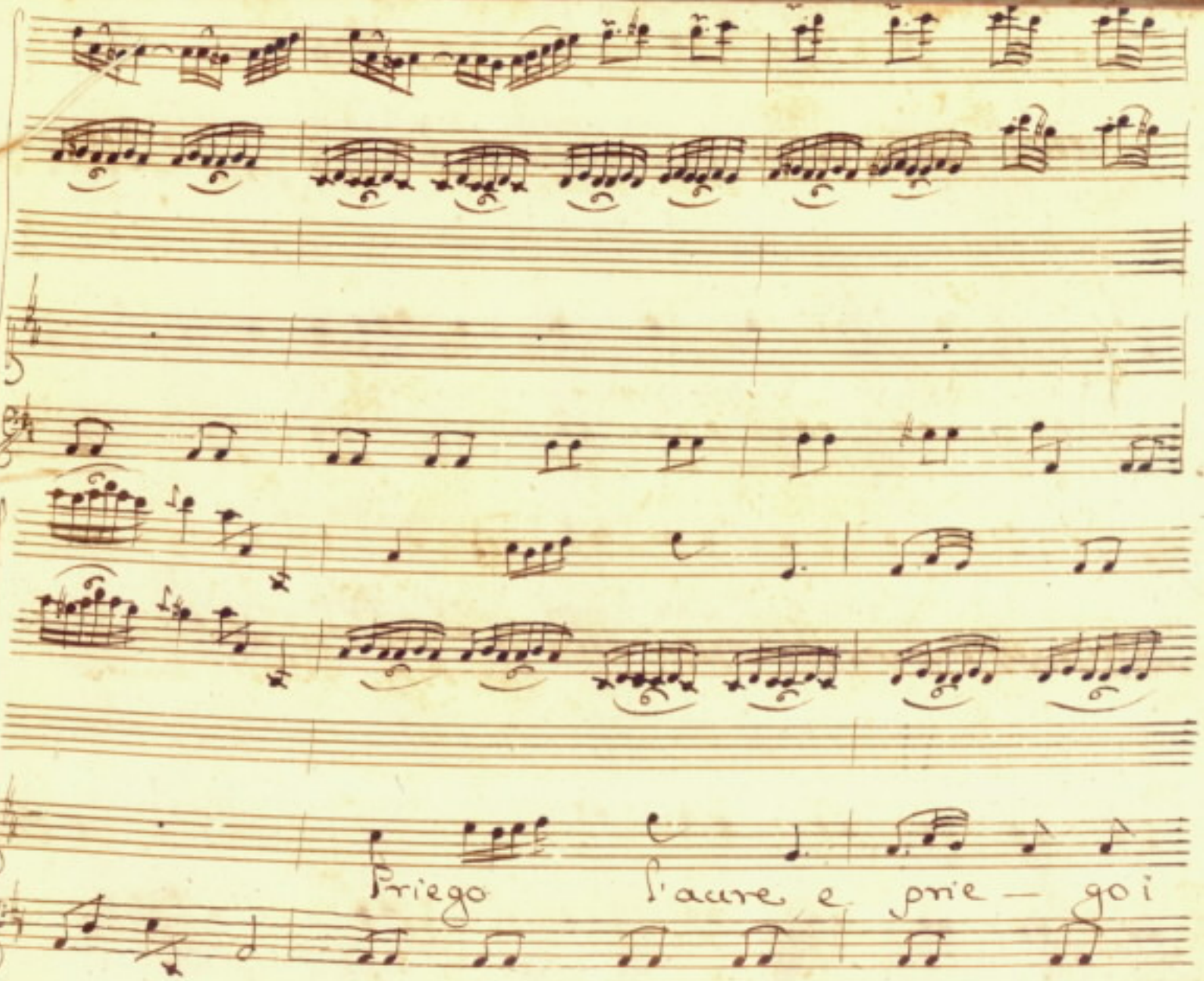
cor oscura prigion ti chiude e prigionier tù

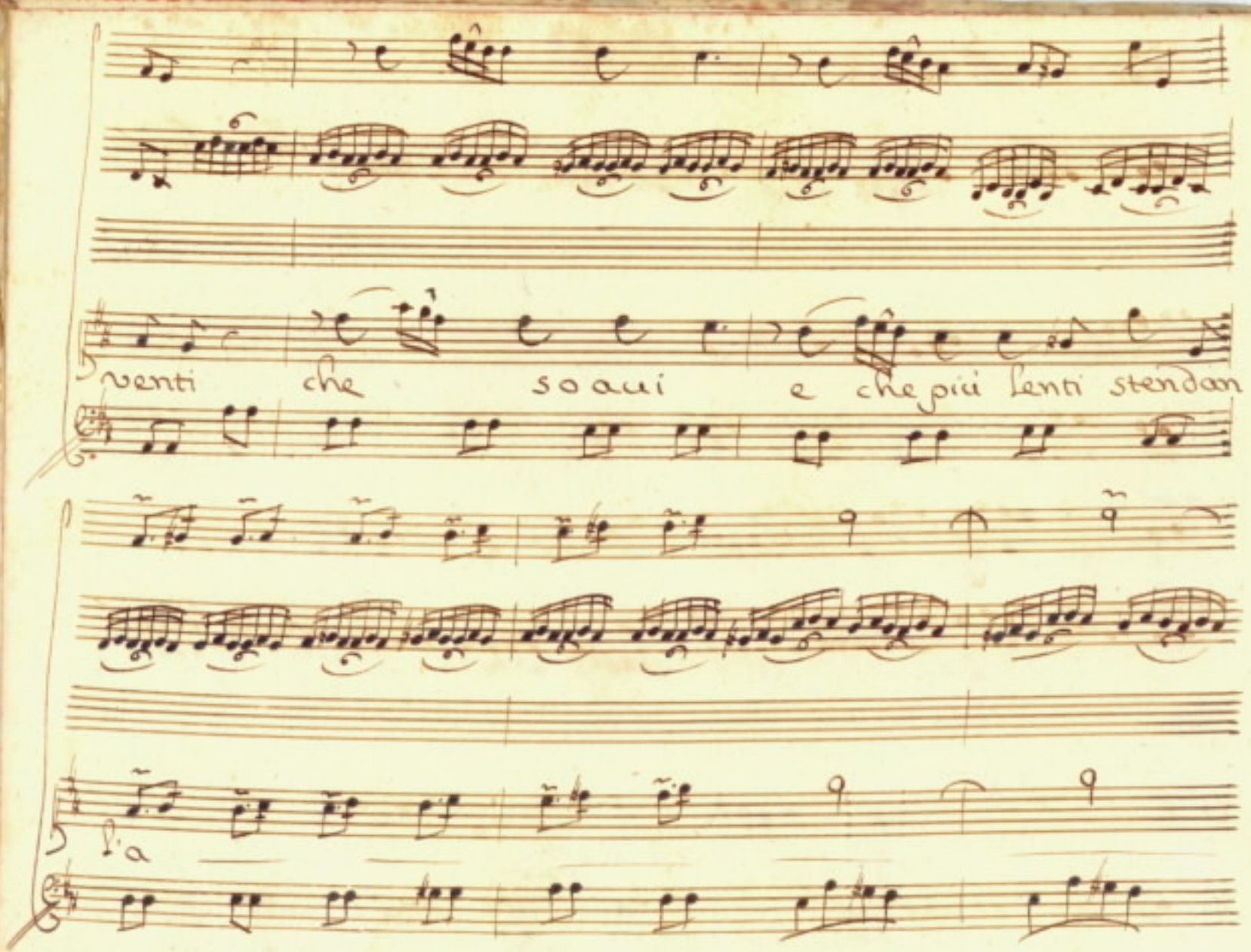
dei soffrire ò lacci ingiusti ò ree catene già s'ap—

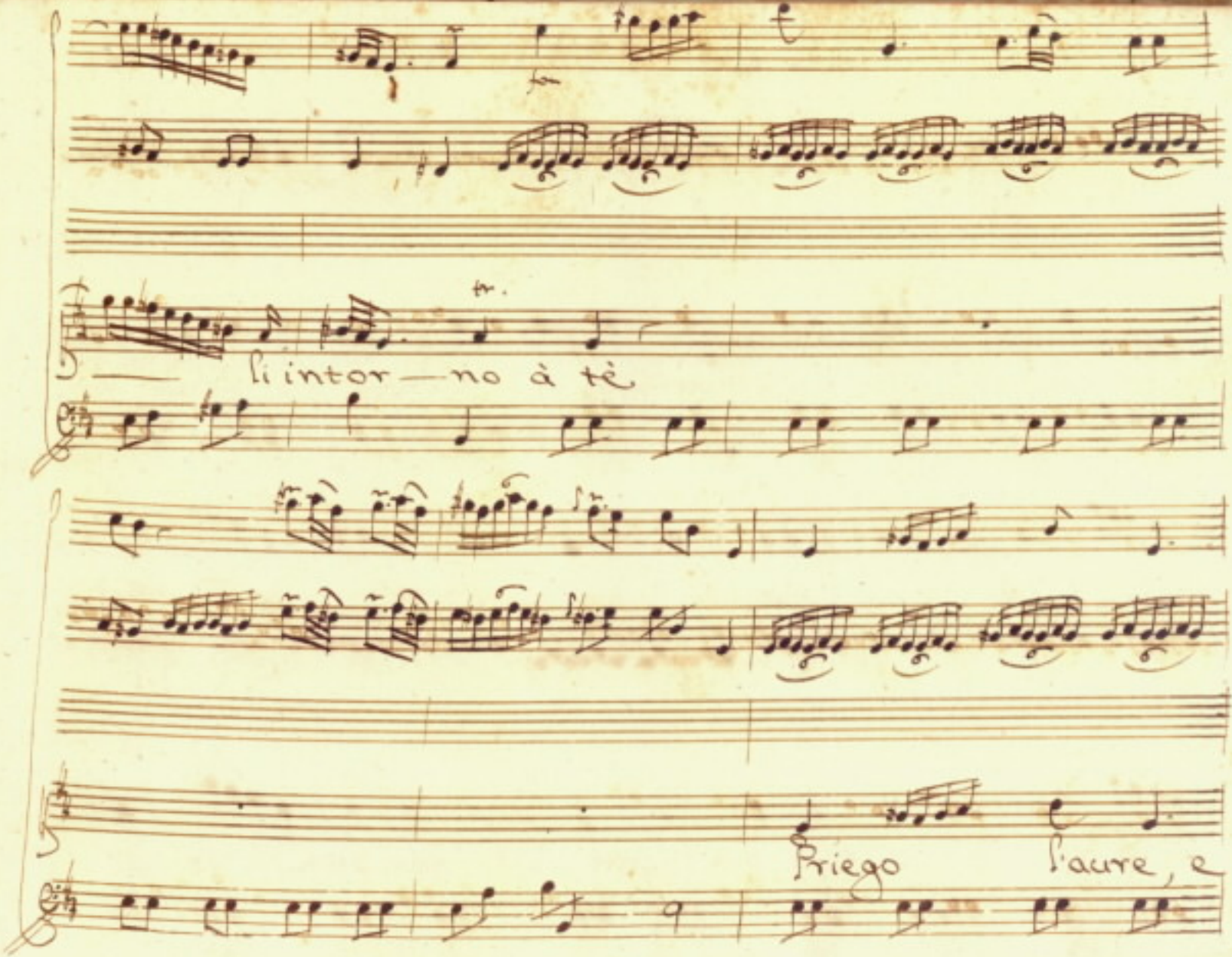

pressan gl'alberi di tua luce ferale Alba di
pene e da materni amori succhiar tu non po-
trai che stille intante d'amarissimo pianto e non di
latte in questa magion vile il nudo
suolo t'offre la cuna il freddo cielo il

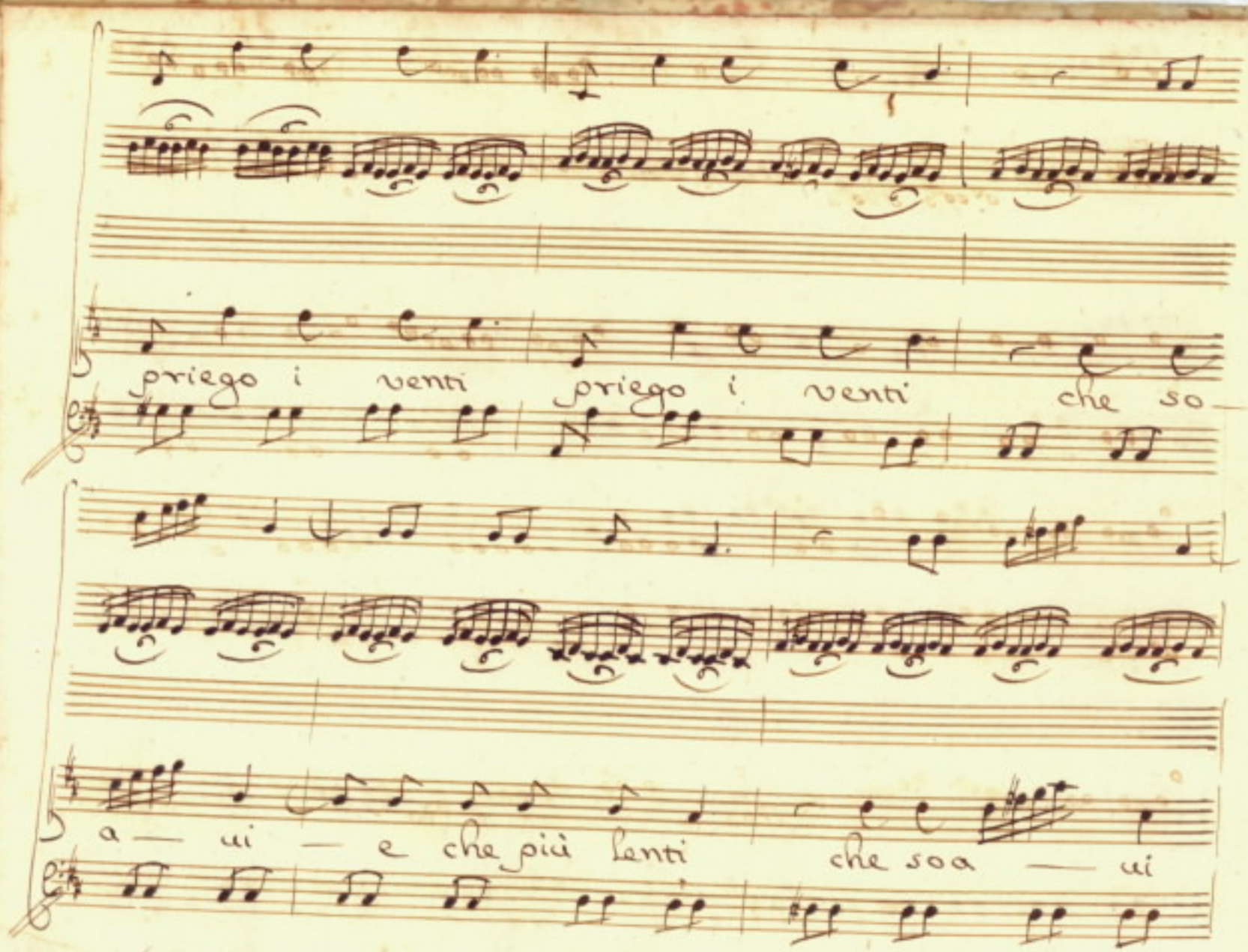

tetto t'offron le piume aride paglie e
solo aurai qualche ristoro in questo petto mà per
esser fucina à tante pene anch'ei sa
rà tormento tuo mio bene.
Sieguestria

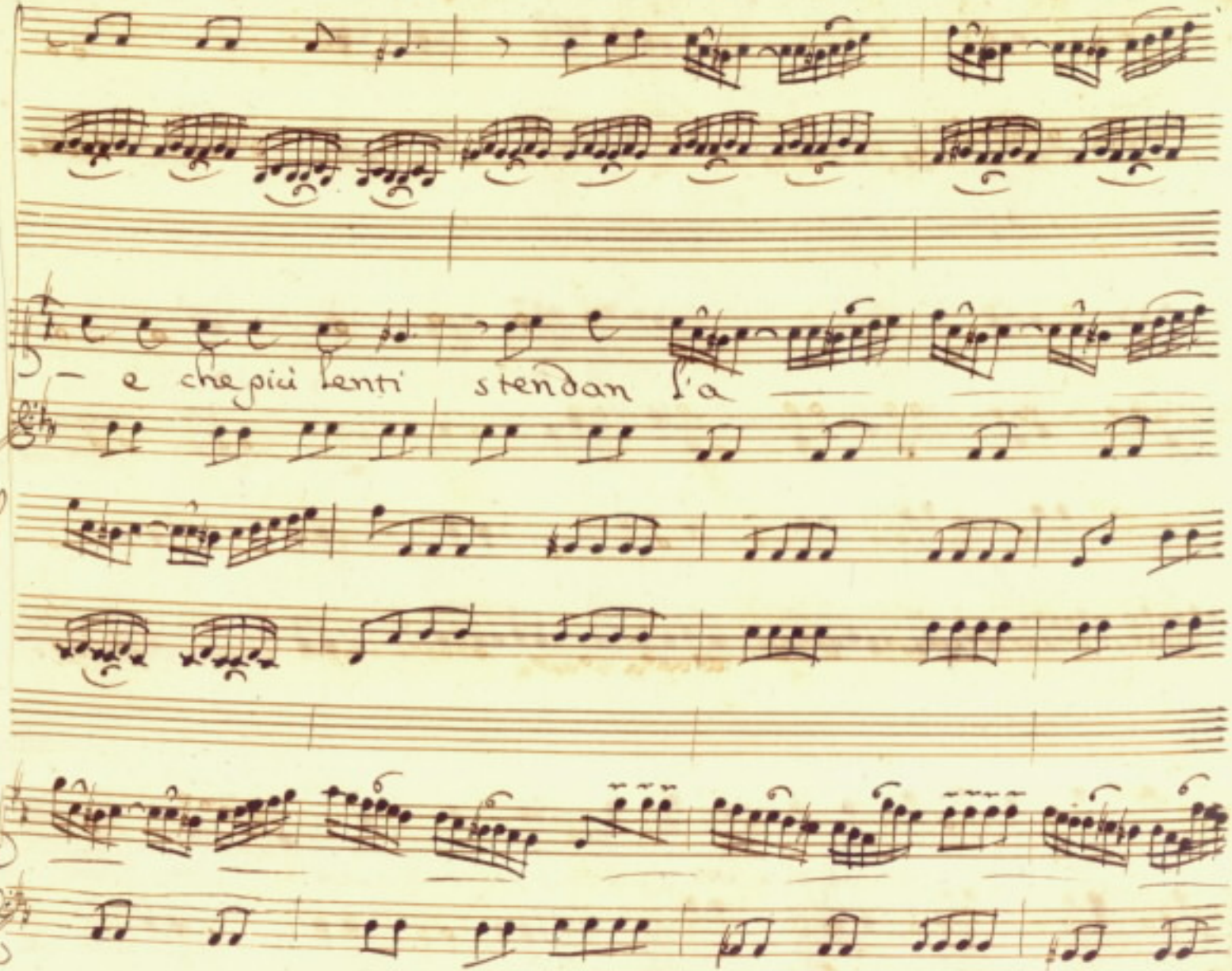


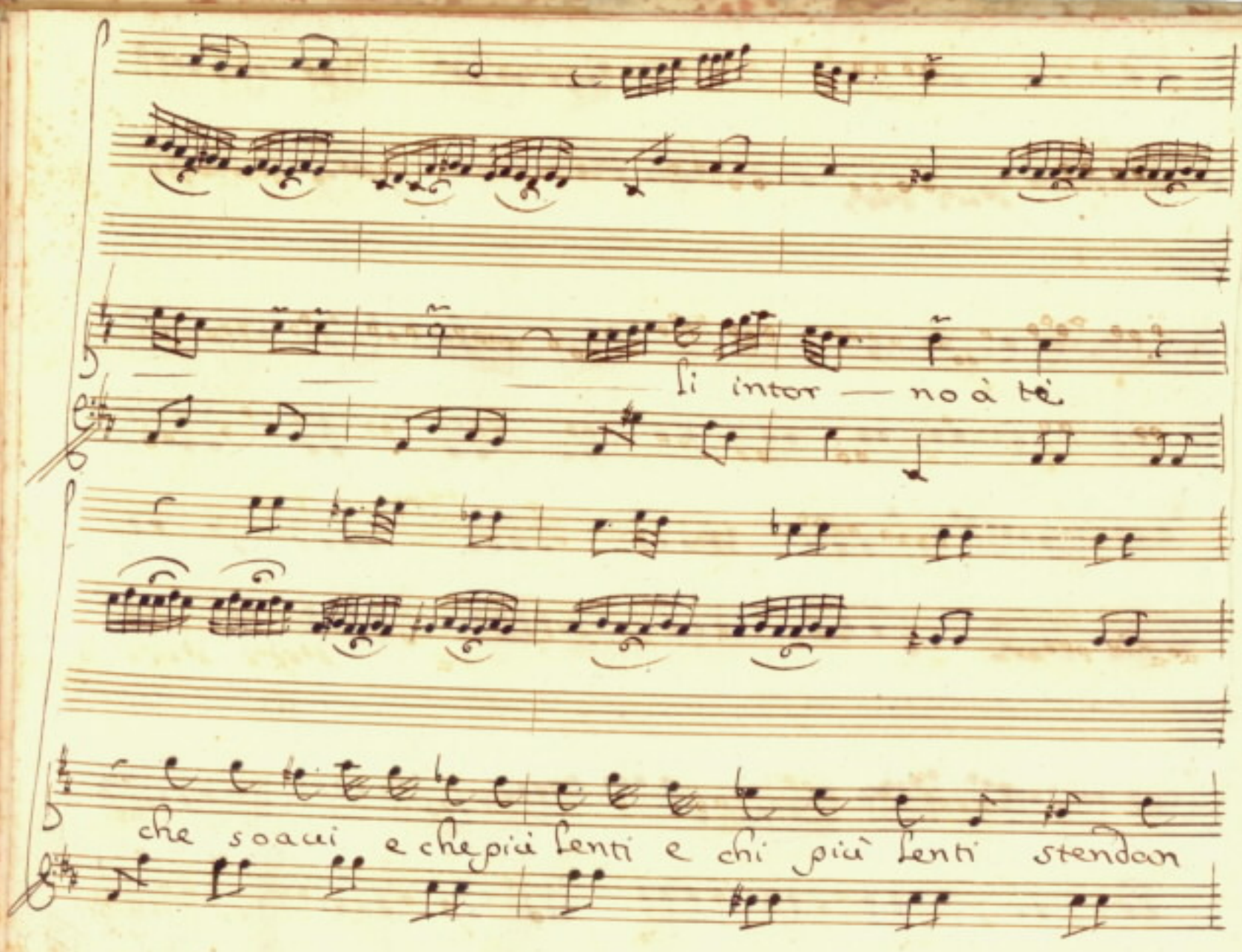

Priego
l'aure e prie — go i

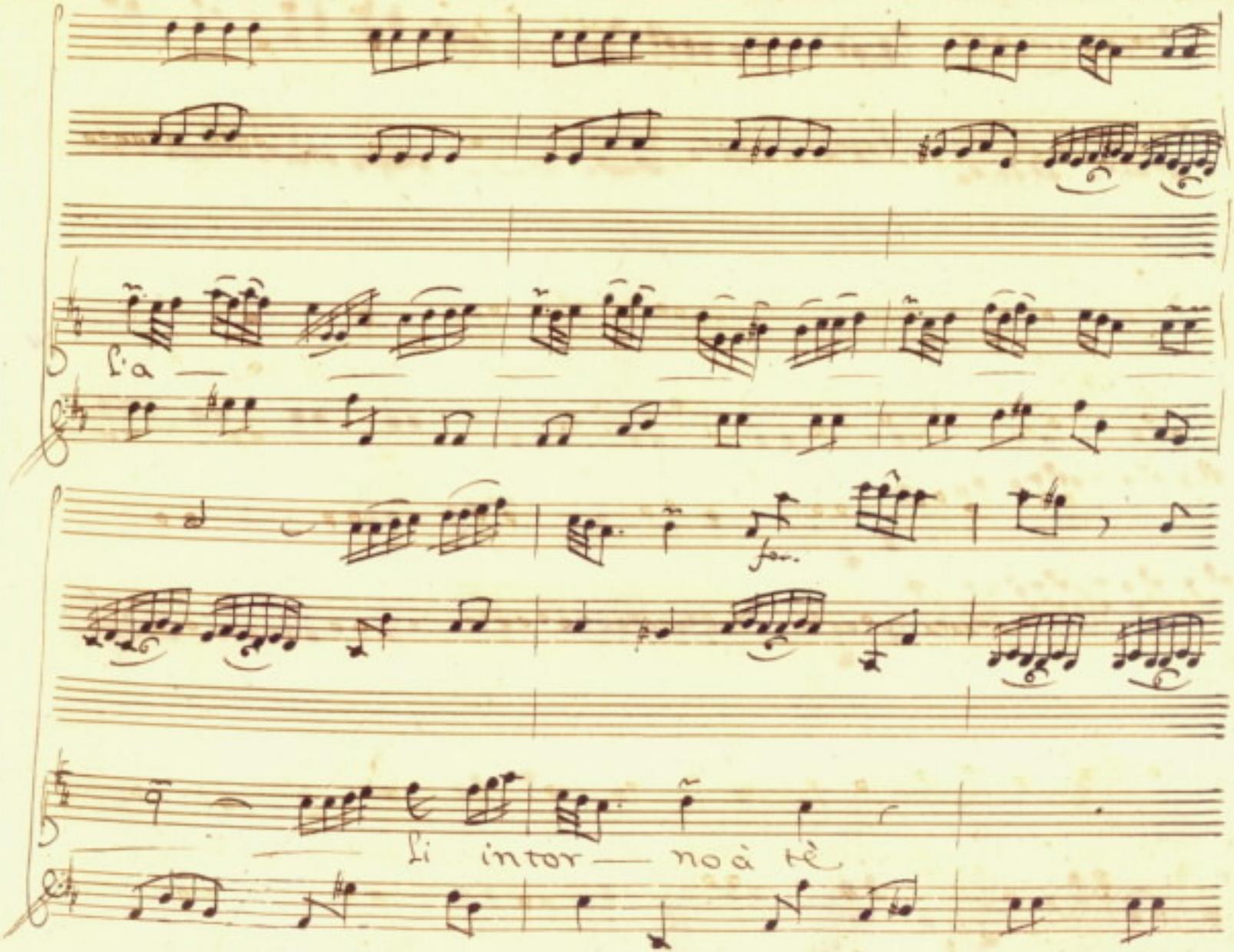

venti che soaui e che più lenti stendan
f.a

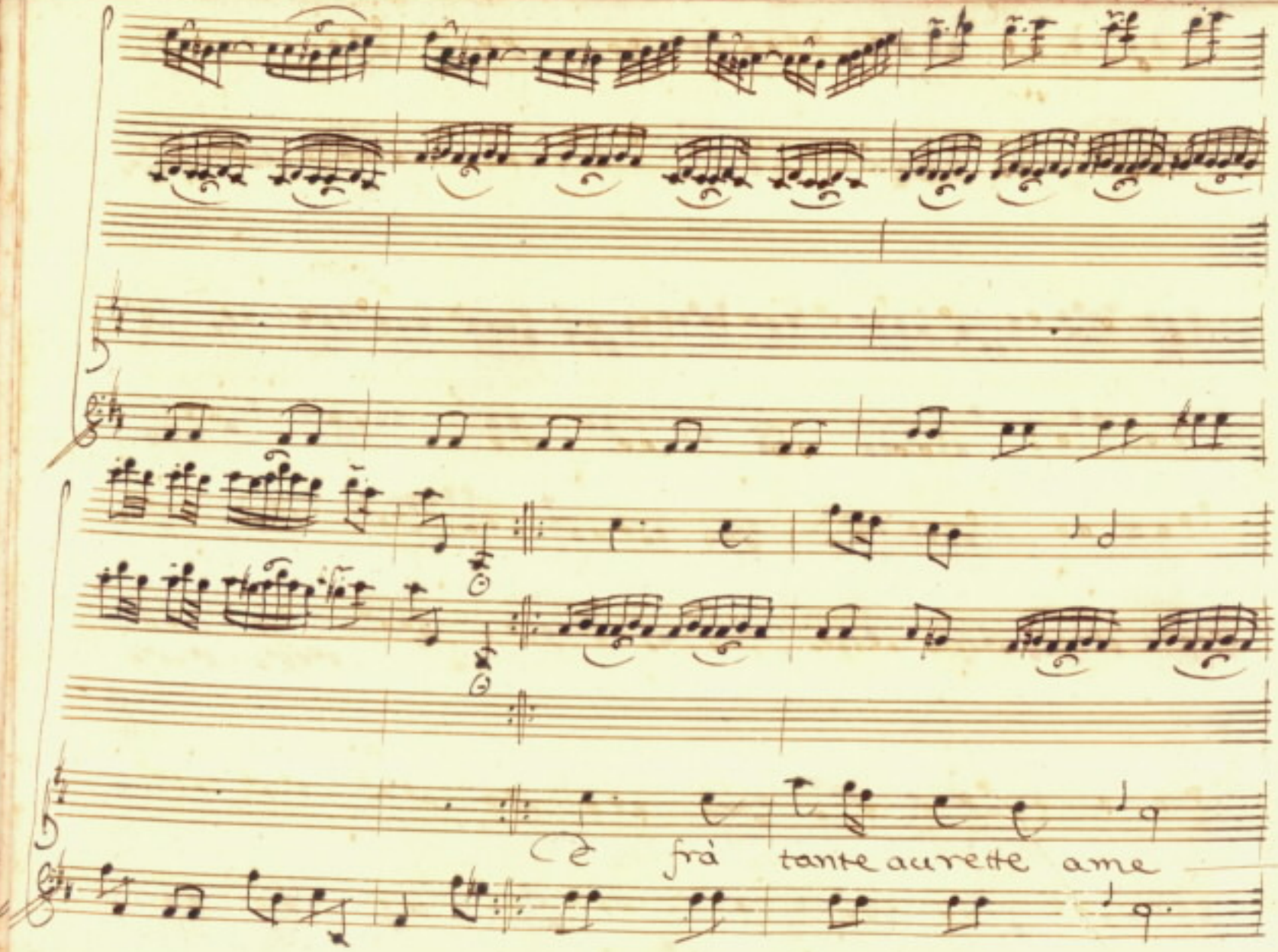

li intor — no à tè
Priego
l'aure, e

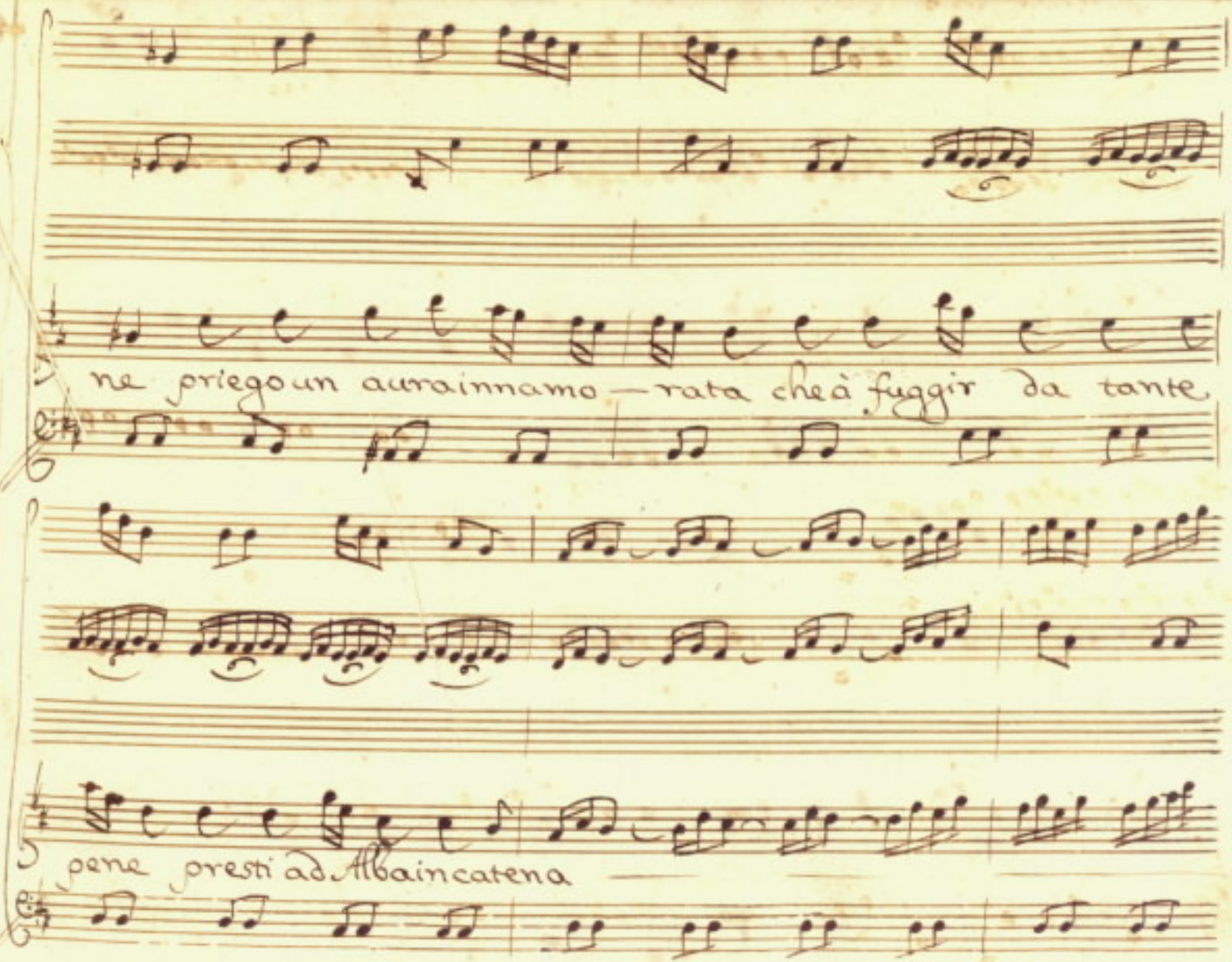

priego i venti priego i venti che so—
a — ui — e che più lenti che soa — ui

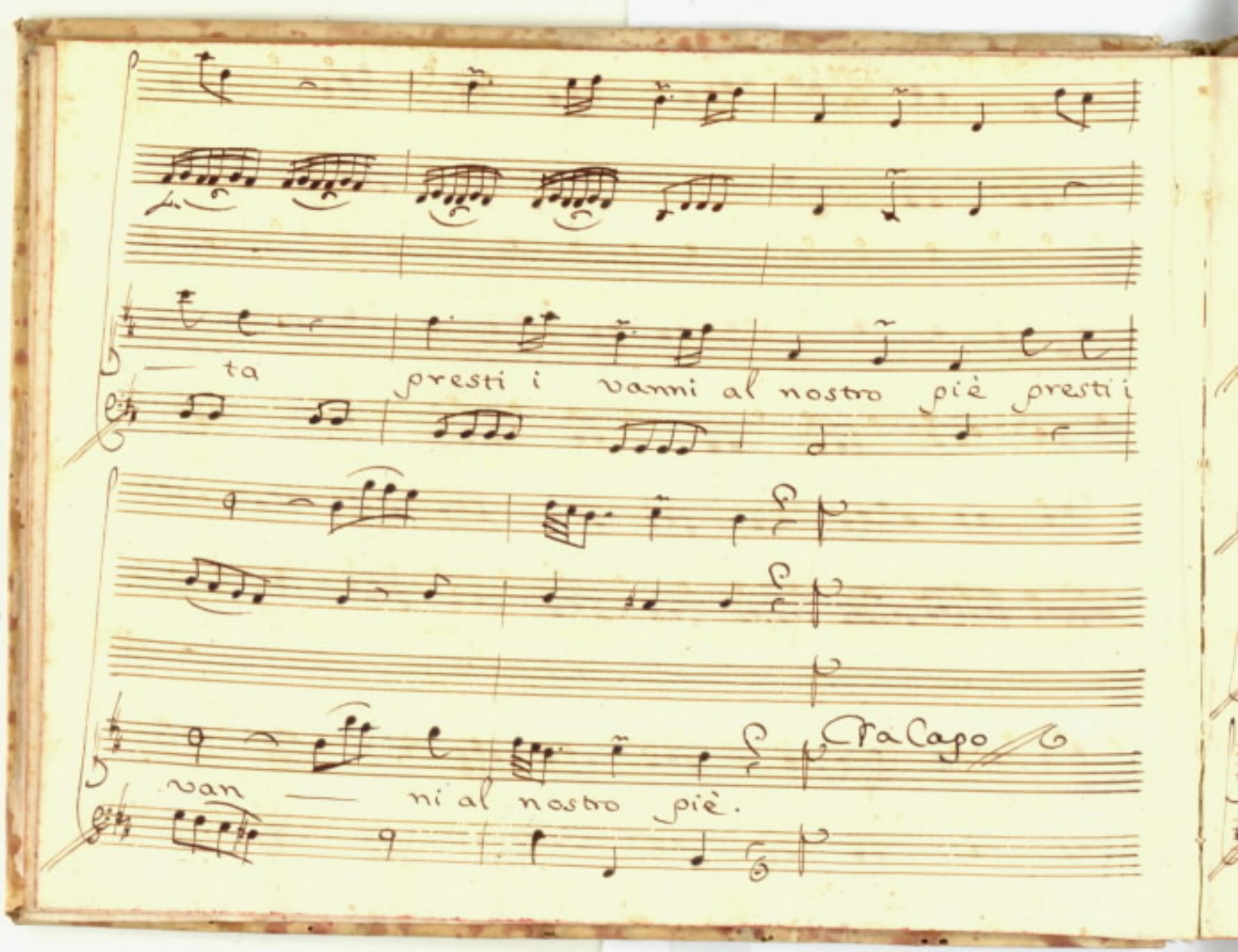

– e che più lenti stendan l'a

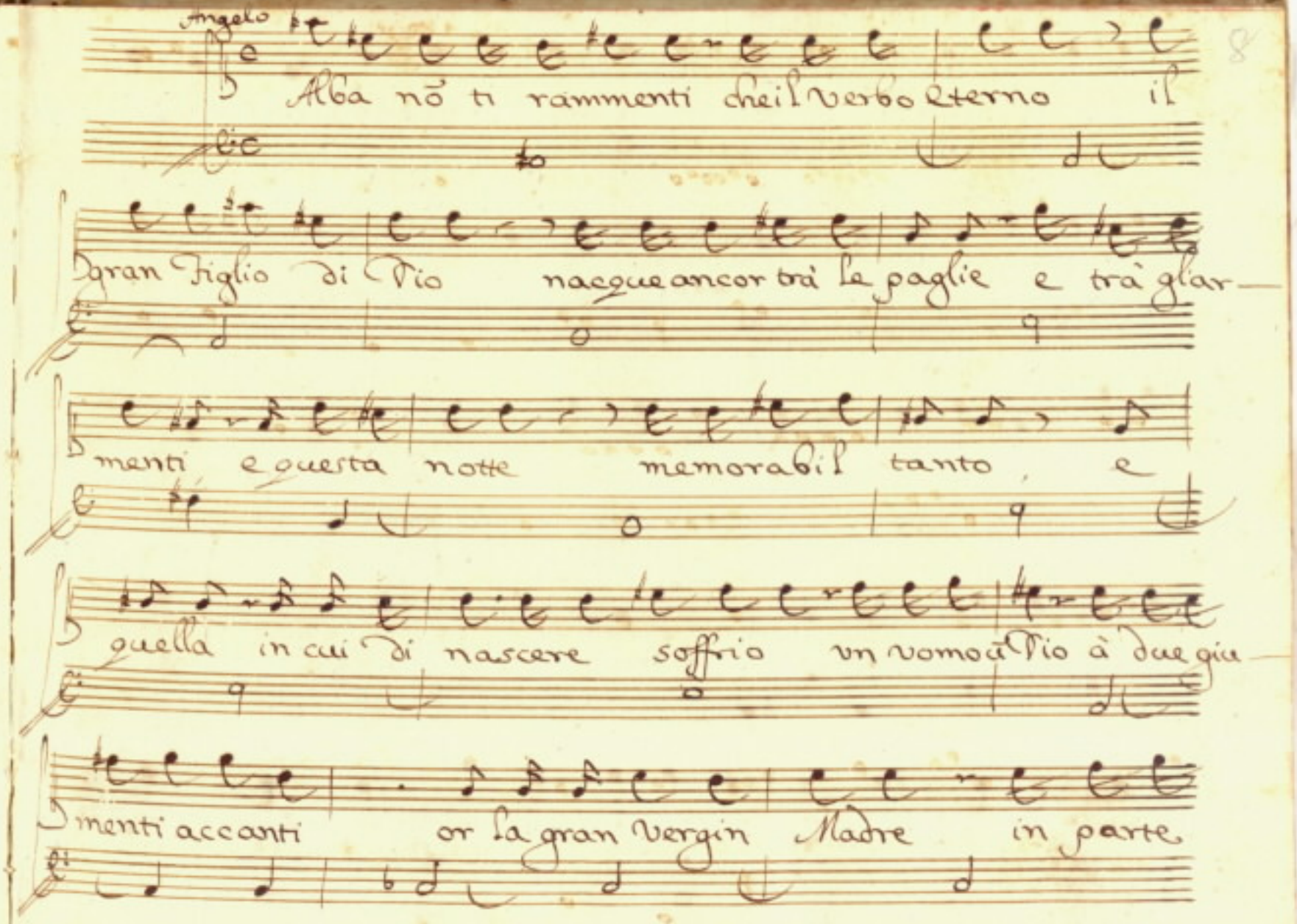

li intor — no à tè
che soaui e chepiù lenti e chi più lenti stendan

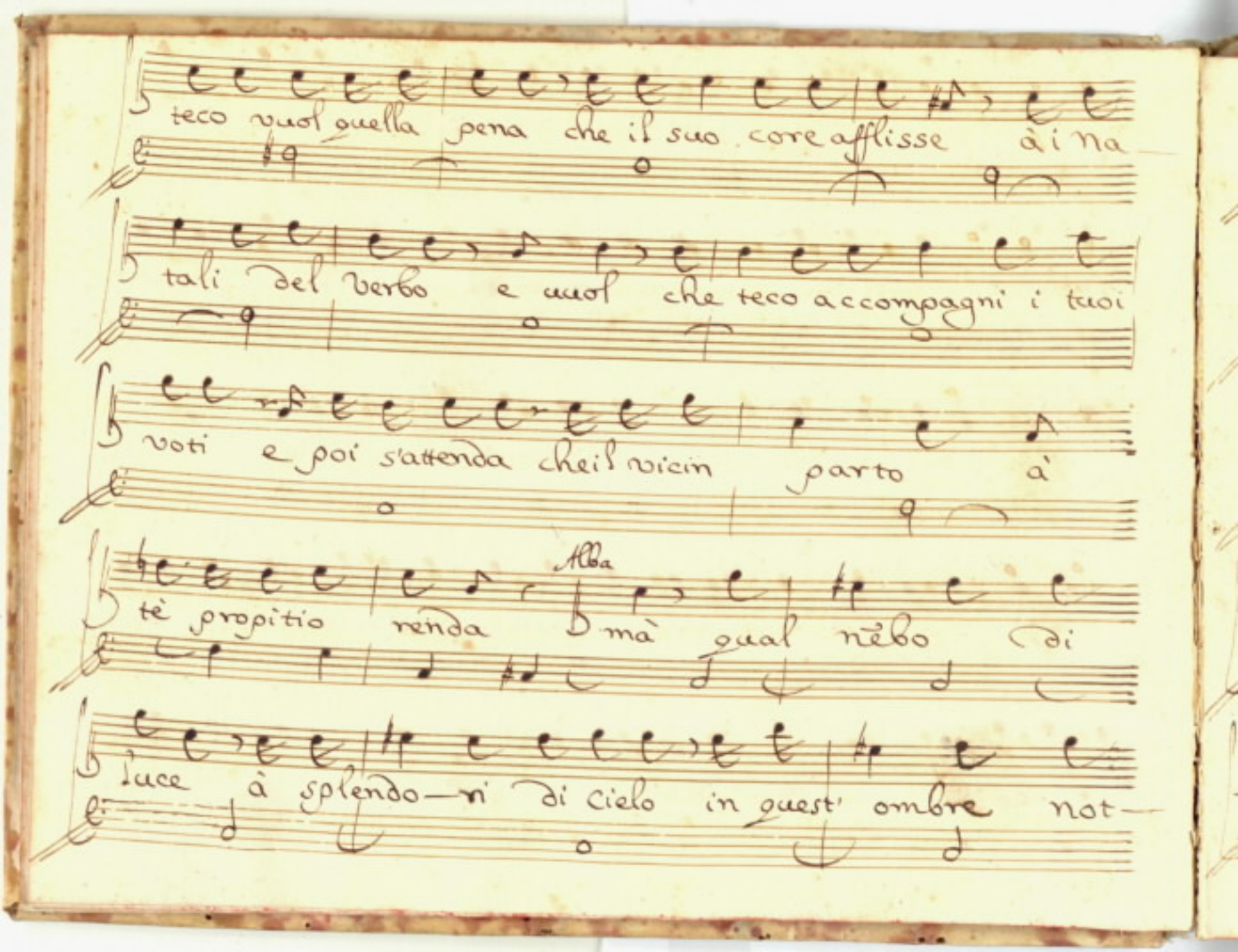

l'a —
for.
li intor — no à tè

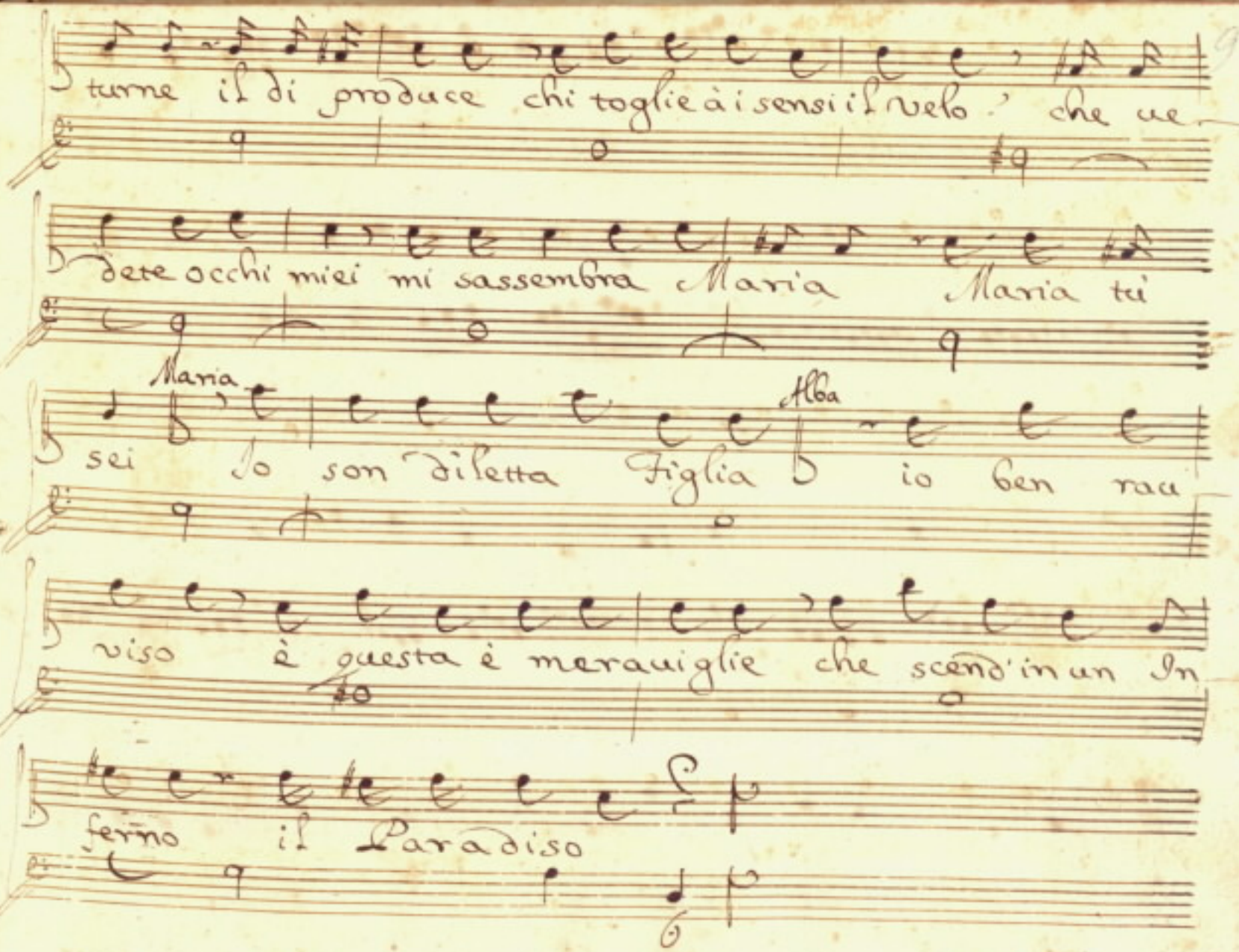

E frà tante aurette ame

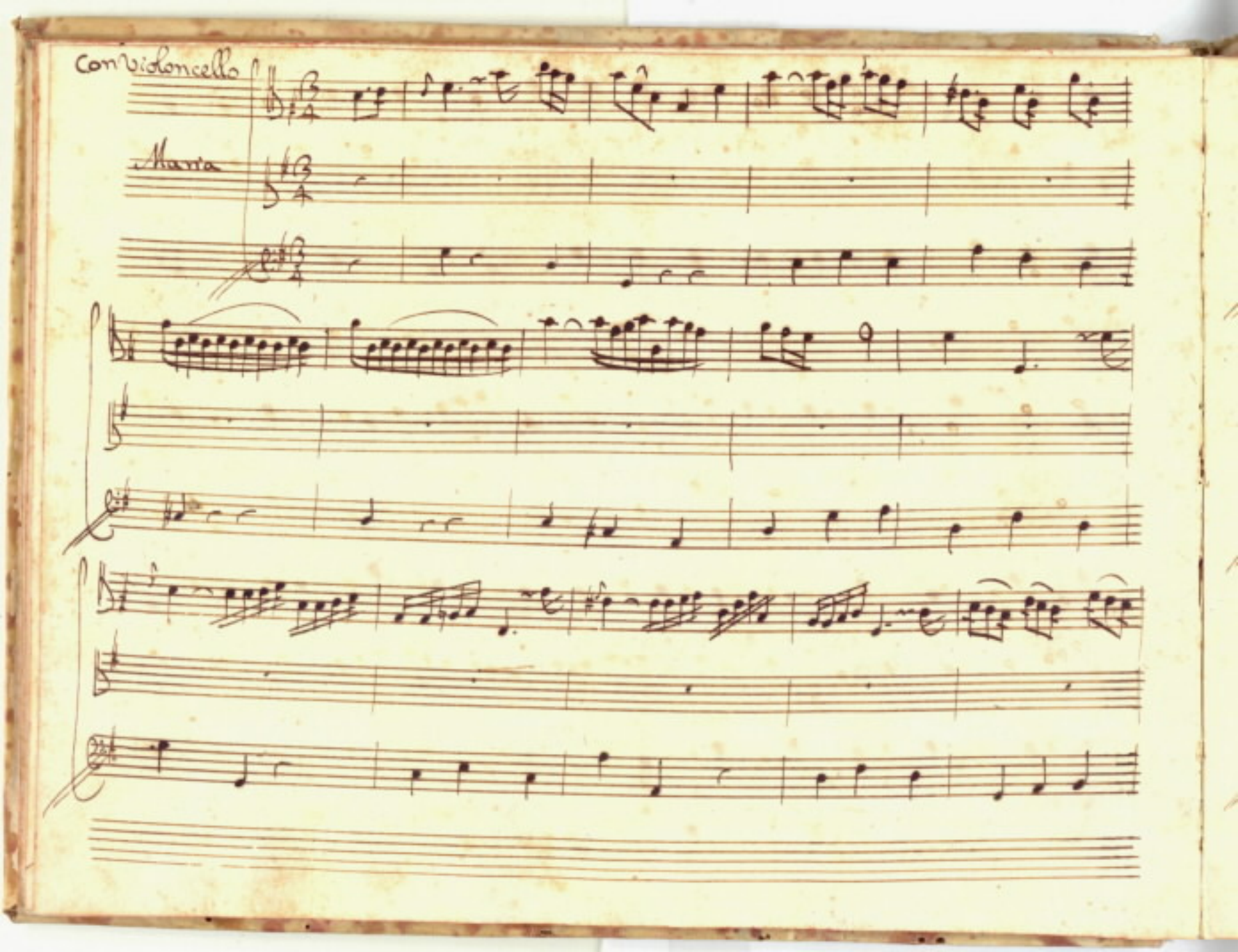

ne priego un aura innamo — rata che à fuggir da tante
pene presti ad Alba in catena

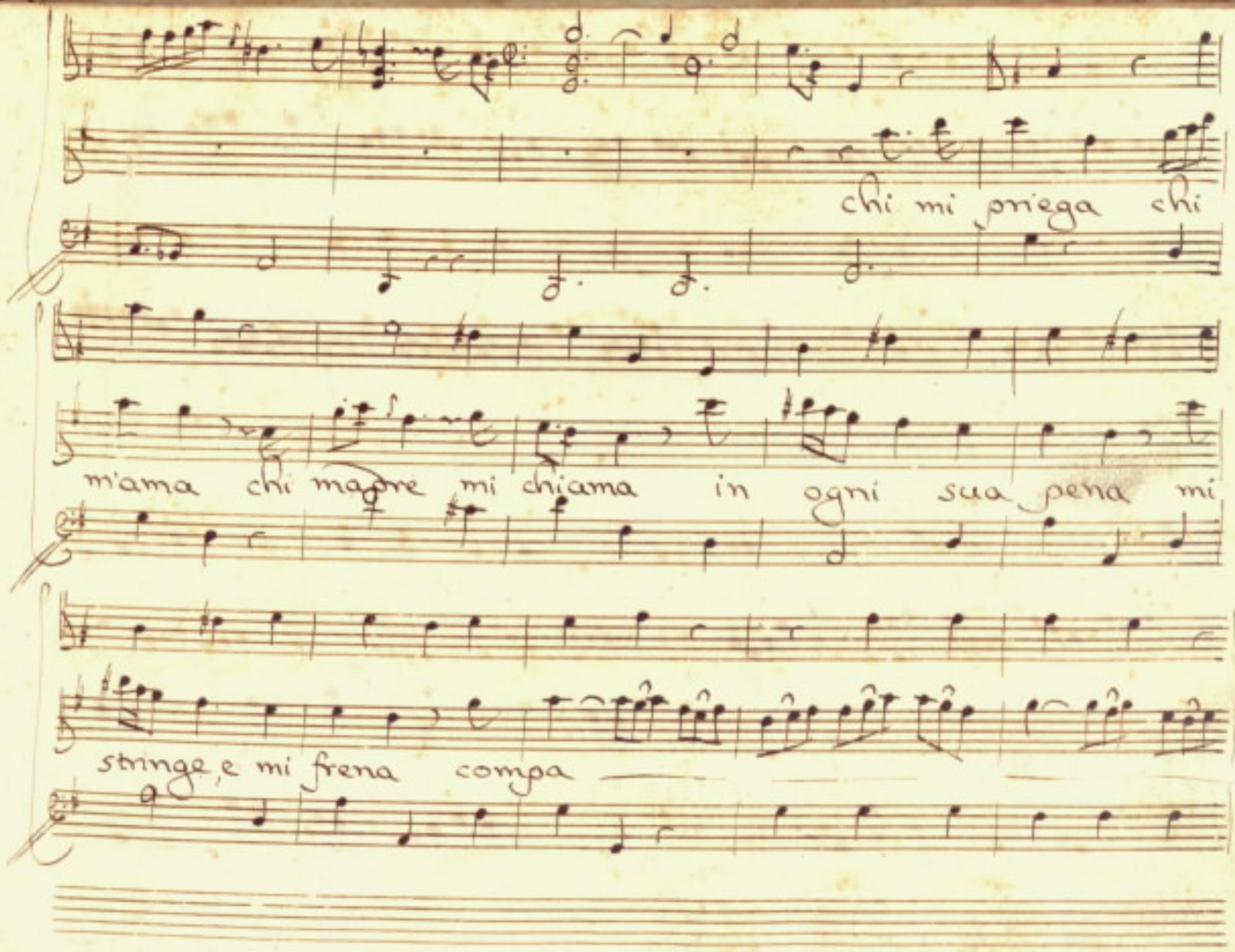

— ta presti i vanni al nostro piè presti i
Da Capo
van — ni al nostro piè.

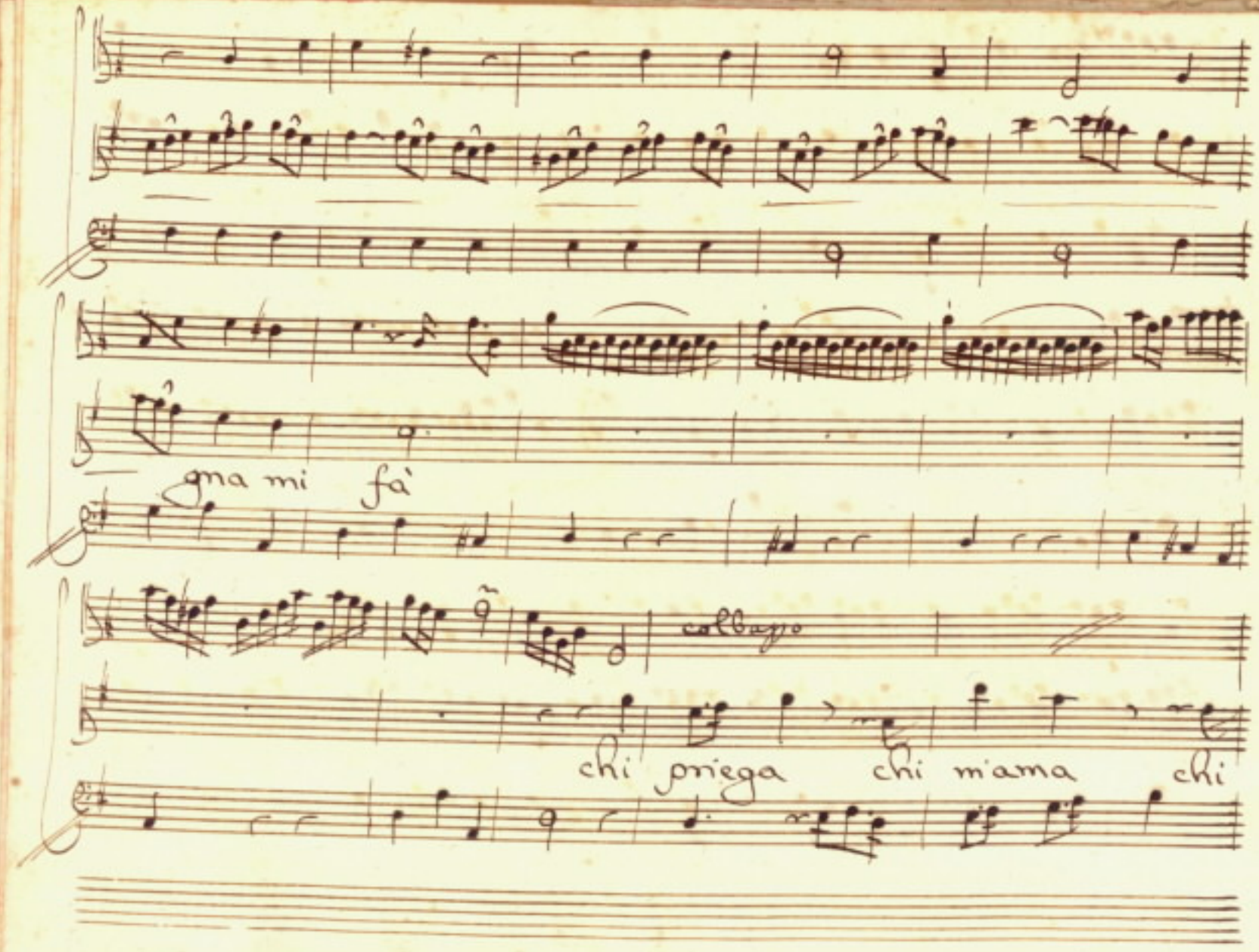

Angelo
Alba nõ ti rammenti chel Verbo Eterno il
gran figlio di Dio naegue ancor trà le paglie e trà glar—
menti e questa notte memorabil tanto e
quella in cui di nascere soffrio vn vomo à Dio à due gia—
menti accanti or la gran Vergin Madre in parte

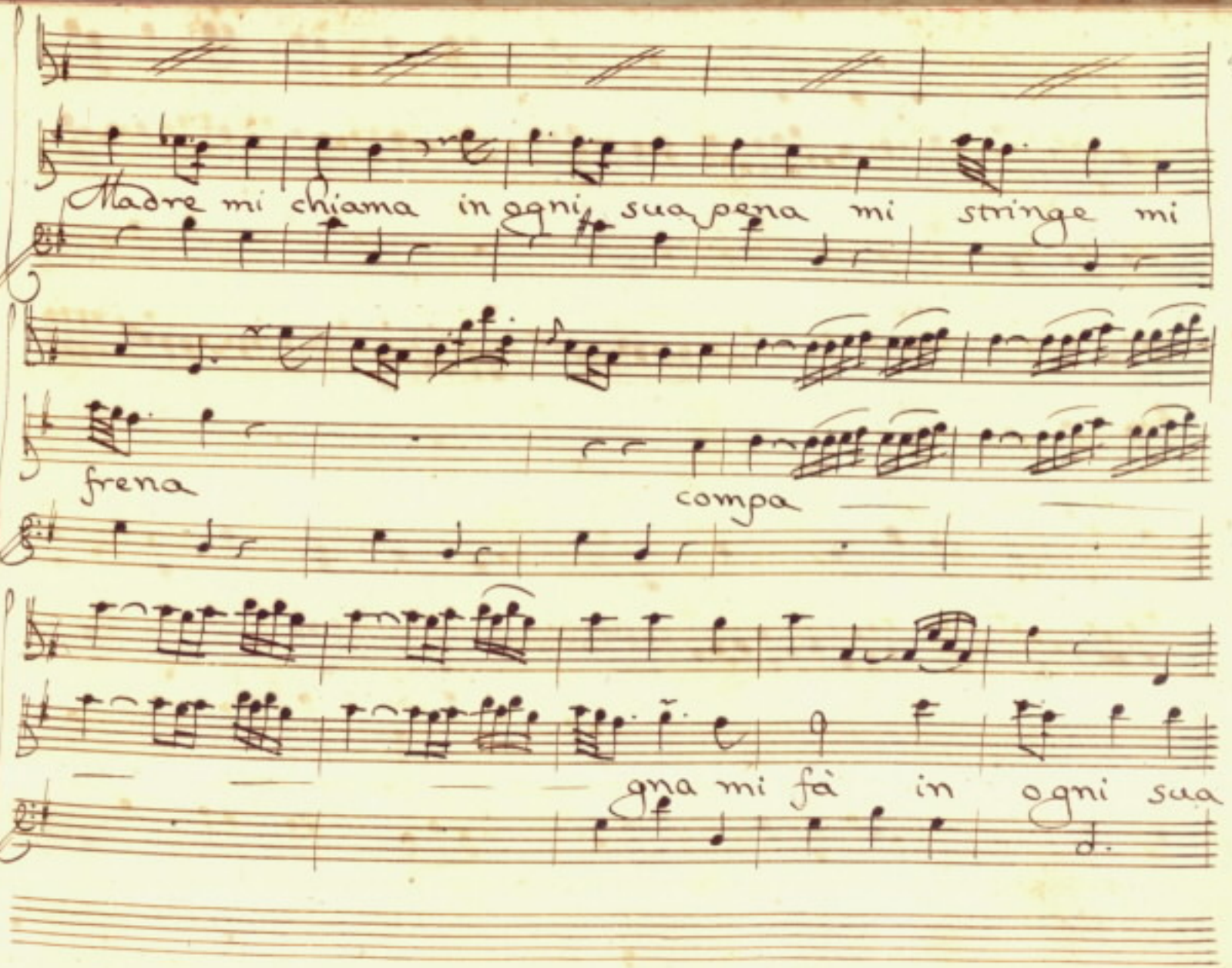

teco vuol quella pena che il suo core afflisse à i Na-
tali del Verbo e vuol che teco accompagni i tuoi
voti e poi s'attenda che il vicin parto à
Alba
tè propitio renda mà qual nèbo di
luce à splendo—ri di cielo in quest' ombre not—

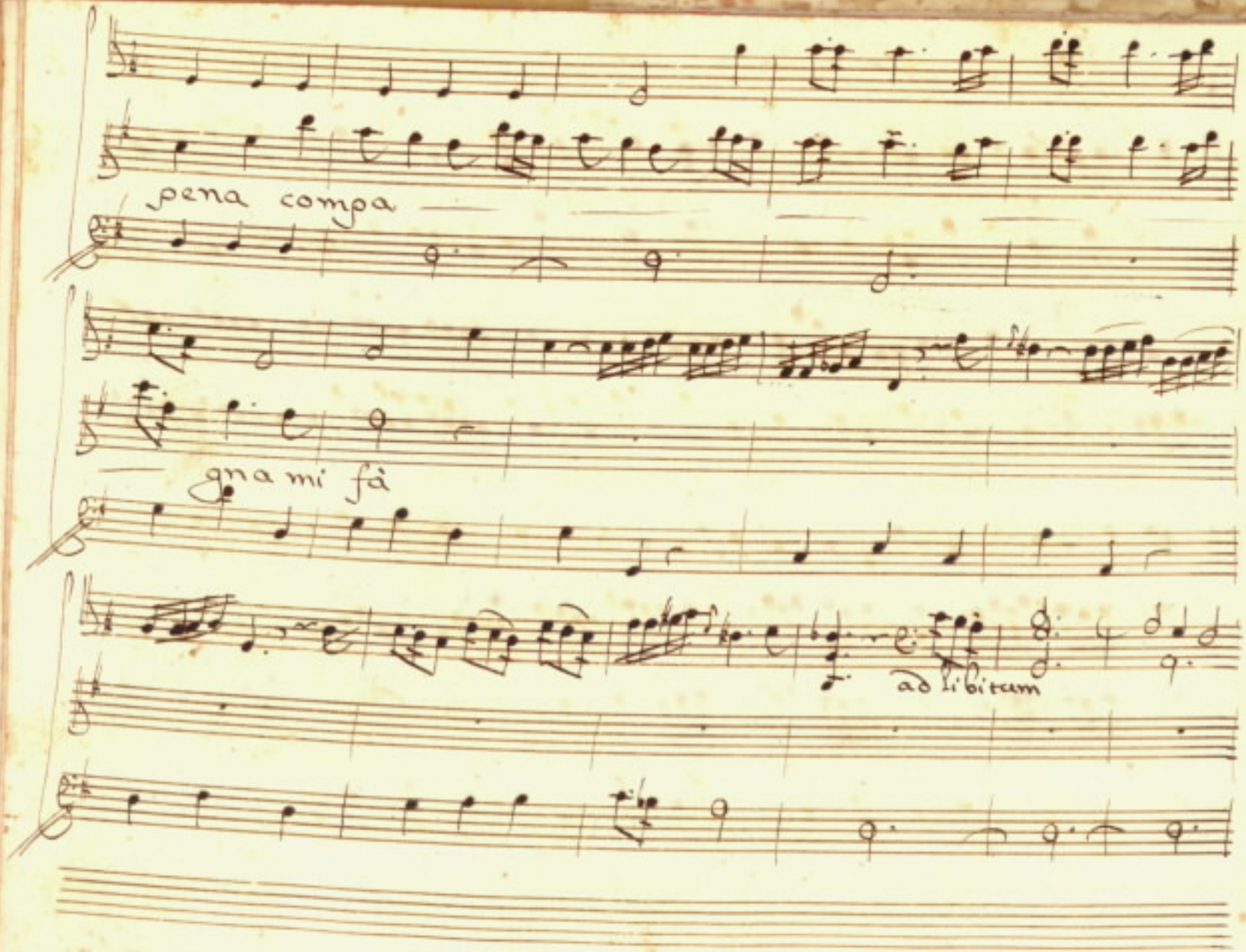

turne il di produce chi toglie à i sensi il velo ' che ue-
dete occhi miei mi sassembra Maria Maria tu
Maria
Alba
sei Io son diletta figlia io ben rau
viso è questa è meraviglie che scend'in un In
ferno il Paradiso


Con Violoncello
Maria


chi mi priega chi
m'ama chi magre mi chiama in ogni sua pena mi
stringe, e mi frena compa


gna mi fà
colbasso
chi priega chi m'ama chi


Madre mi chiama in ogni sua pena mi stringe mi
frena
compa
gna mi fà in ogni sua

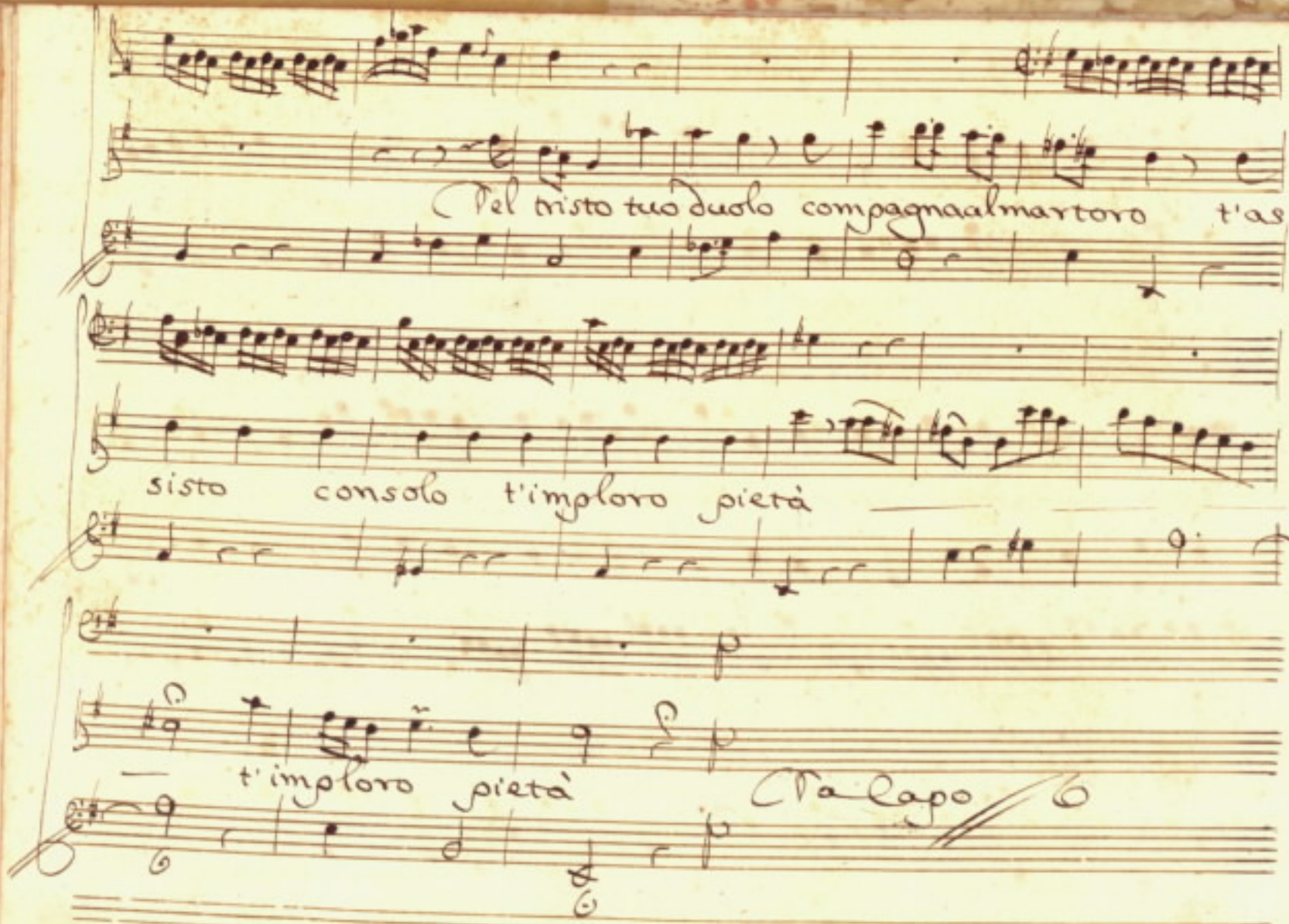

pena compa
gna mi fà
ad libitum

colbasso

Pel tristo tuo duolo compagna al marto

— ro t'assisto consolo t'imploro pietà t'imploro pie

tà


Del tristo tuo duolo compagnaalmartoro t'as
sisto consolo t'imploro pietà
t'imploro pietà
Da capo

Maria

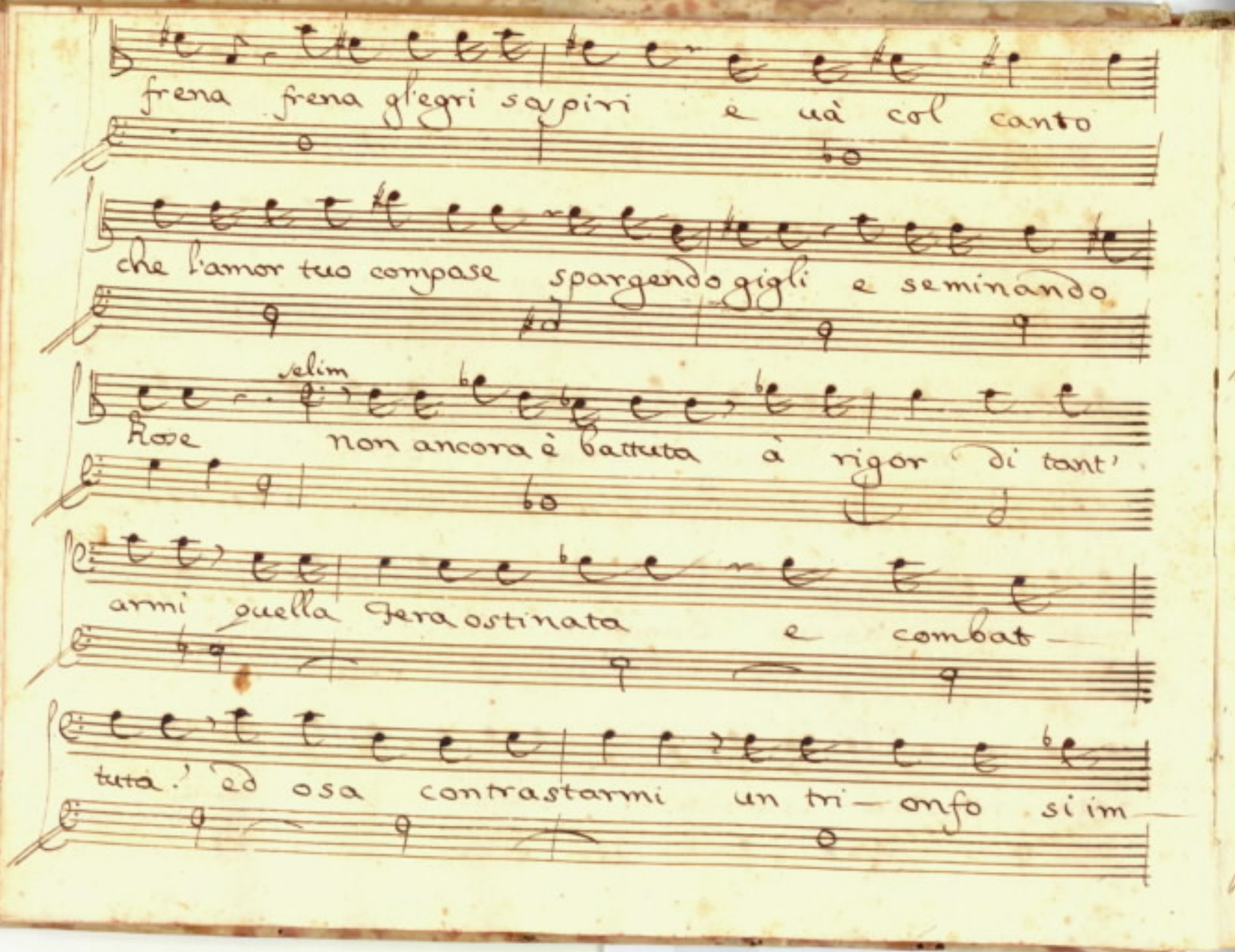
Tal mio supremo soglio qui del tuo

parto à solle-uare io uenni il vicino cor-

soglio meco è Ziesù d'amor pelago, e

fonte chealnascente Bambino ei batte-

zata renderà la fronte prendi ristoro intanto

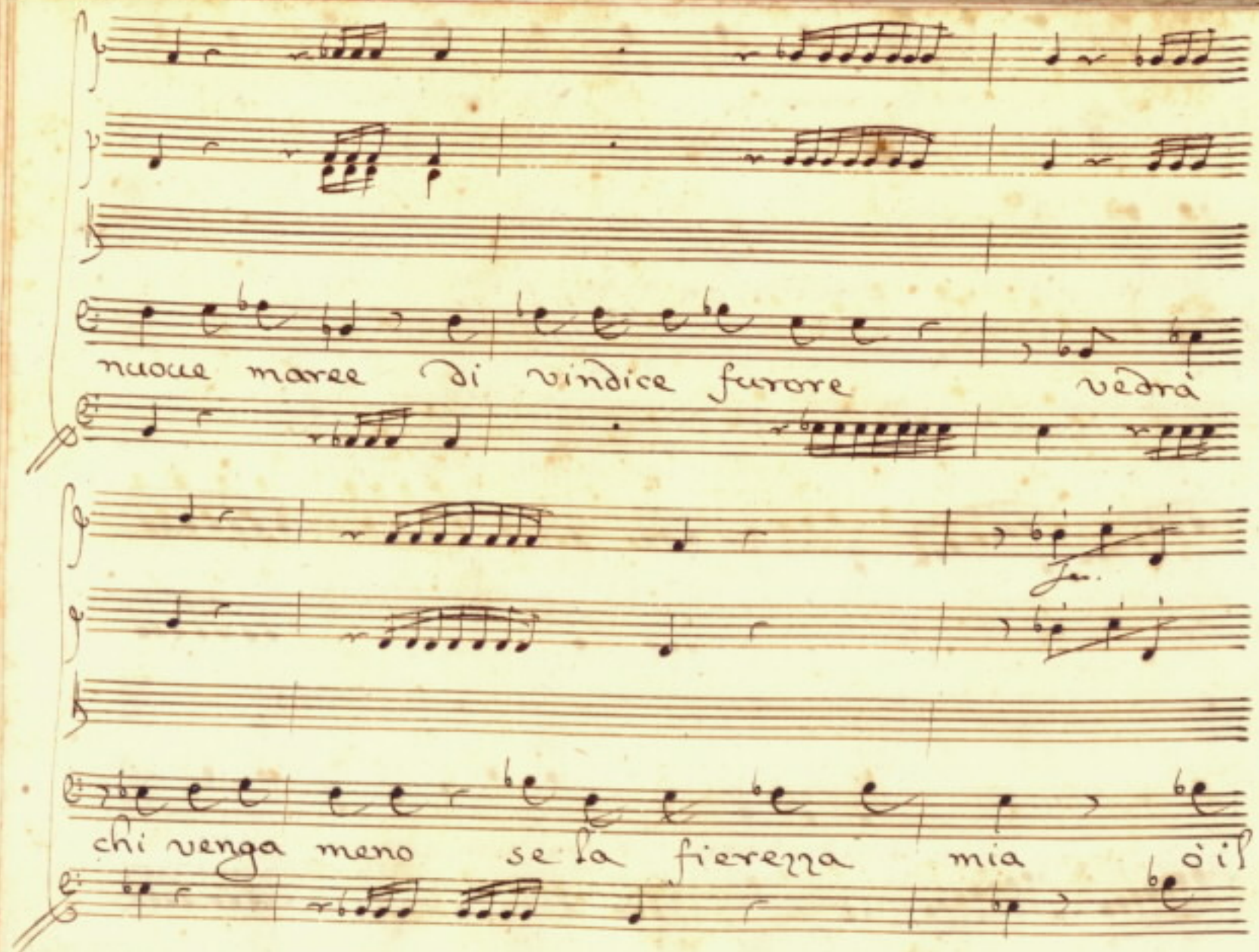

frena frena gl'egri sospiri e uà col canto
che l'amor tuo compase spargendo gigli e seminando
Selim
Rose non ancora è battuta à rigor di tant'
armi quella fera ostinata e combat-
tuta. ed osa contrastarmi un tri-onfo si im-

belle e crudo amore e crudeltà di

stelle

subito con V.V.

susciterò dal tempestoso seno

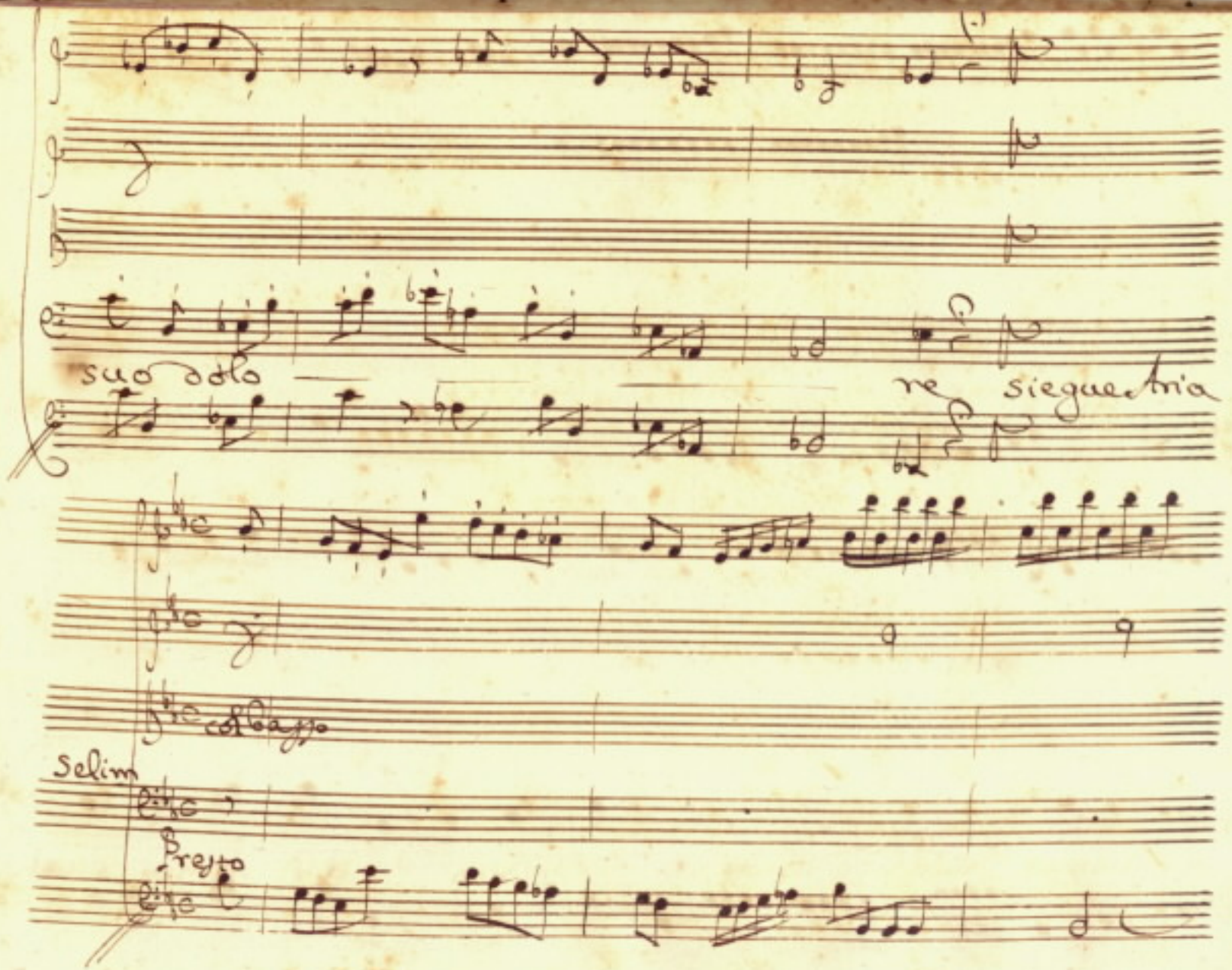

nuove maree di vindice furore vedrà
chi venga meno se la fierezza mia

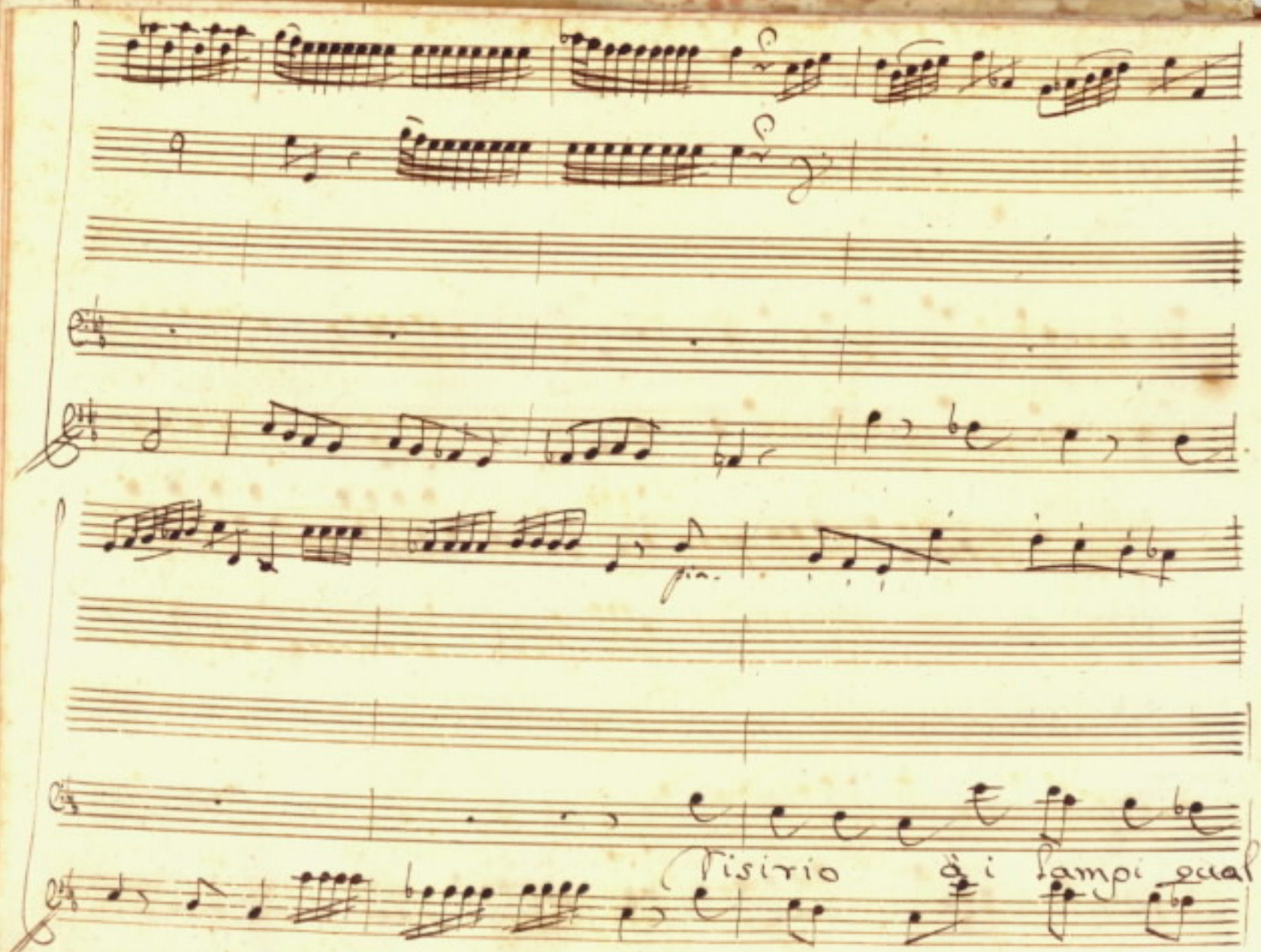
suo dolo — re sieguetria

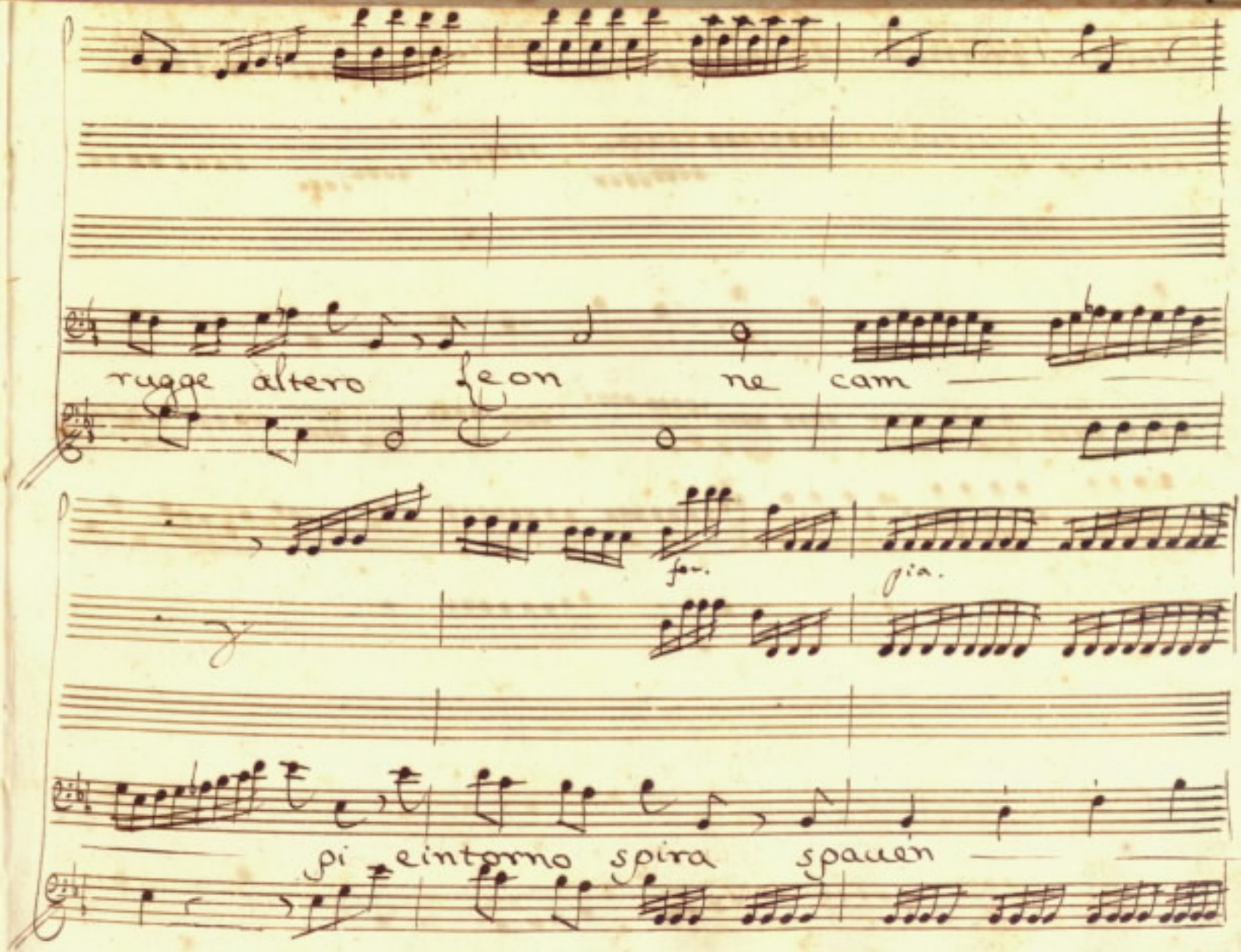
col basso

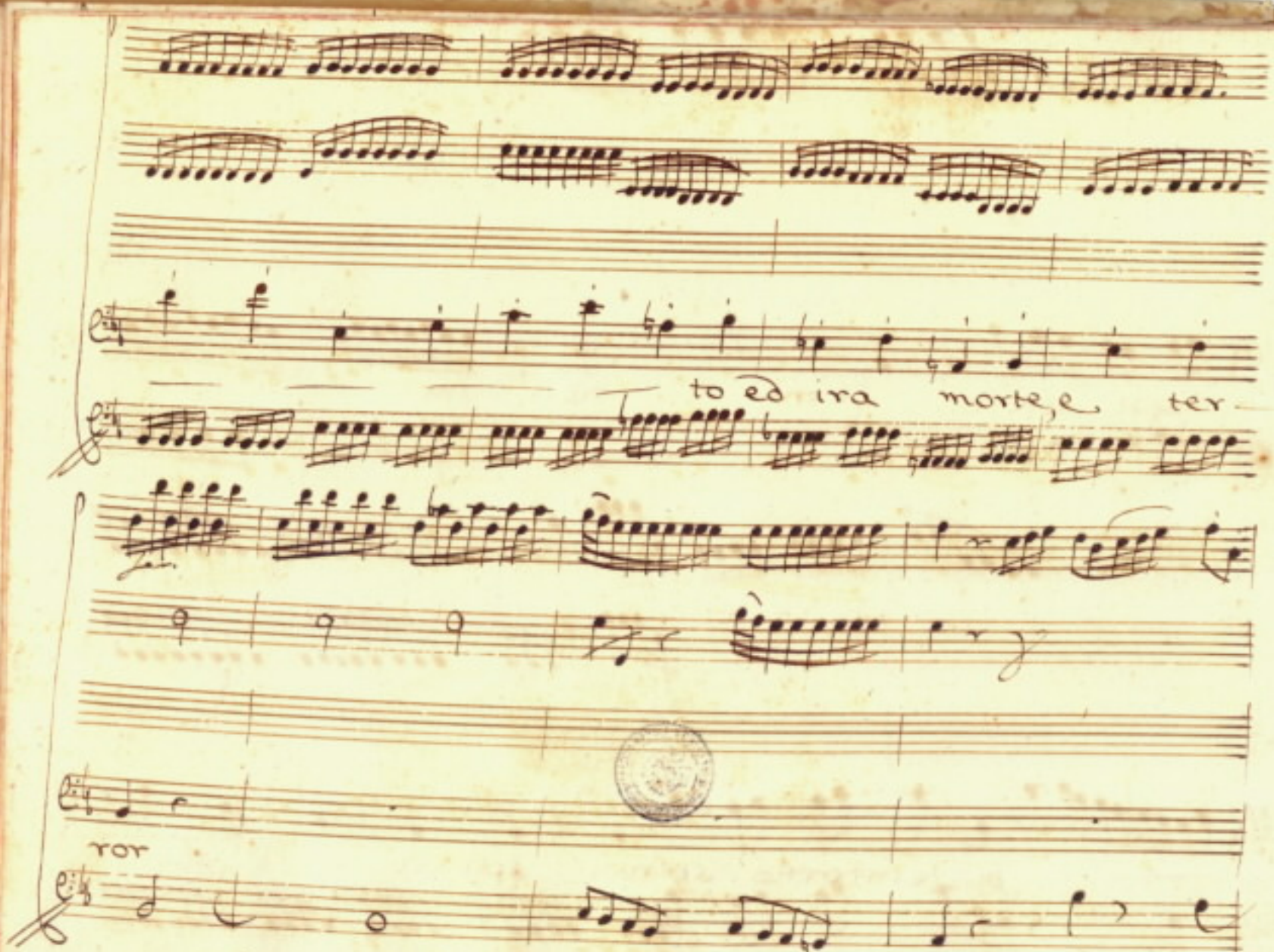
Selim

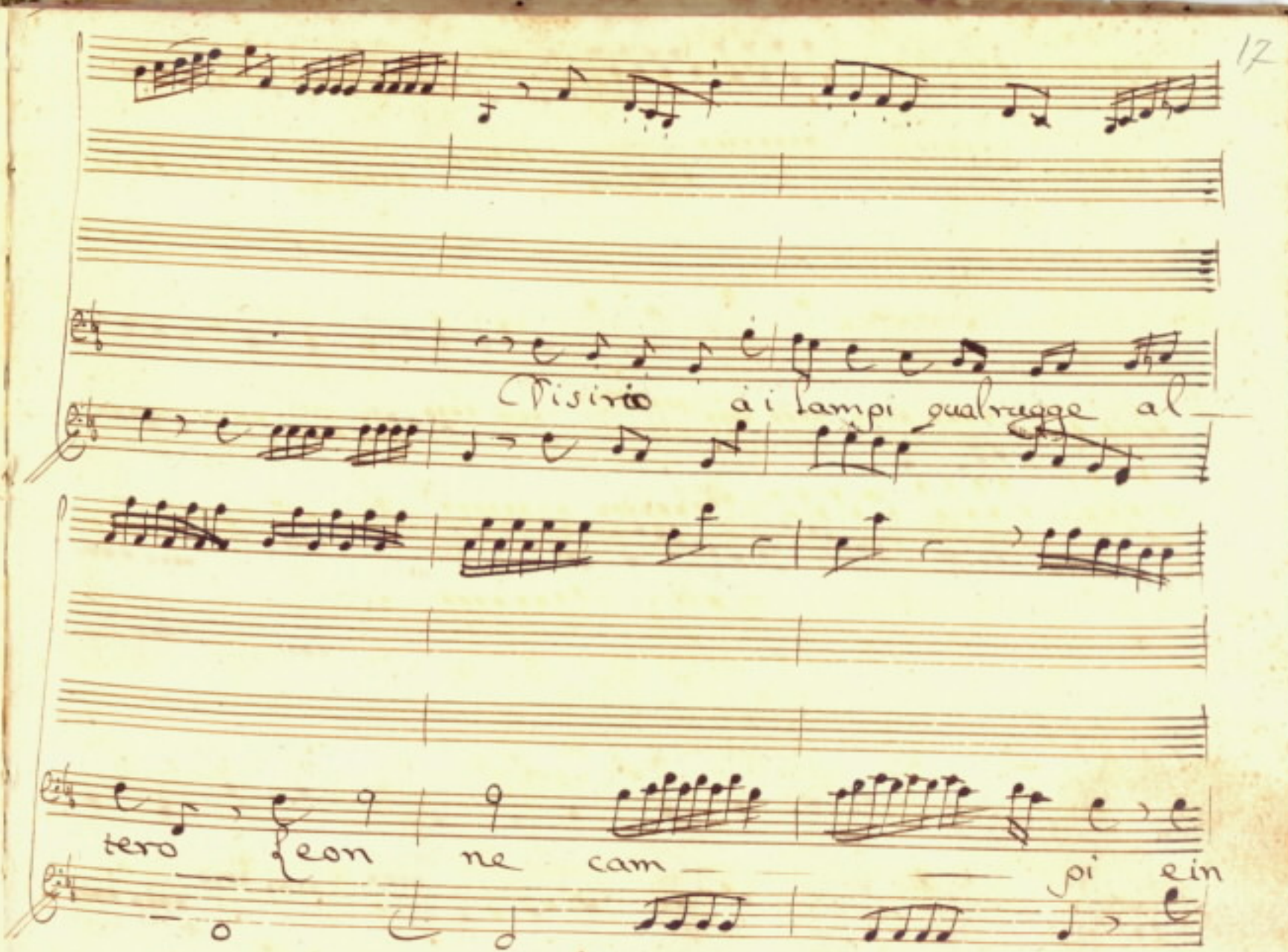
Presto

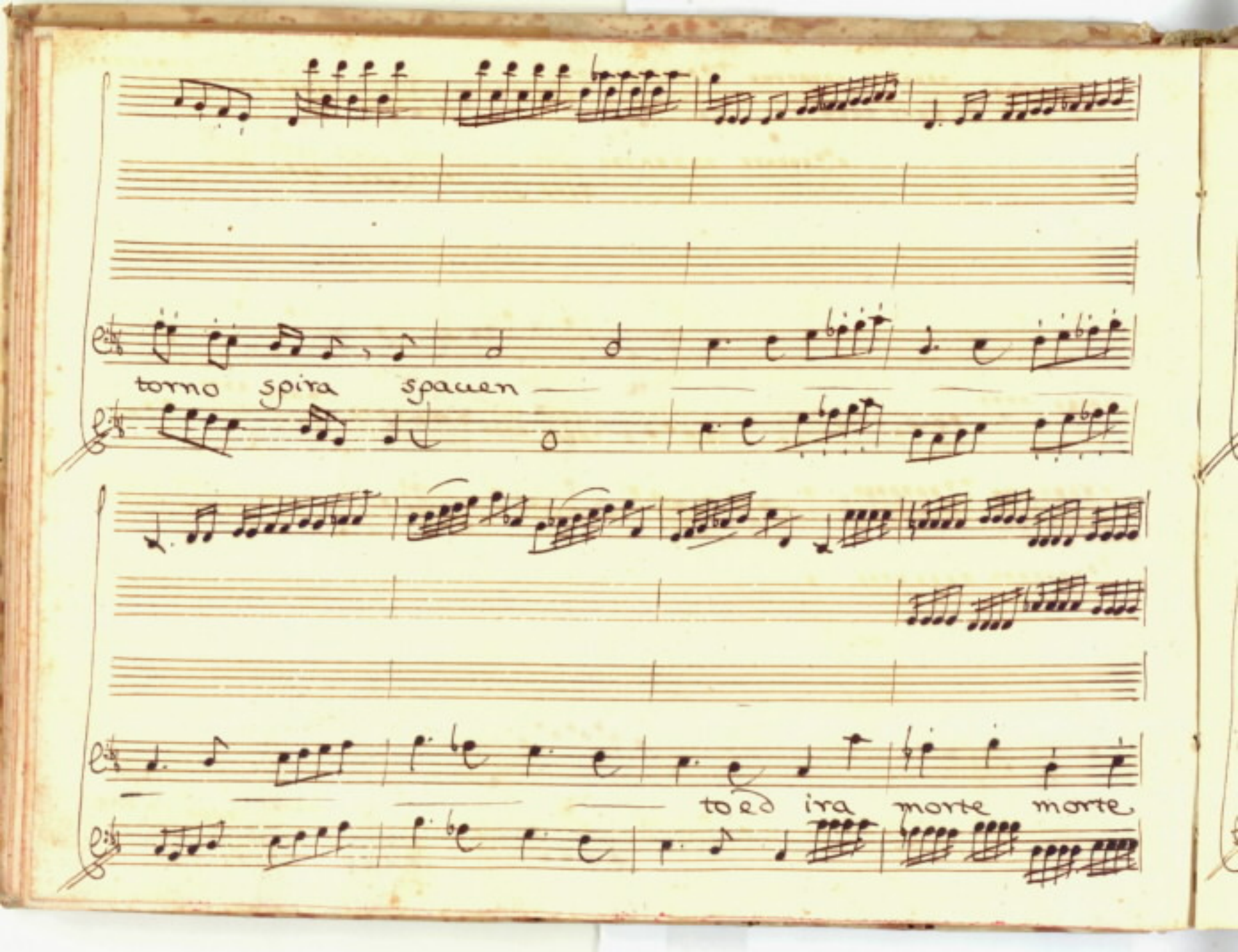


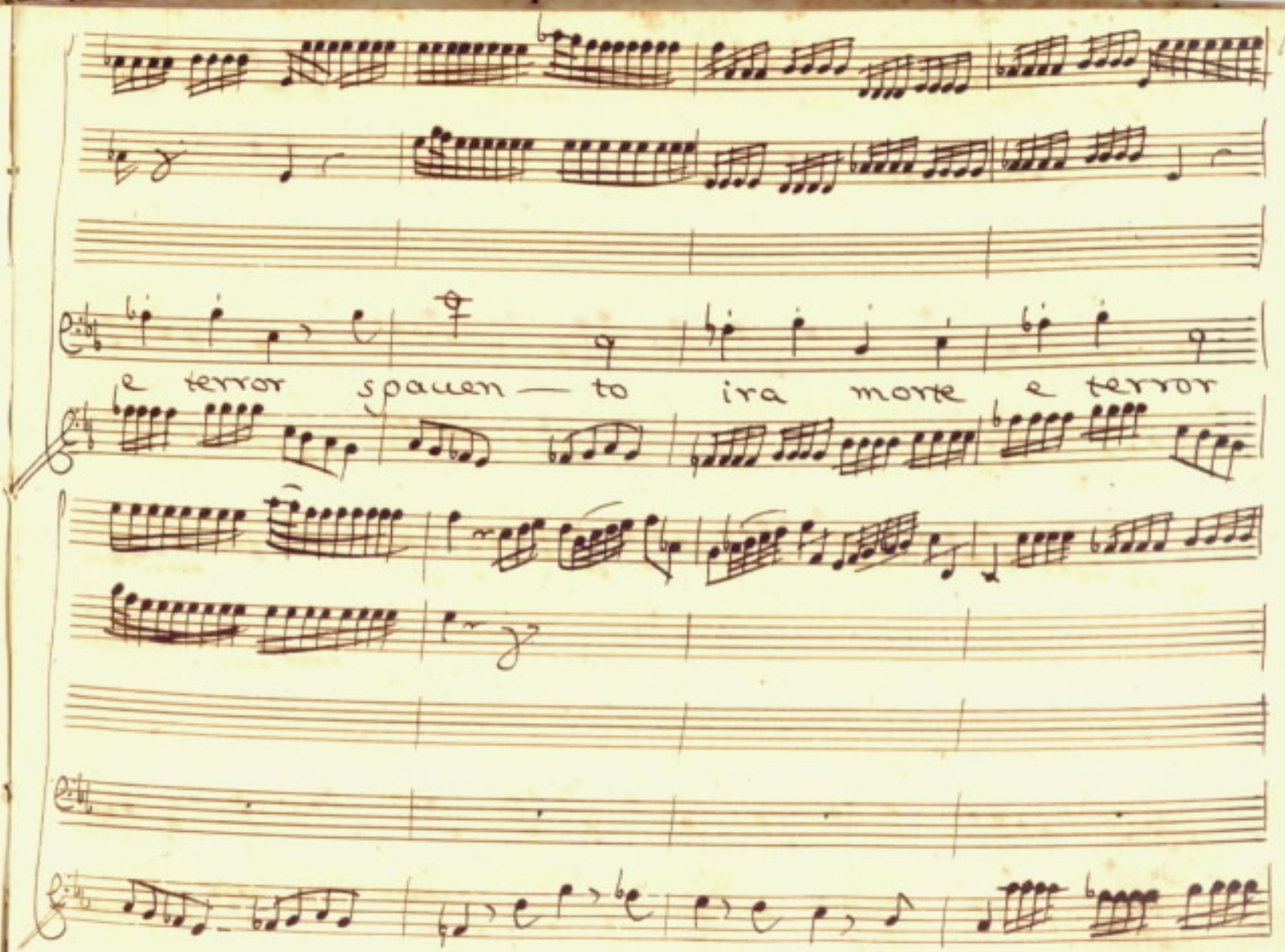

Tisirio à i lampi qual

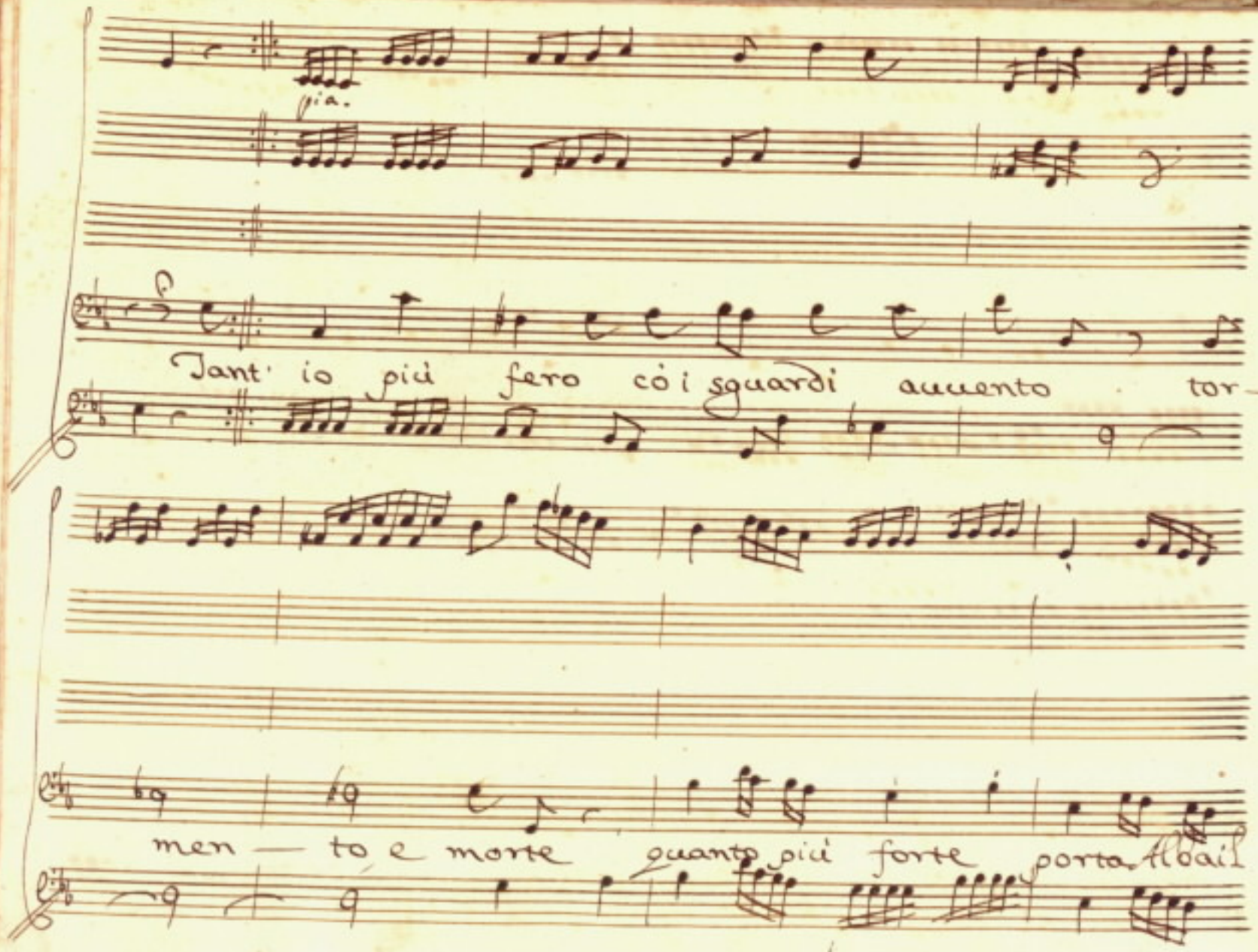

rugge altero Leon ne cam
fu.
gia.
pi eintorno spira spaven

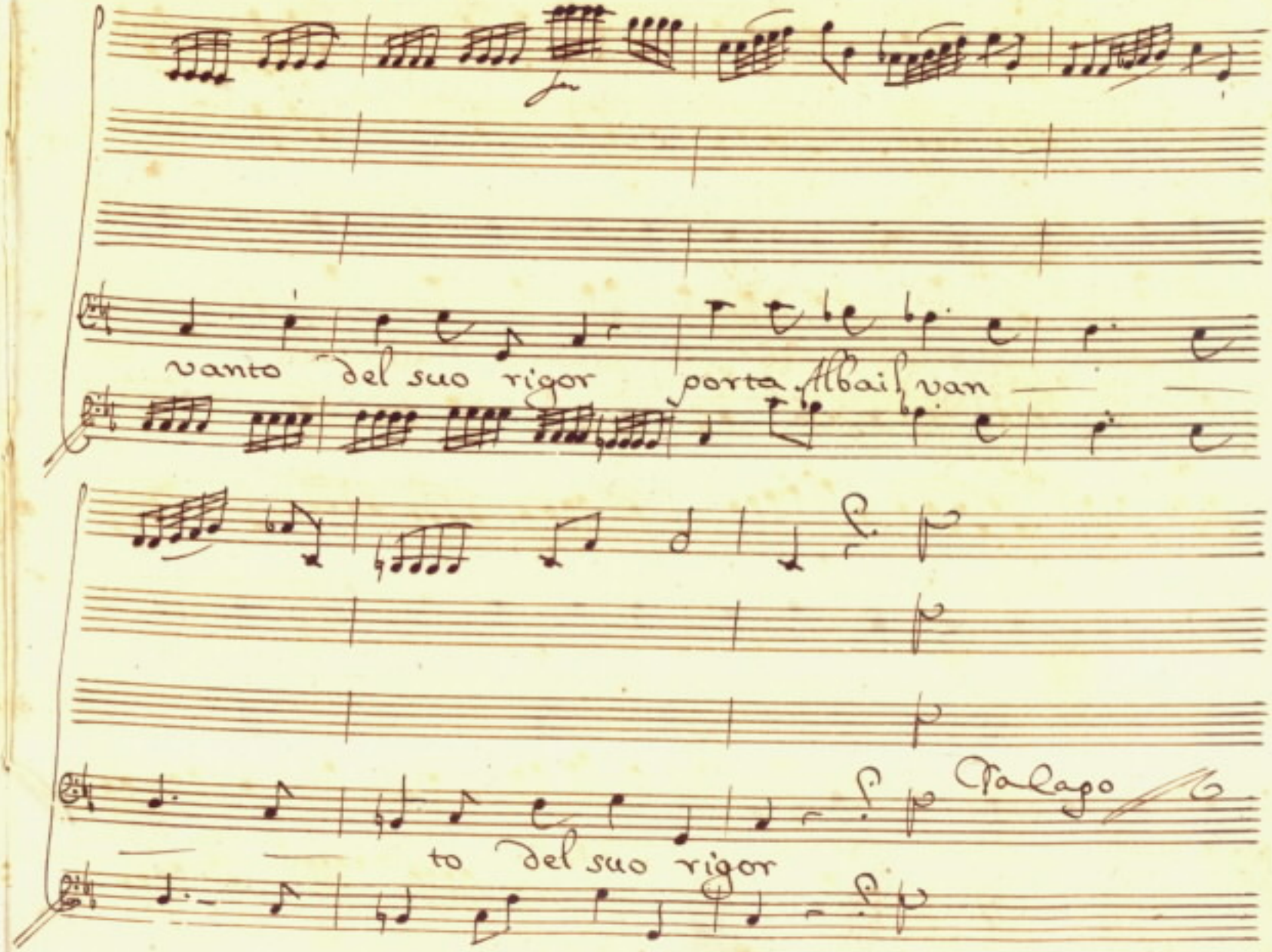

to ed ira morte, e ter-
ror

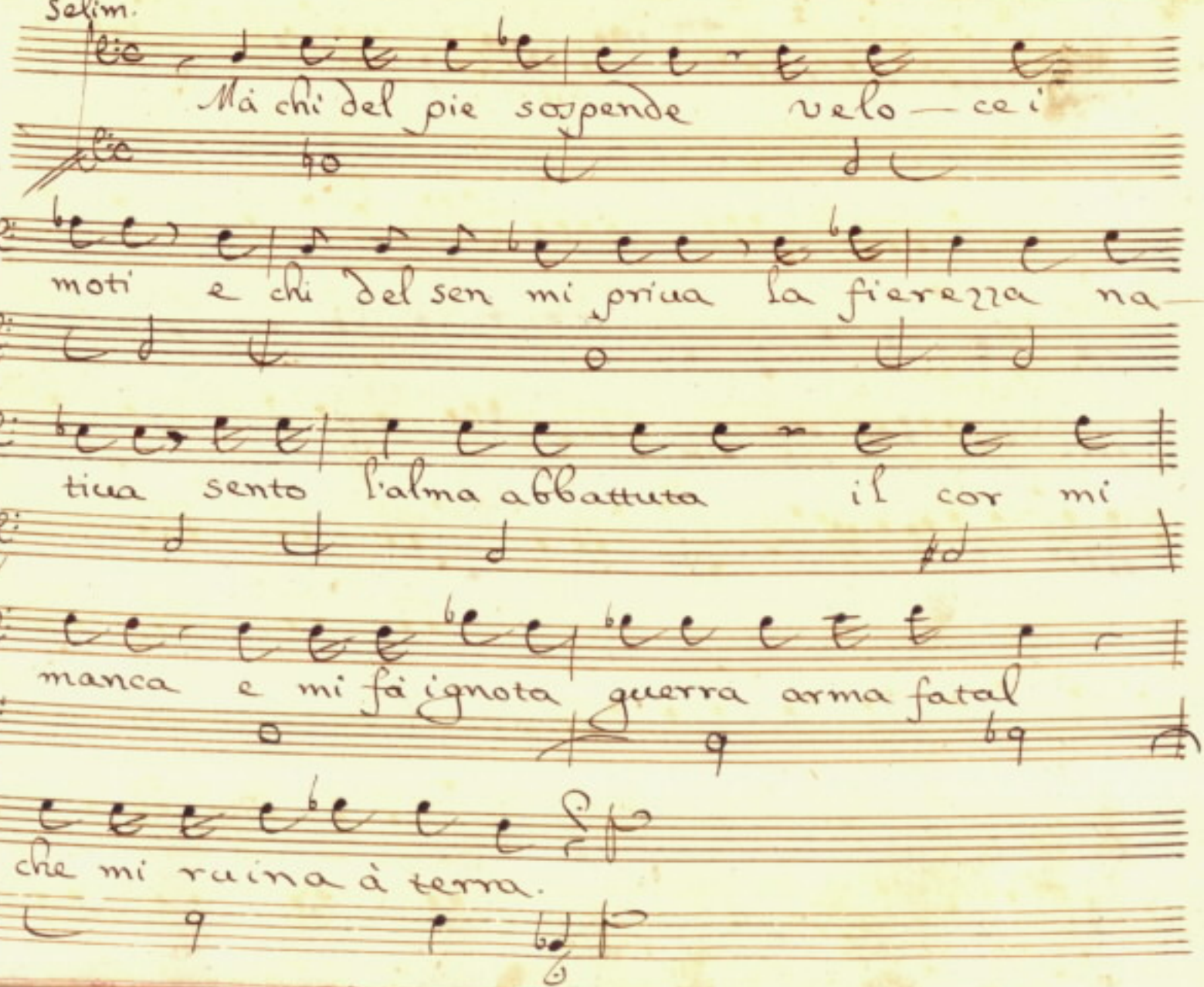

Visirio à i lampi qual rugge al
tero Leon ne cam pi e in

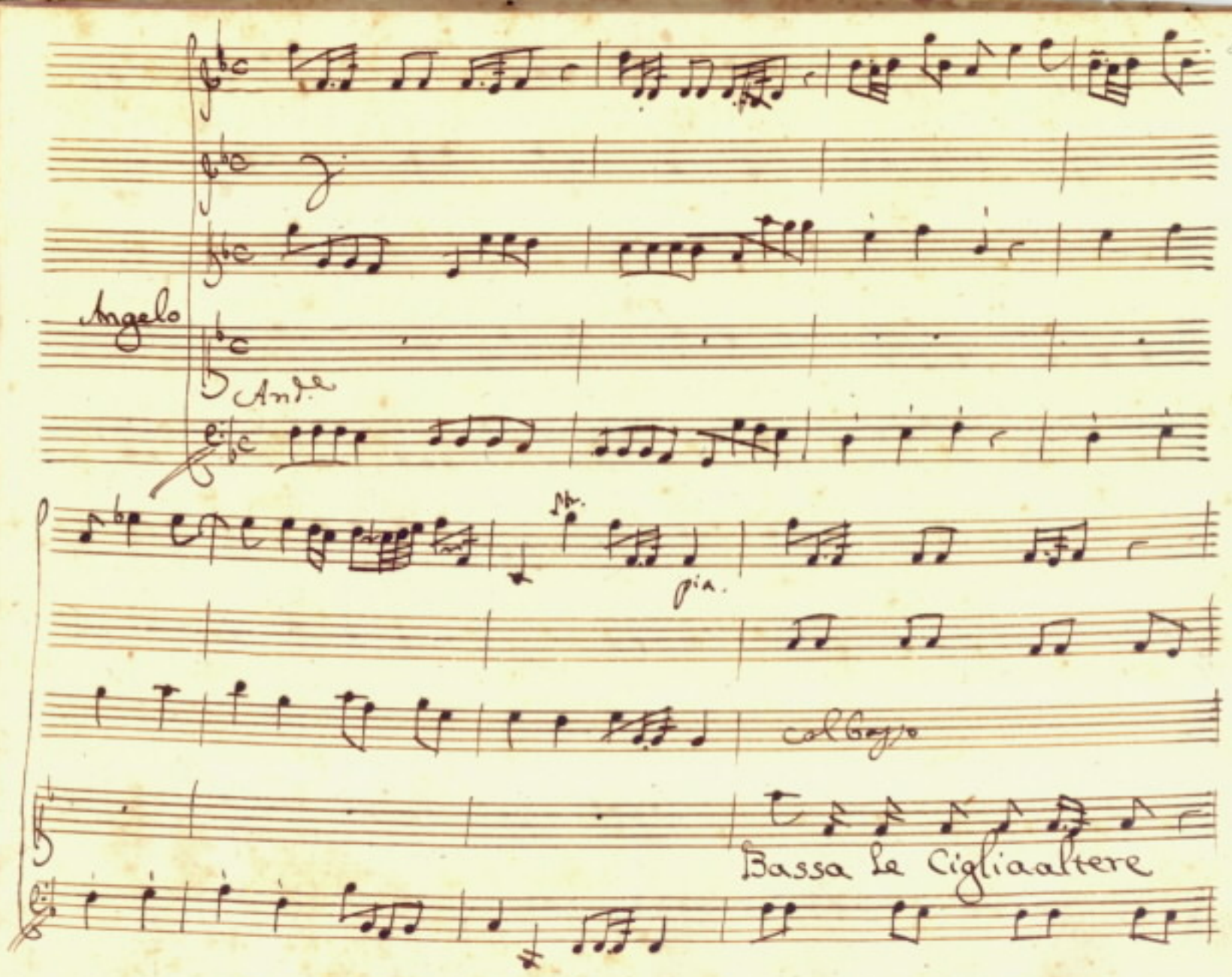

torno spira spacen
to ed ira morte morte

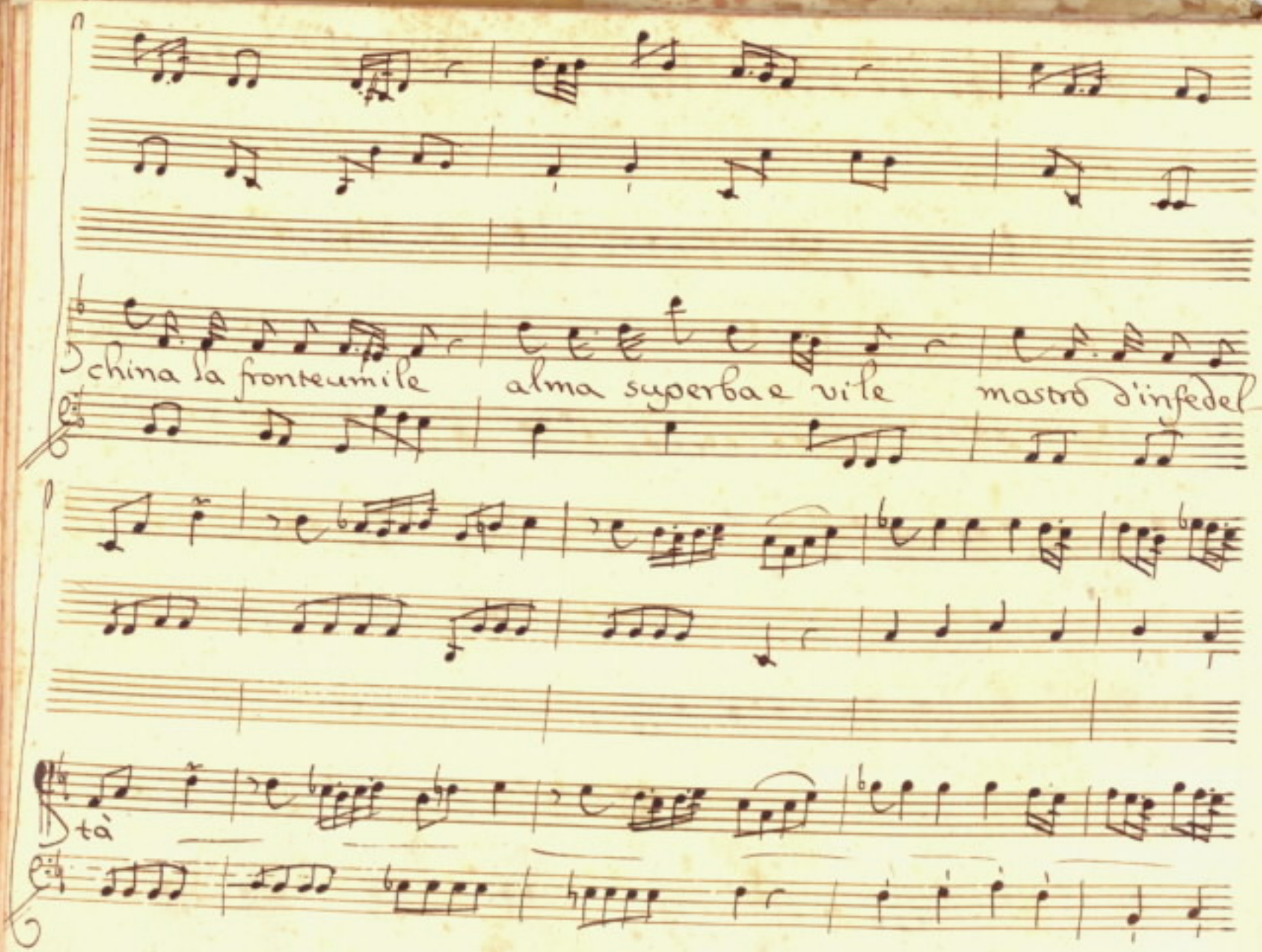

e terror spaven — to ira morte e terror

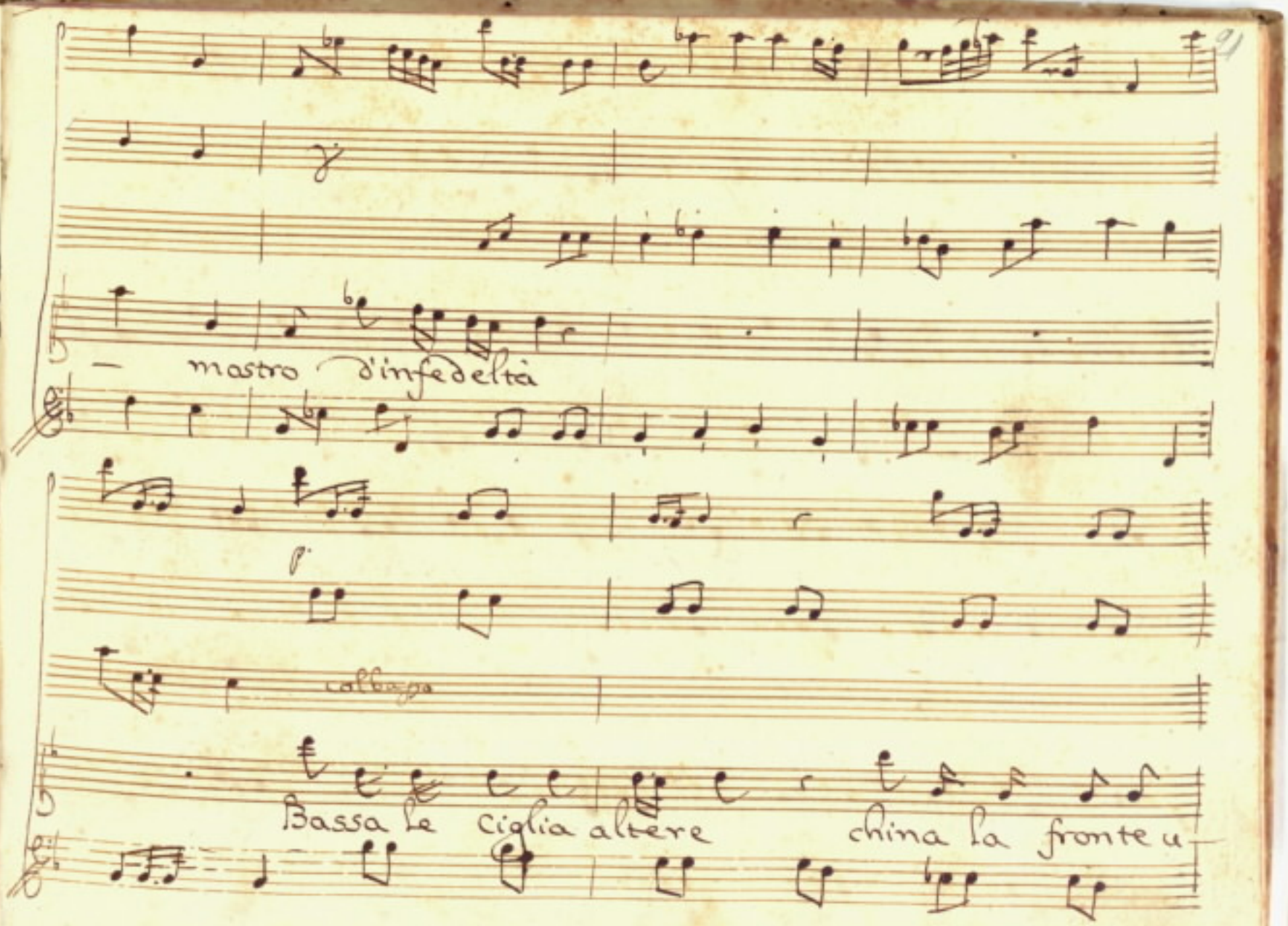

pia.
f
Tant' io più fero có i sguardi aumento tor—
men — to e morte quanto più forte porta Aboail

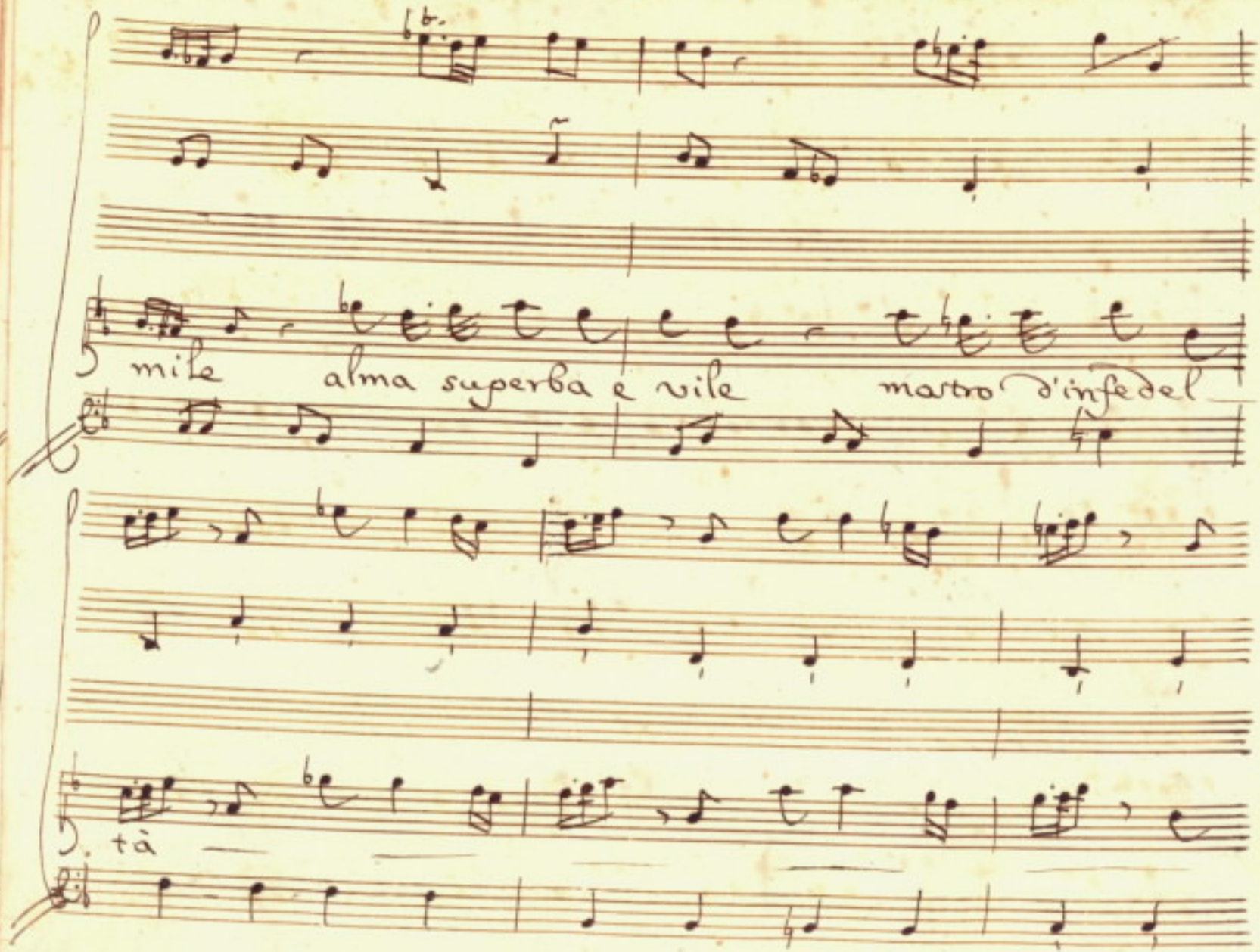

vanto del suo rigor porta l'Albail van
to del suo rigor Palago

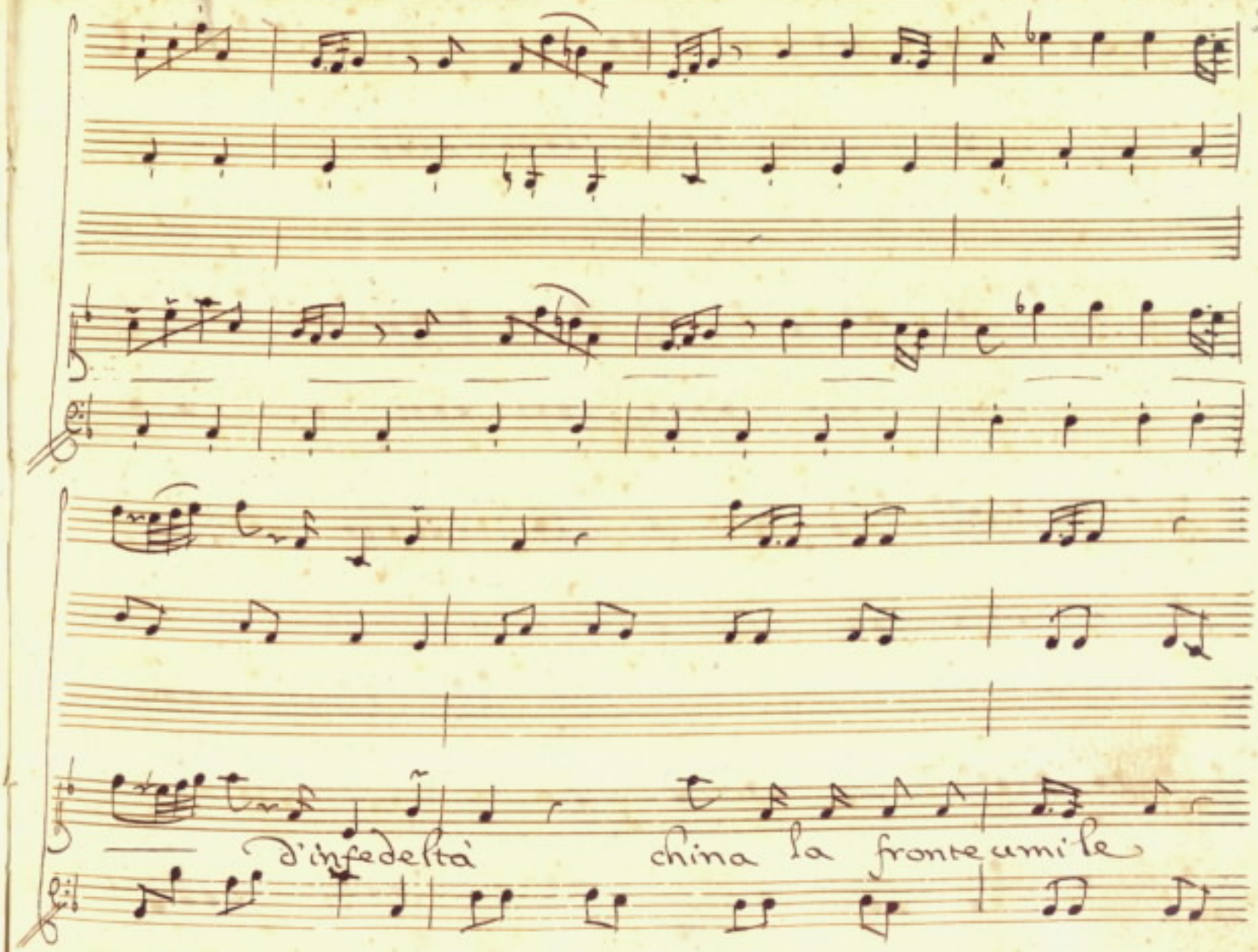

Selim.
Mà chi del pie sospende velo — ce i'
moti e chi del sen mi priua la fierezza na —
tiua sento l'alma abbattuta il cor mi
manca e mi fà ignota guerra arma fatal
che mi ruina à terra.

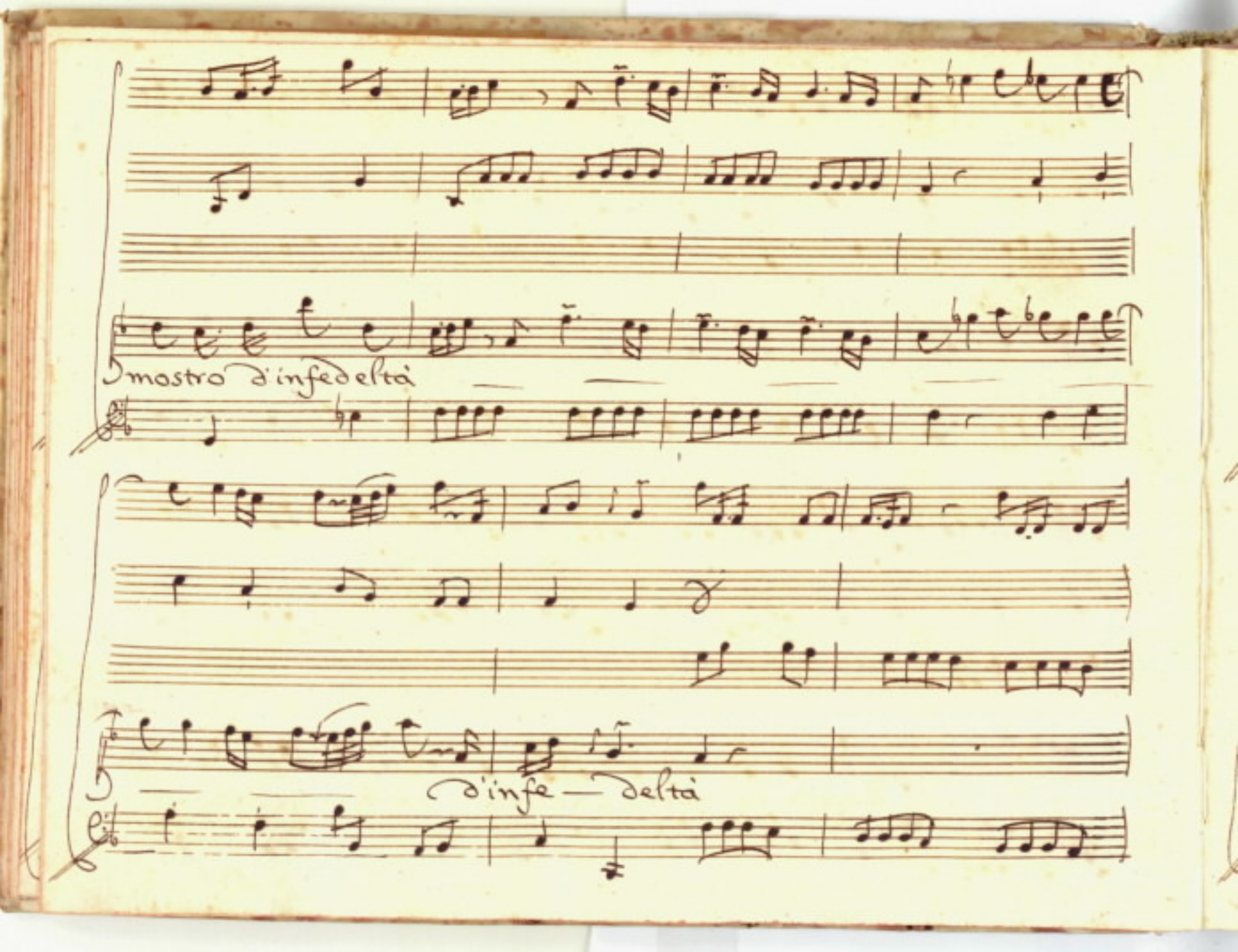

Angelo
Andte
pia.
col basso
Bassa le Ciglia altere

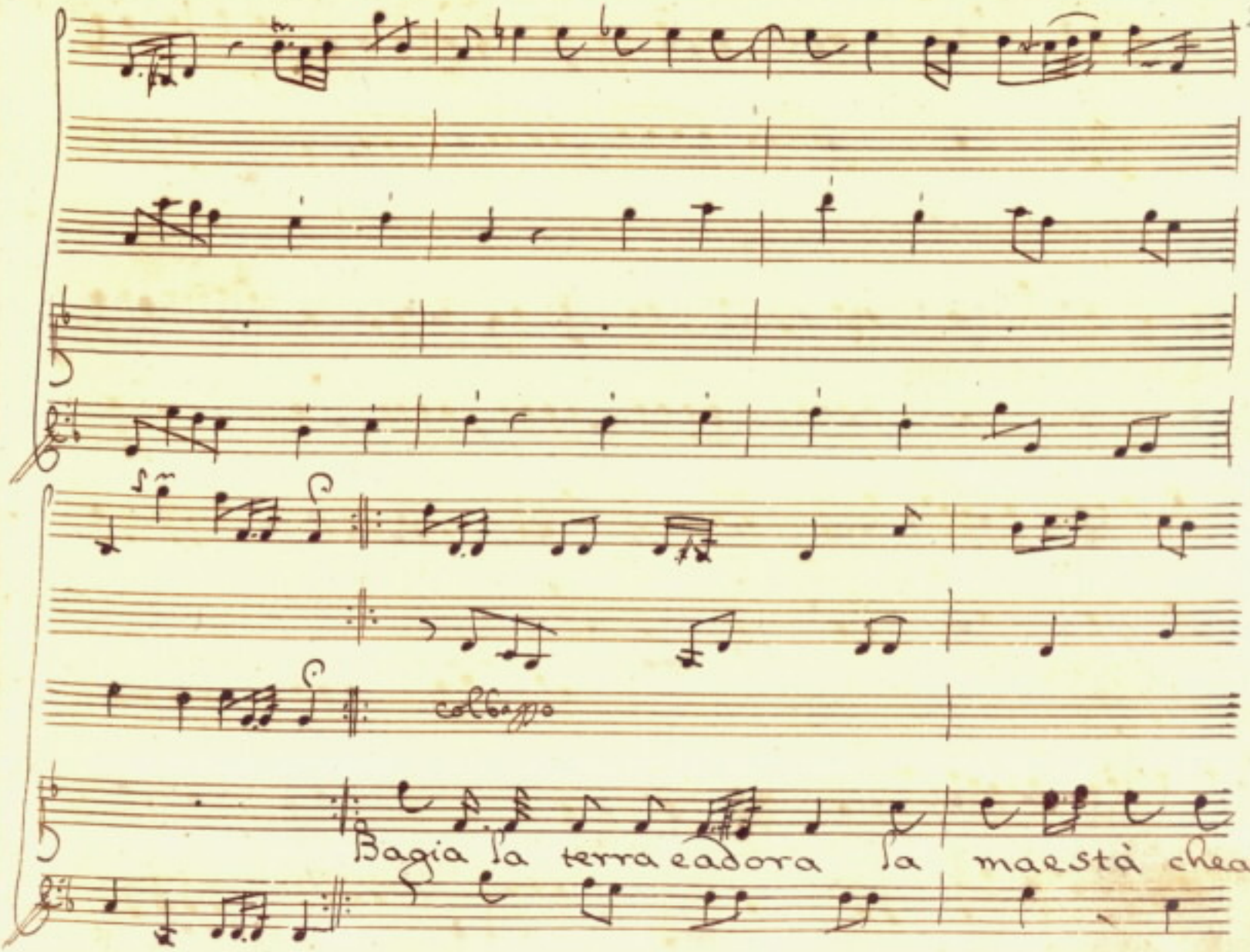

china la fronte umile
alma superba e vile
mastro d'infedel
tà

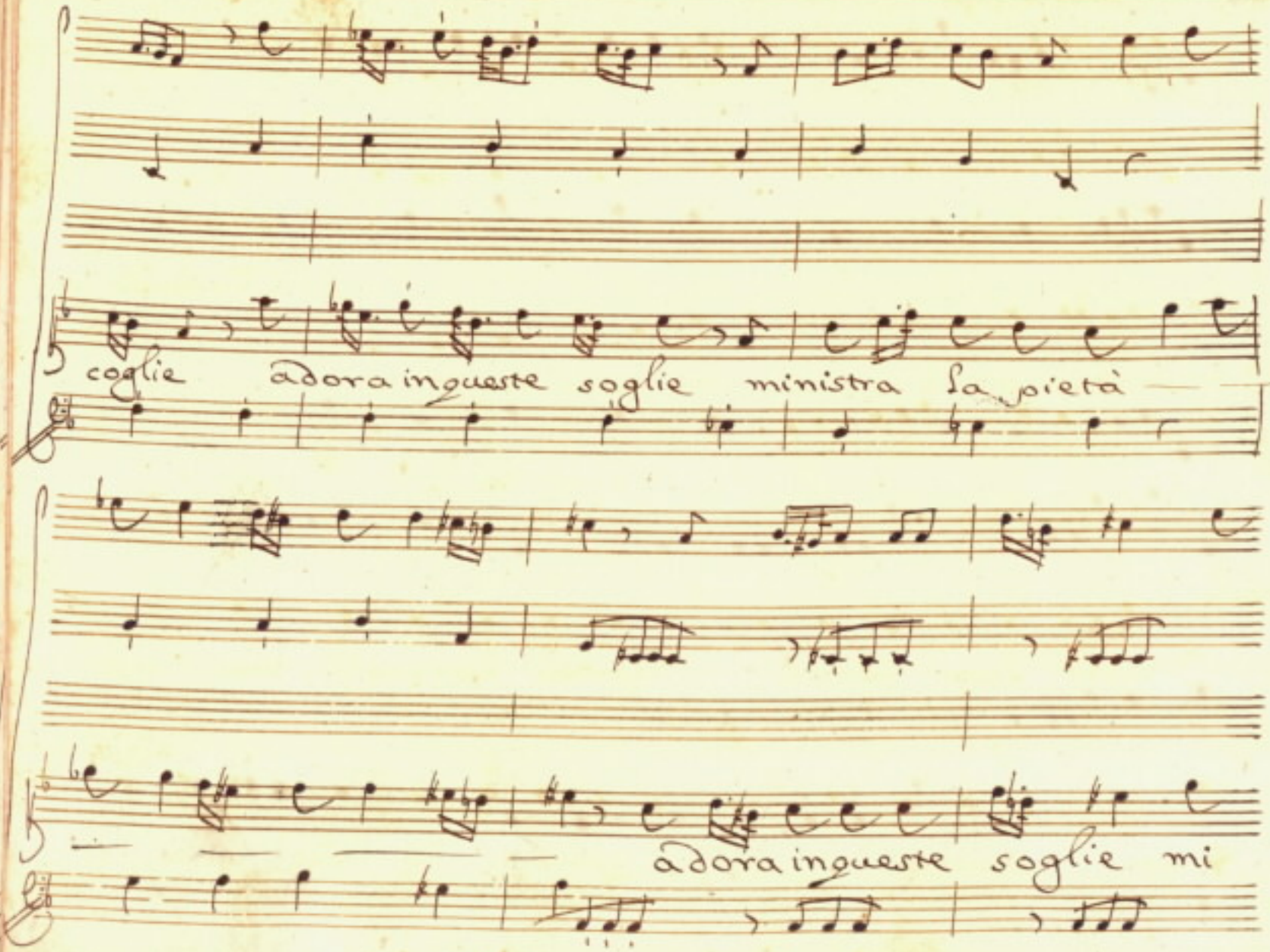

mastro d'infedeltà
colforza
Bassa le ciglia altere
china la fronte u


mile alma superba e vile mastro d'infedel
tà


d'infedeltà
china la fronte amile


mostro d'infedeltà
d'infe — deltà


col basso
Bagia la terra e adora la maestà che ac


coglie adora in queste soglie ministra la pietà
adora in queste soglie mi

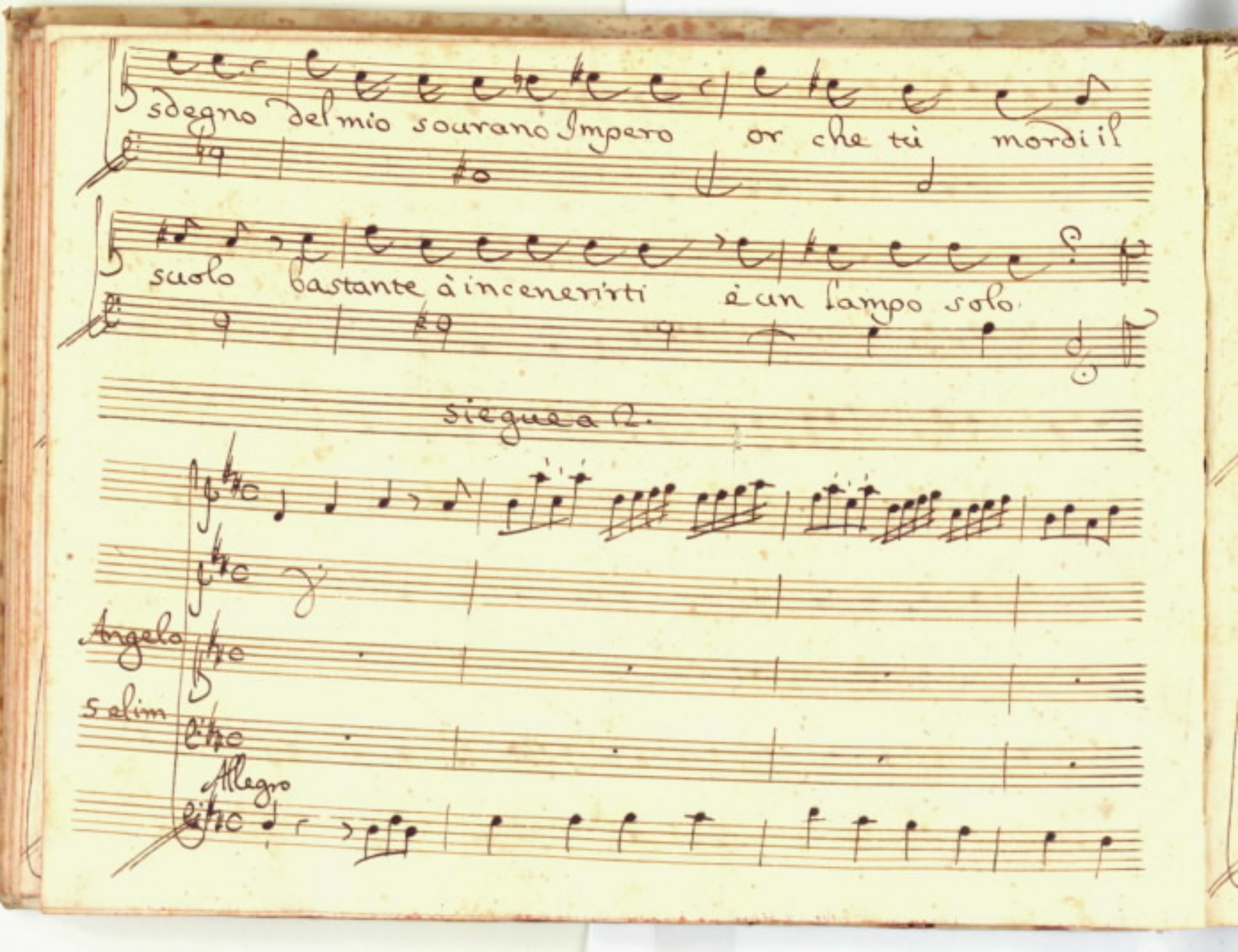
Talapo

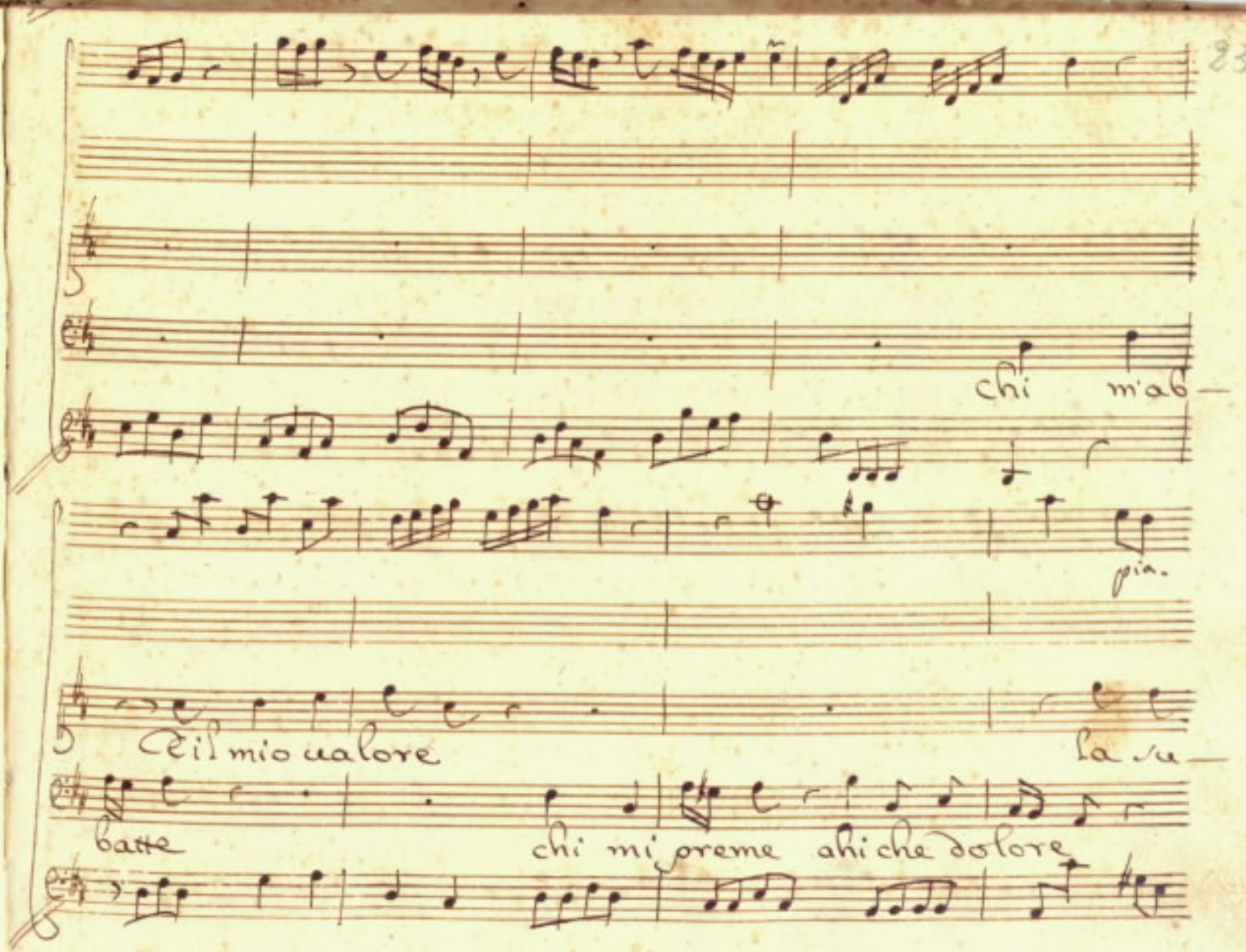
nistra la pietà — ministra la pietà

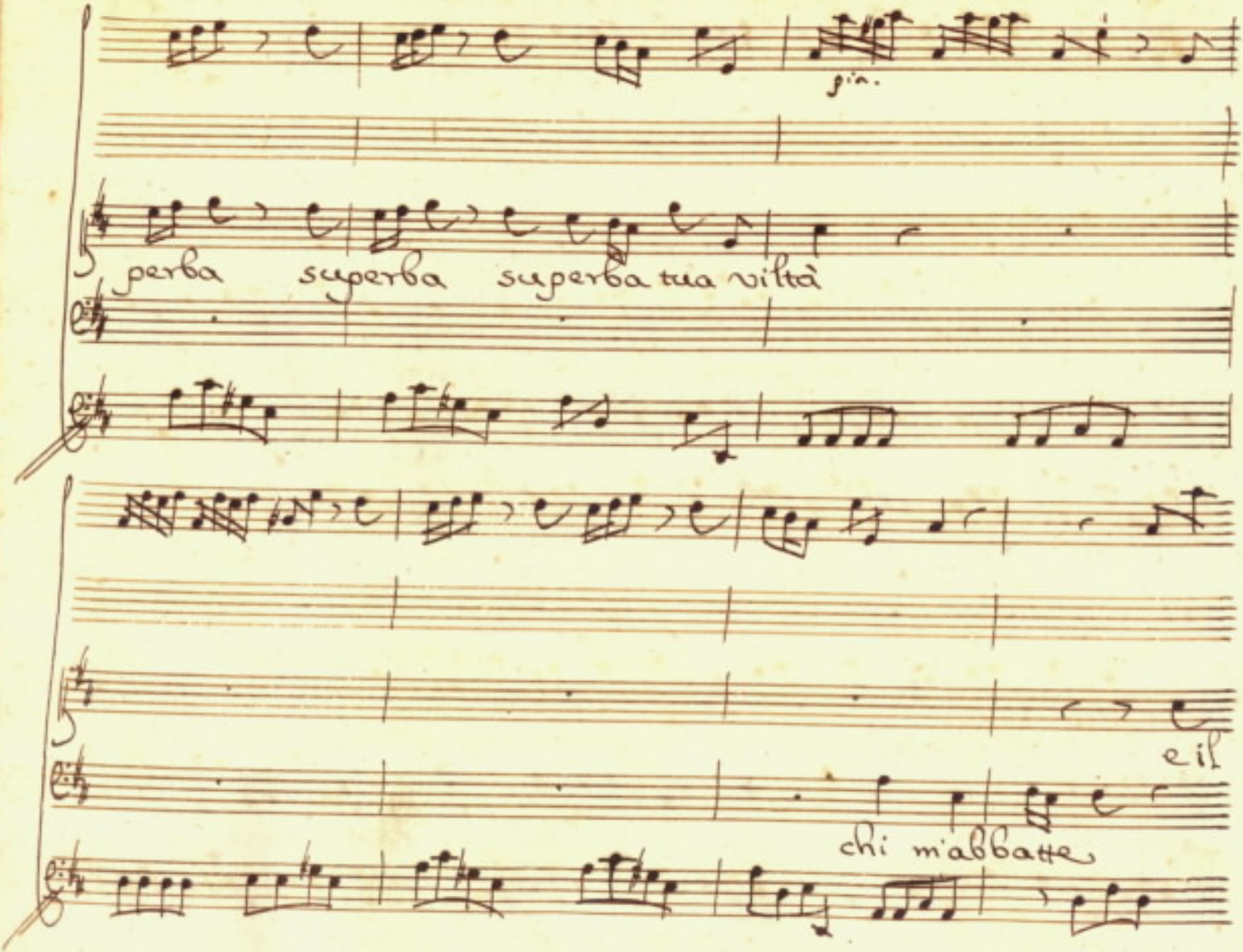
Angelo

Vieni leon feroce vanta l'orgogli tuoi

ruggi aumenta se puoi à spauenti di voce armi di


sdegno del mio sourano Impero or che ti mordi il
suolo bastante à inceneritti è un lampo solo.
siegue a 2.
Angelo
Selim
Allegro


chi m'ab—
pia.
Ei! mio ualore
la su—
batte
chi mi preme ahi che dolore


gia.
perba superba superba tua viltà
e il
chi m'abbatte

for.

mio valore

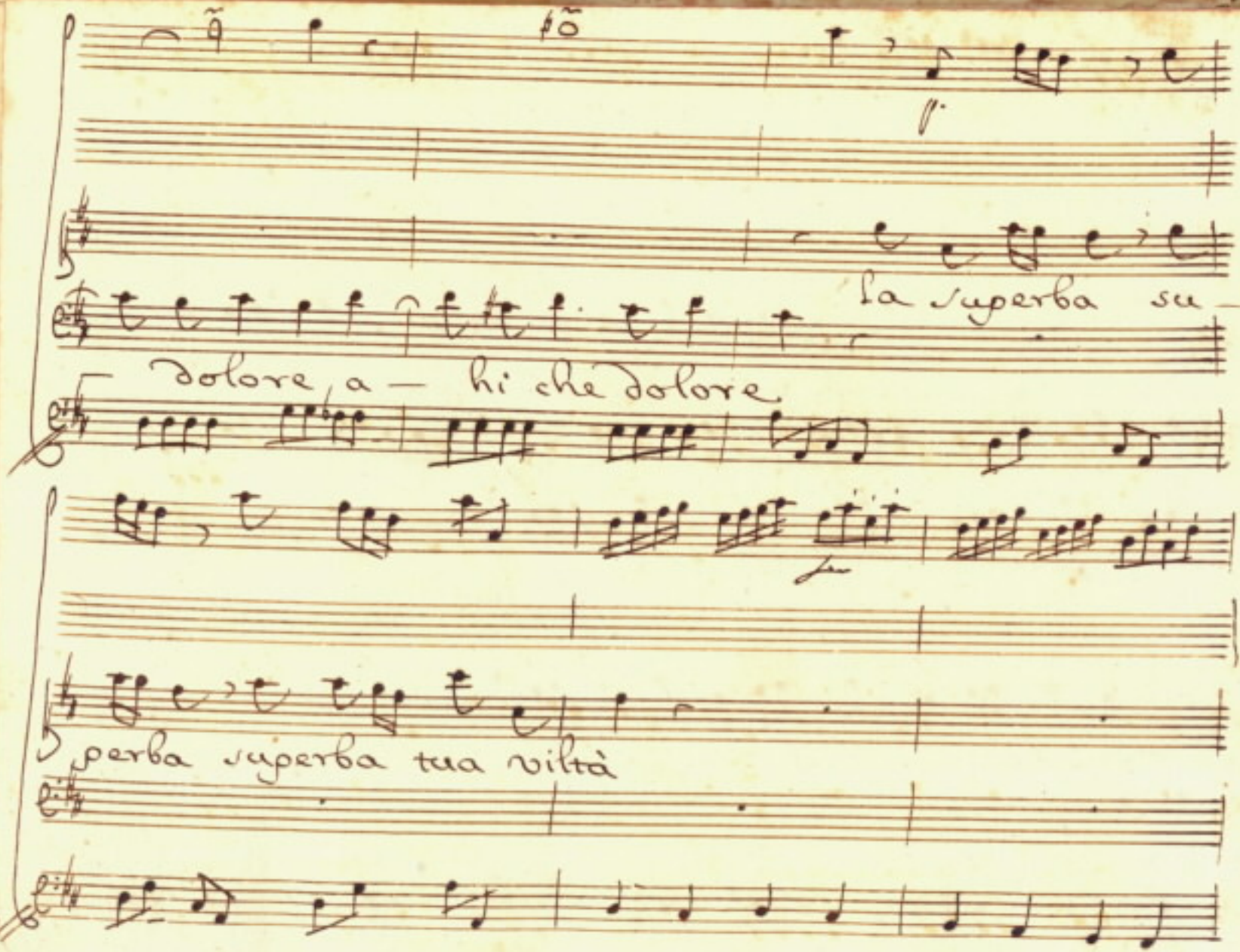
chi mi preme ahi che dolore ahi che do—

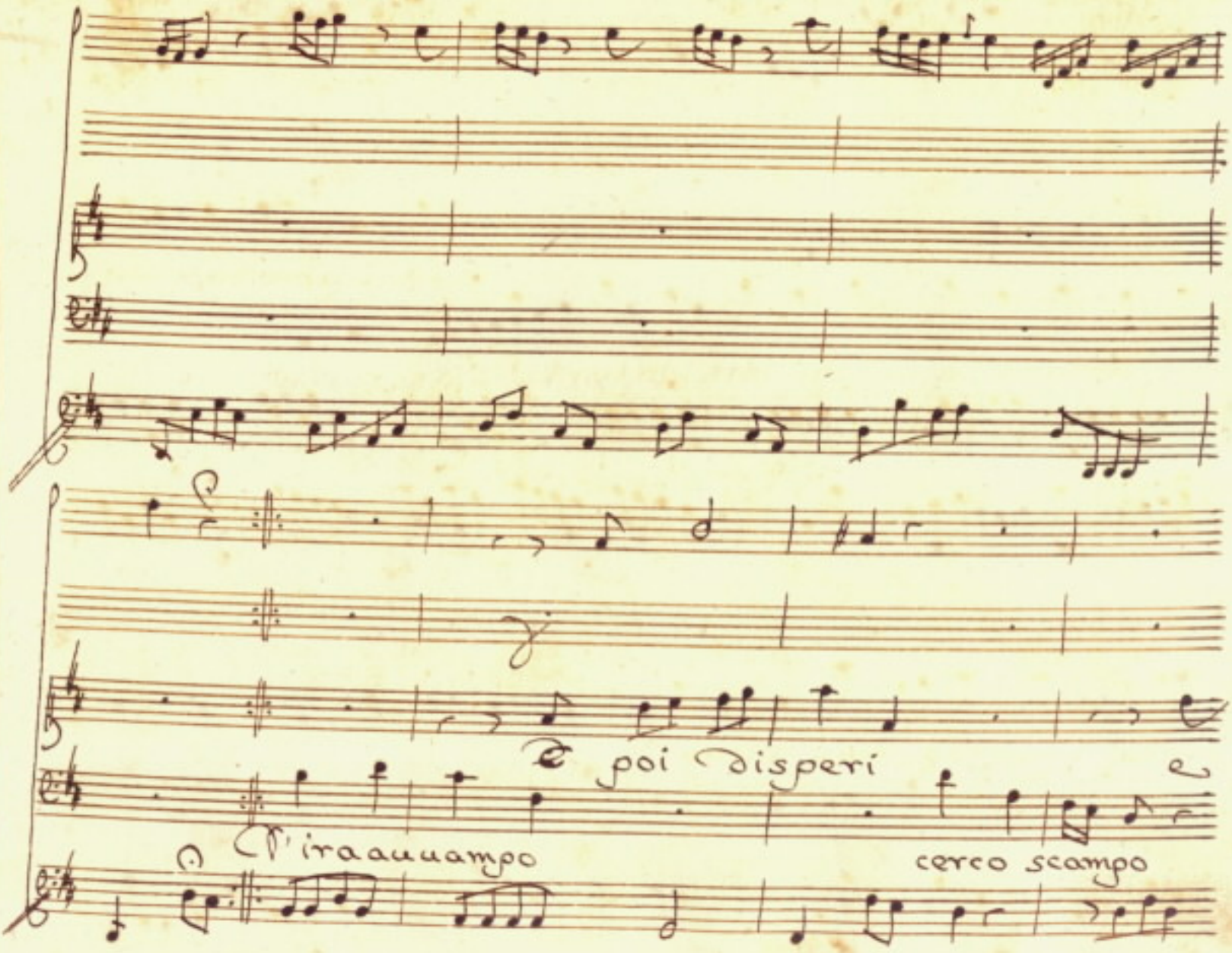
for.

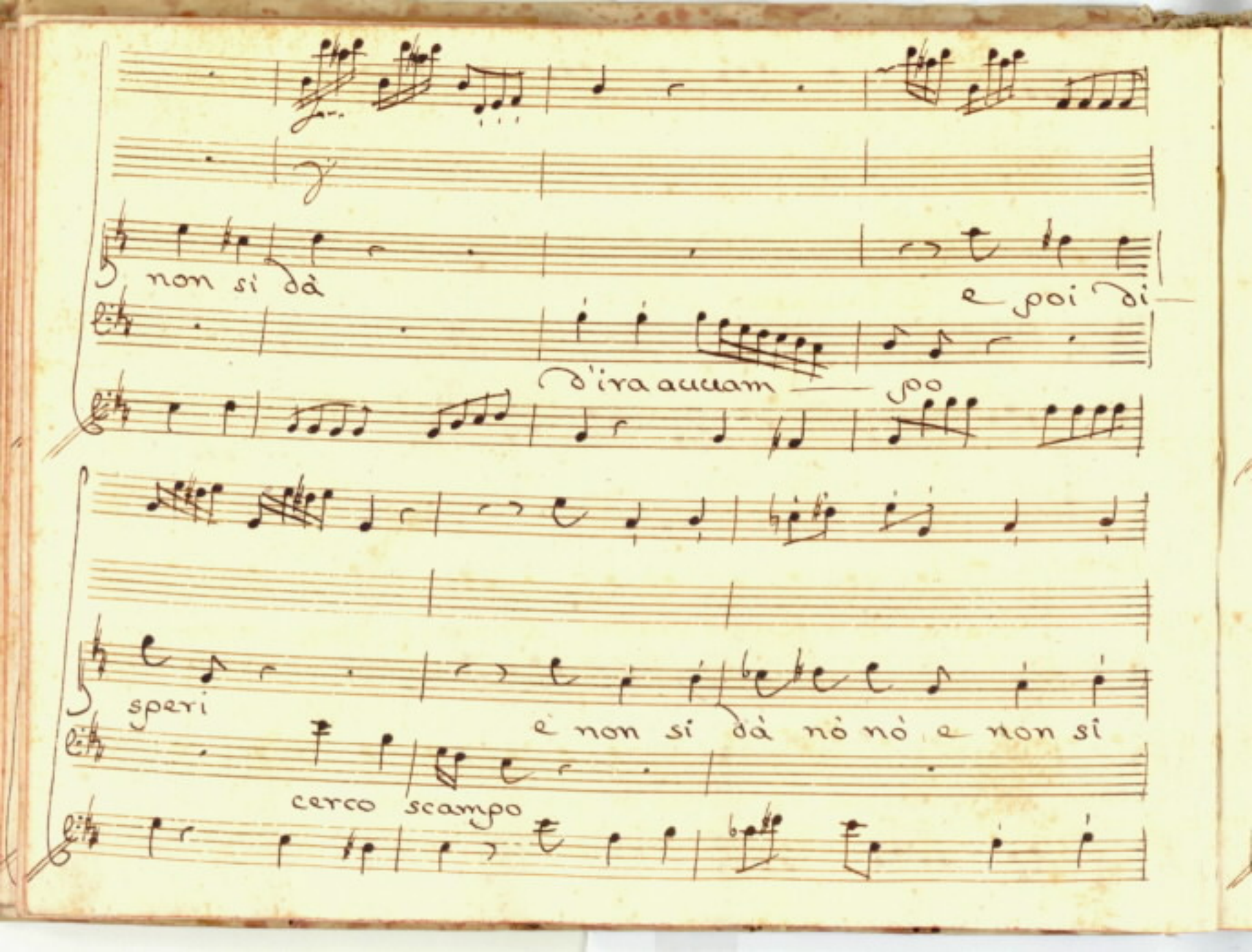
la superba superba superba tua viltà

core

ahi che


la superba su —
dolore, a — hi che dolore
perba superba tua viltà


poi disperi
l'iraauuampo
cerco scampo

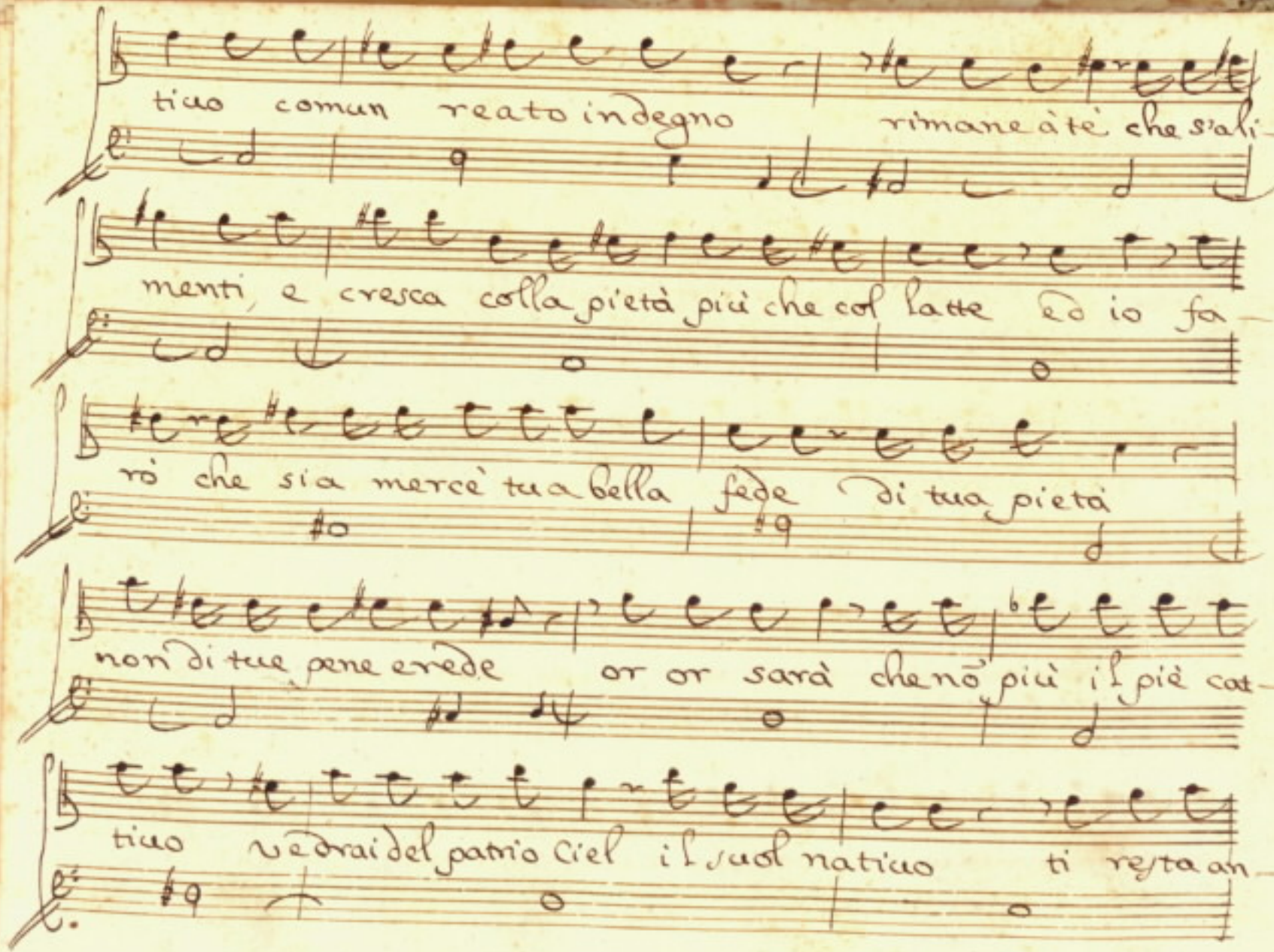

non si dà
e poi di
d'ira aucam — poo
speri
e non si dà nò nò e non si
cerco scampo

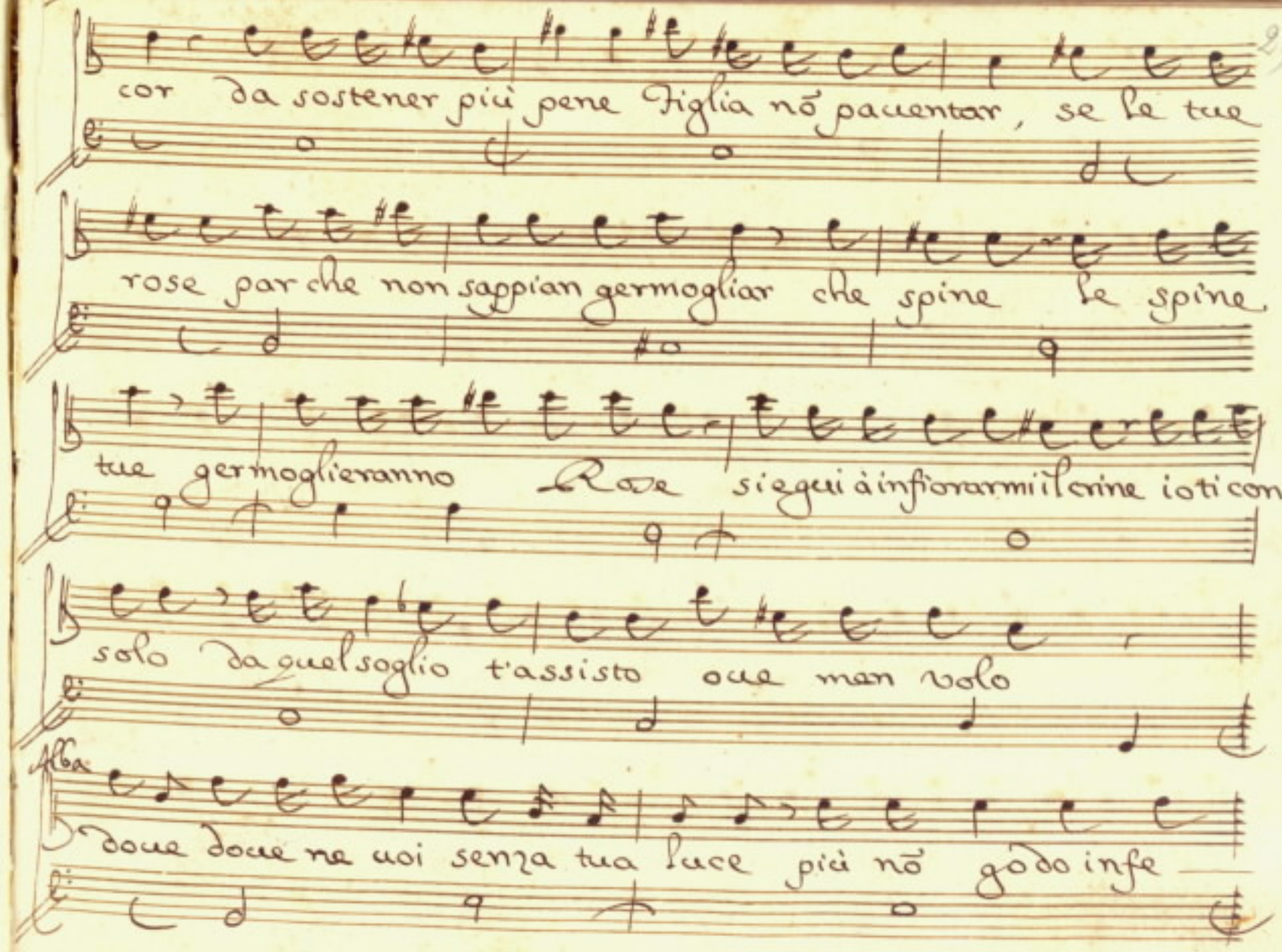
dà Talapo

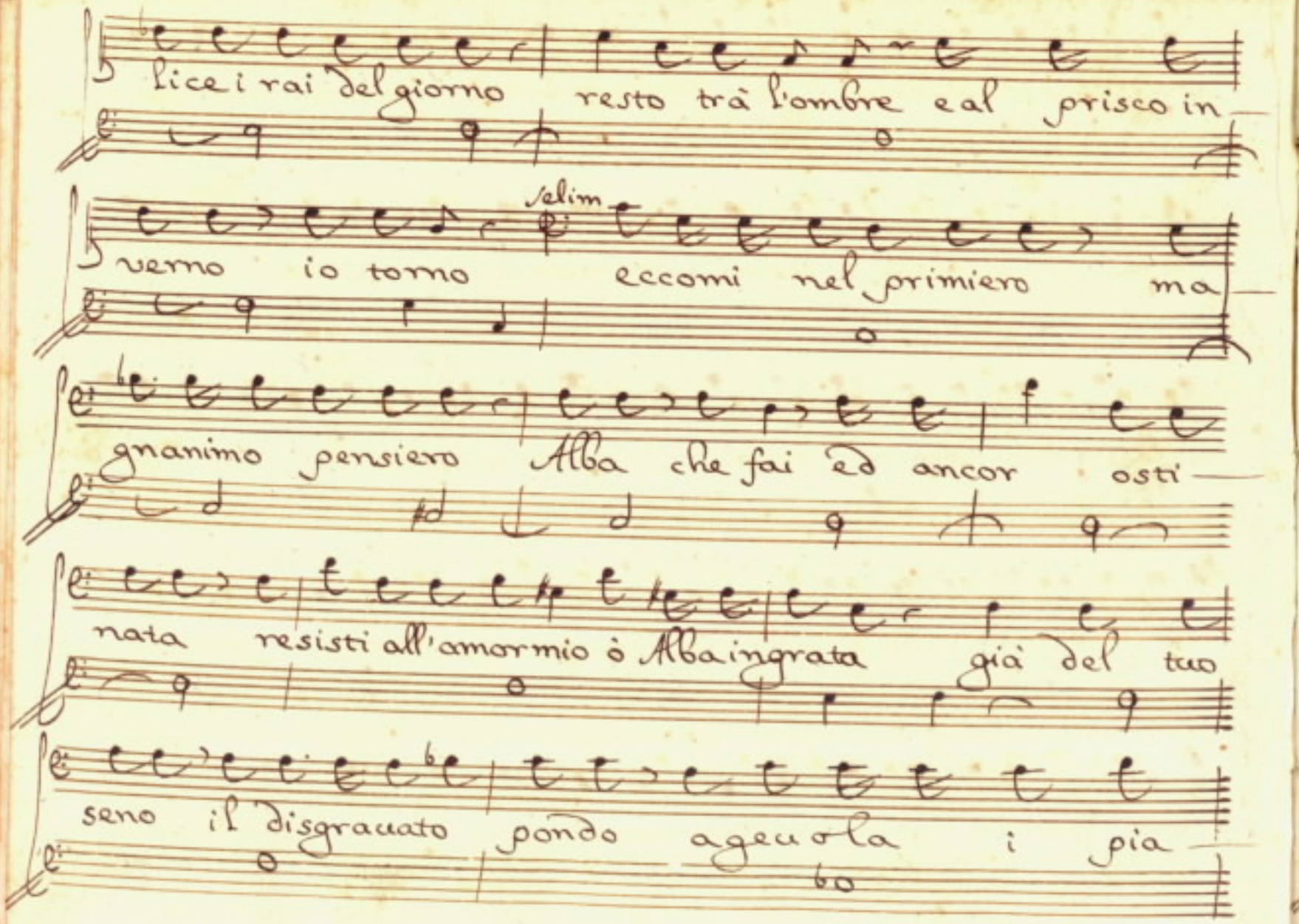
Maria

Figlia già in panni avvolto stringi il te — nero

pegno già nell'acque l'è mondo e già s'è tolto dal na —


tico comun reato indegno rimane à tè che s'ali-
menti, e cresca colla pietà più che col latte ed io fa-
rò che sia mercè tua bella fede di tua pietà
non di tue pene erede or or sarà che nò più il piè cat-
tico vedrai del patrio Ciel il suol natio ti reyta an-


cor da sostener più pene Figlia nõ pauentar, se le tue
rose par che non sappian germogliar che spine le spine
tue germoglieranno Roe siegui à infiorarmi il crine io ti con-
solo da quel soglio t'assisto oue non volo
doue doue ne uoi senza tua luce più nõ godo infe-


lice i rai del giorno resto trà l'ombre e al prisco in-
Selim
verno io torno eccomi nel primiero ma-
gnanimo pensiero Alba che fai ed ancor osti-
nata resisti all'amor mio ò Alba ingrata già del tuo
seno il disgraciato pondo ageuola i pia-

Alba

ceri Barbaro e tanto speri pria mi vedressi e

stinta che macchiar l'onestà conquisa ò vinta ed

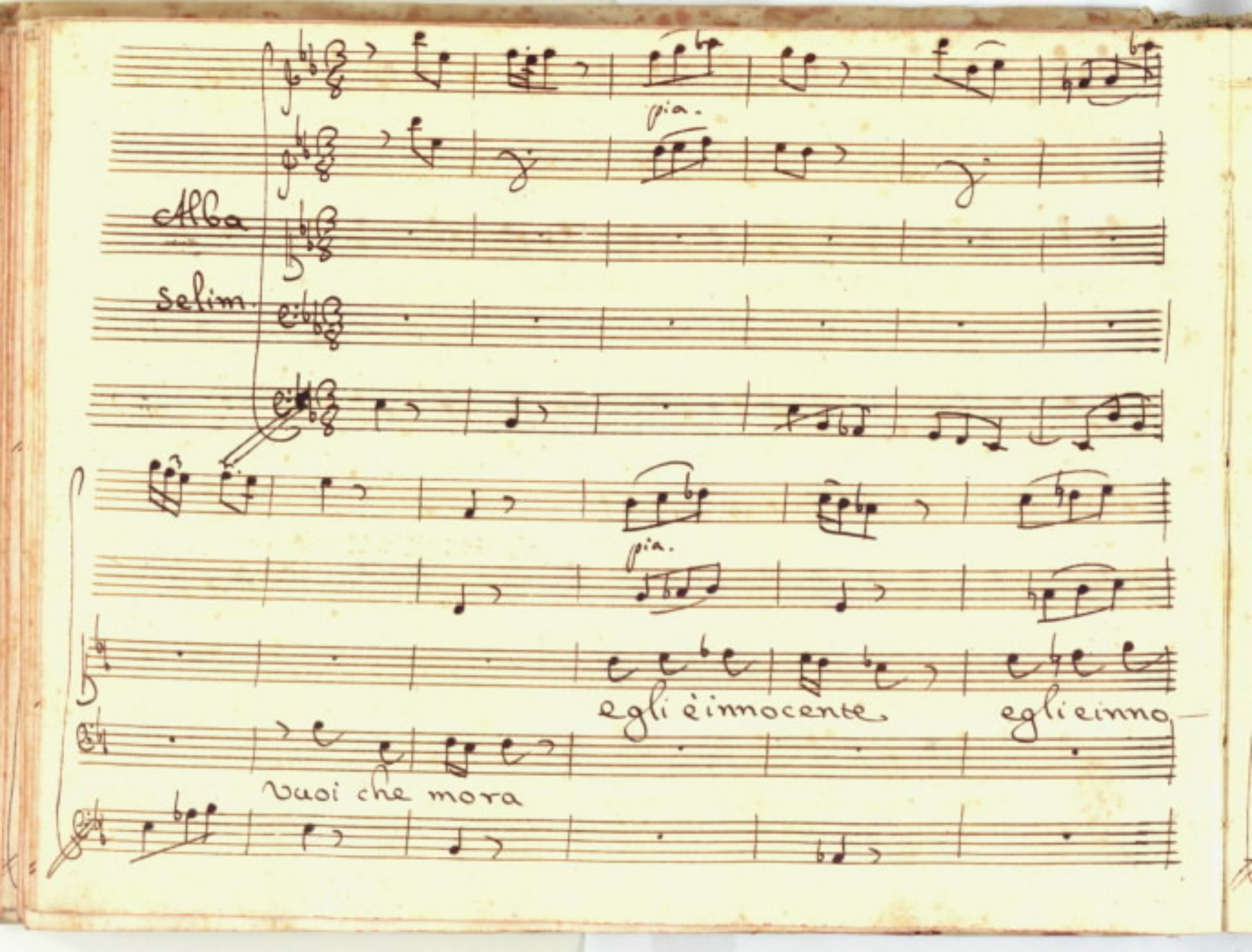
Alba

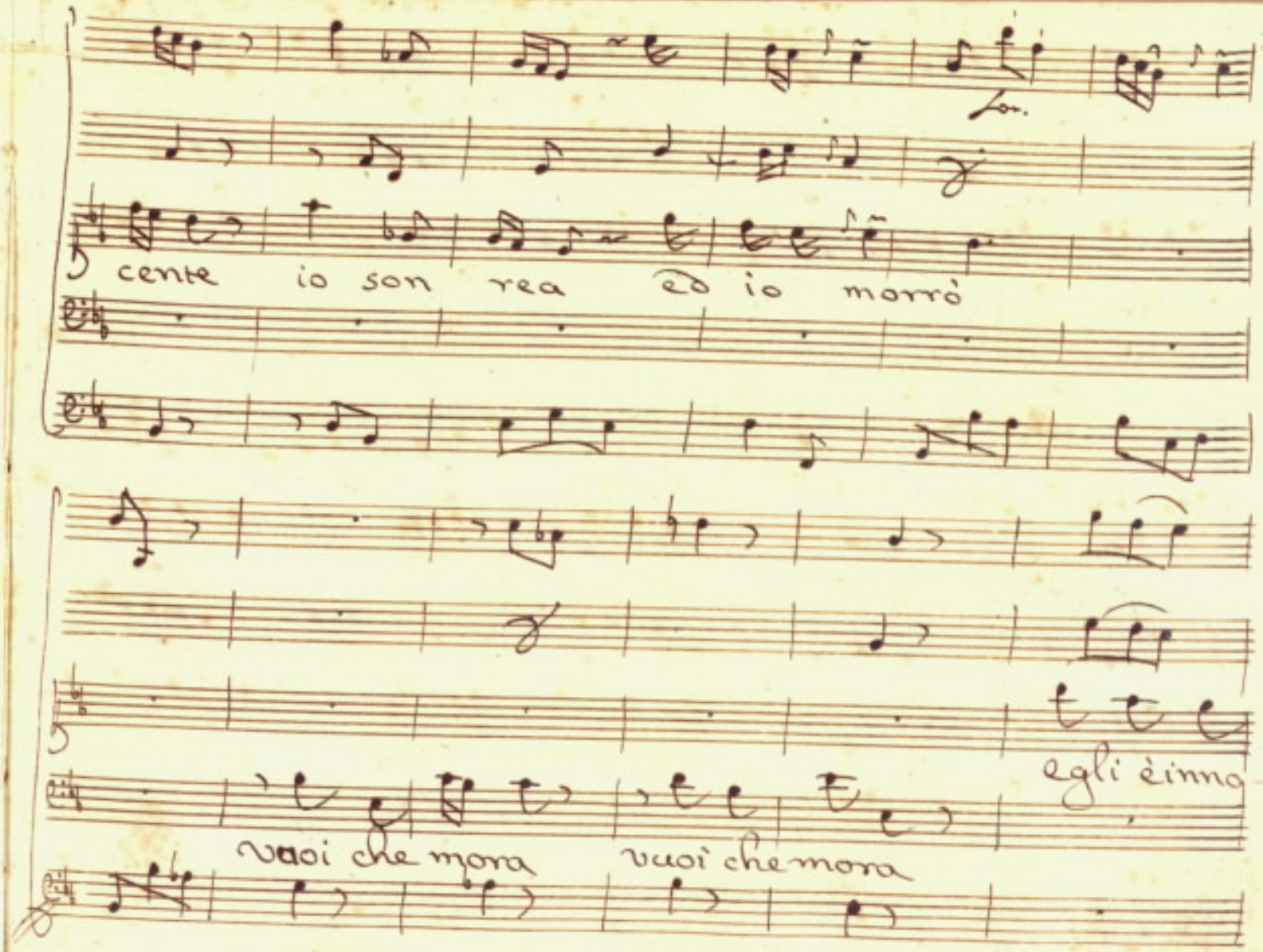
io quest' innocente tener' Infante vccido ò Dio

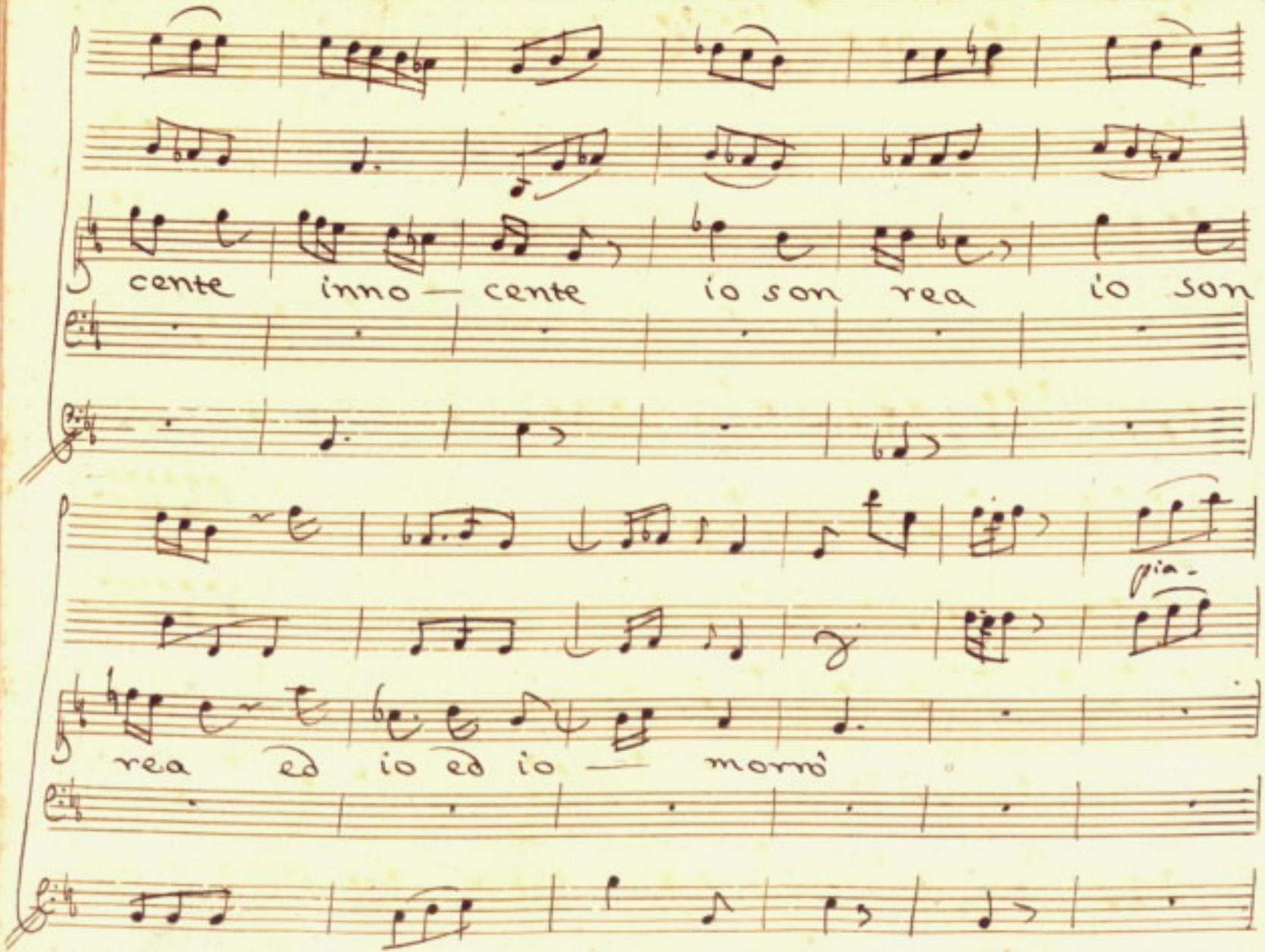
e puoi veder sà gl'occhi tuoi lacero e sangue questo

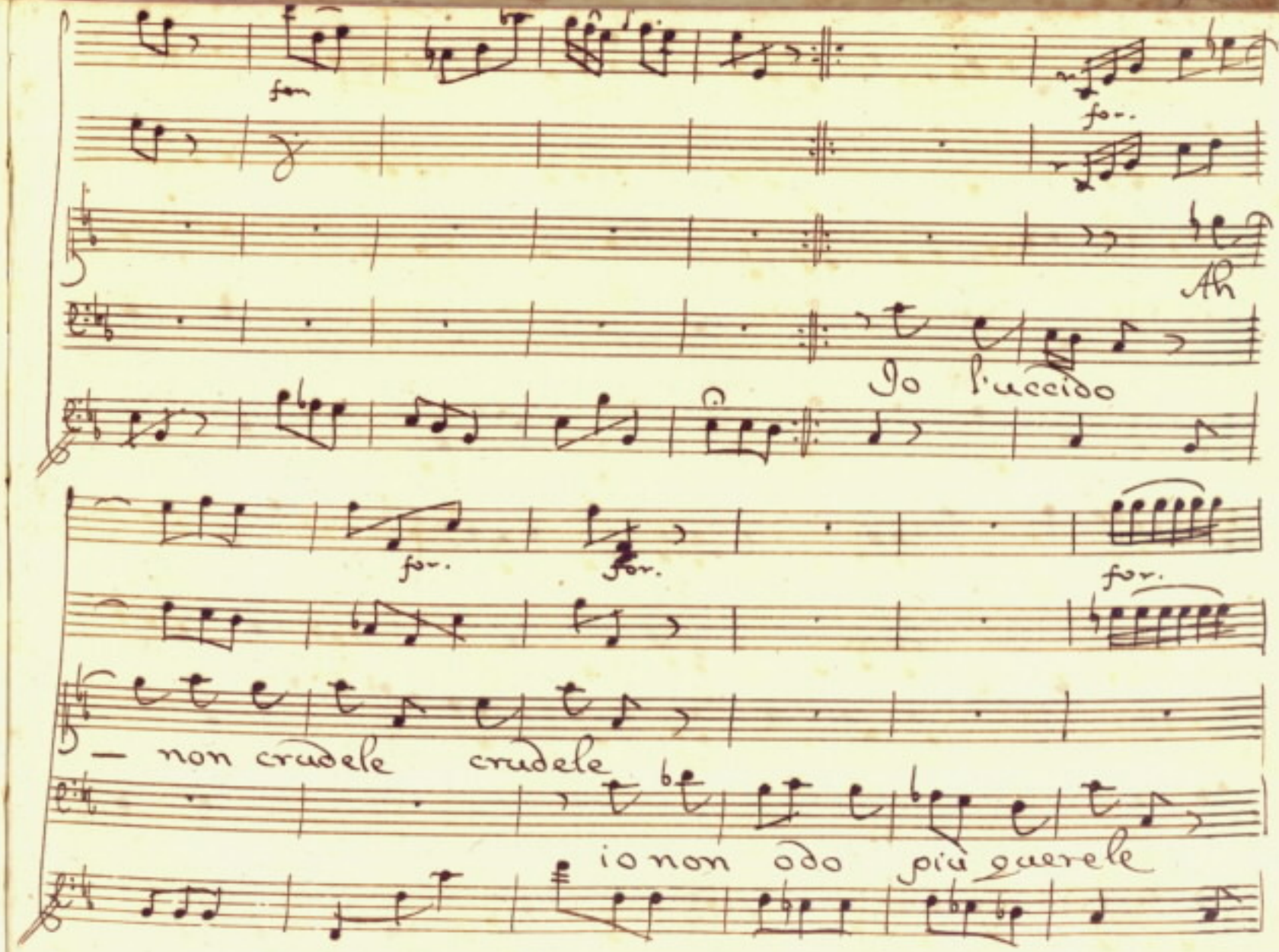
pegno gentil del tuo bel sangue

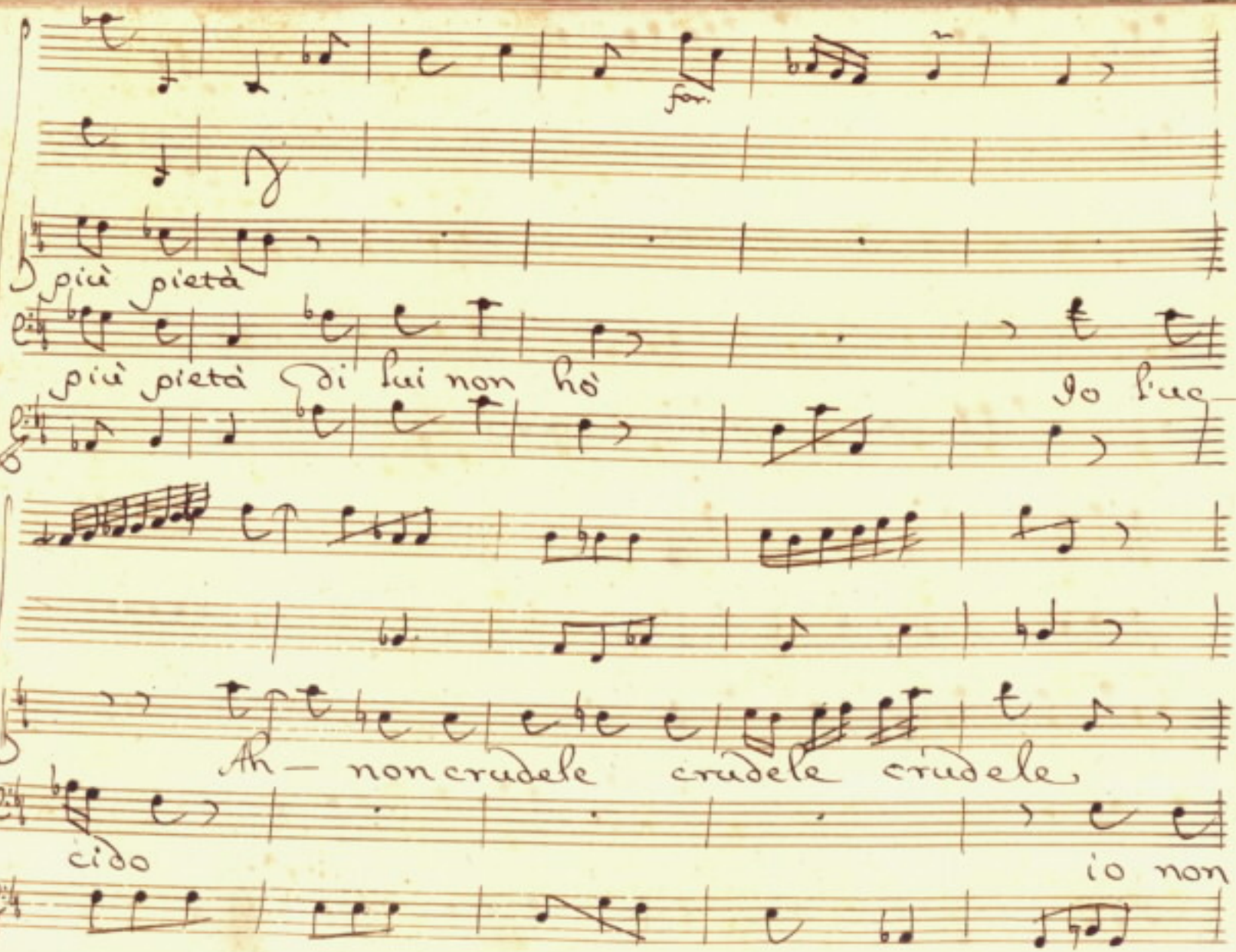
Siegue à 2


pia.
Alba
Selim
pia.
egli è innocente,
egli è inno-
vuoi che mora


cente io son rea ed io morrò
egli è inno
vuoi che mora vuoi che mora

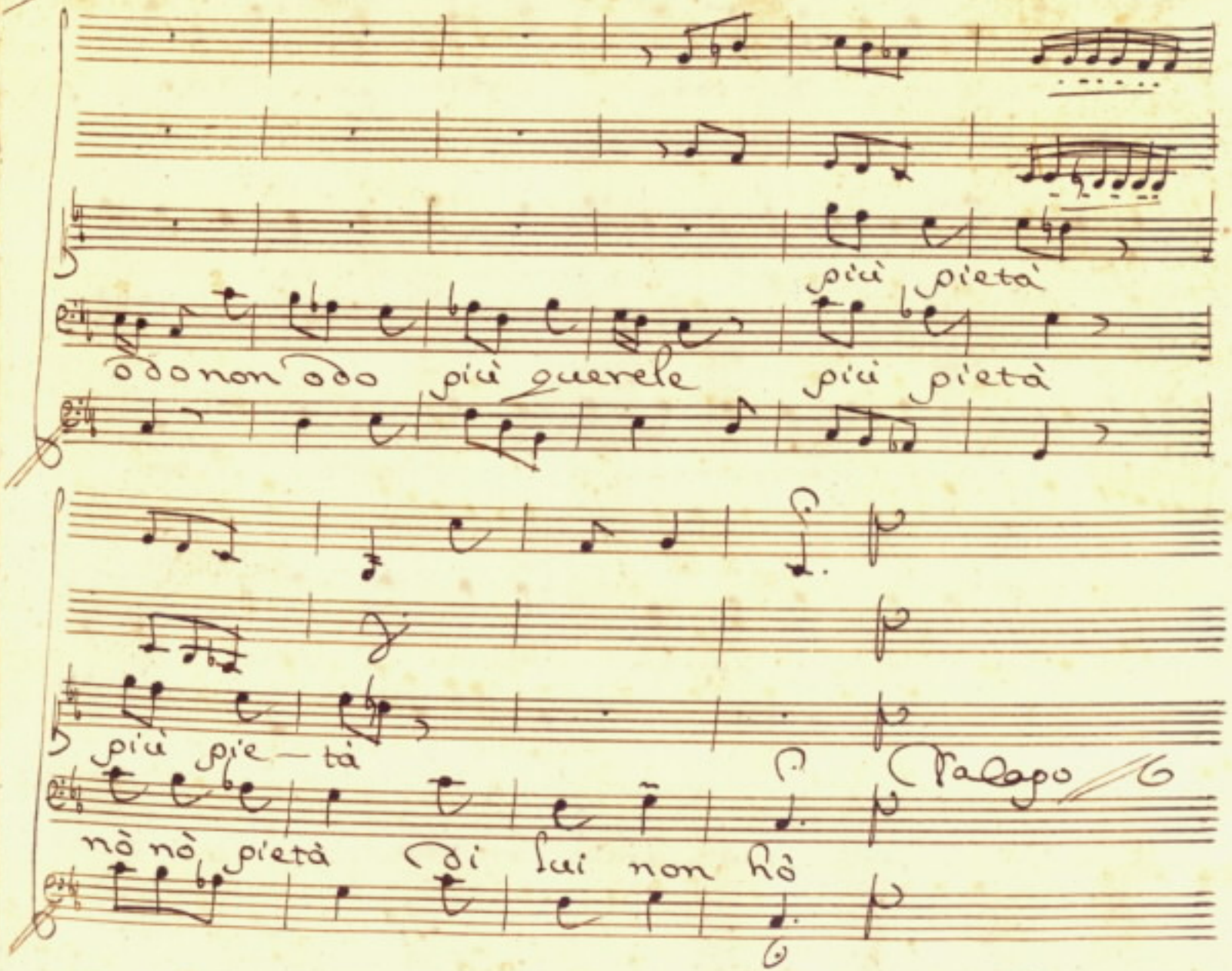

cente inno — cente io son rea io son
rea ed io ed io — morrò


for
for.
Ah
Io l'uccido
for.
for.
for.
— non crudele crudele
io non odo più querele


più pietà
più pietà di lui non hò
Io lue
Ah — non crudele crudele crudele
cido
io non

più pietà

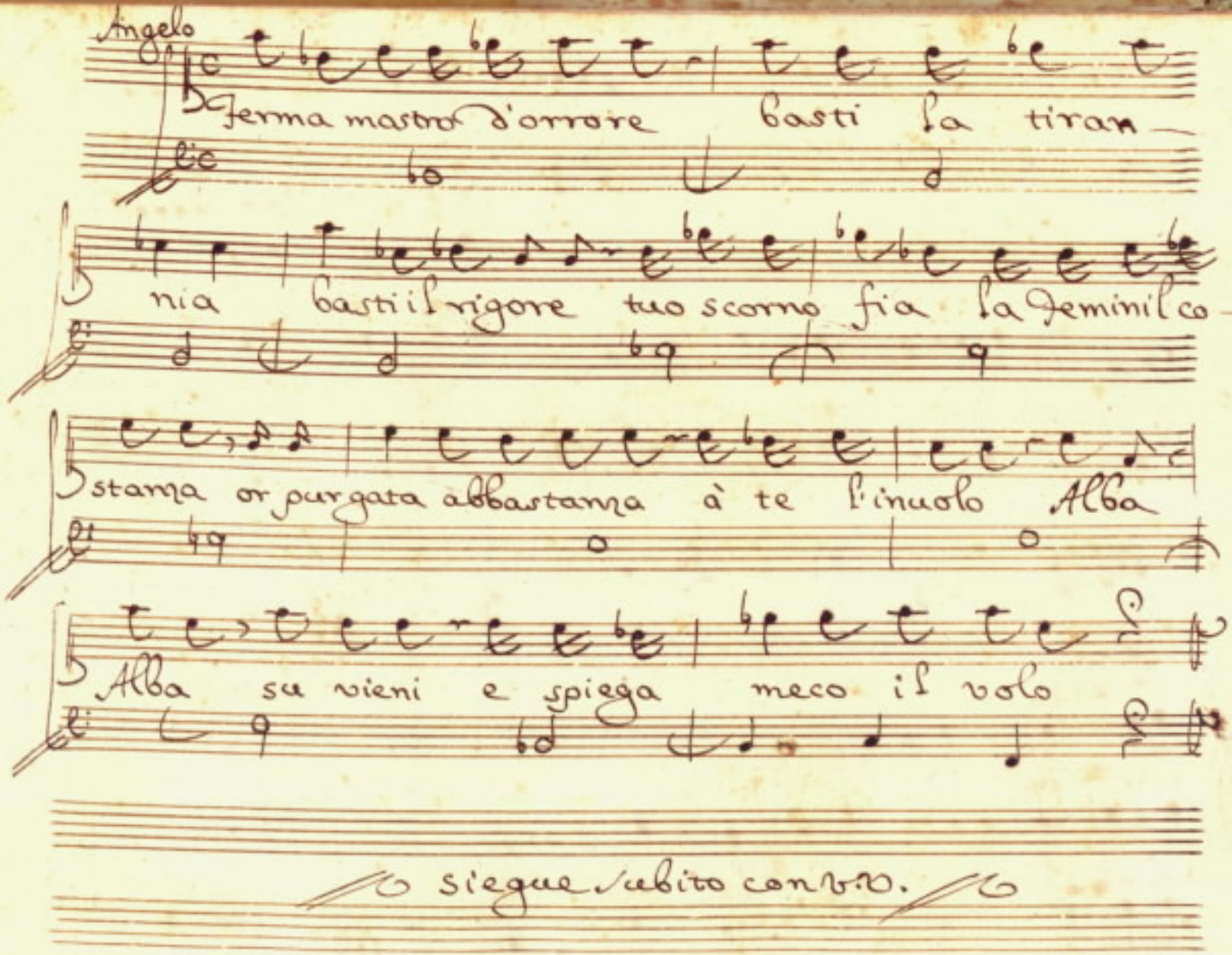
odo non odo più querele più pietà



più pie — tà

Palago

nò nò pietà di lui non hò


Angelo
ferma mastro d'orrore basti la tiran-
nia basti il rigore tuo scorno fia la femminil co-
stanza or purgata abbastanza à te l'inuolo Alba
Alba su vieni e spiega meco il volo
si segue subito con v.o.

fo

fo

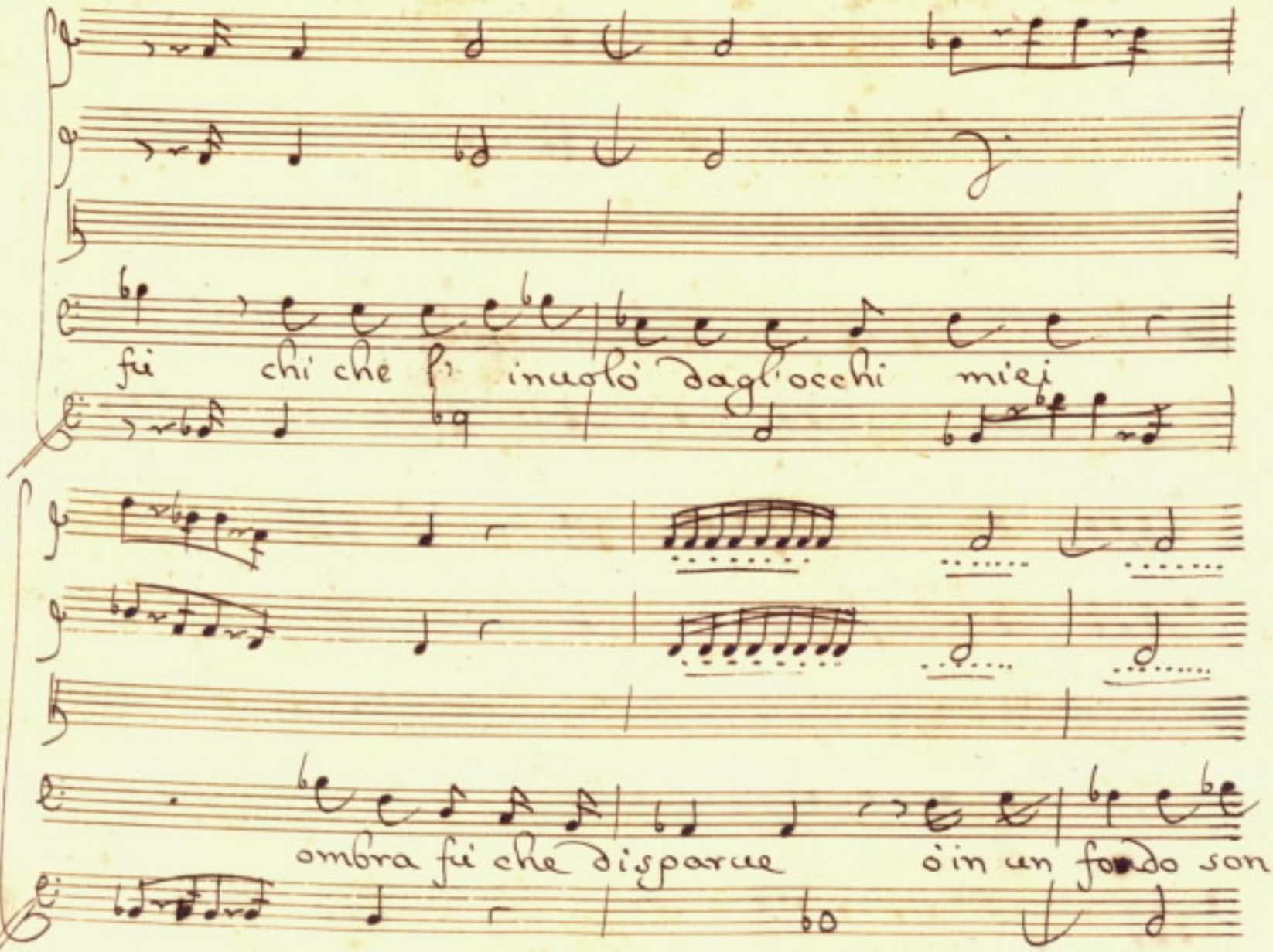
fo col basso

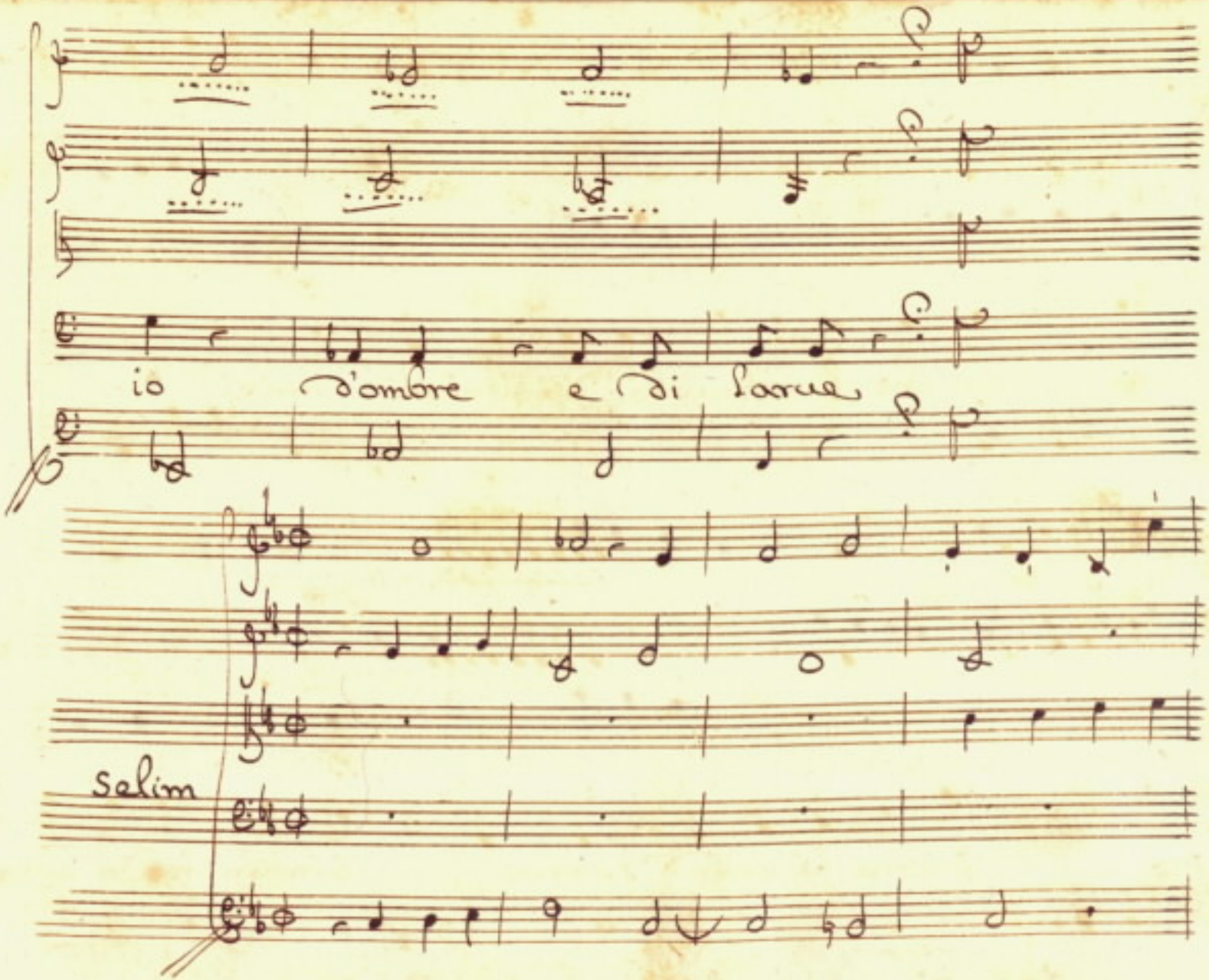
Selim

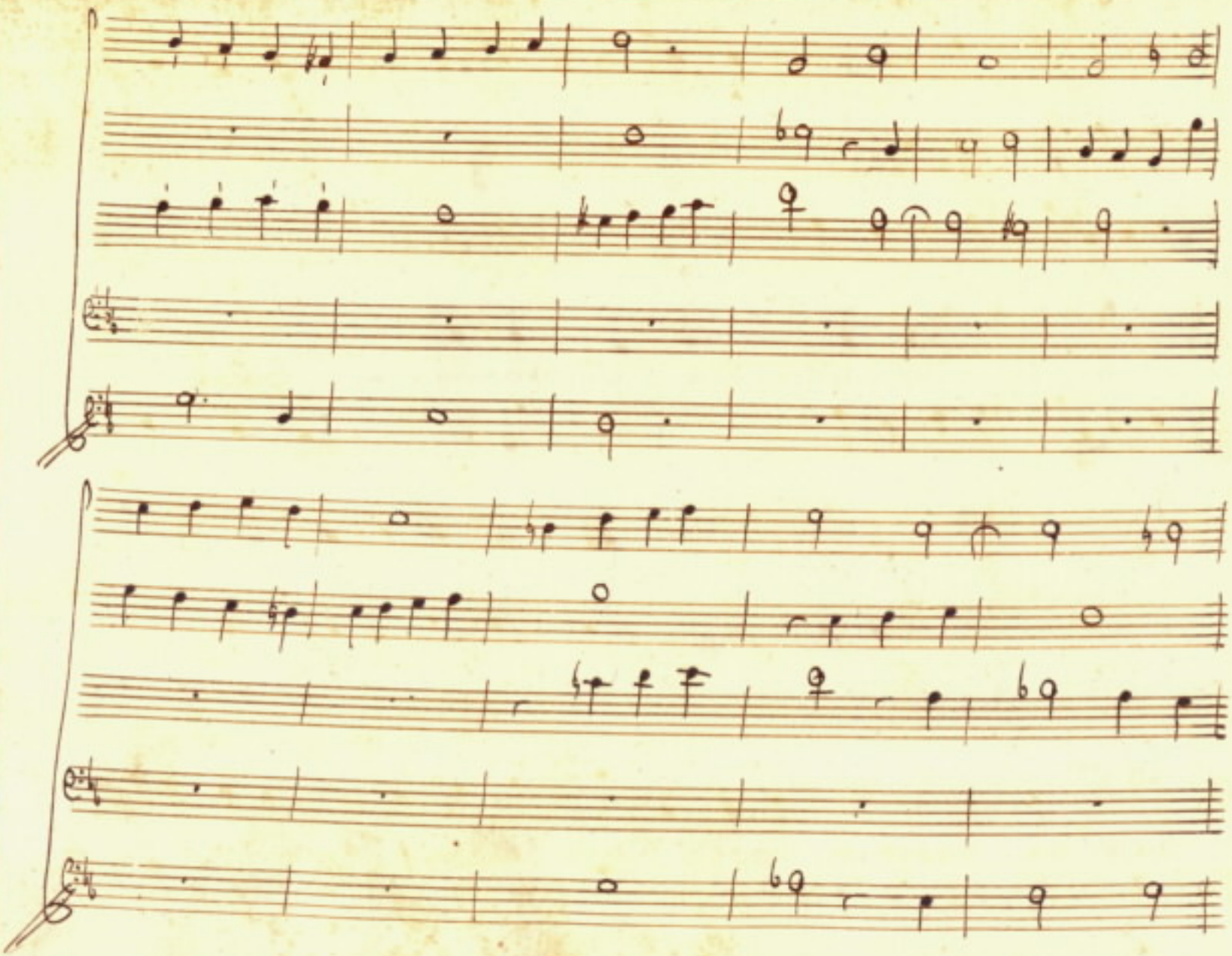
Alba e dove sei

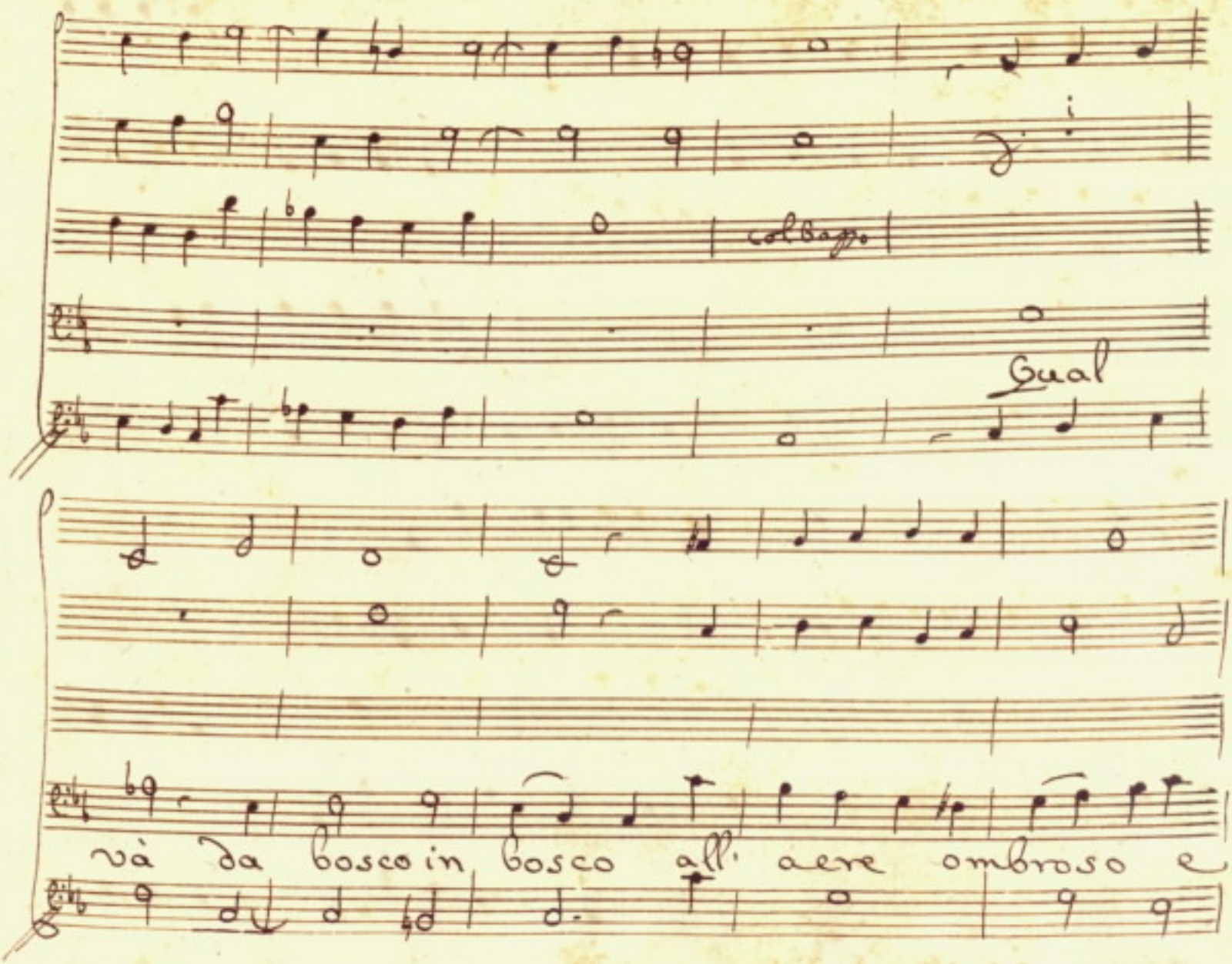
fo

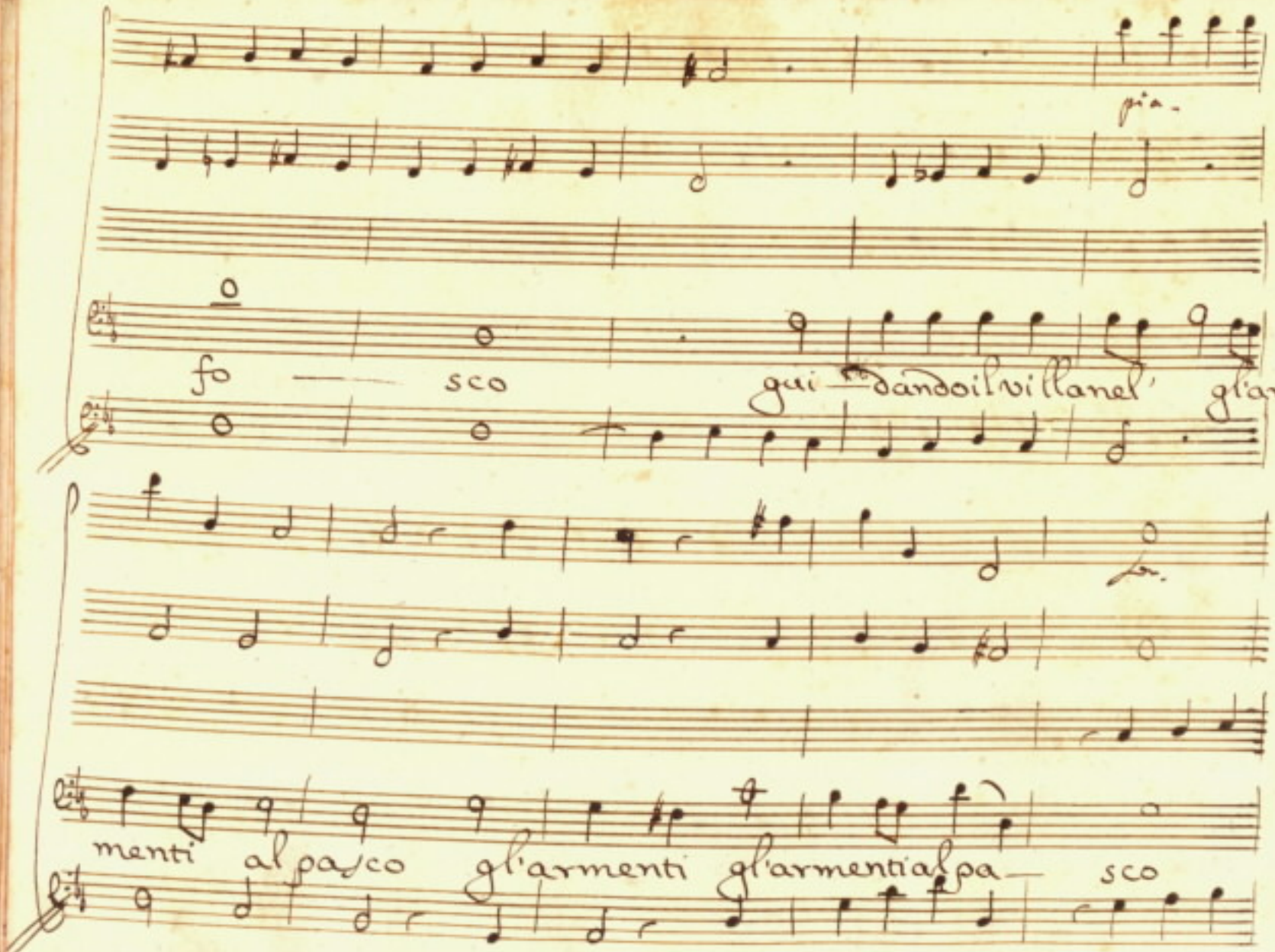
Alba chiamo e non m'ode chi

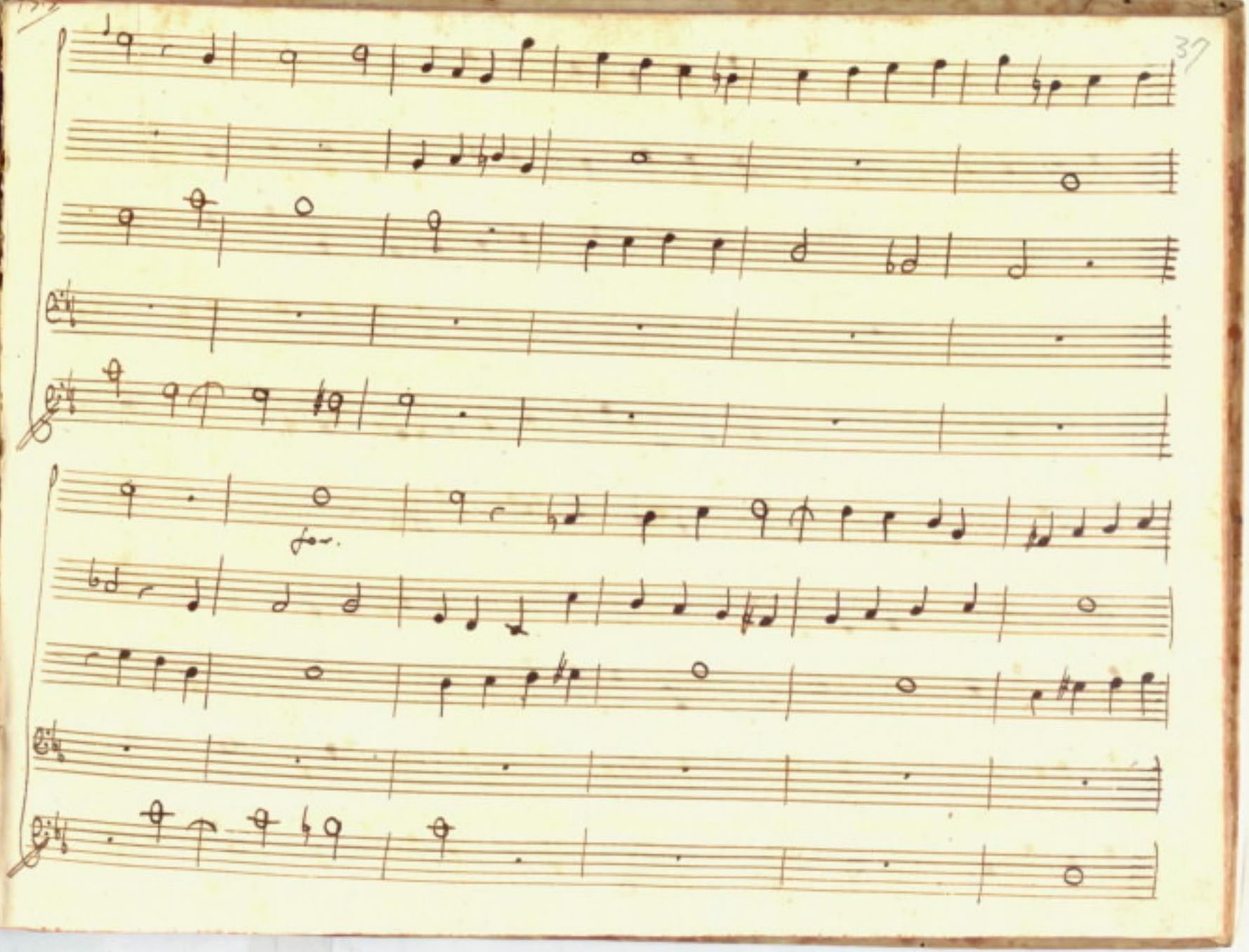

fu chi che fu inuolò dagl'occhi miei
ombra fu che disparue o in un fondo son

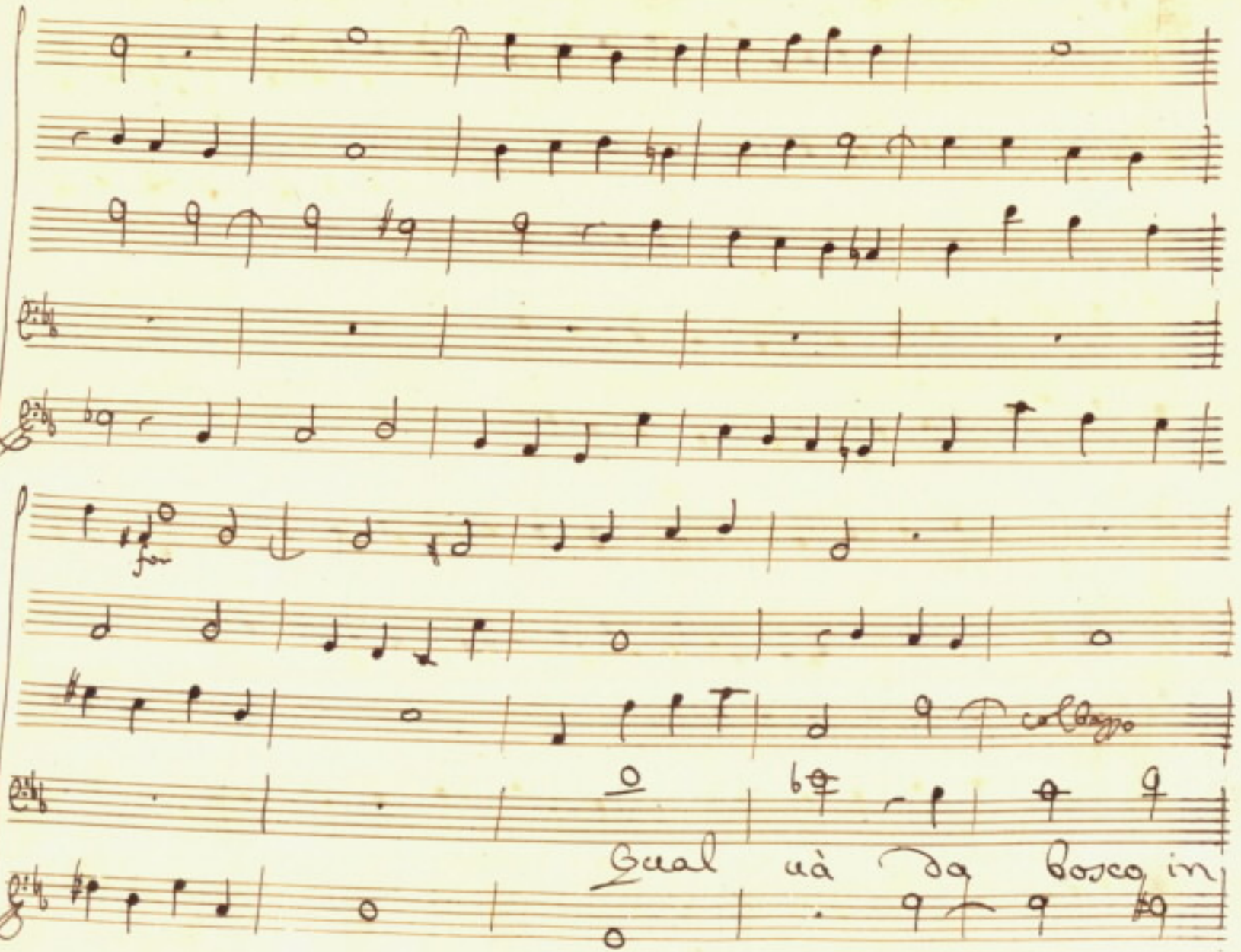

io
d'ombre
e di larve
Selim

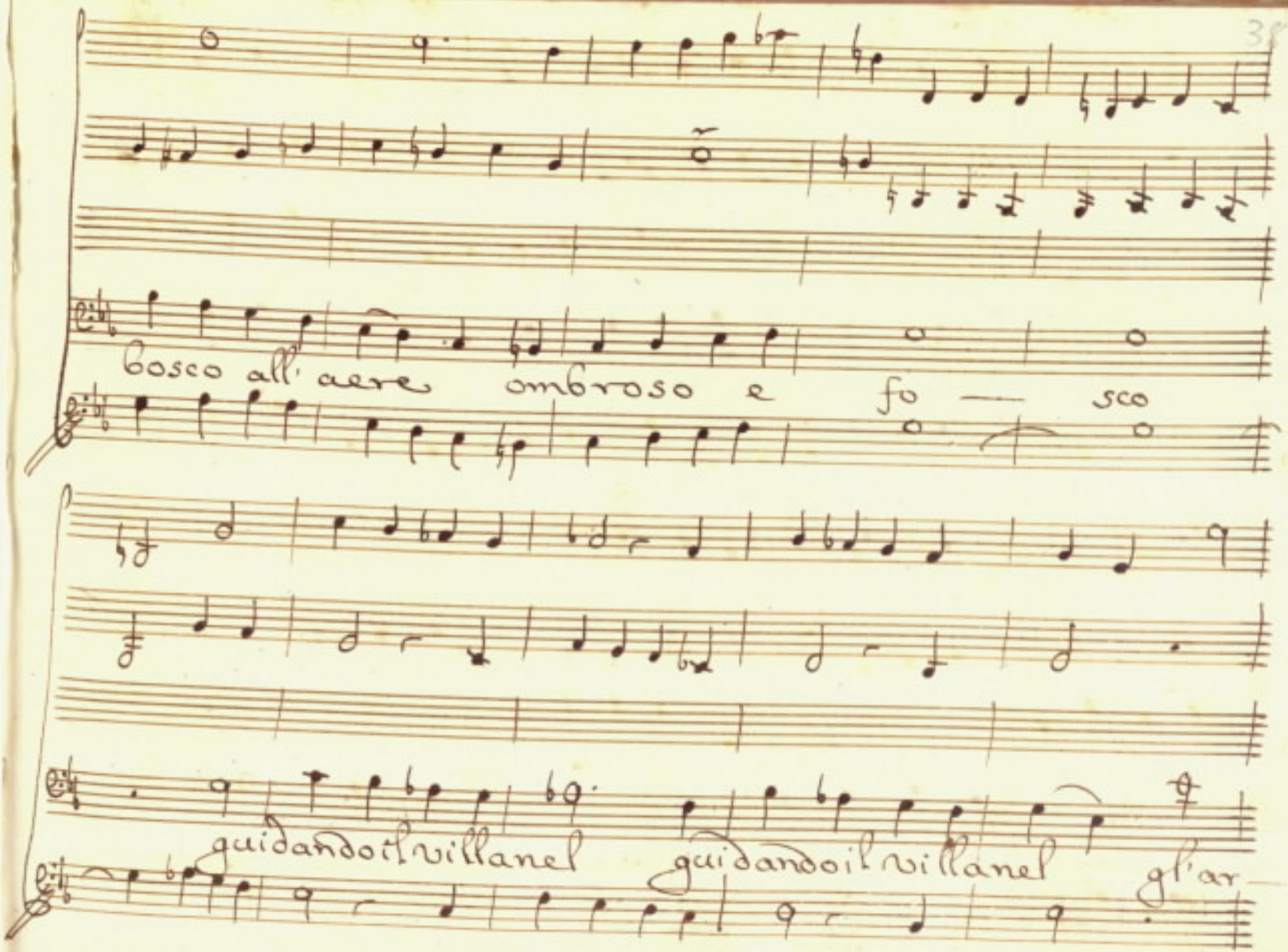


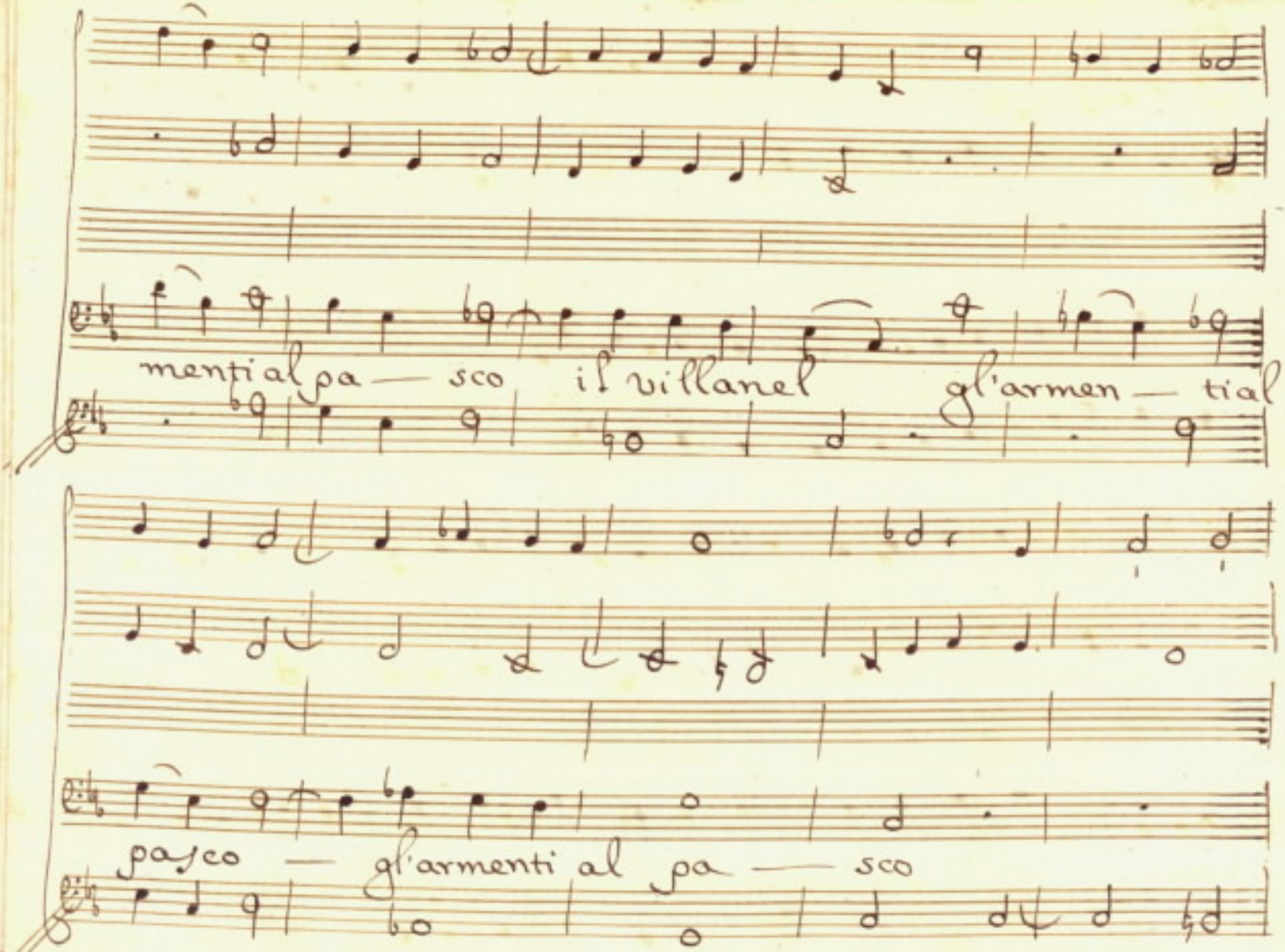

col Basso.
Qual
và da bosco in bosco all' aere ombroso e

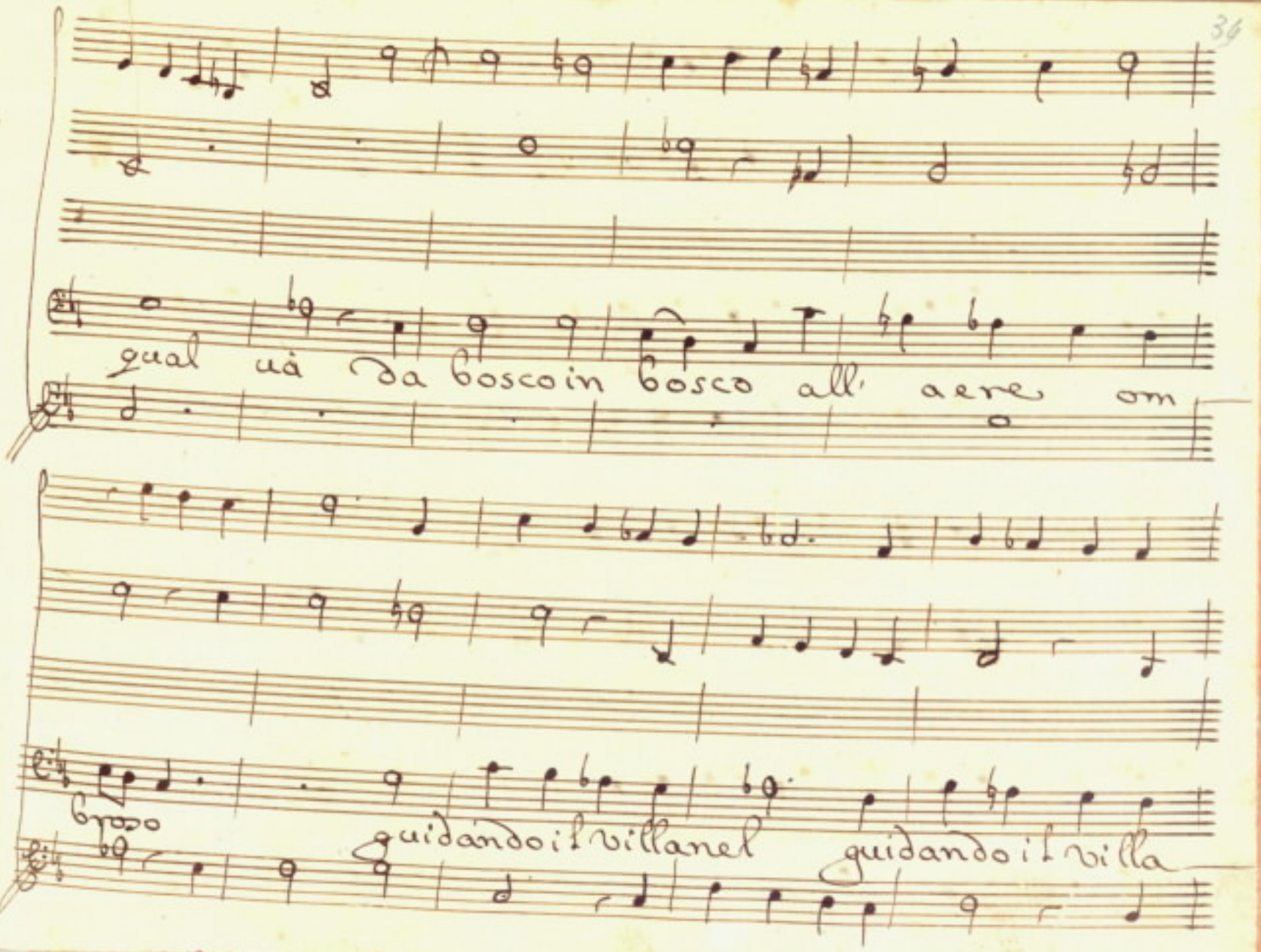

pia.
fo — sco gui — dando il vil lanel' gl'ar —
menti al pa/co gl'armenti gl'armenti al pa — sco

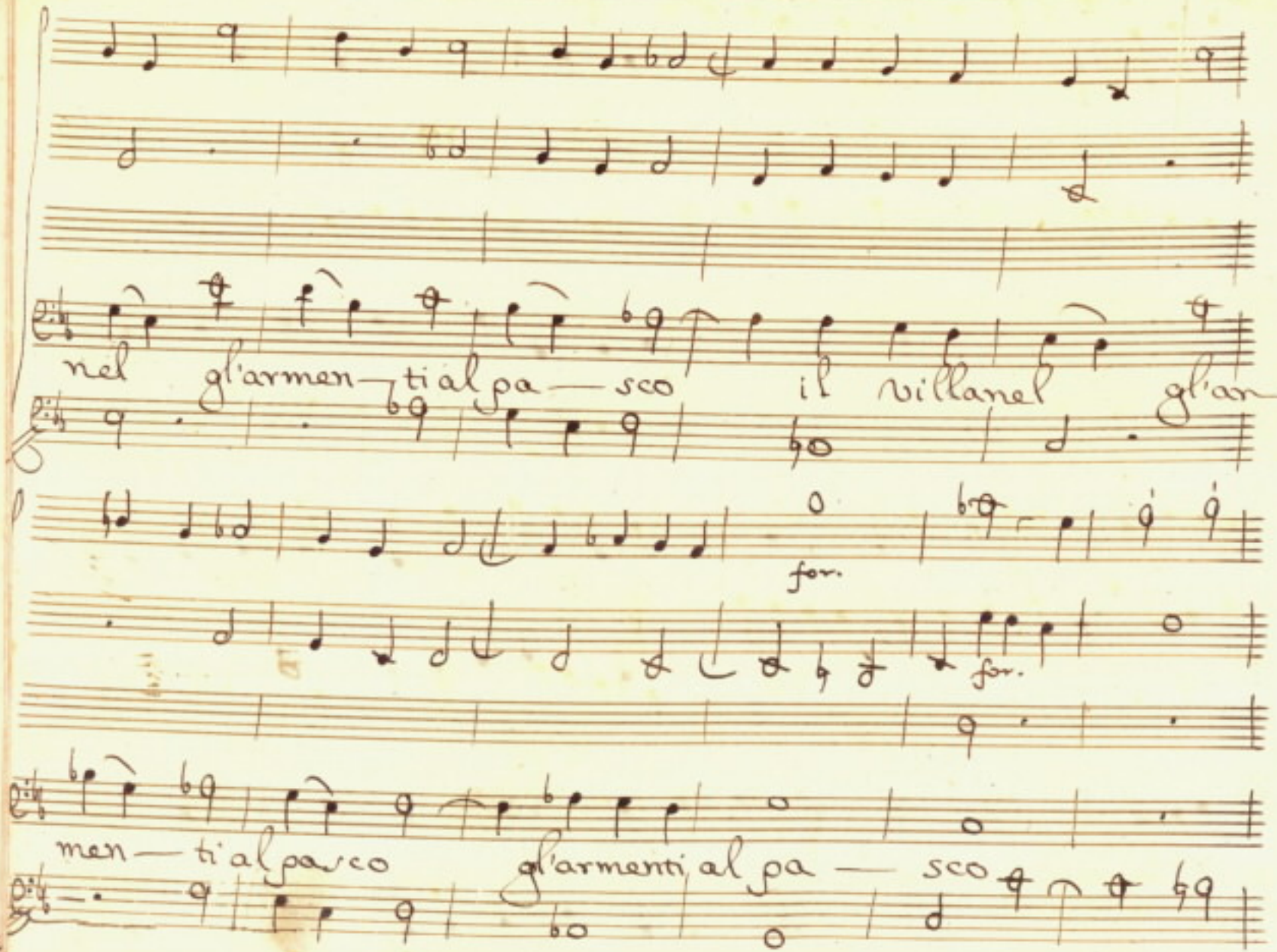


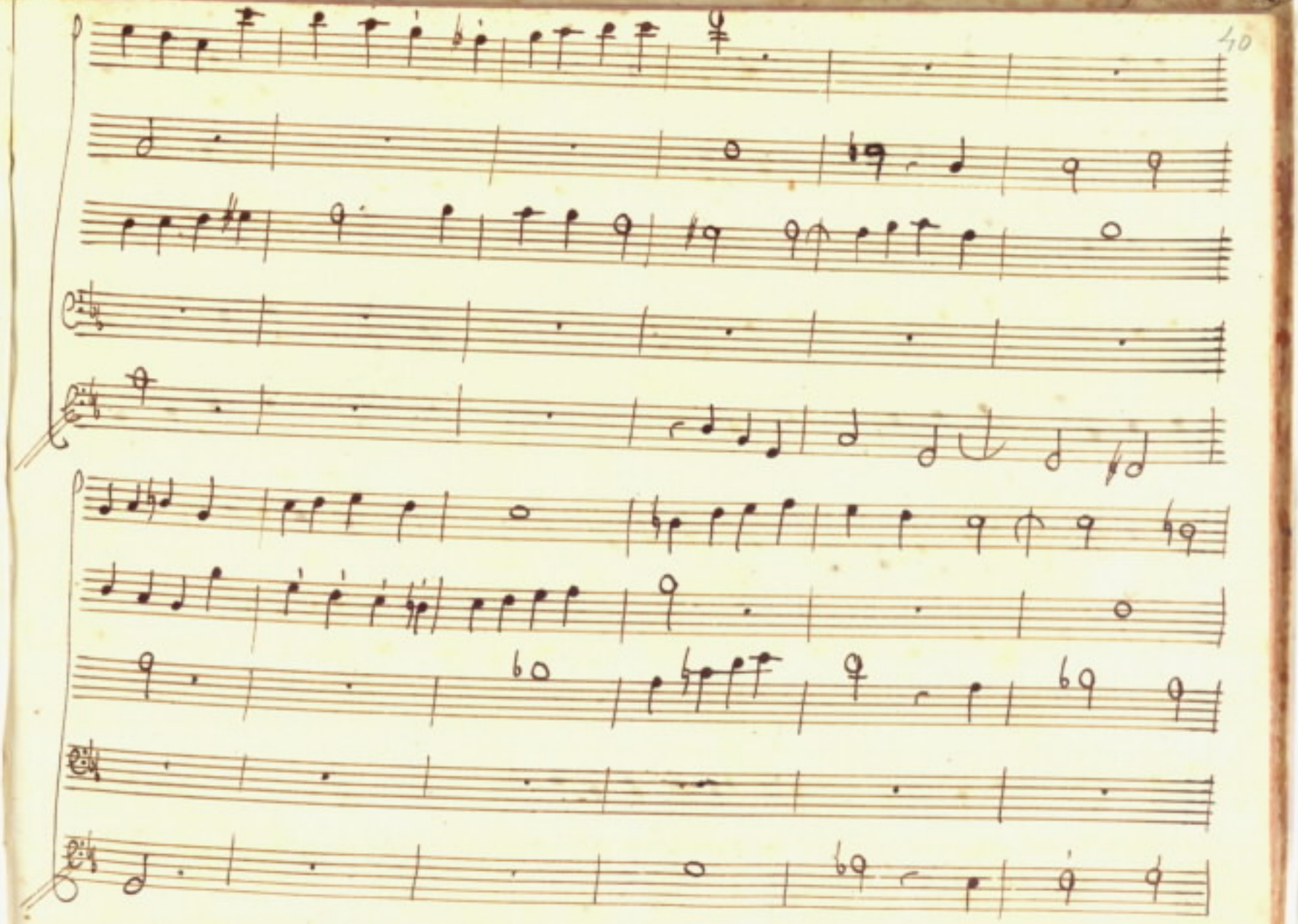

Qual và da bosco in

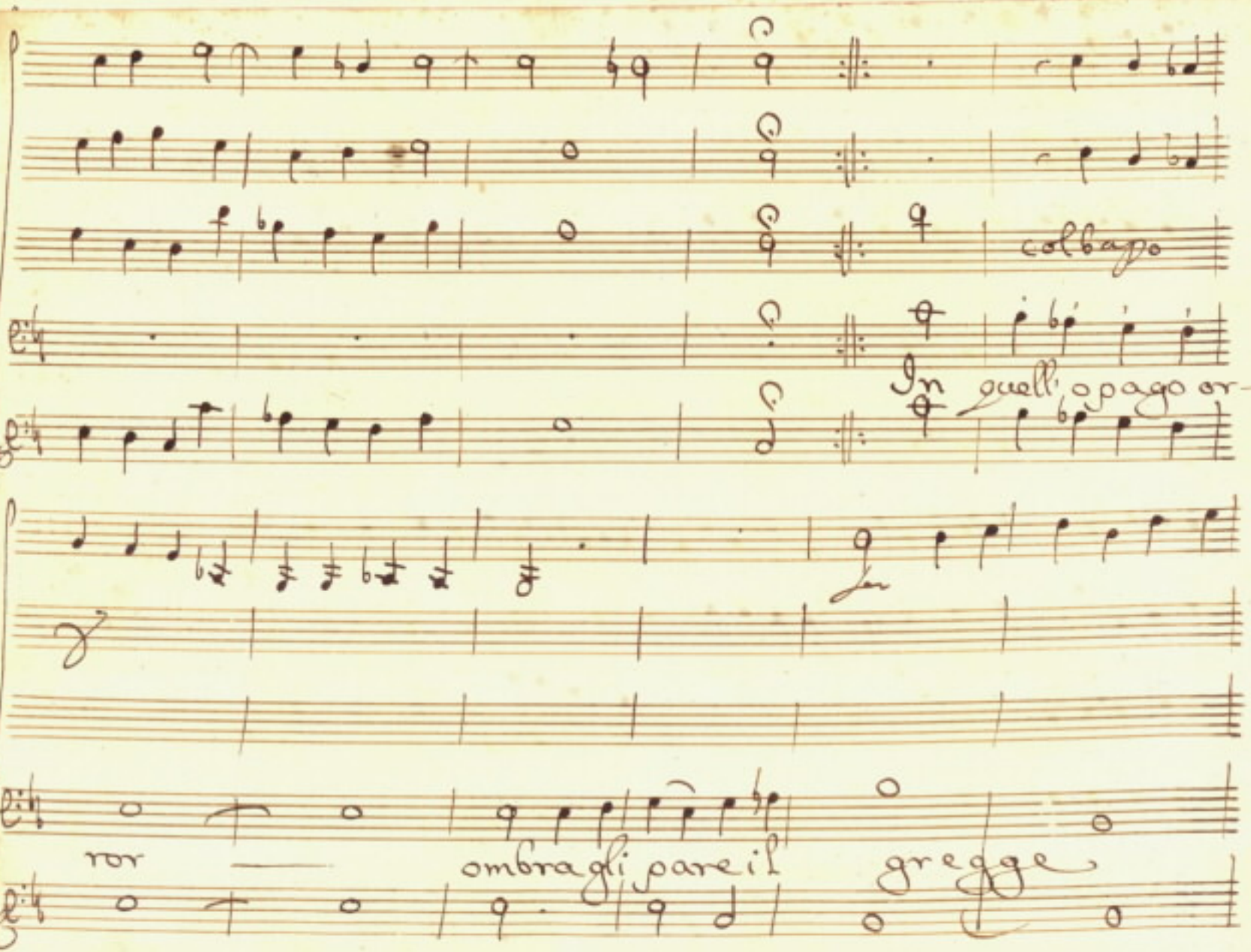

bosco all' aere ombroso e fo — sco
guidando il villanel
guidando il villanel
gl'ar —

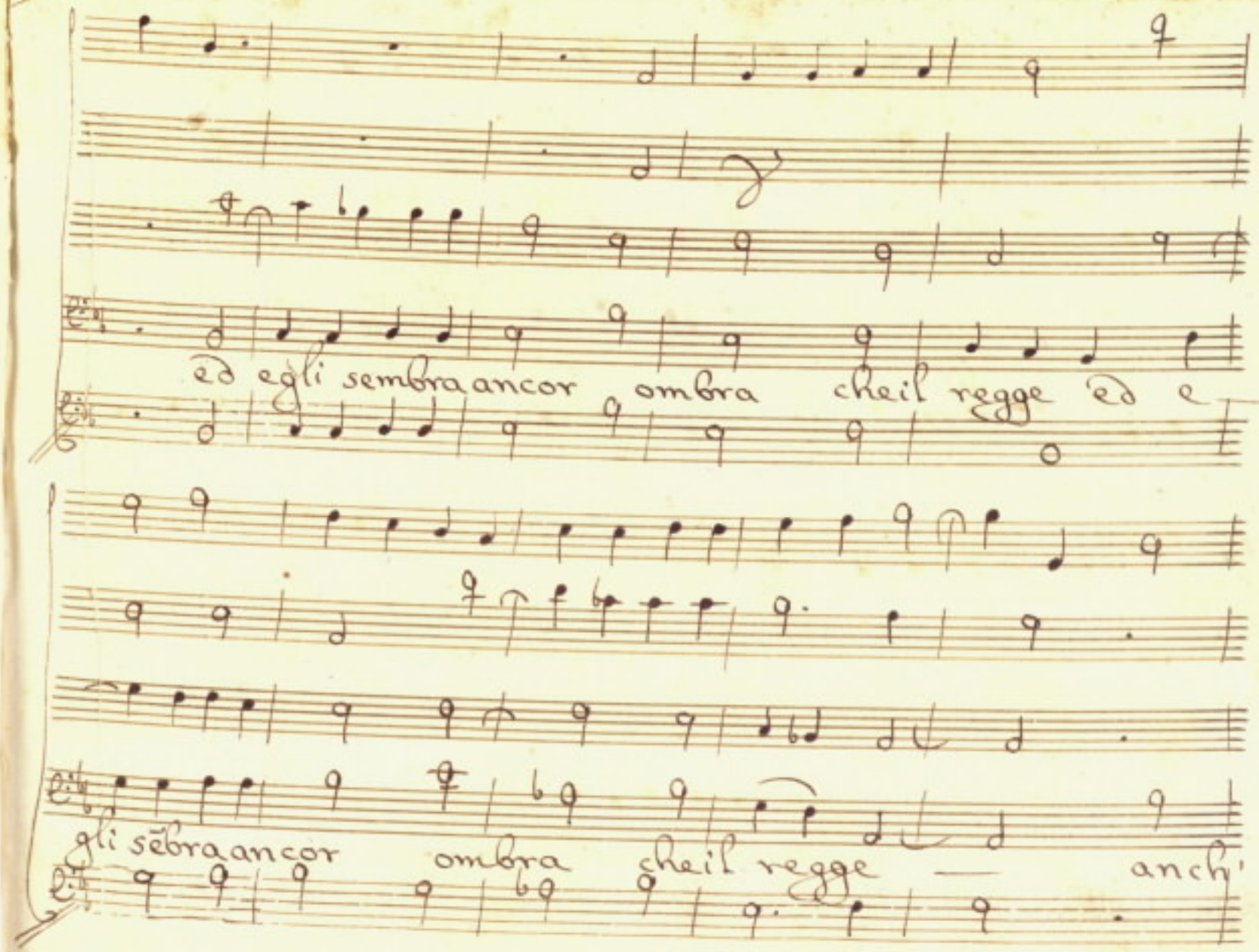

menti al pa — sco il villanel gl'armen — tial
pasco — gl'armenti al pa — sco

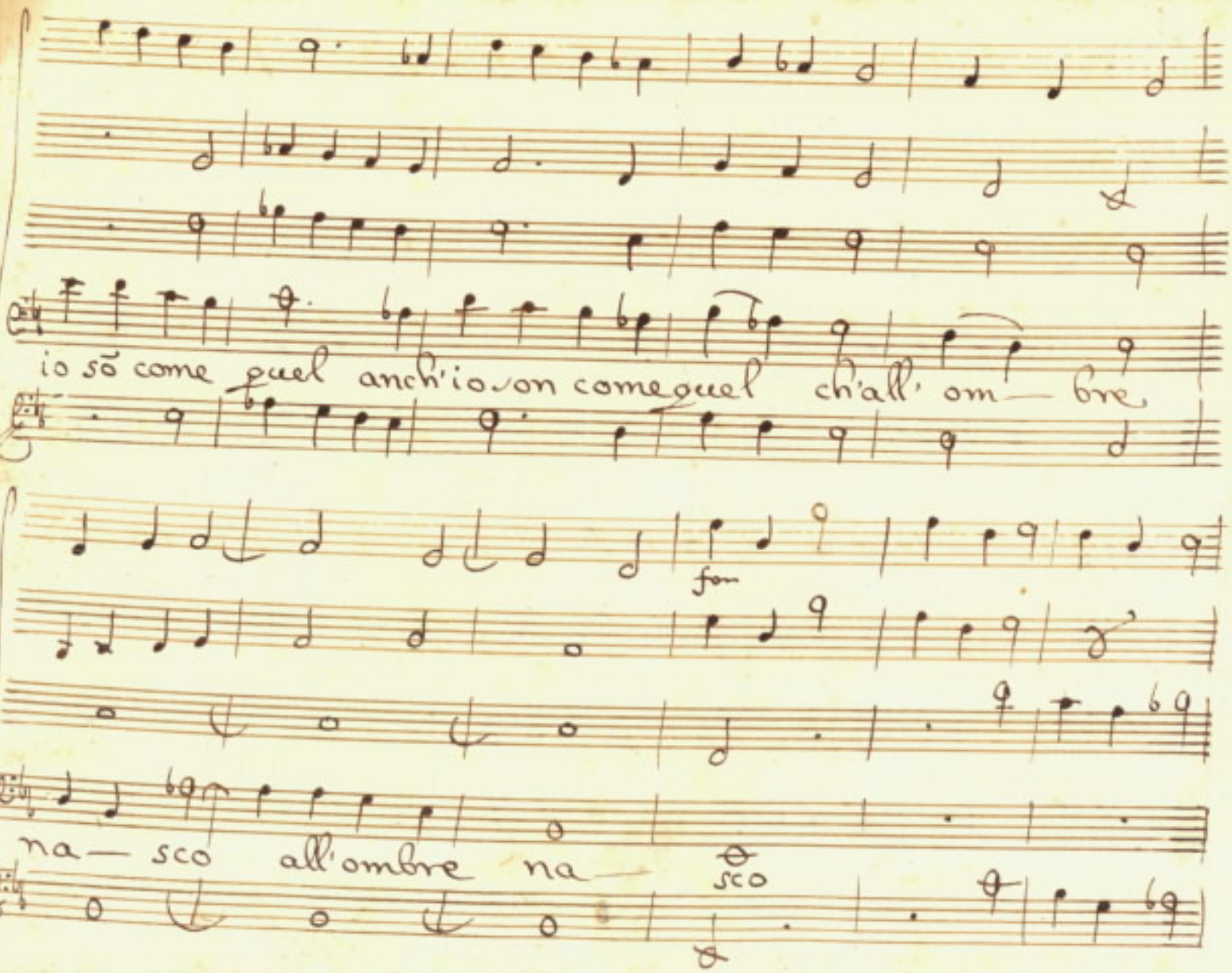

qual uà da bosco in bosco all' aere om
brosso
guidando il villanel
guidando il villa


nel gl'armen — ti al pa — sco il villanel gl'an —
for.
for.
men — ti al pa sco gl'armenti al pa — sco




colbago
In quell'opago or
ror
ombra gli pare il
gregge

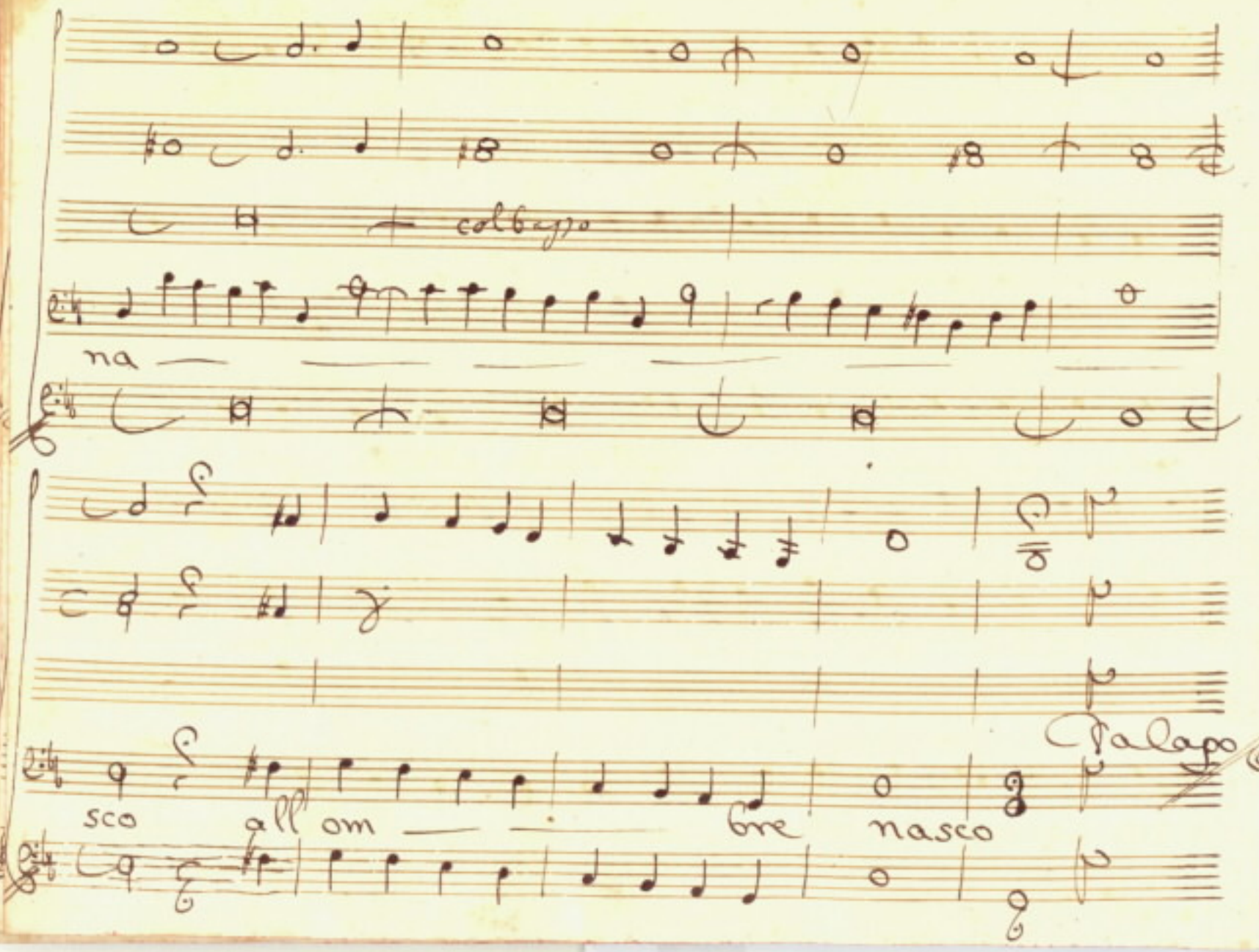

ed egli sembra ancor ombra che il regge ed e
egli sembra ancor ombra che il regge — anch'


io sō come quel anch'io non come quel ch'all' om— bre
fon
na— sco all'ombre na— sco

anch' io son come quel anch' io son come quel che all'ombre

col basso

na — sco alli · om — bre


colbasso
na
sco
all om
bre
nasco
falapo

Angela

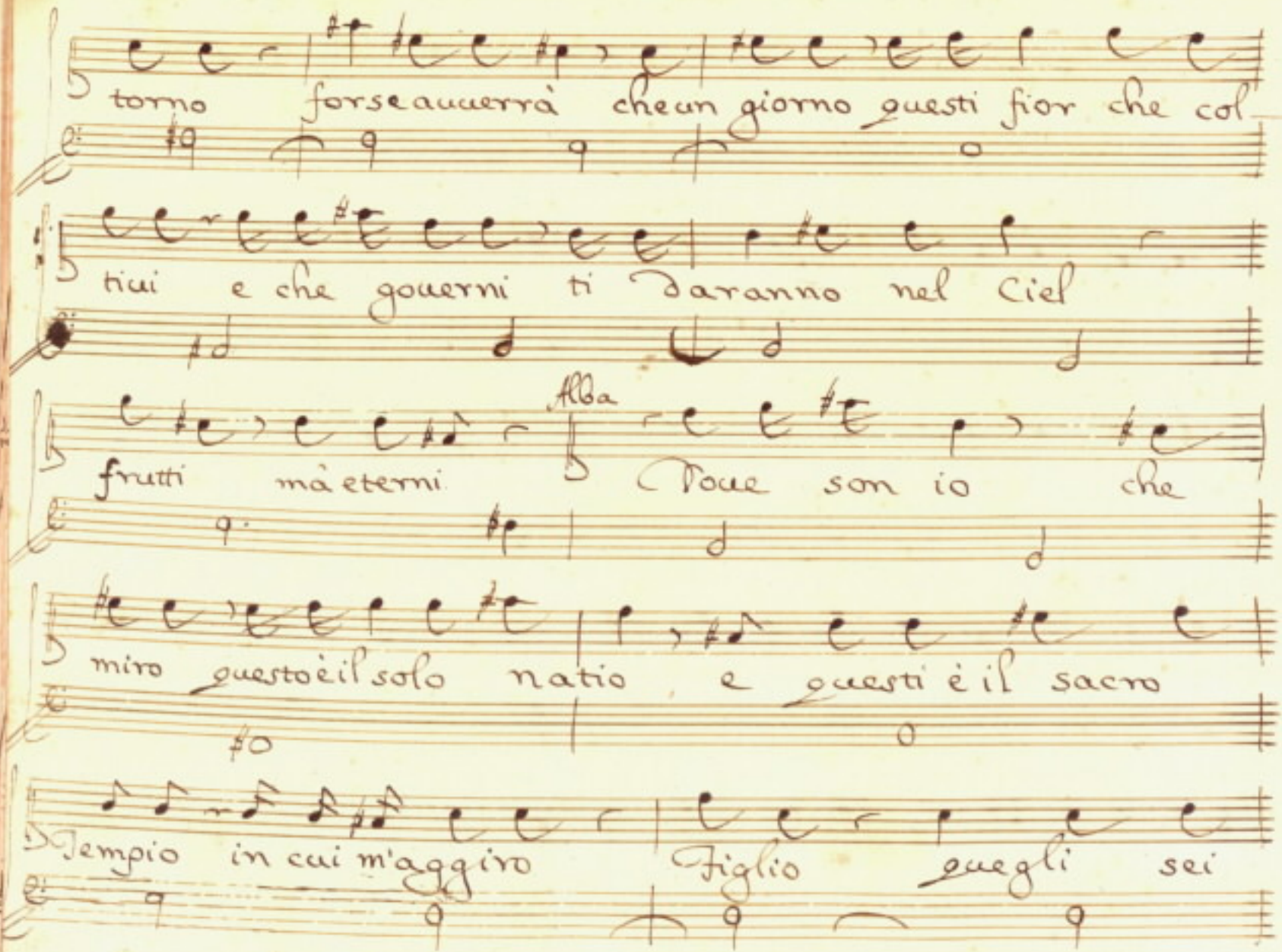
Più nō sei in quei lidi prigio — niera non sono nō sei tra

mori la gran Madre ti sciolse e libera ti

volse al patrio Cielo or segui ad esser quella Fe

del diuota sua anima bella coltiua,

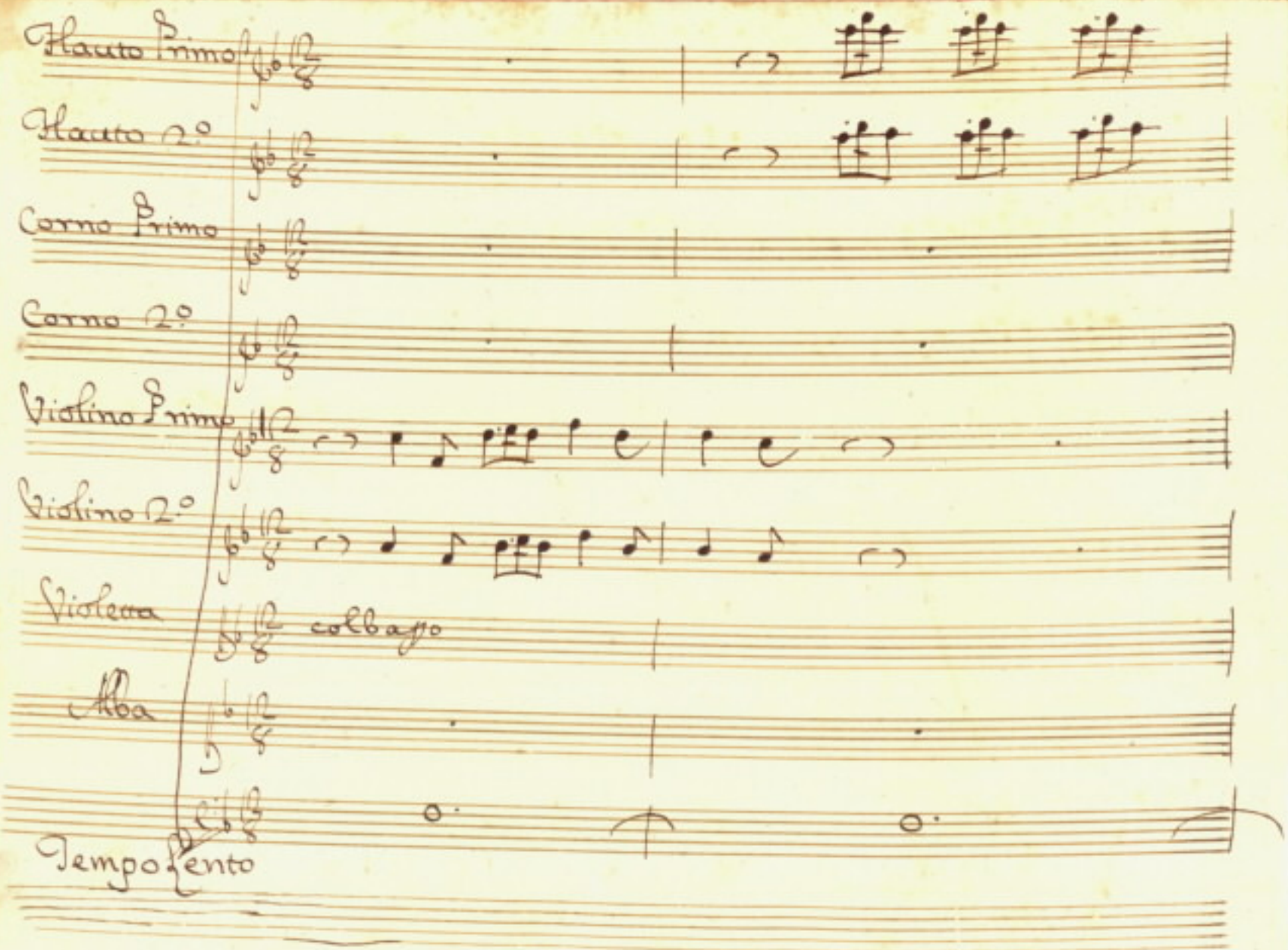
gl'orti d'odorosi fiori orna le tempie sue spargili in

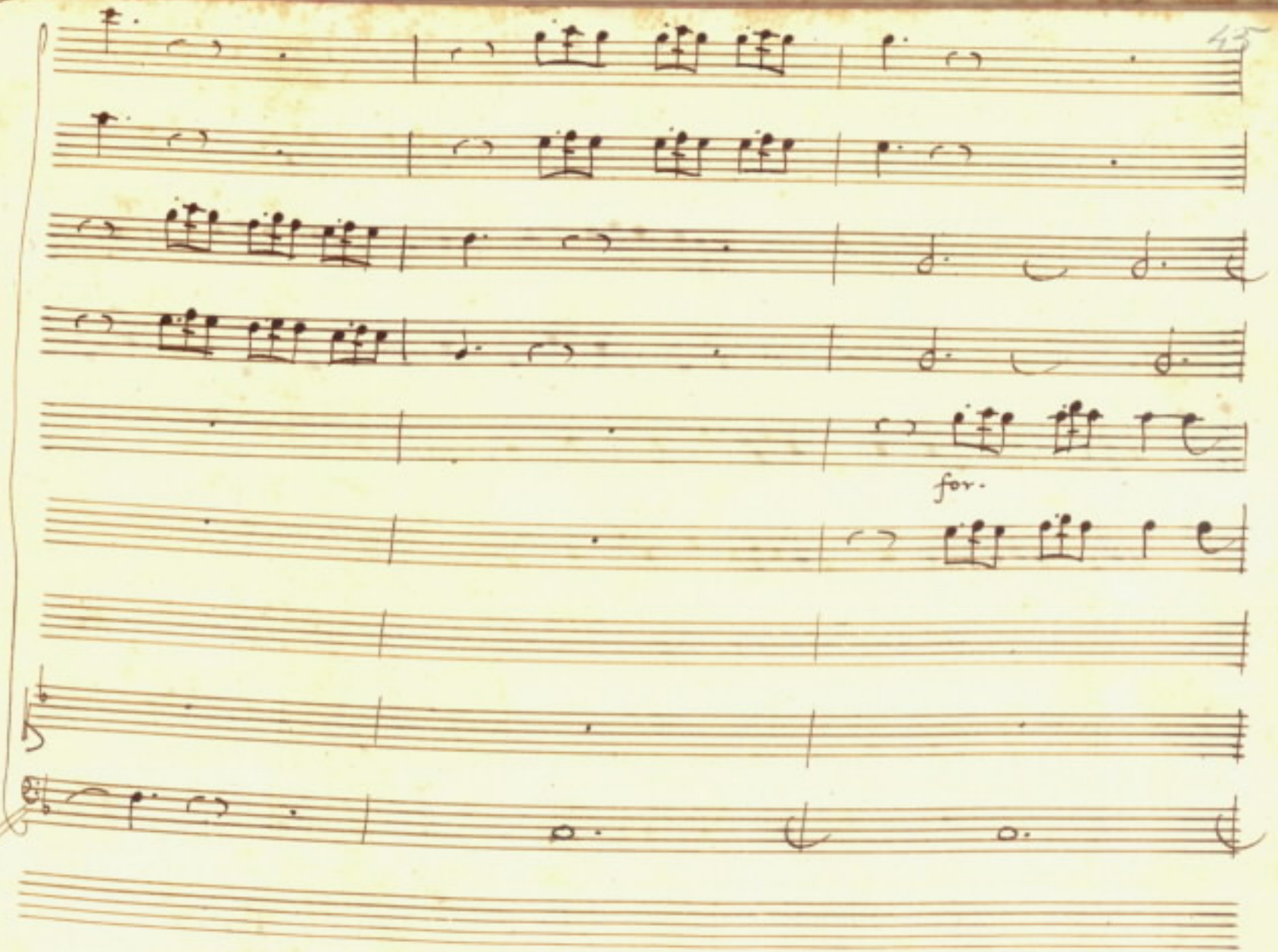

torno forse auuerrà che un giorno questi fior che col
tiui e che gouerni ti daranno nel Ciel
Alba
frutti mà eterni Doue son io che
miro questo è il solo natio e questi è il sacro
Tempio in cui m'aggiro Figlio quegli sei

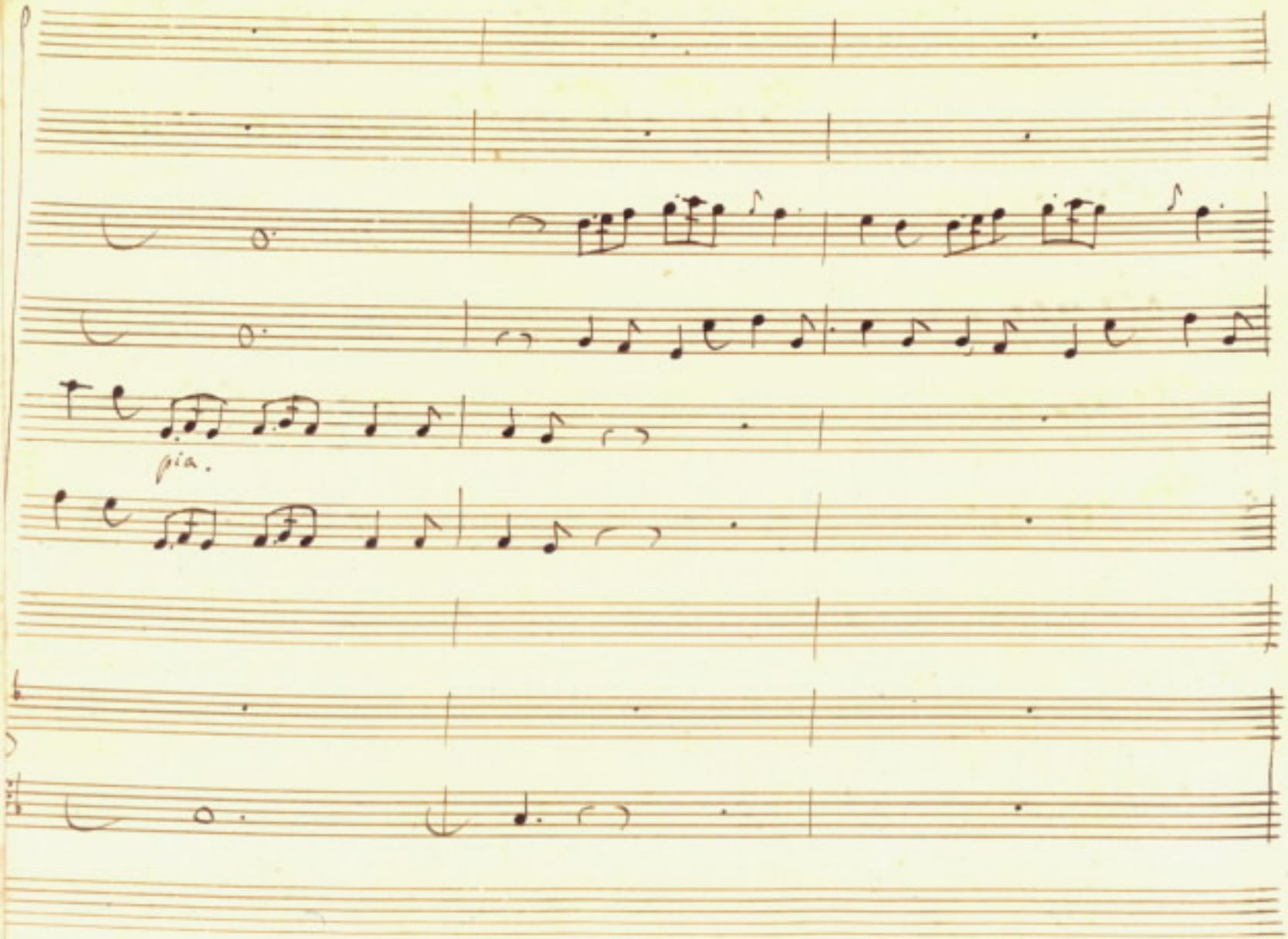
ti quella son io si si questa è la Patria io lieta

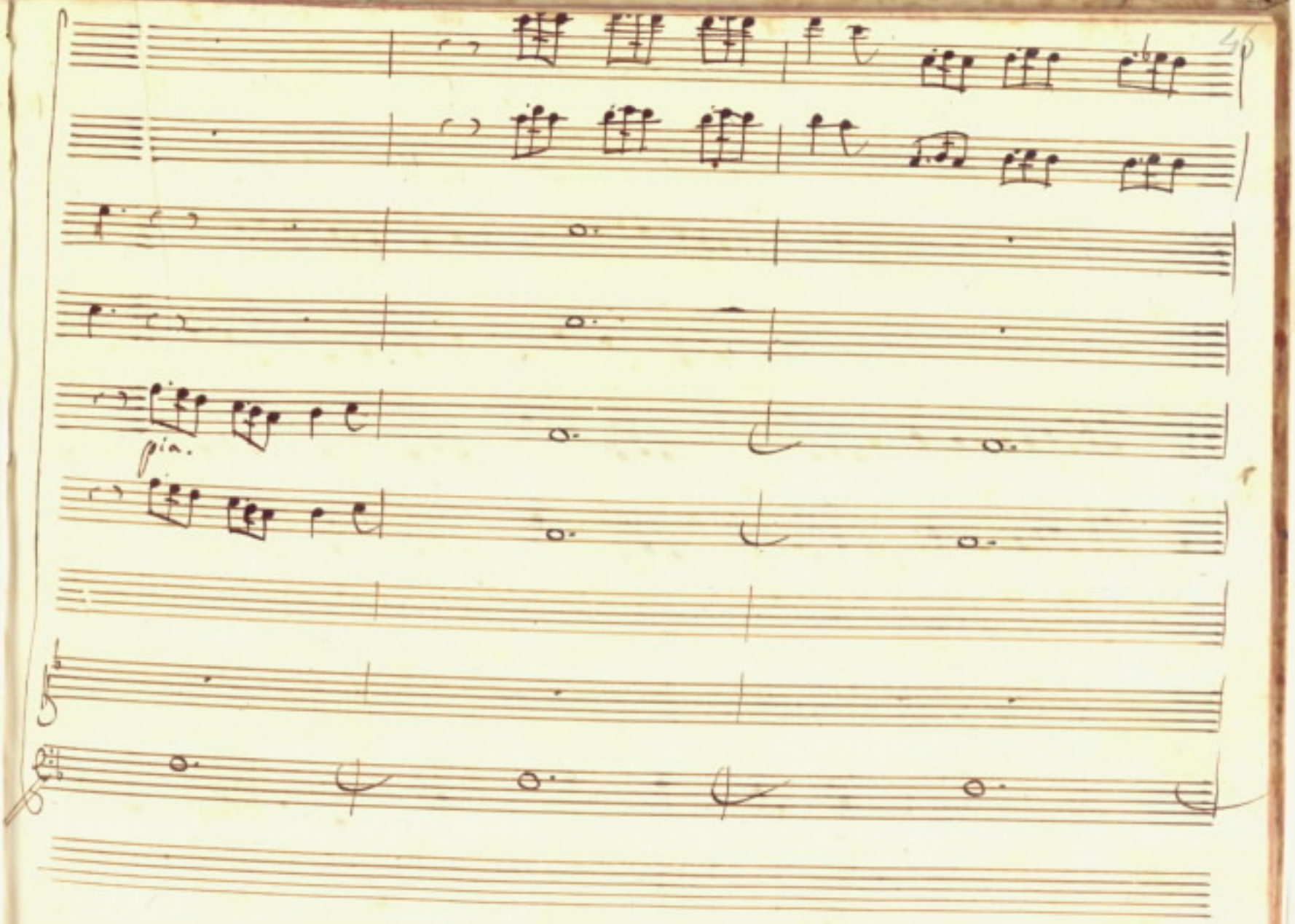
torno doppo nembi d'affanni al mio raggiorno

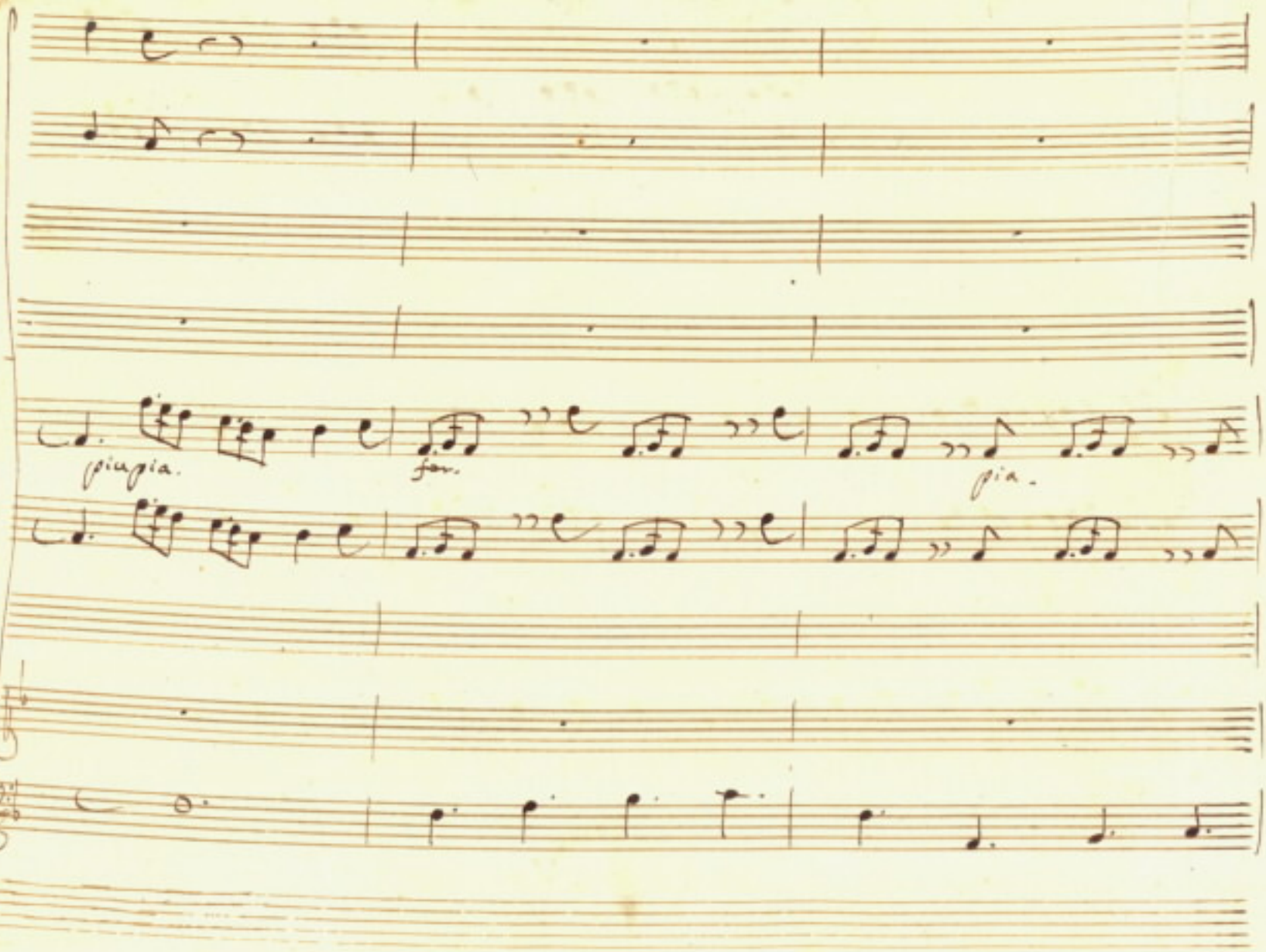
Siegue Aria 6


Flauto Primo
Flauto 2°
Corno Primo
Corno 2°
Violino Primo
Violino 2°
Violetta
colbasso
Alba
Tempo lento


for.

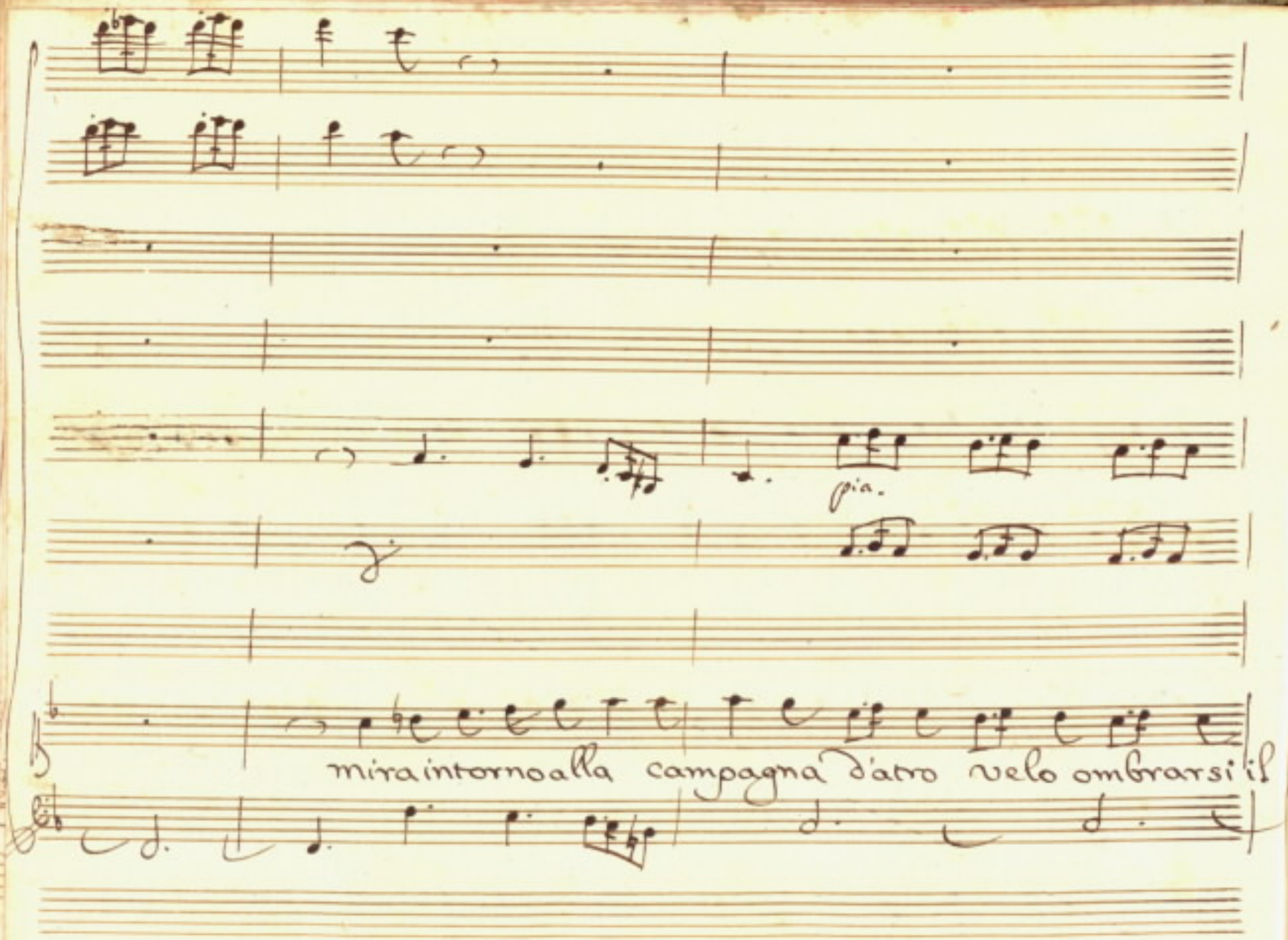

pia.

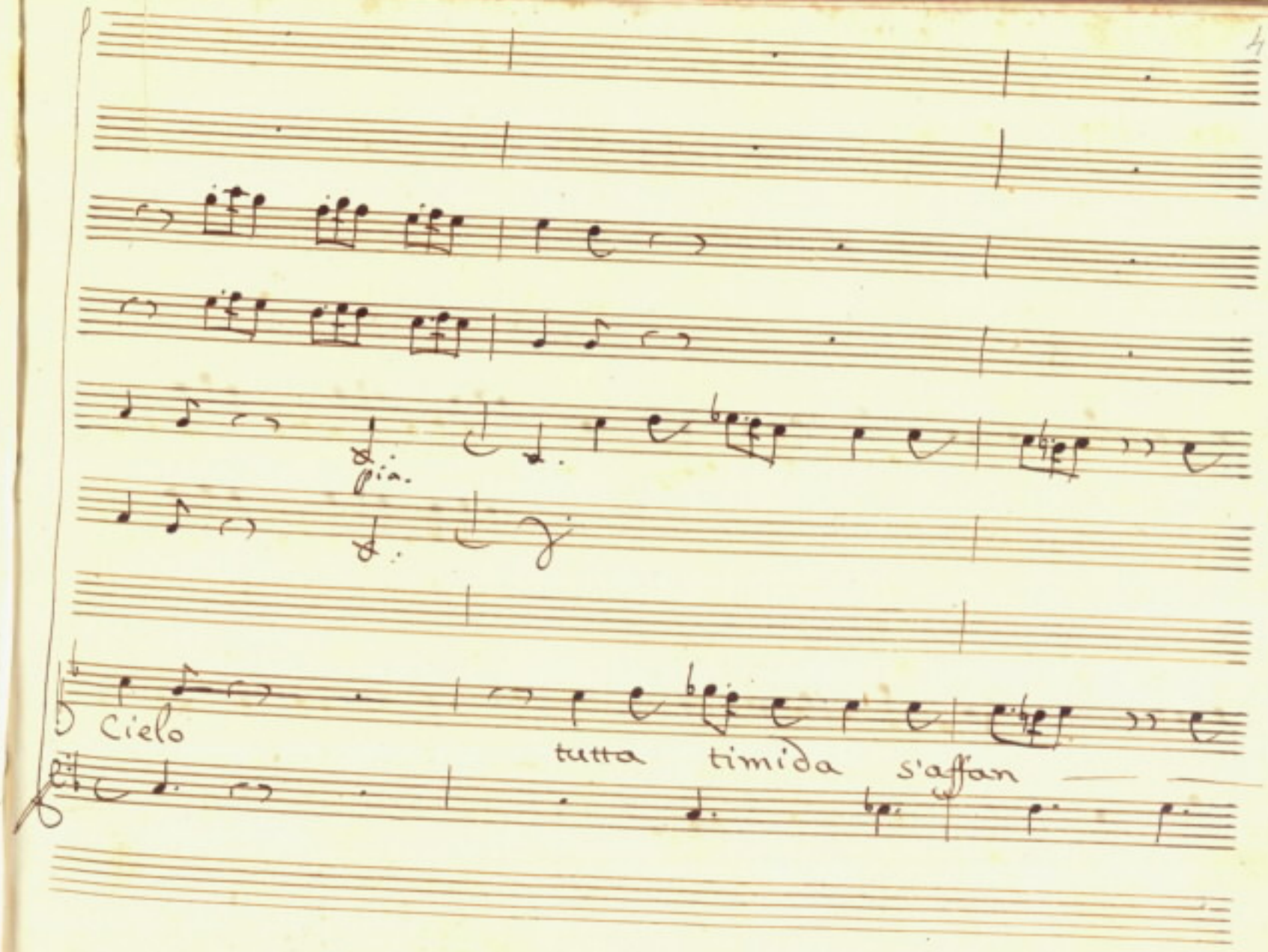

pia.


piagia.
for.
pia.

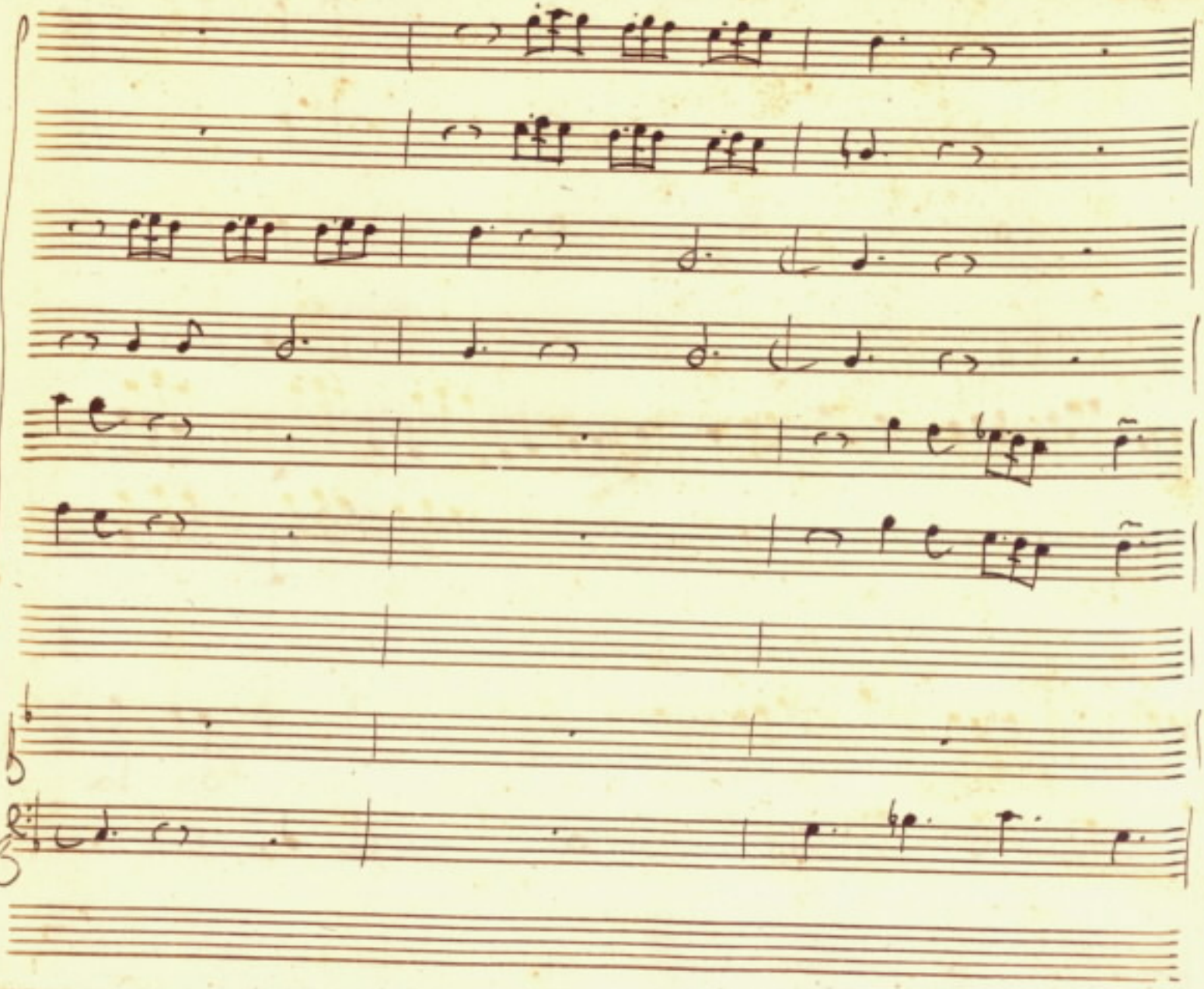
p.a.

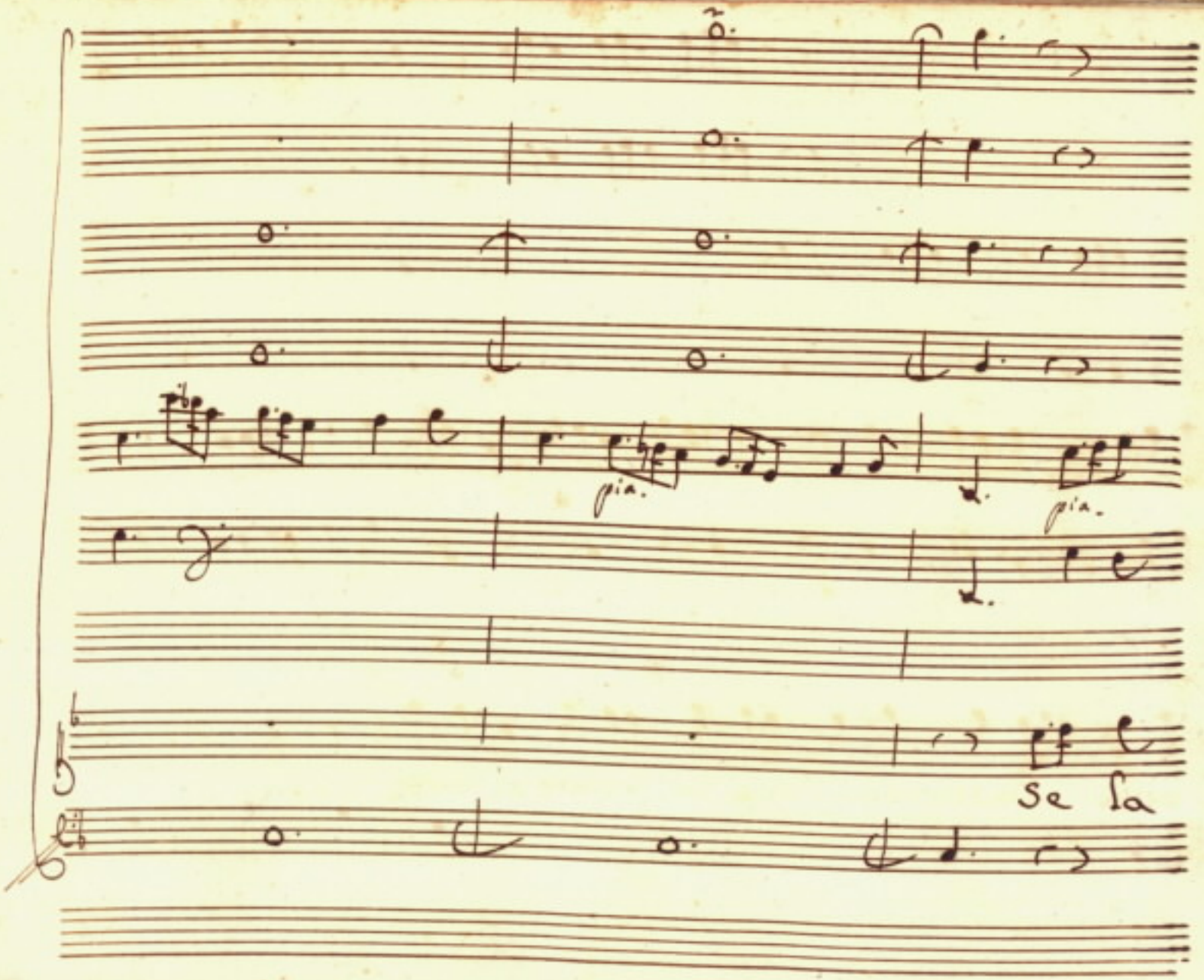
se la bella Pastorella che la fronte al fonte bagna

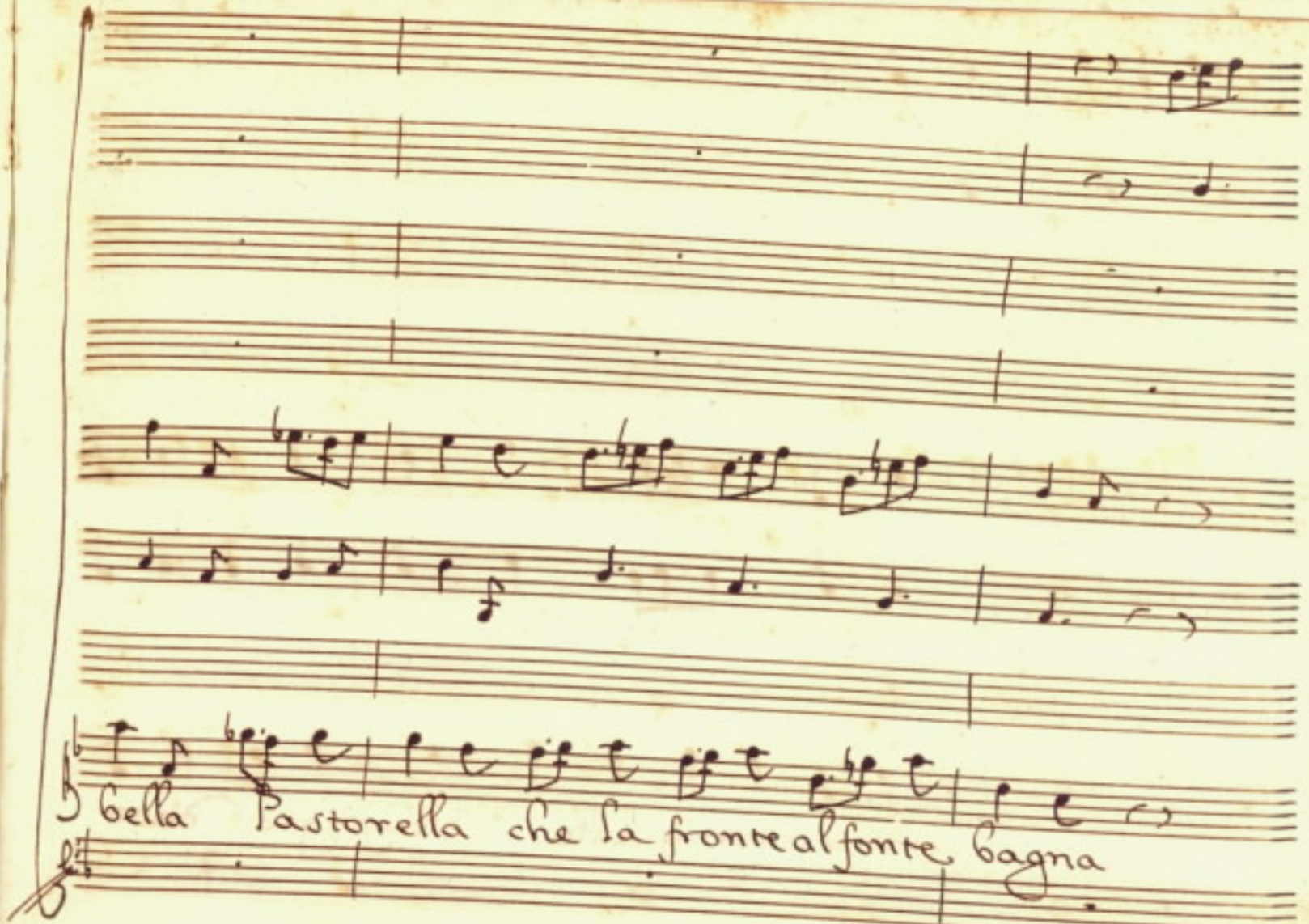

pia.
mira intorno alla campagna d'atro velo ombrarsi il

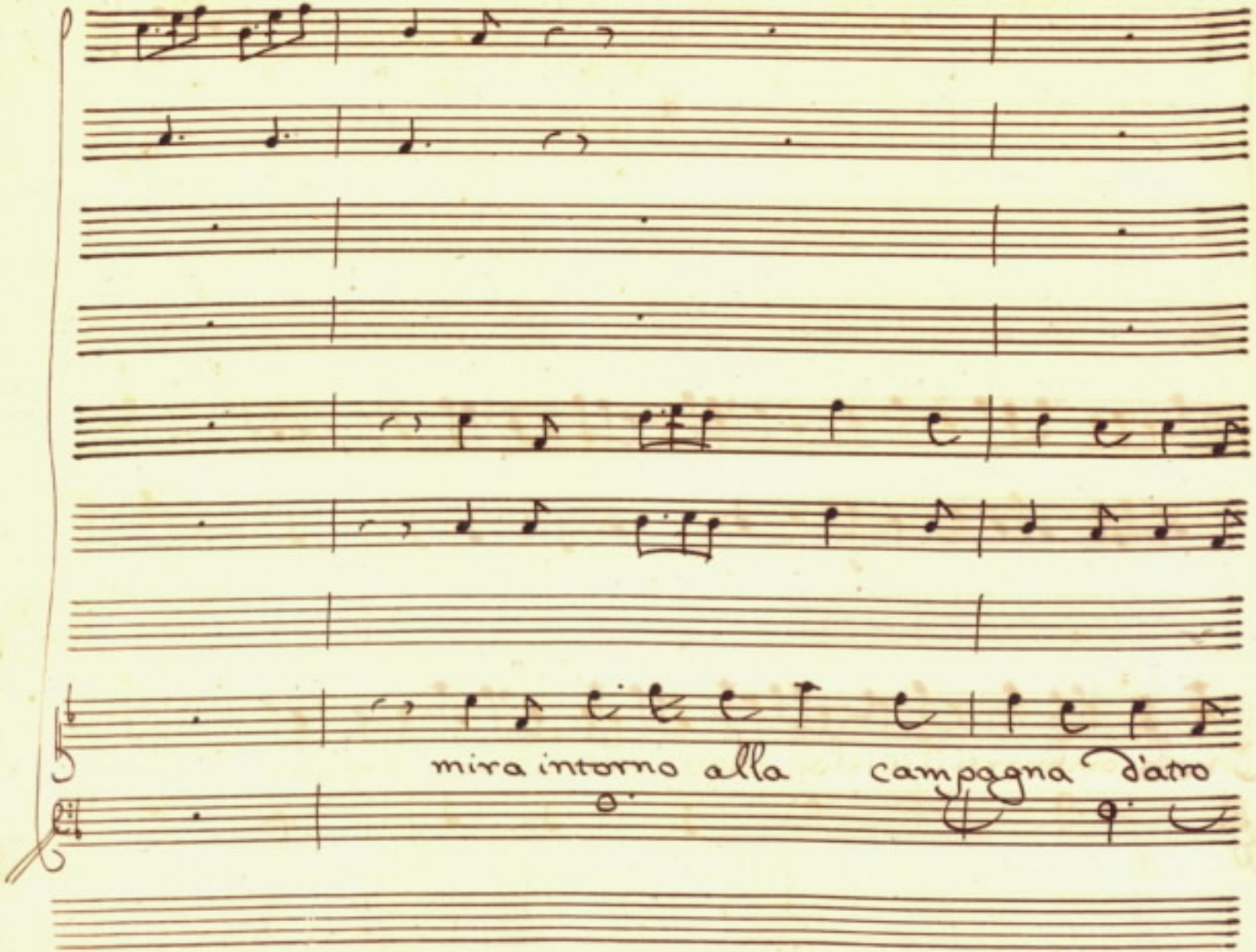

pia.
Cielo
tutta timida s'affan

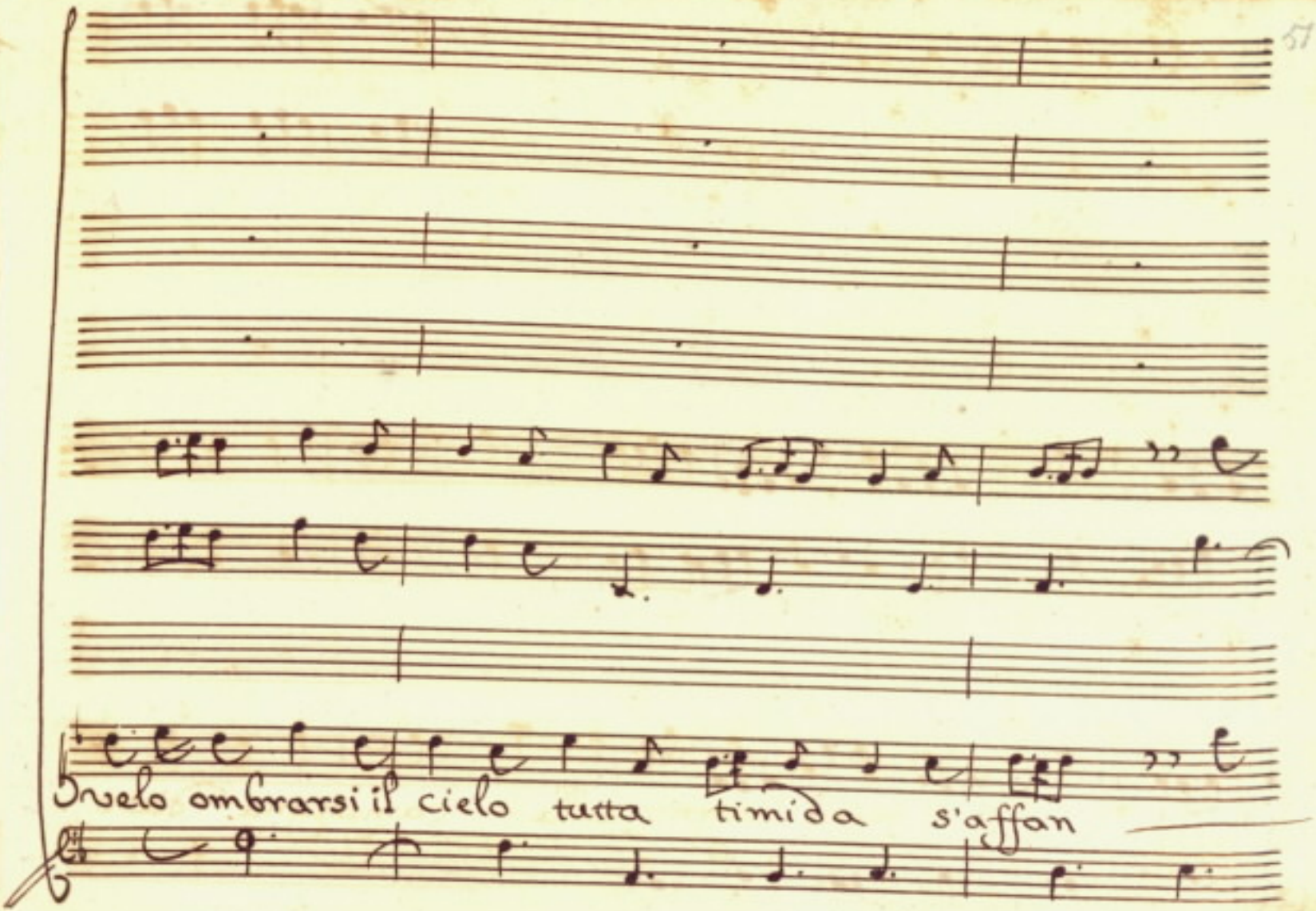
for.
na

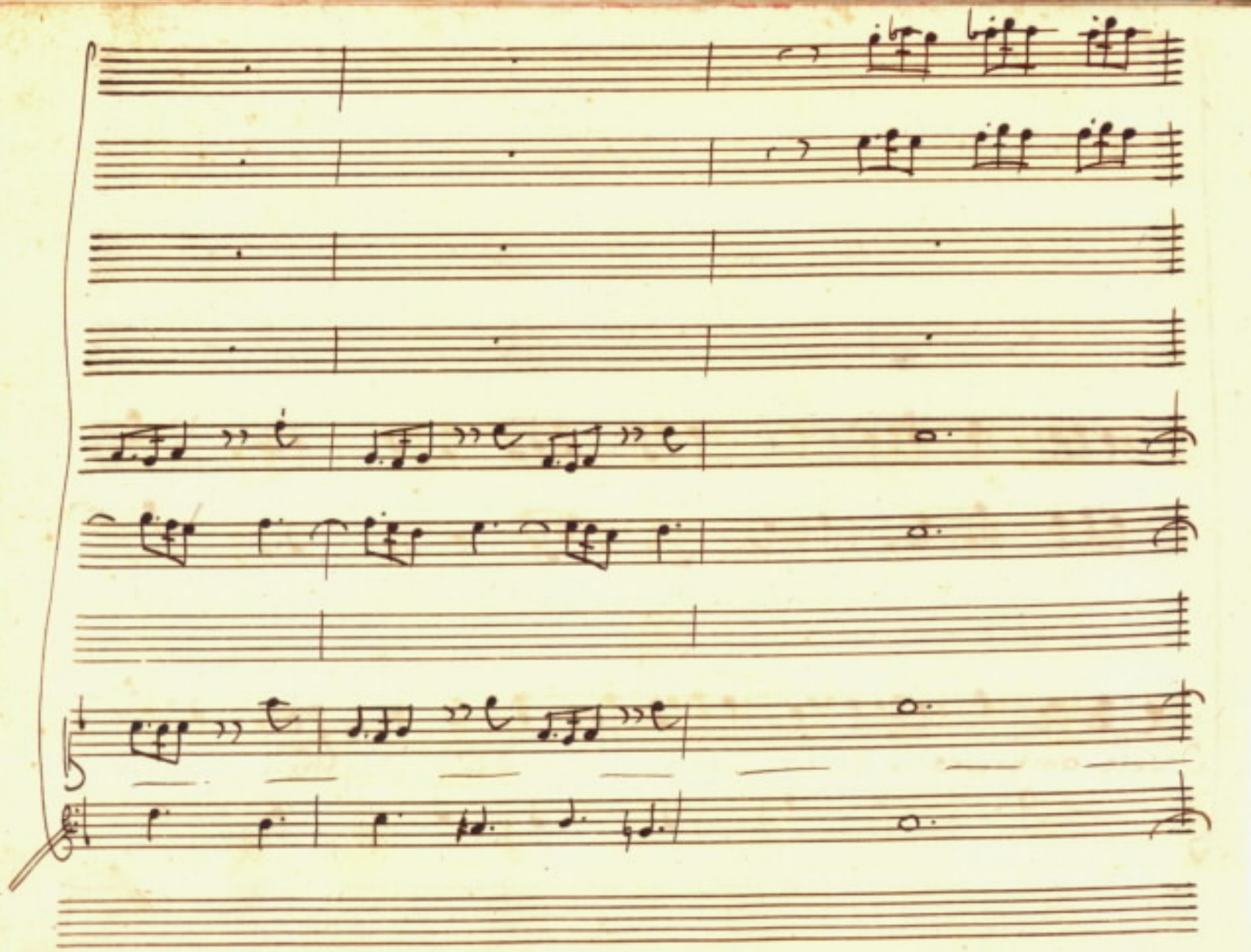


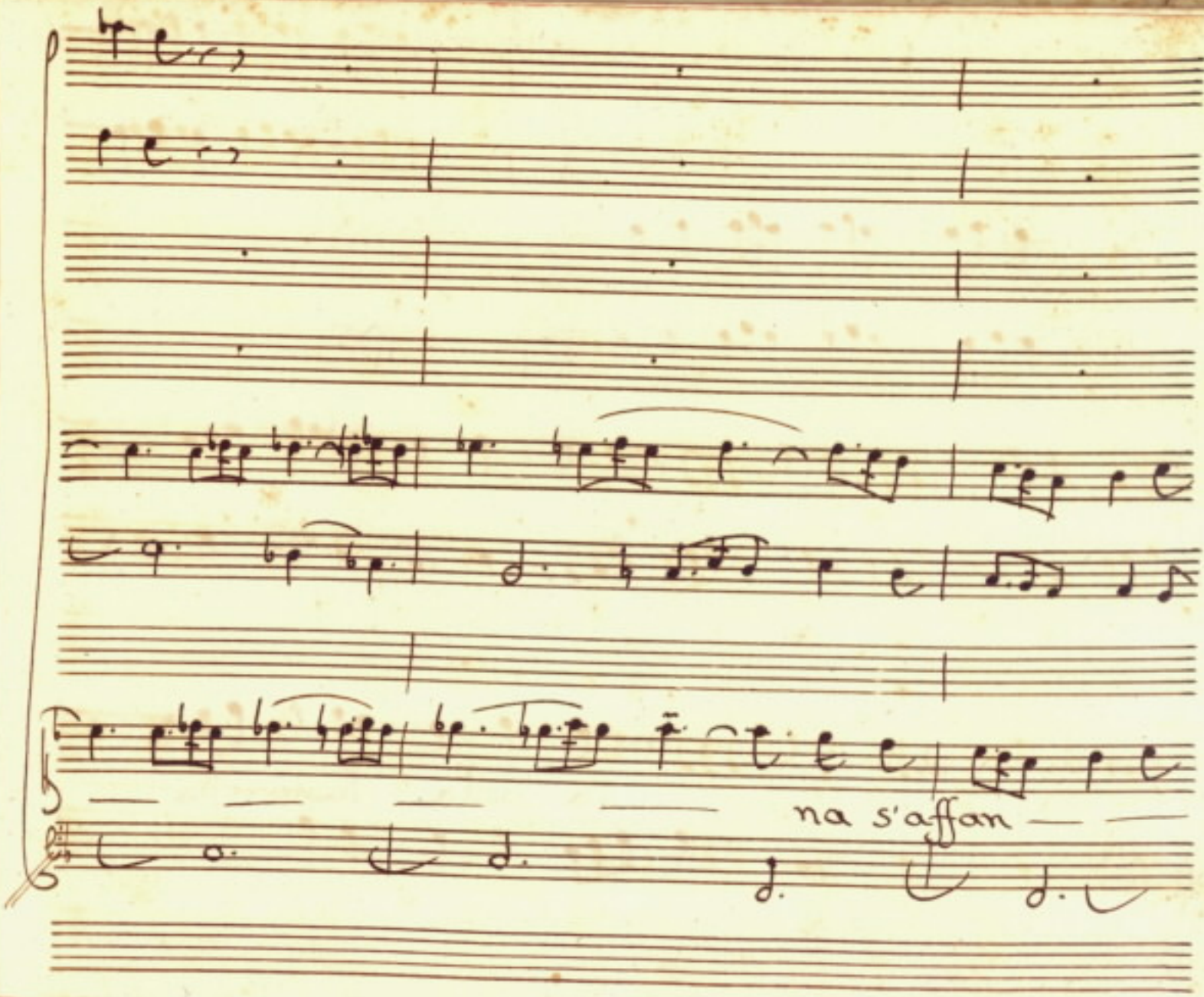

pia.
pia.
Se la


Bella Pastorella che la fronte al fonte bagna


mira intorno alla campagna d'atro


Svelo ombrarsi il cielo tutta timida s'affan

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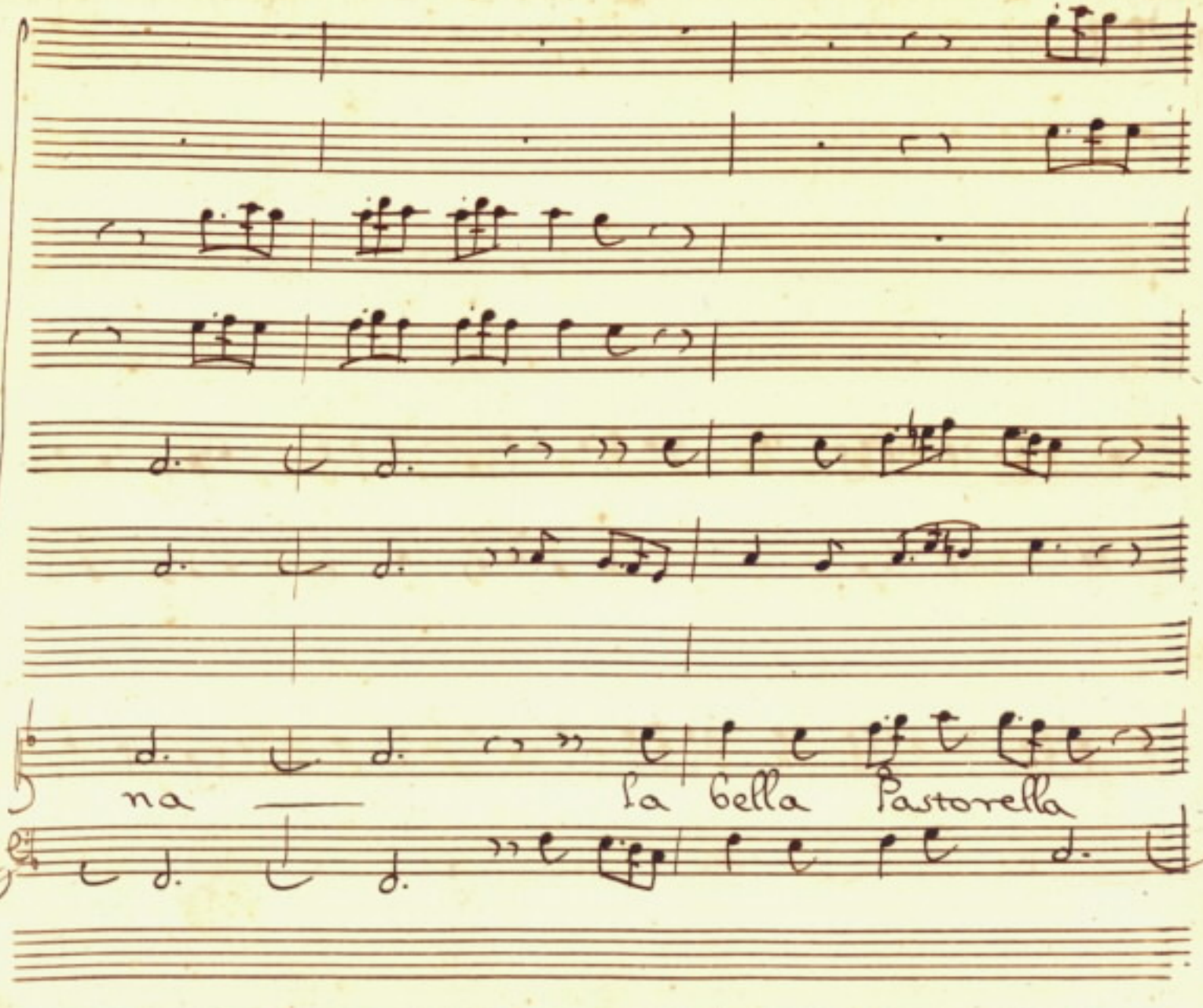
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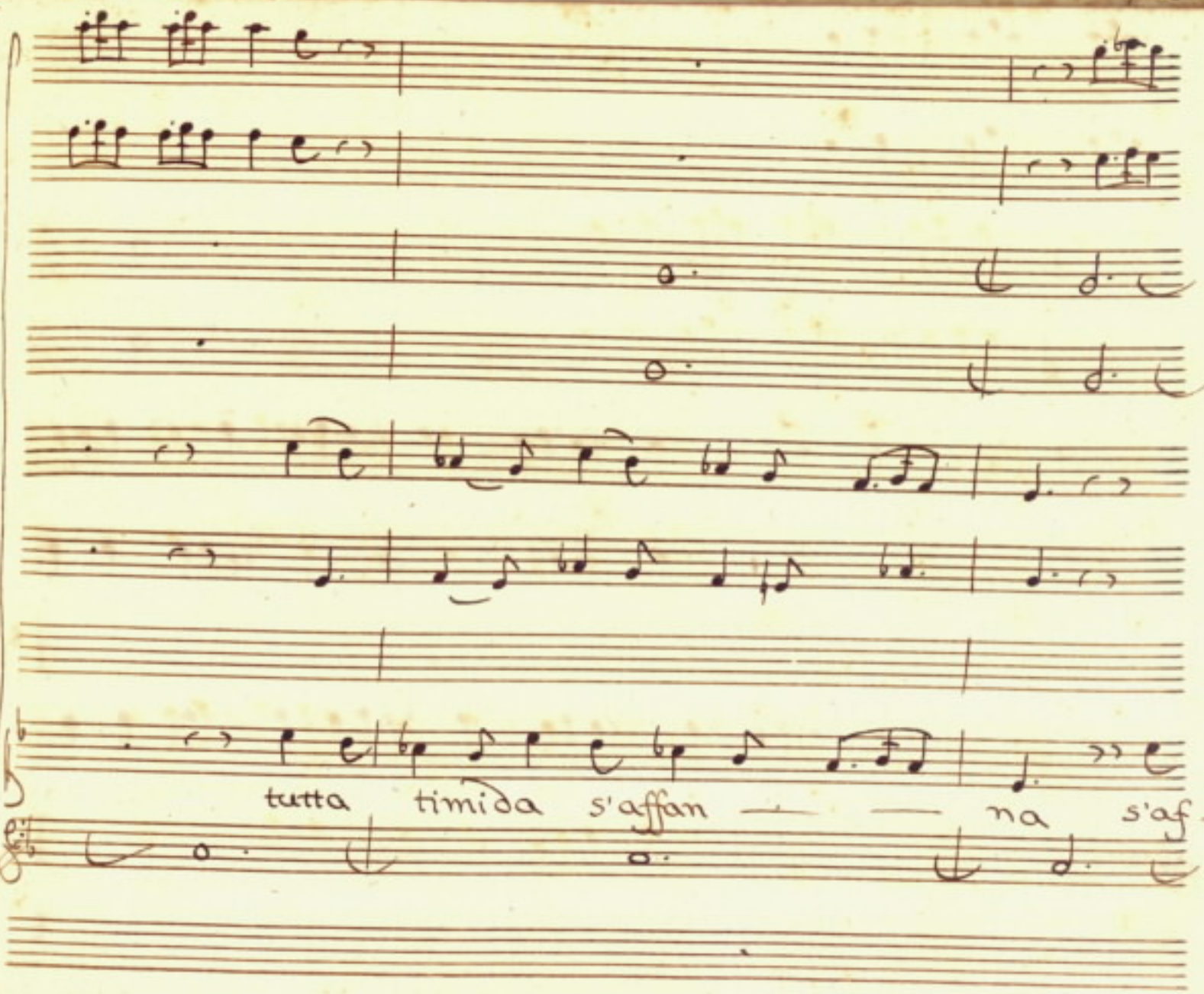
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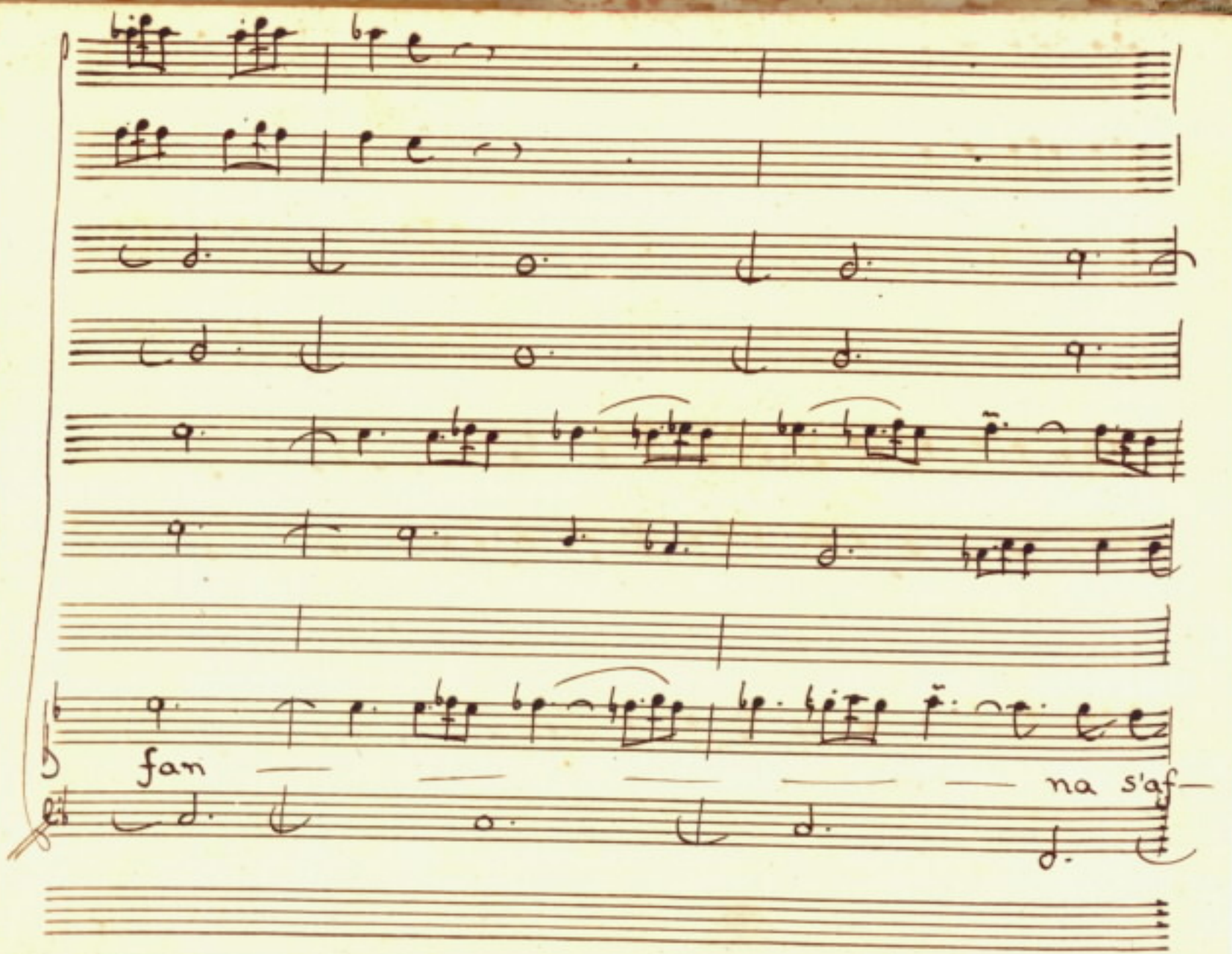
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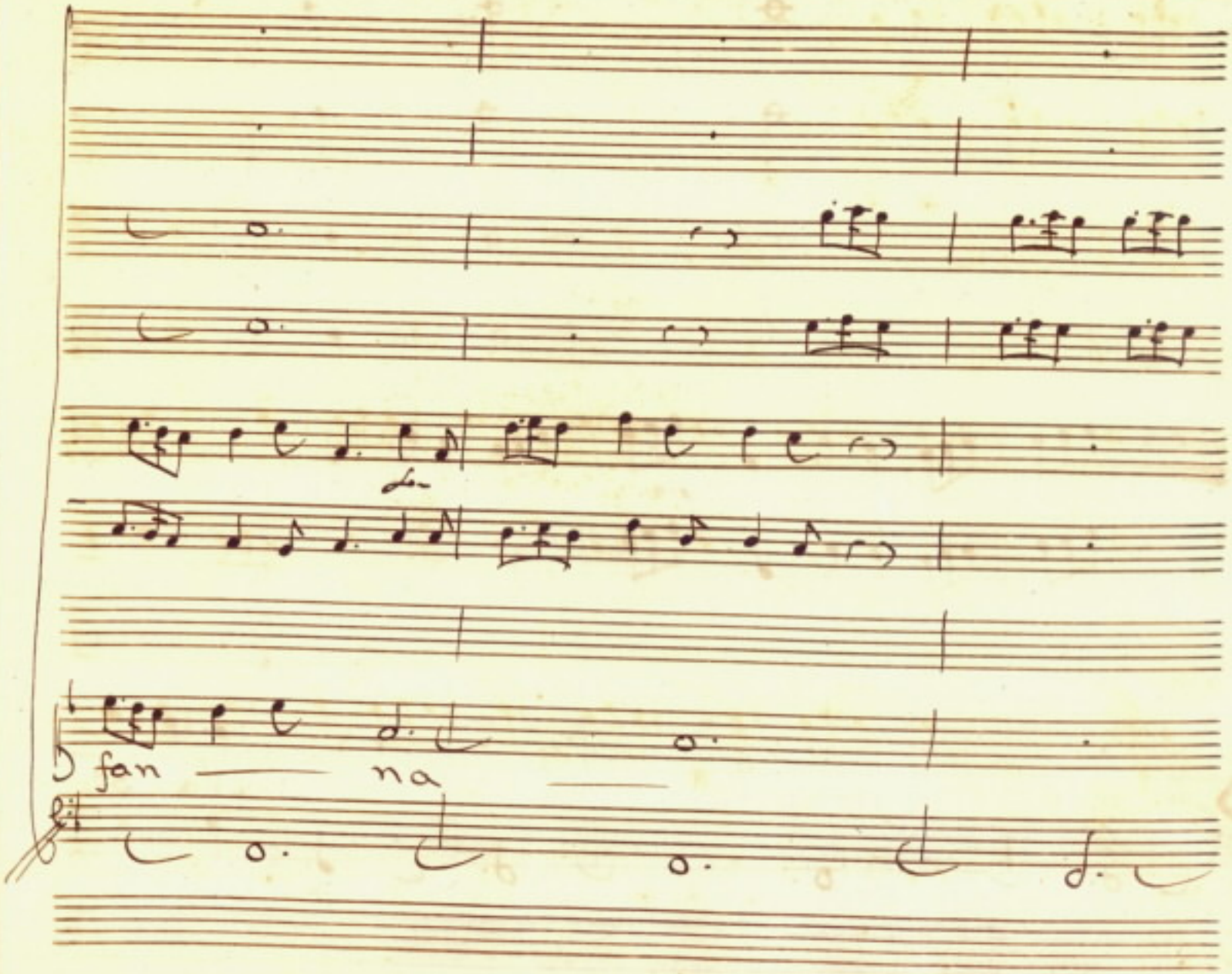
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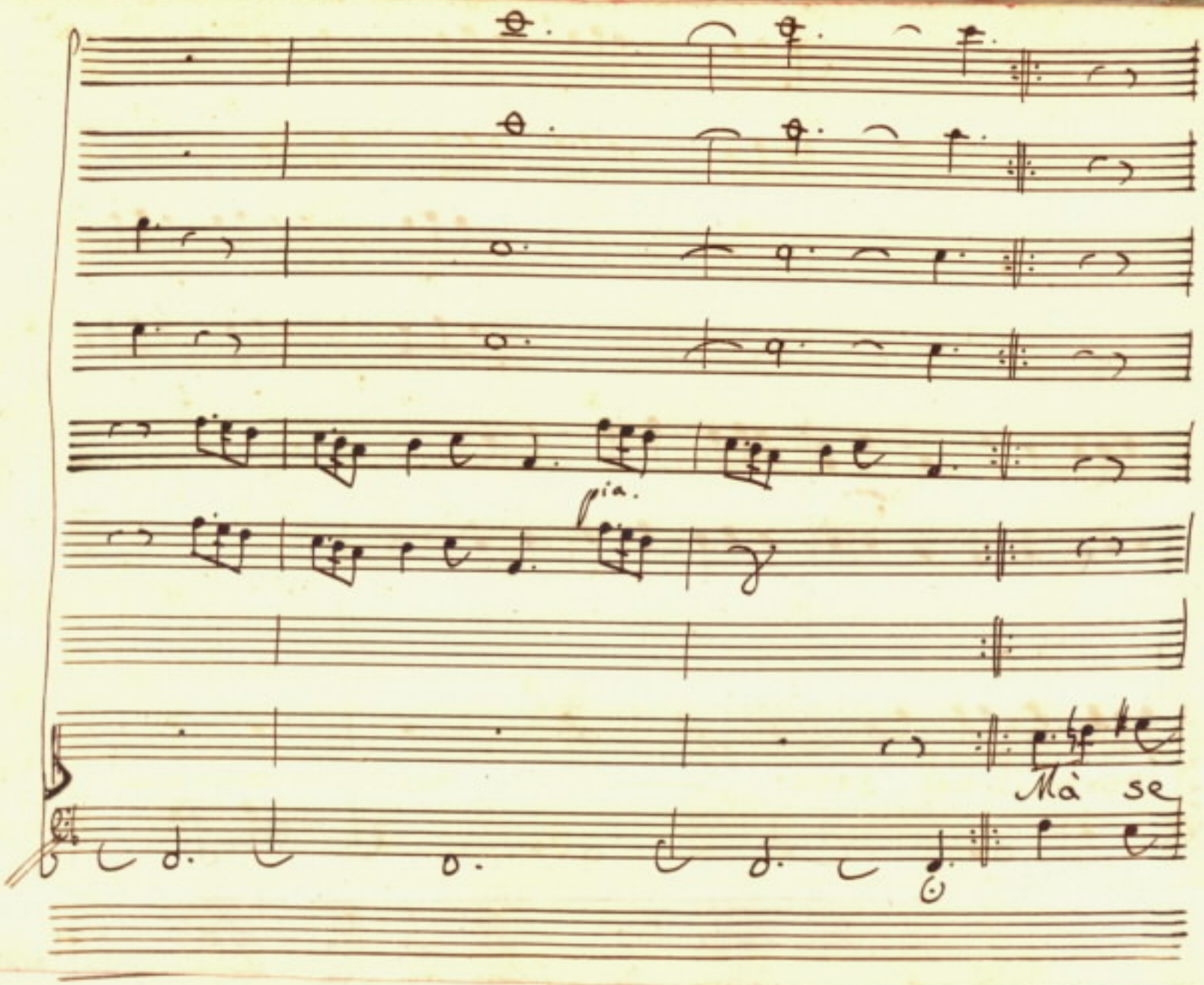
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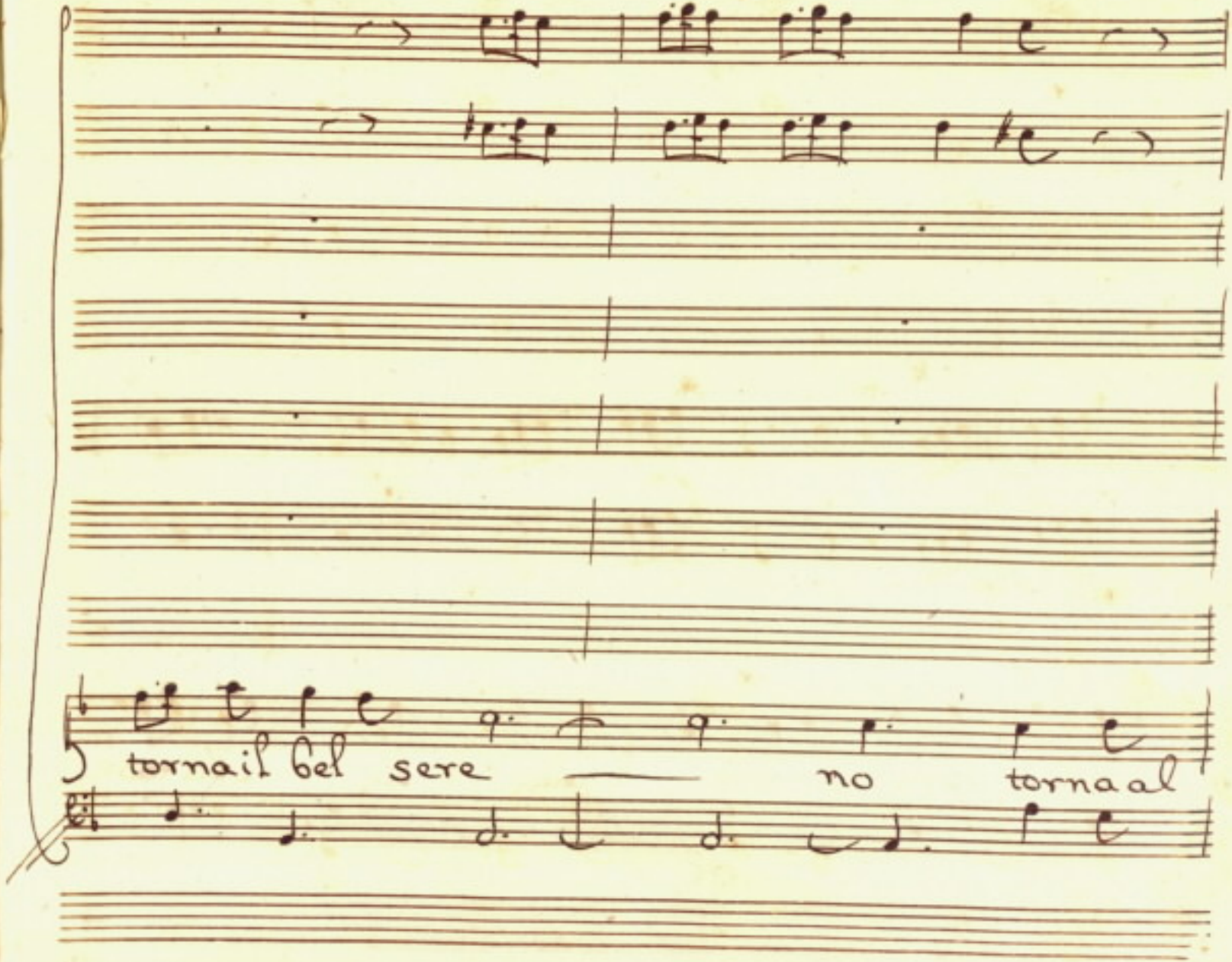
Mà se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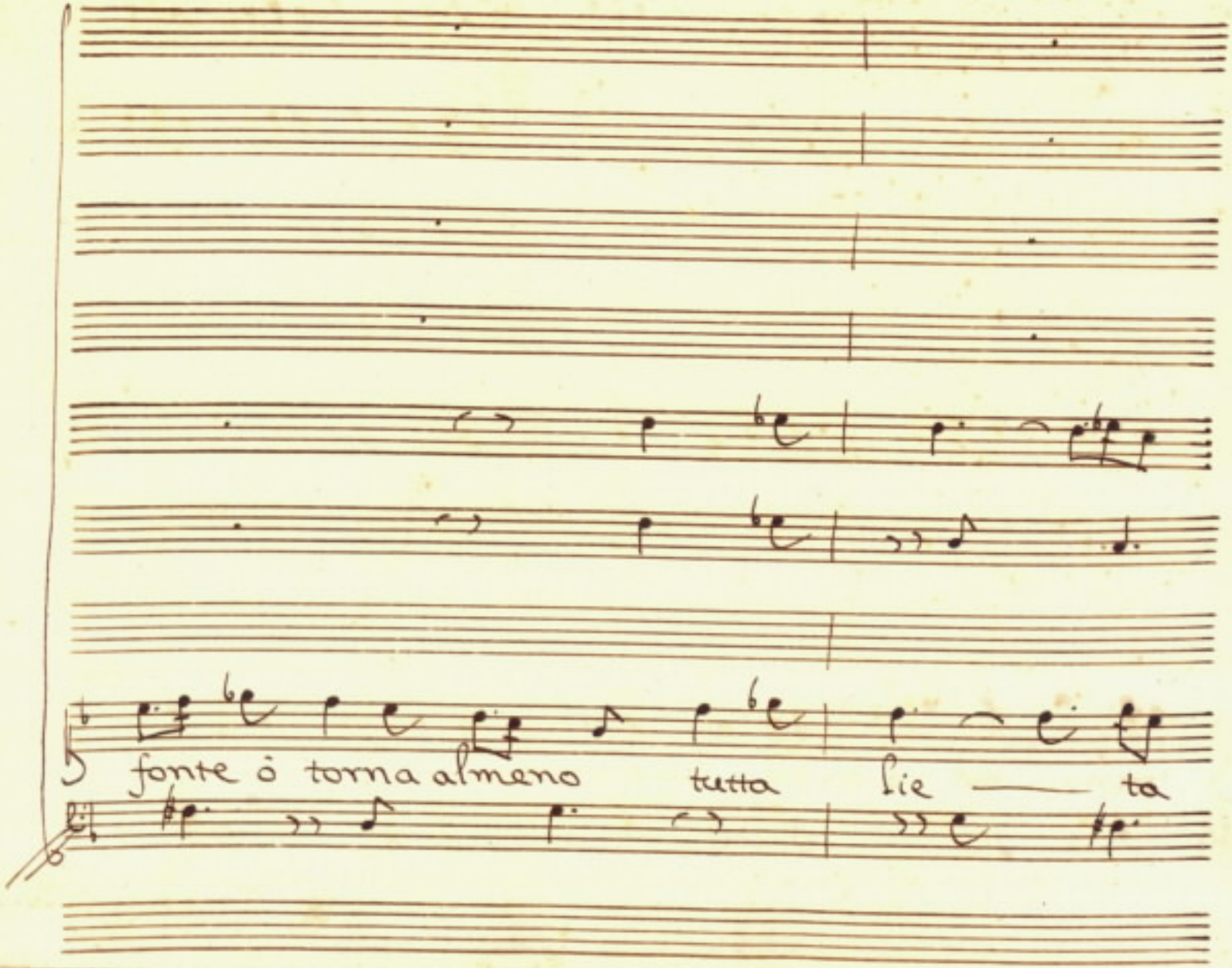
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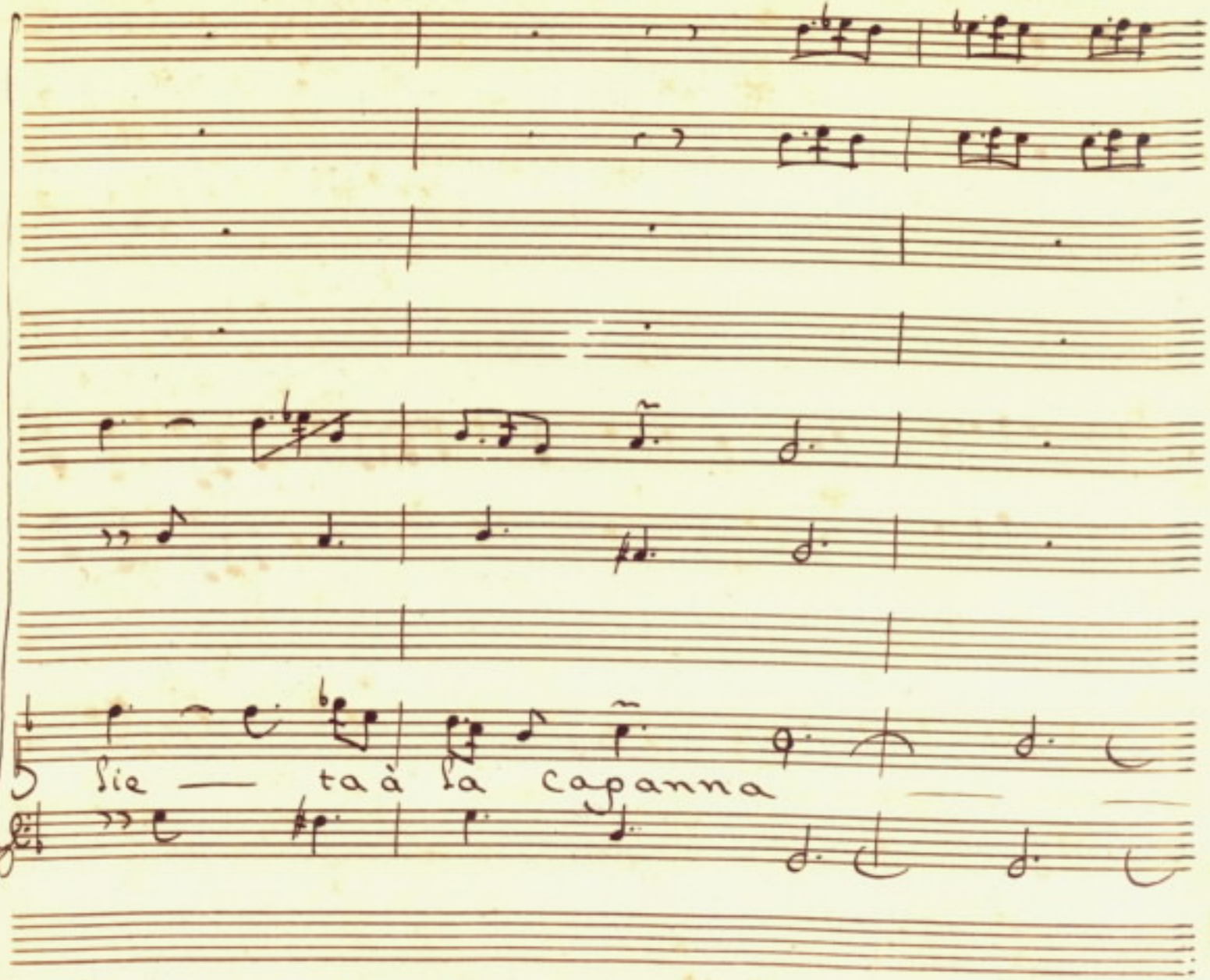
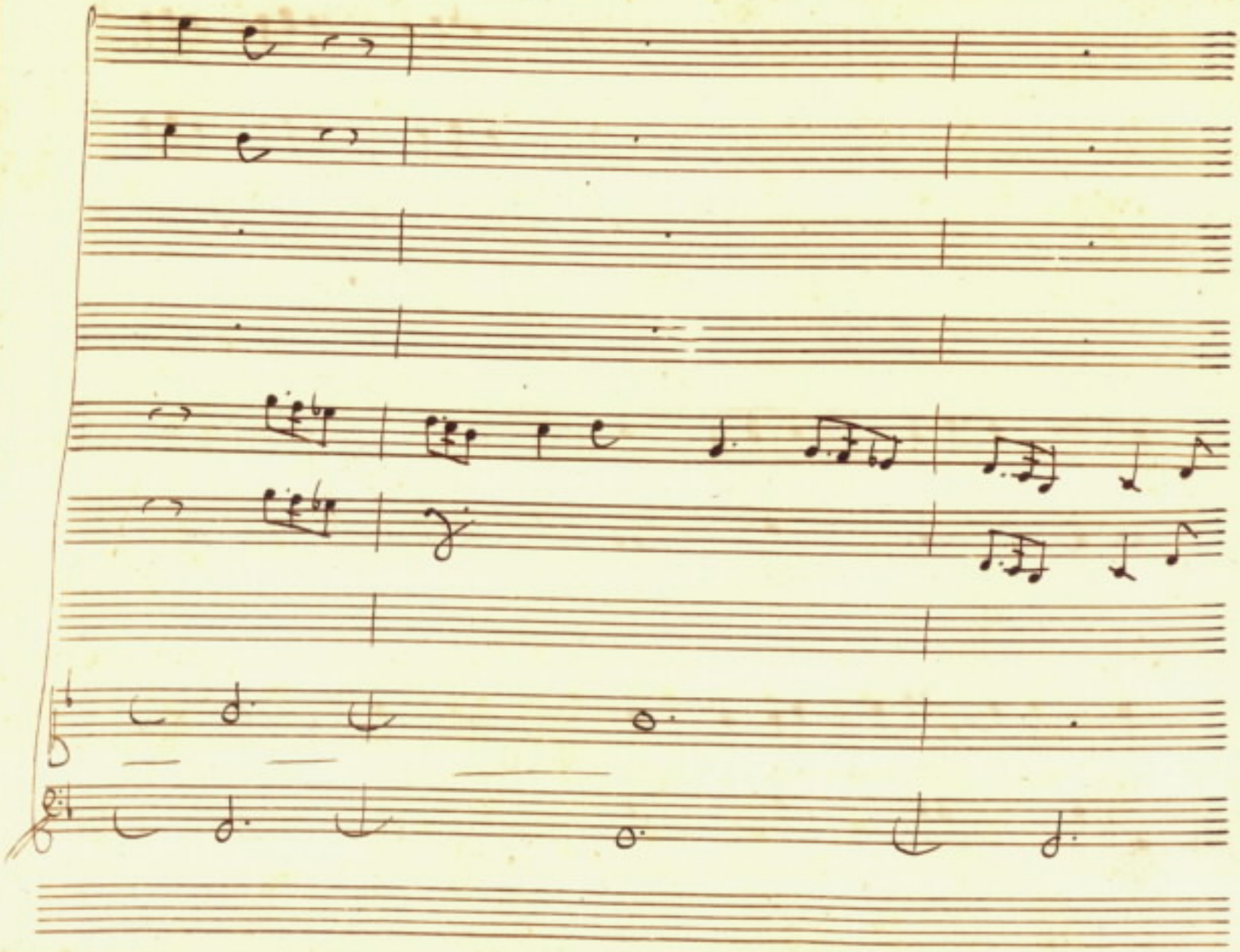
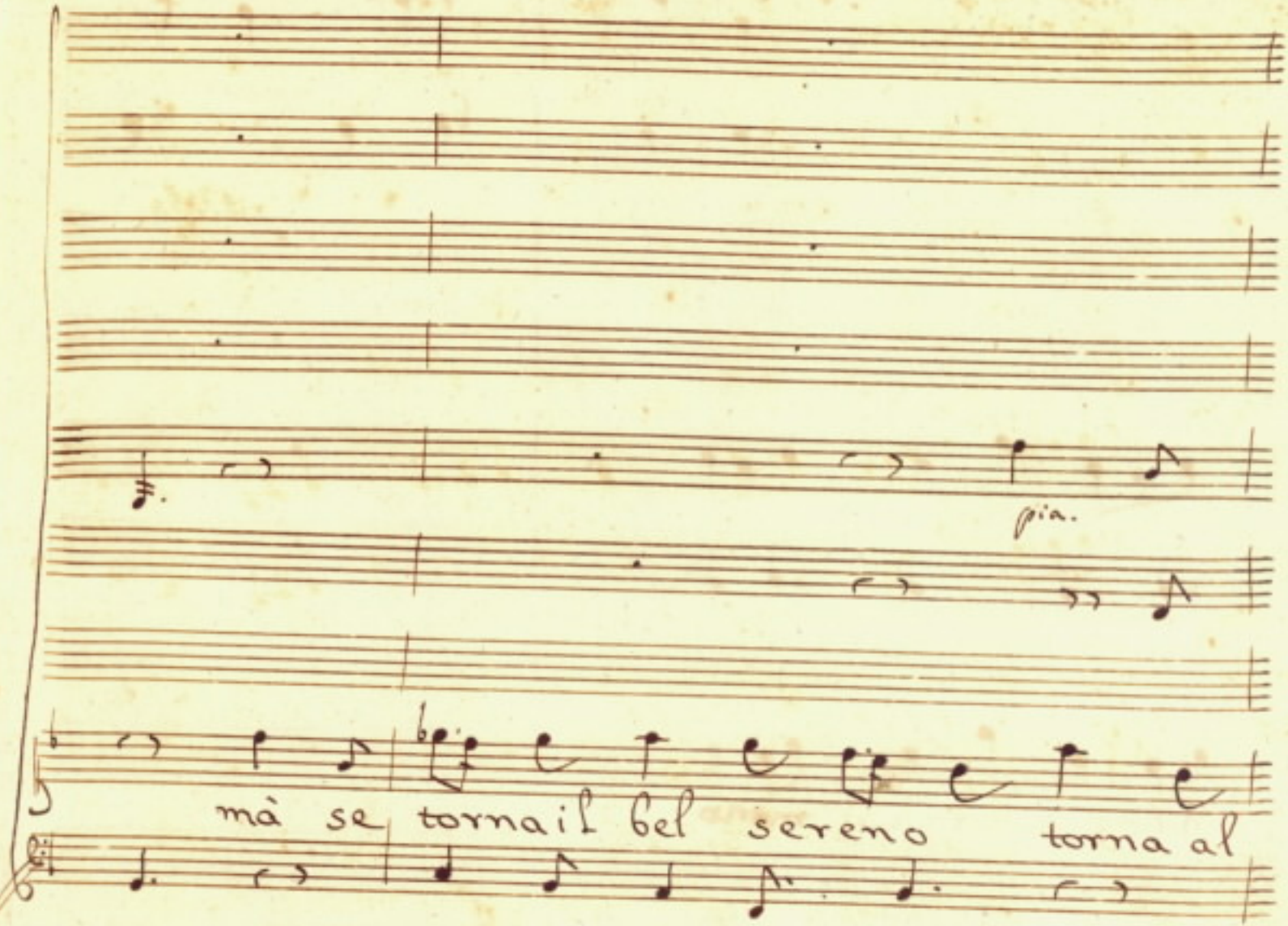

Sie — ta à la capanna

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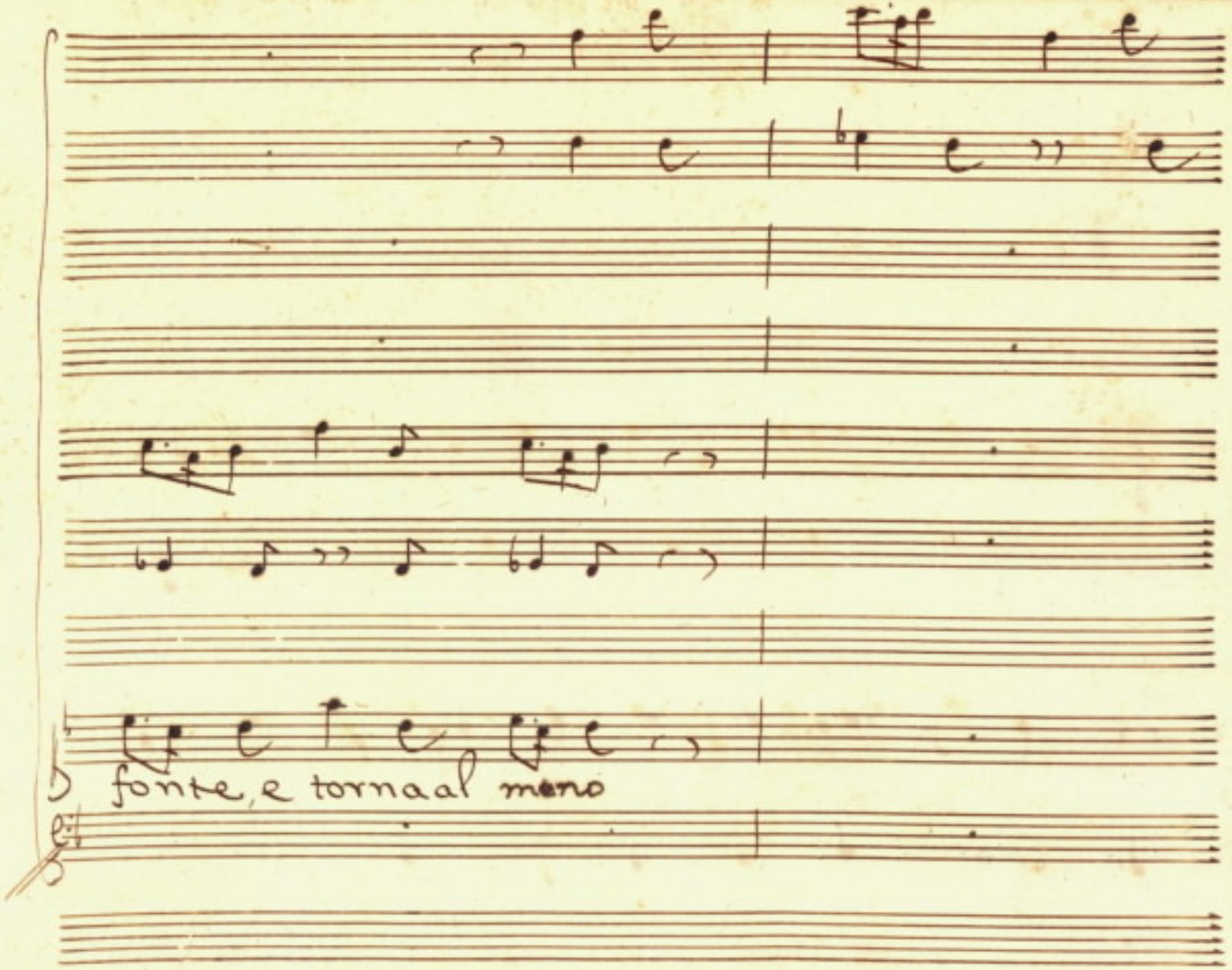
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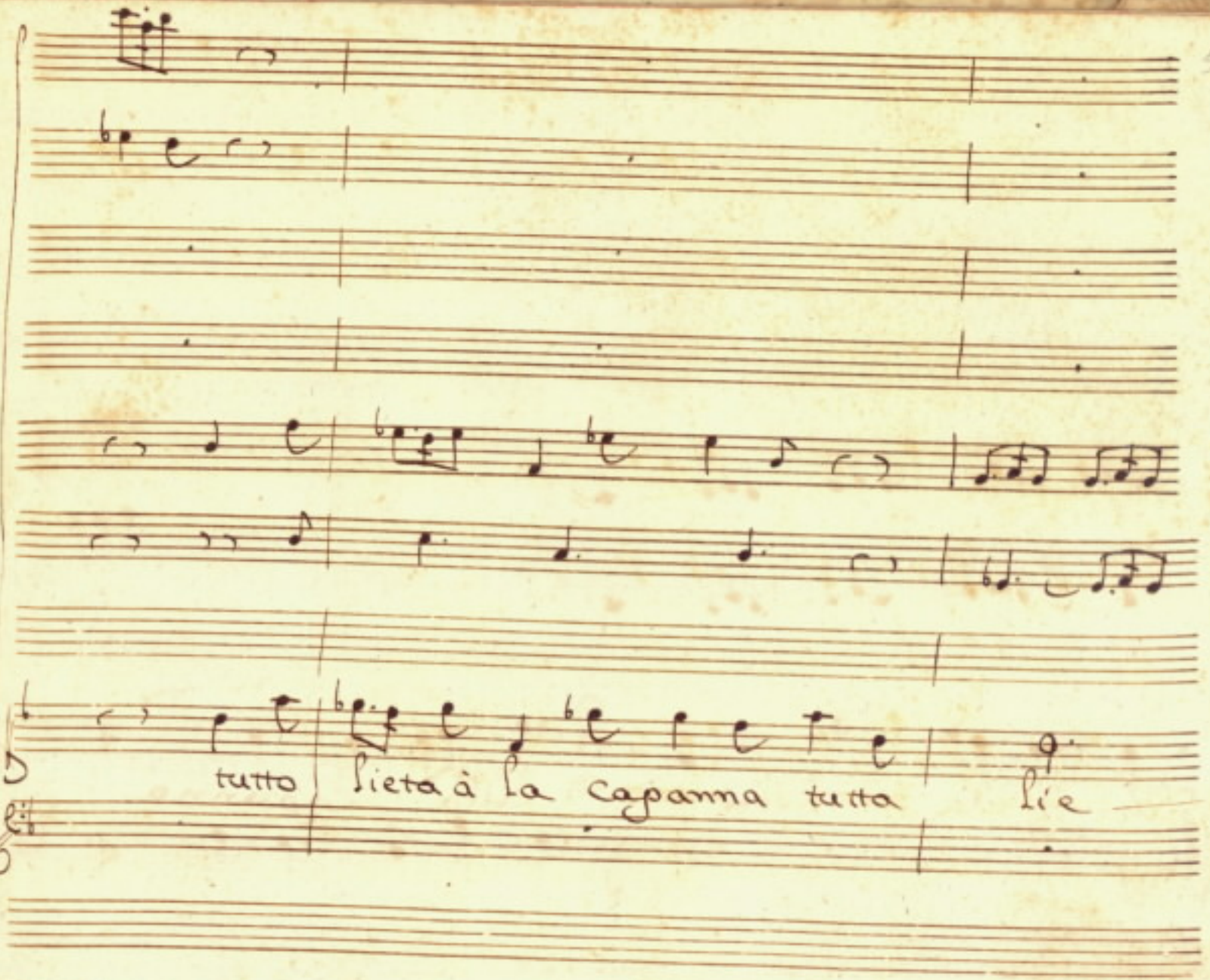
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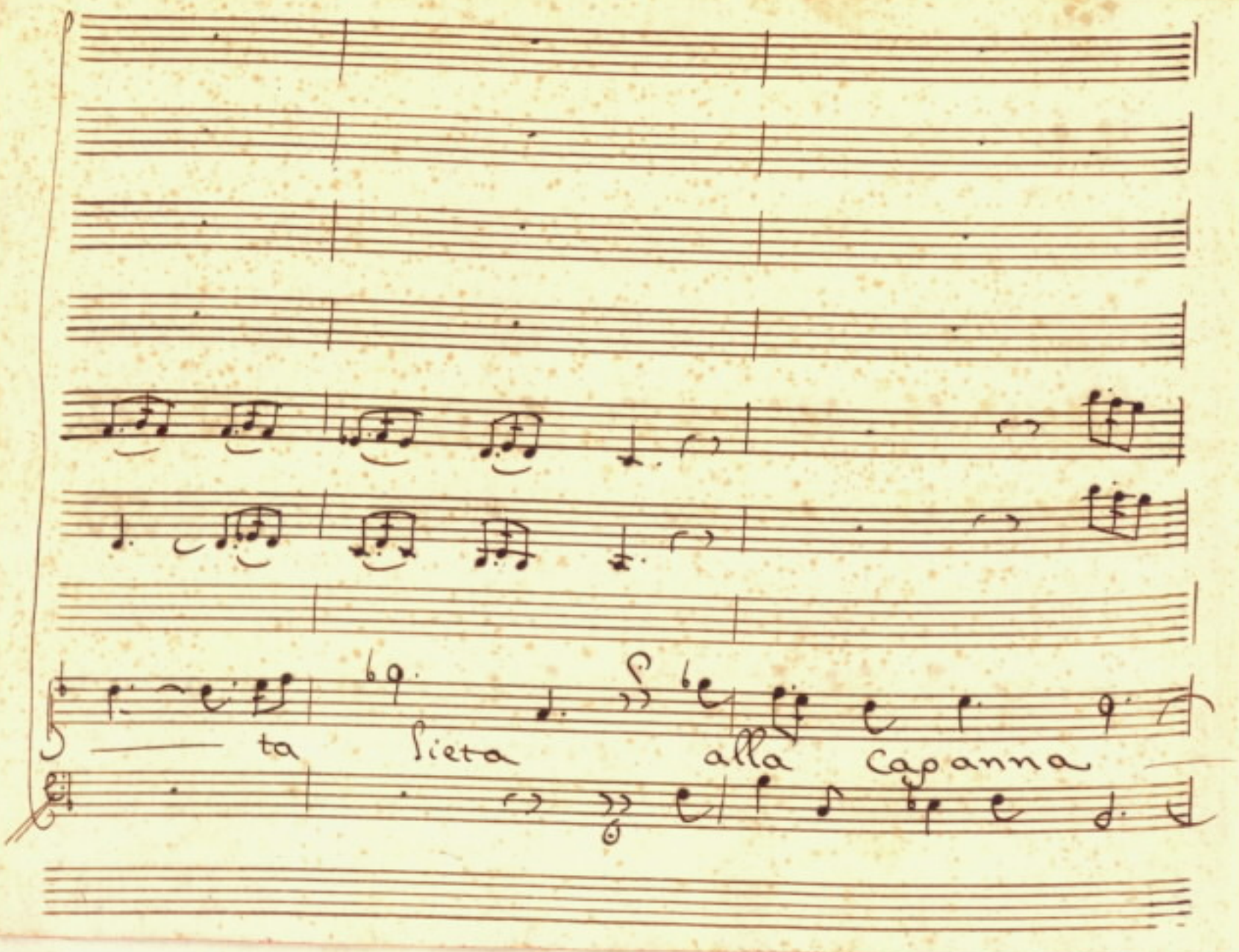
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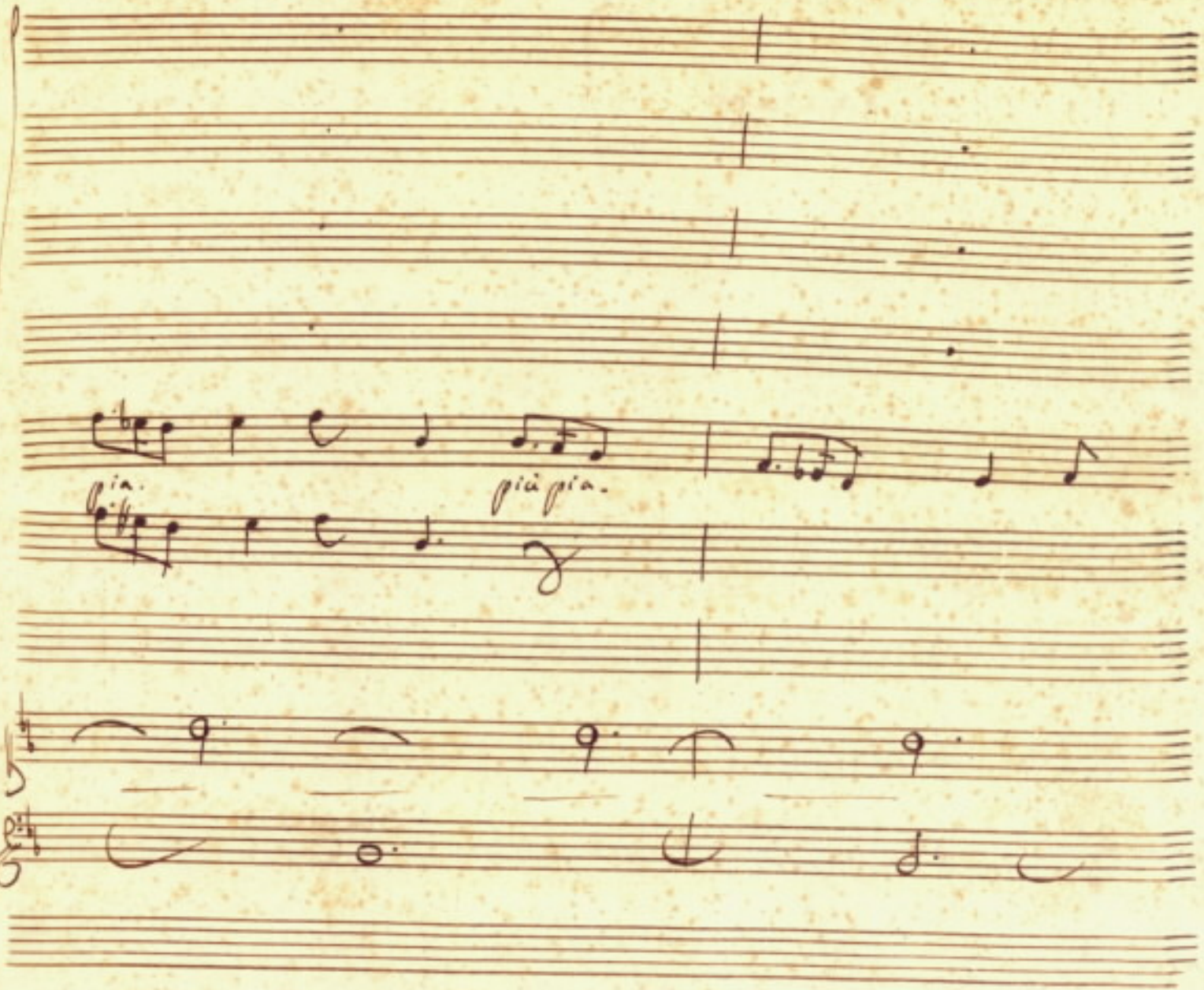
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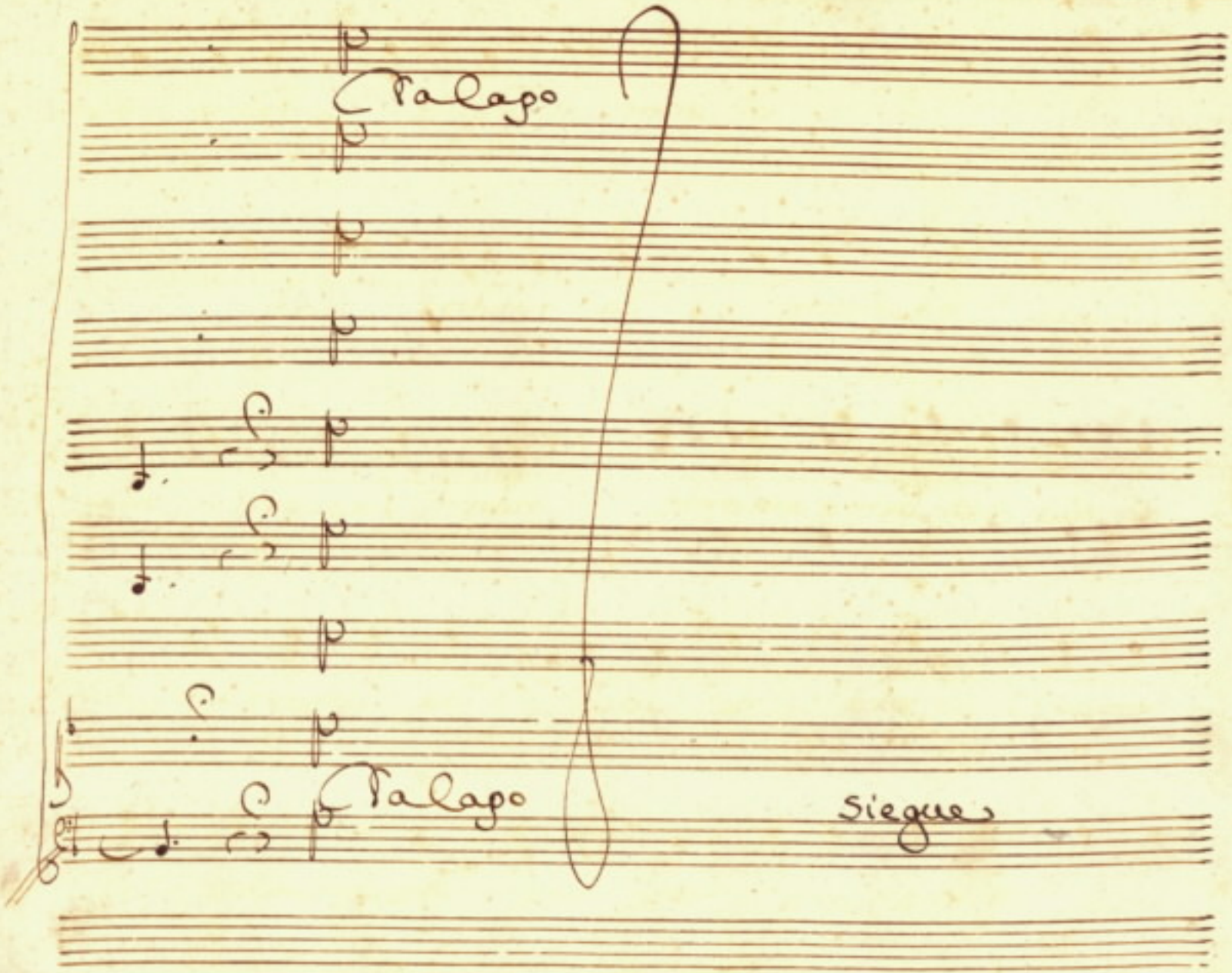
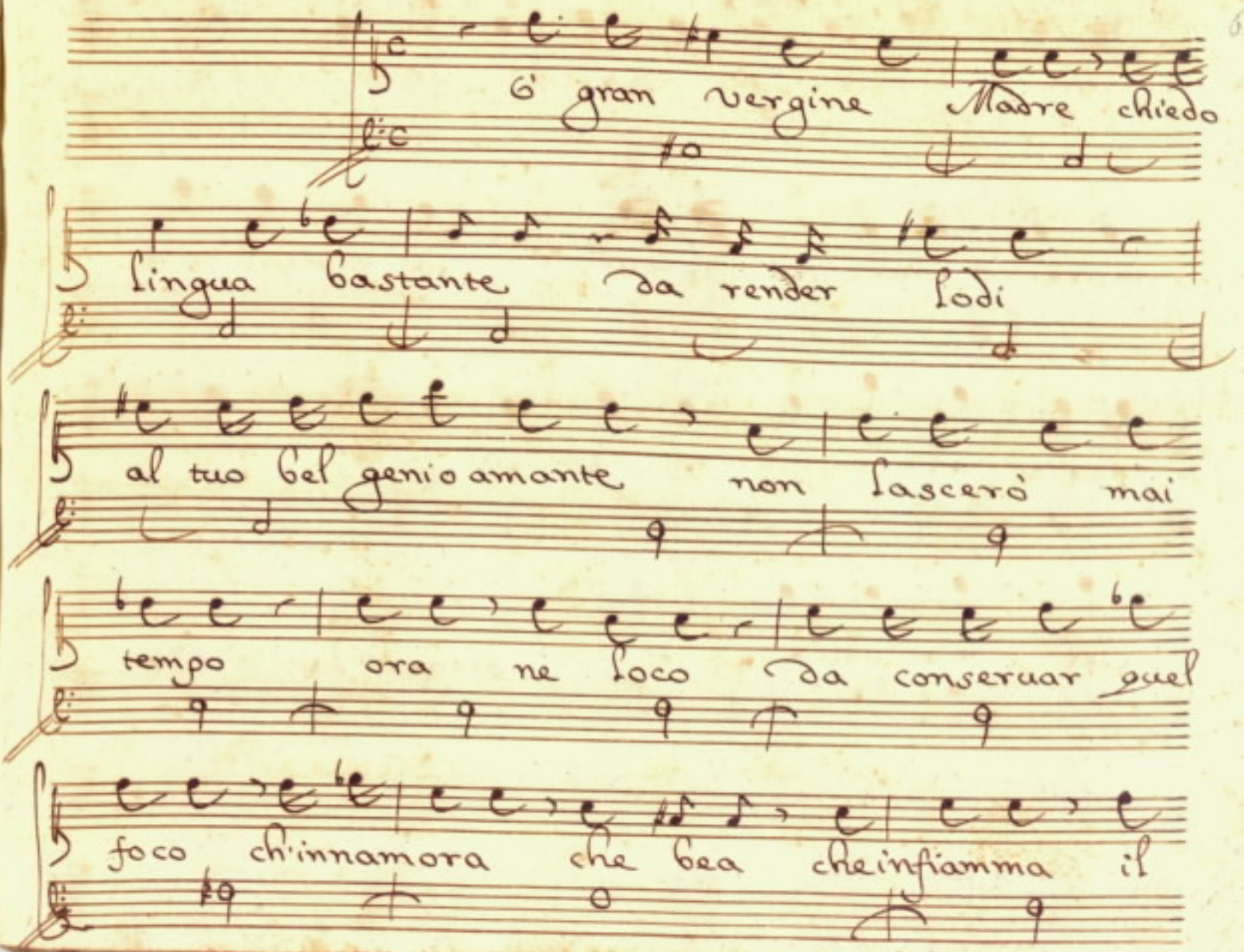
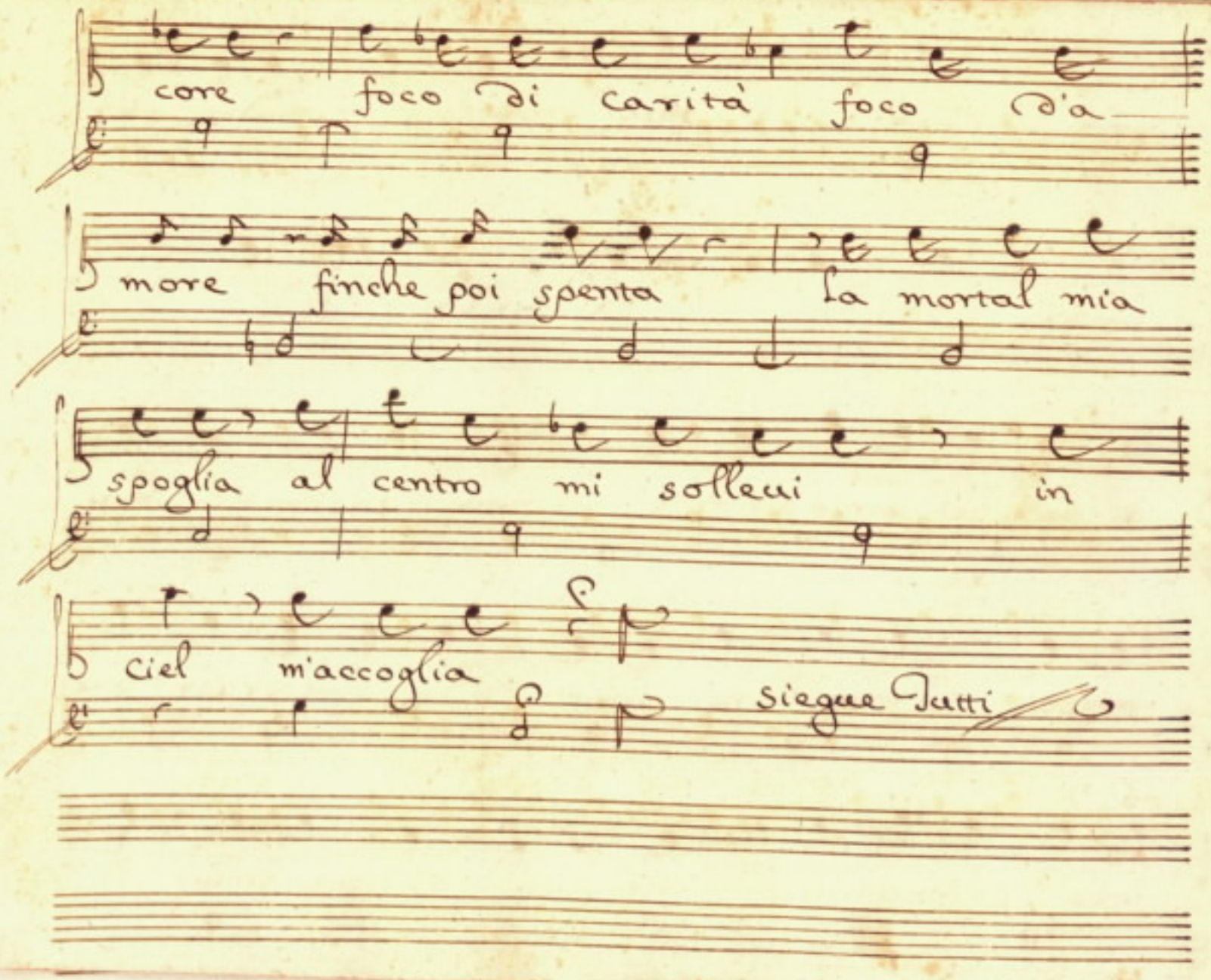
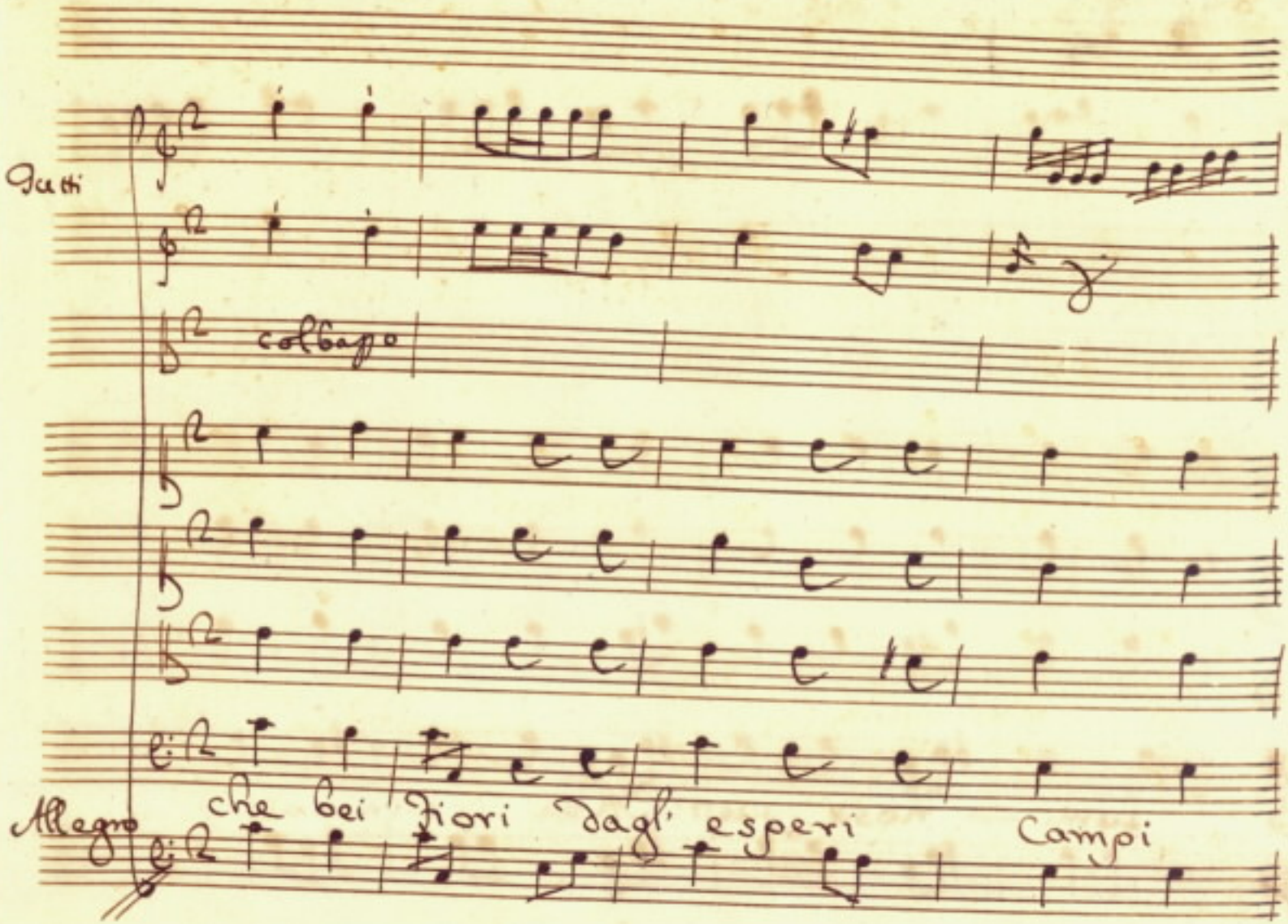
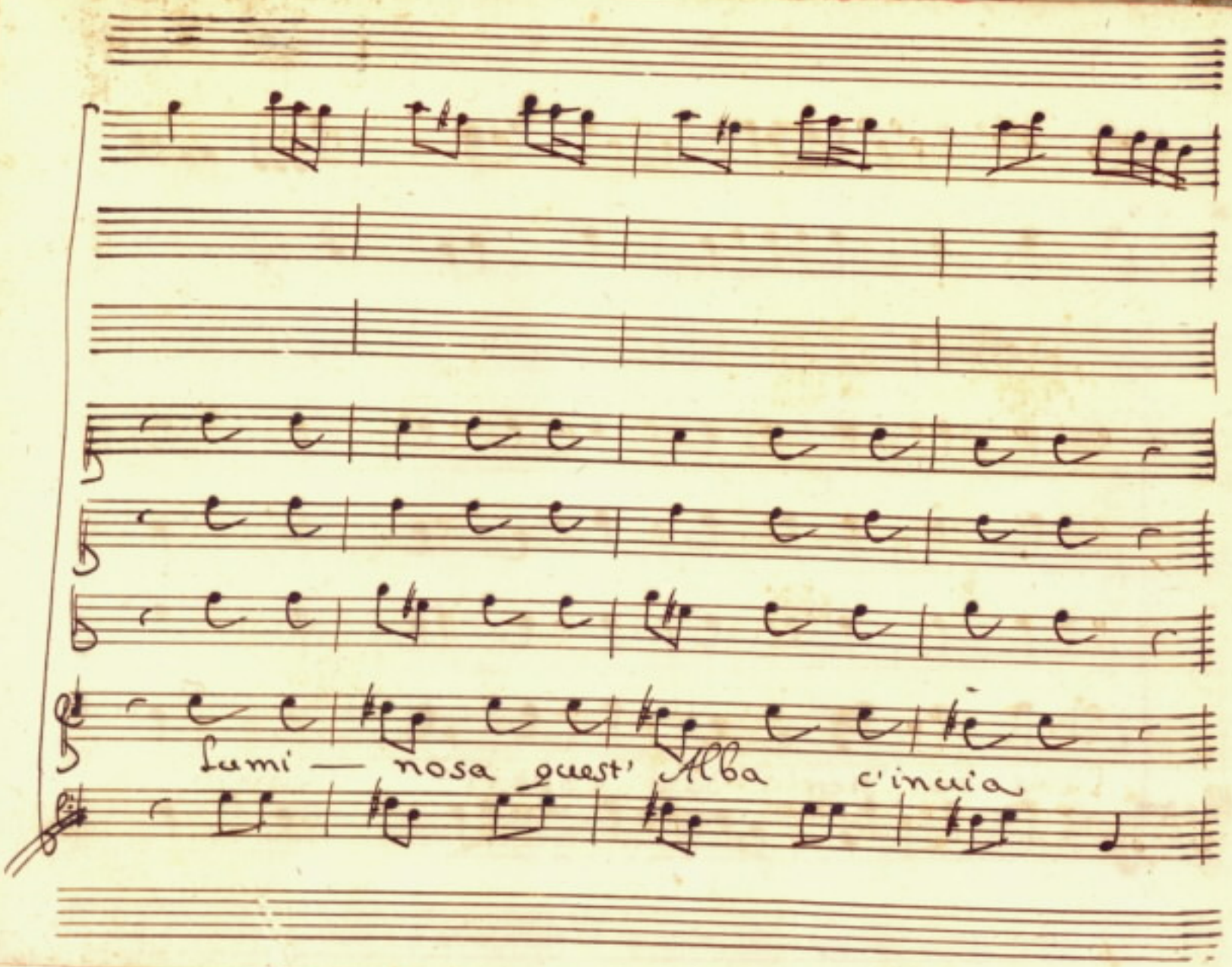
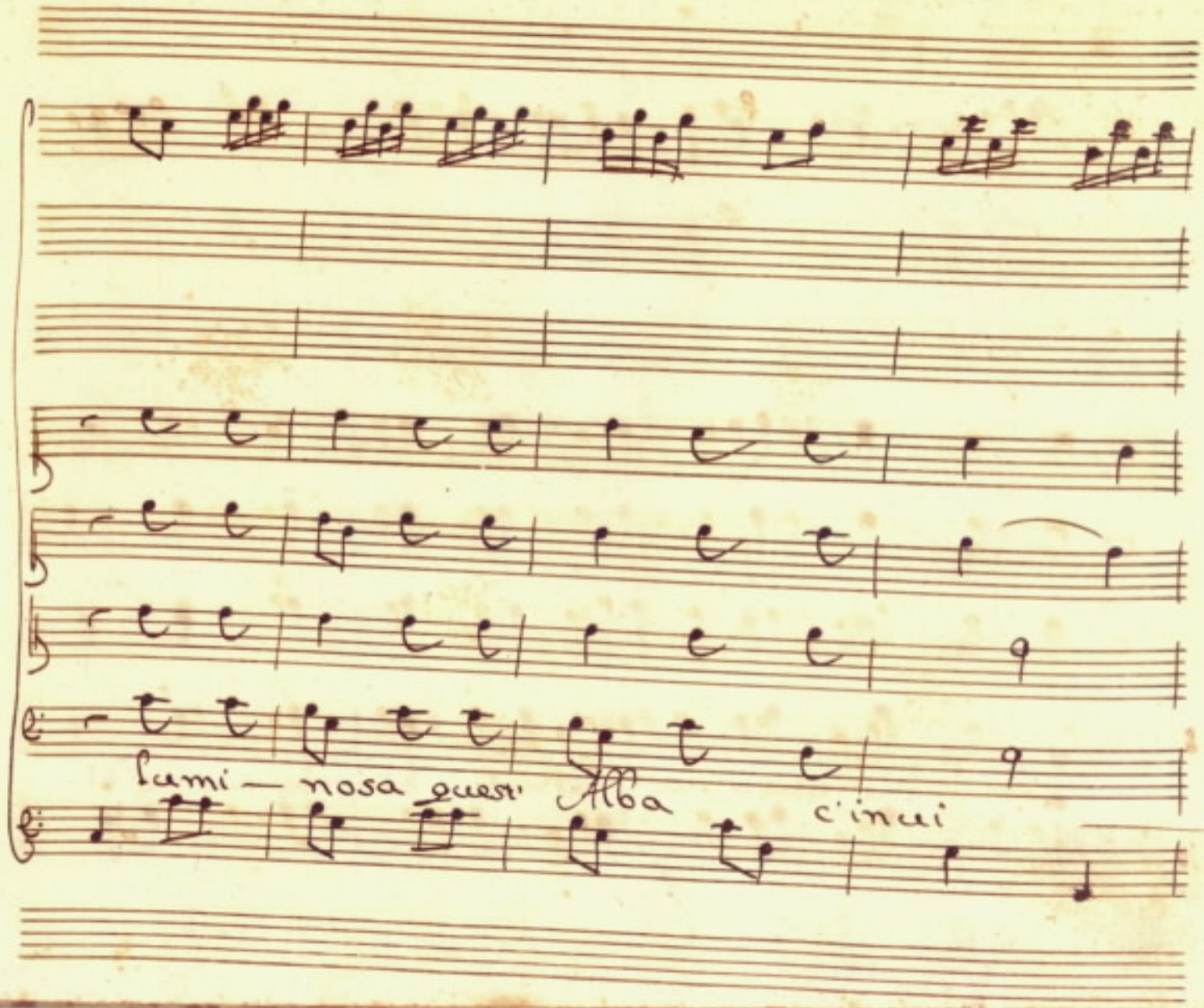

Palago
Palago
Siegue


O gran Vergine Madre chiedo
lingua bastante da render lodi
al tuo bel genio amante non lascerò mai
tempo ora ne loco da conseruar quel
foco ch'innamora che bea che infiamma il


core foco di carità foco d'a
more finche poi spenta la mortal mia
spoglia al centro mi sollevi in
ciel m'accoglia
Siegue Tutti


Tutti
col basso
Allegro
che bei fiori dagl' esperi Campi


lumi — nosa quest' Alba c'incuia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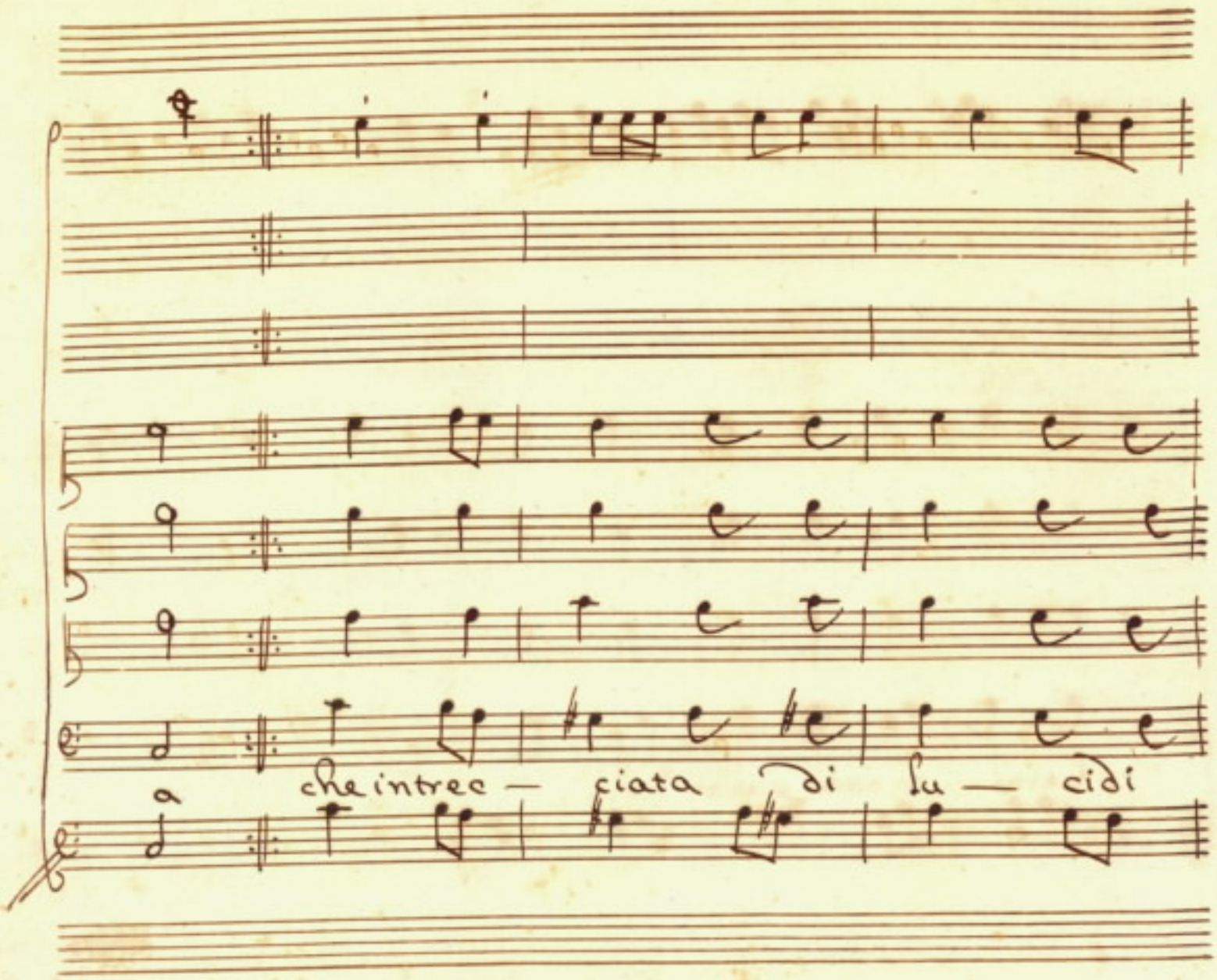
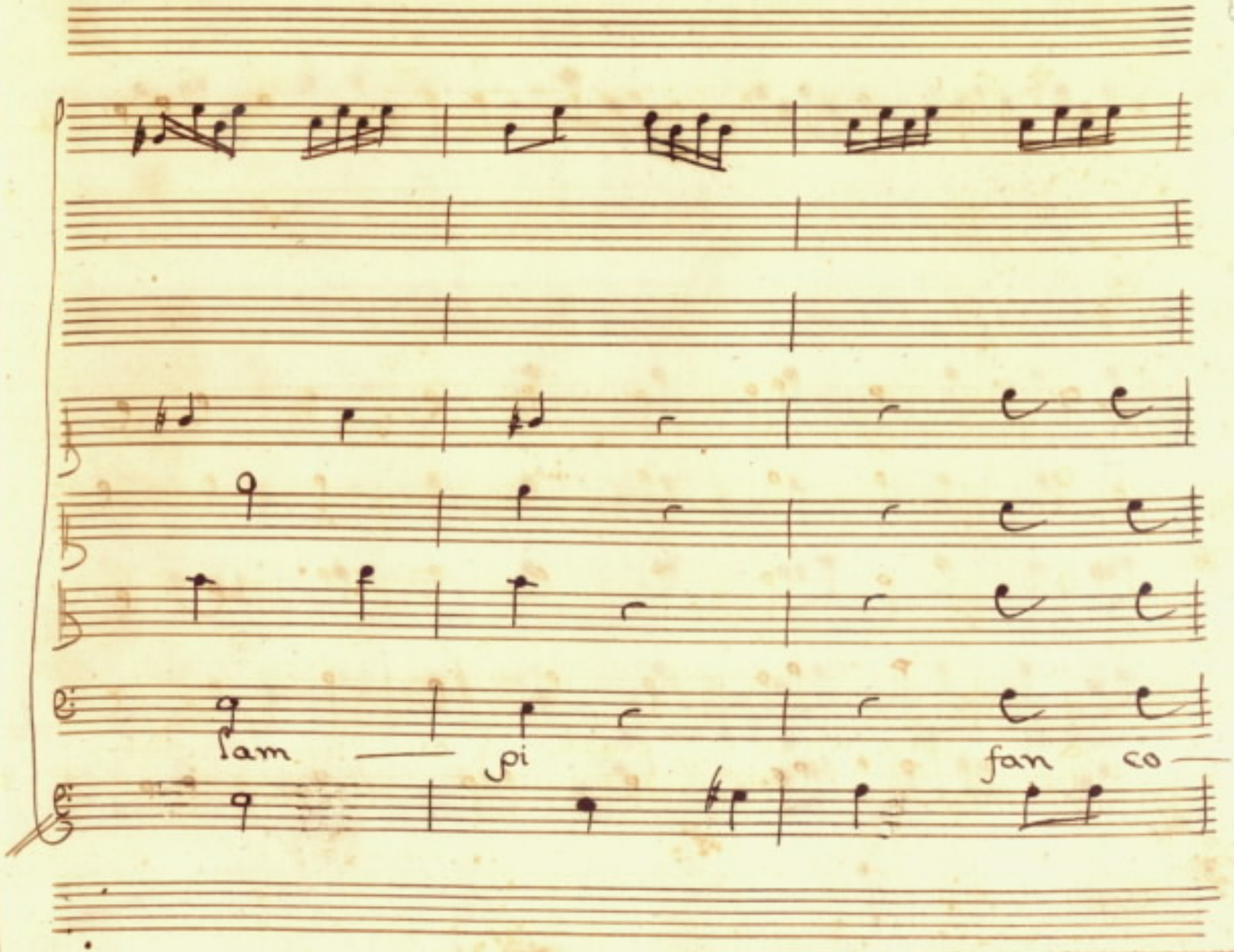
c'incui


a
che intrec — ciata di lu — cidi


fam — pi
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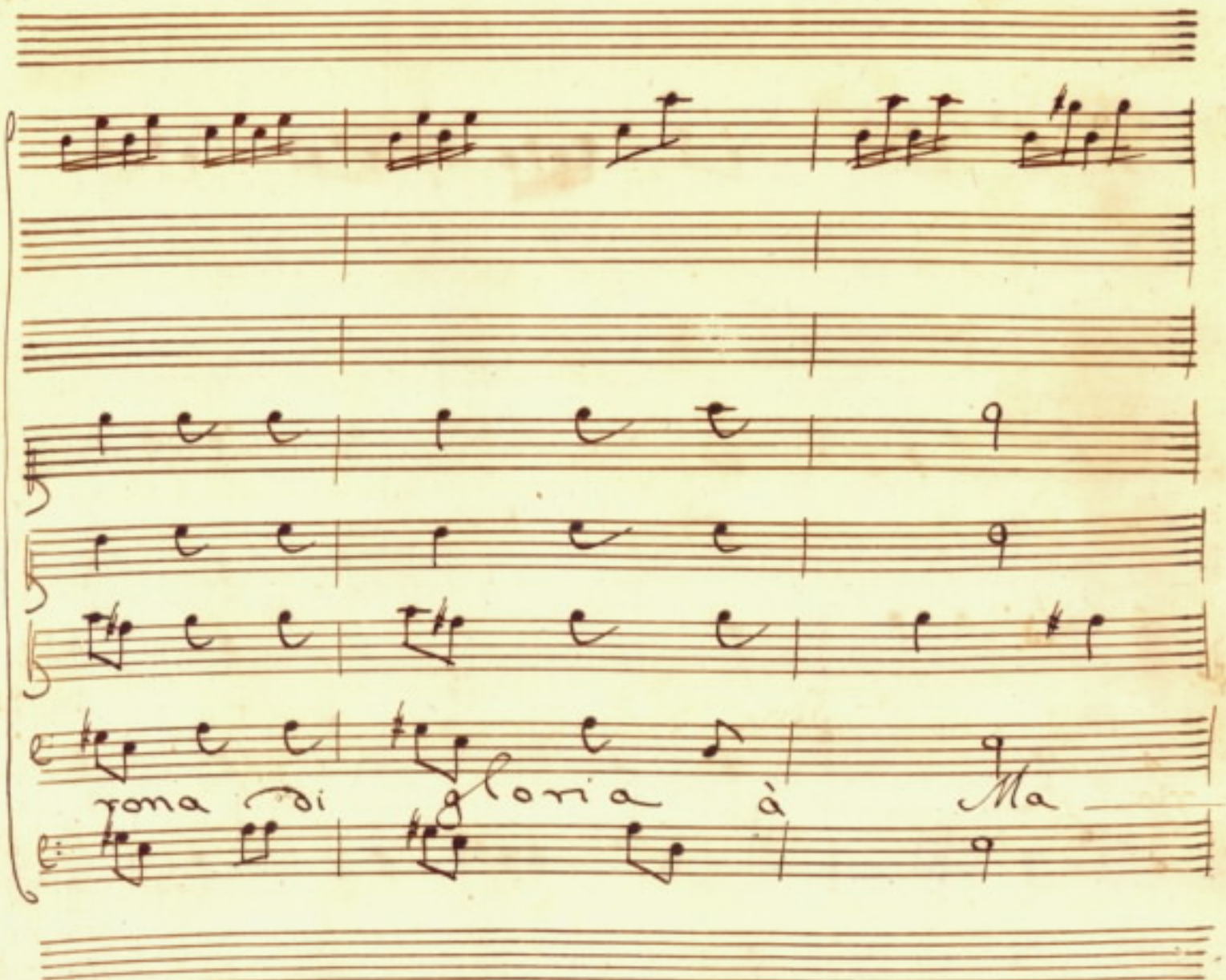
rona di gloria à Ma

Fine dell' Oratorio

ria

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