

Music for the Walk for Hunger, May 3, 2015

The Cantabile Renaissance Band Transcriptions by Laura Conrad

April 2, 2015

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As I mee walked in a May Morning, Canon in the unison for 4 voices

From *Pammelia* (1609)

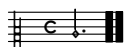
Thomas Ravenscroft



As I mee walk- ed in a May Morn- ing,
 Shee nod ded up and downe, and swore all by her crowne
 All you that mar- ried be, learne this song of me,
 All young men in this throng, to mar- ry that thinke it long,



I heard a birde sing Cu- ckow.
 Shee had friends in the towne, Cu- ckow.
 So shall we not a- gree, Cu- ckow.
 Come learne of me this song, Cu- ckow.



We be three poor Mariners,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TREBLE.

Thomas Ravenscroft



1. Wee be three poore Mar - i - ners, new - ly come from the seas,
 2. We care not for those martiall men, that doe our states dis - daine:



Wee spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, whiles o - thers live at
 But we care for those Mar - chant men, which doe our states main -



ease: Shall we goe daunce the round, the round, the round and shall we goe
 taine. To them we daunce the round, the round, the round to them we



daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde, and he that is a
 daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde.



bull - y boy, come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

¹original has a dotted quarter eight note here.



We be three poor Mariners,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TENOR.

Thomas Ravenscroft



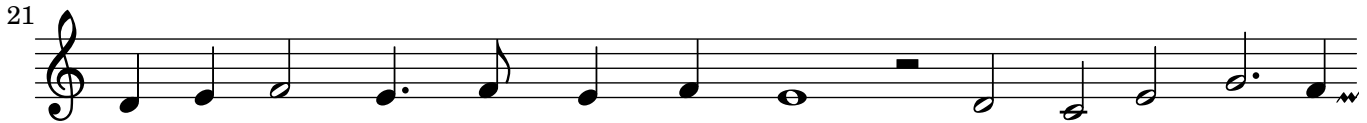
1. Wee be three poore Mar - i - ners, new - ly come from the seas,
 2. We care not for those martiall men, that doe our states dis - daine:



Wee spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, whiles o - thers live at
 But we care for those Mar - chant men, which doe our states main -



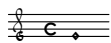
ease: Shall we goe daunce the round, the round, the round and shall we goe
 taine. To them we daunce the round, the round, the round to them we



daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde, and he that is a
 daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde.



bull - y boy, come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.



VI. God morrow, Fayre Ladies,

CANTVS

Thomas Morley

God morrow, faire Ladies of the May, wher is my cru - ell? where is
 7 my sweet cru-ell? God mor-row, faire Ladies, of the May, wher
 13 is my sweet cre-wel? faire Clo - ris my sweet crew - ell? O
 20 see where shee comes a Queene, a Queene, a Queene, shee comes, a
 26 Queene, all in greene, all in gau-die greene a - ray - ing, all in
 32 gau-dy greene a-ray-ing, all in greene, a - ray - ing. O how
 38 gay - ly goes my sweet je - well? was never such a May - ing, ne-
 46 ver was such a May - ing, such a May-ing, since May de-
 53 lights de - cay - ing, since May delights first decay - ing. O how

62
gay - ly goes my sweet jew - ell? was never such a May - ing, was
70
ne-ver such a May - ing, such a May-ing, since May de-
77
lights de - cay - ing, since May de-lights first de-cay-
84
ing. So was my Clo-ris sheene, brought home and made May Queene.





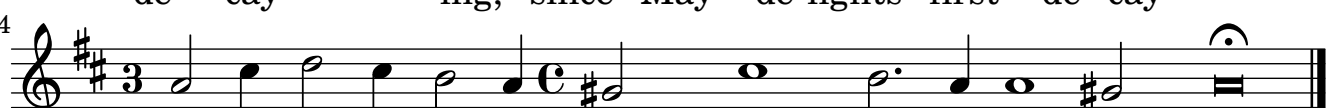


VI. God morrow, Fayre Ladies,

ALTUS.

Thomas Morley

8 God mor-row, faire La-dies of the May, wher is my
 6 cru - ell? where is my sweet cru - ell? God mor - row, faire
 10 La-dies, of the May, faire La-dies, say, wher is my sweet cre -
 14 wel? faire Clo-ris my sweet crew - ell? See o where shee comes a
 22 (1) Queene, a Queene, oh a Queene, a Queene, a Queene, all in
 28 gau-die greene, a - ray - ing, in gau-dy greene a - ray -
 34 B ing, all in gau - die greene, O how gay - ly goes my sweet bonny je -
 42 well? Was never such a May, such a May, such a May-ing, was never
 47 such a May-ing, ne-ver was such a May-ing, since May de-lights first
 53 C de - cay - ing. since May de-lights first de-cay - ing.

61  O how gay - ly goes my sweet bon-ny je - well? Was
67  never such a May, such a May, such a may-ing, was never such a May-
72  ing, ne-ver was such a May-ing, since May de-lights first
77  de - cay - ing, since May de-lights first de - cay
84  ing. So was my Clo-ris sheene, brought home for the May Queene.

¹ facsimile has a dotted whole.



VI. God morrow, Fayre Ladies,

BASSVS.

Thomas Morley



God mor-row, fayre Ladies of the May, wher is my cru-ell?



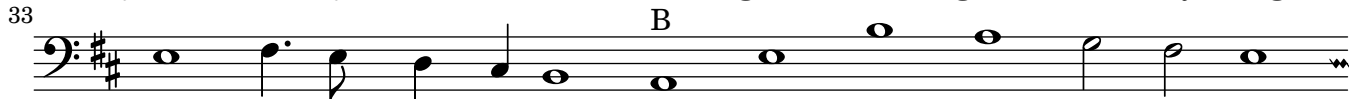
God mor-row, fayre Ladies, of the May, say, wher is my sweet sweet cru-



el, faire Clo - ris my sweet cru - ell? See lo wher shee comes a



Queene, a Queene, she comes, all in greene, all in greene a - ray - ing,



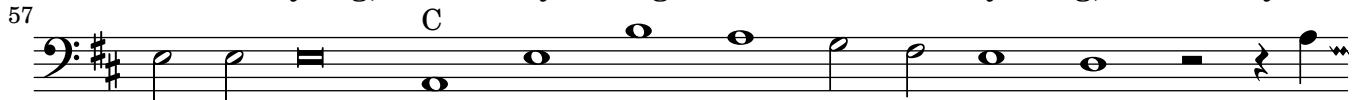
in gau-die greene a-ray - ing. How gay - ly goes my je -



well? Was ne ver such a May - ing, was ne-ver such a May,



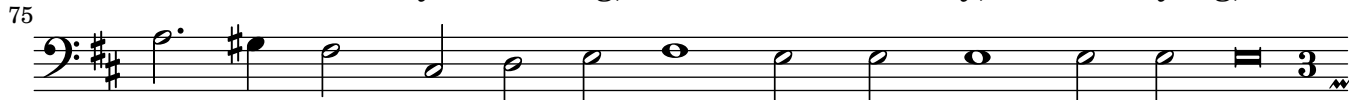
such a May-ing, since May de-lights first de - cay - ing, since Mayes



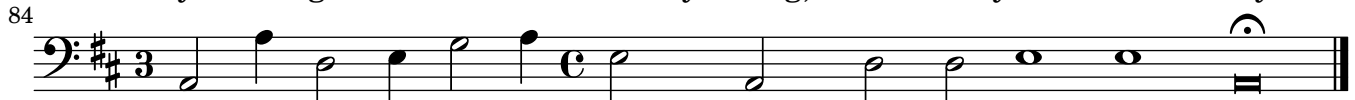
first de - cay - ing; How gay - ly goes my je - ell? was



ne-ver such a May - ing, was ne-ver such a May, such a May-ing, since



May de-lights first de - cay - ing, since May first de - cay-



ing. So was my Clo - ris sheene, brought home for the May Queene.

It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Cantus

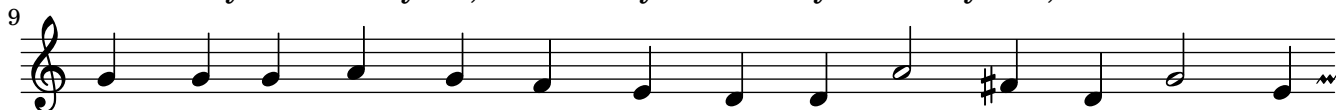
Thomas Morley



1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho,
 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, With a hey, with a ho,
 3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho,
 4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, With a hey, with a ho,



and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,
 and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,
 and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,
 and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,



That o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In spring-time, in spring-time,
 These pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie,
 How that a life was but a Flower,
 For love is crown - ed with the prime,



in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing



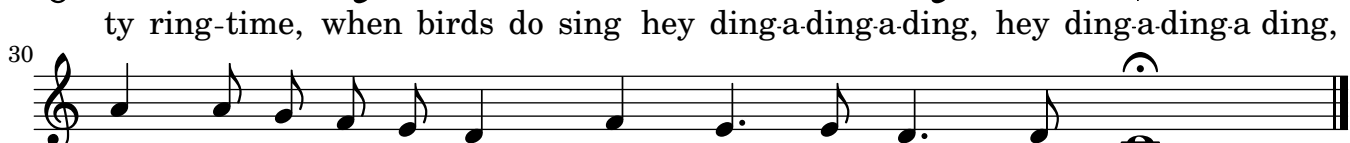
Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,



Sweet lov - ers love the spring, in springtime, in springtime, the on - ly pret -



ty ring - time, when birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a ding,



hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, Sweet lov - ers love - the spring.

It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Altus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, with a hey ho non-ny no,
 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, with a hey ho non-ny no,
 3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, with a hey ho non-ny no,
 4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, with a hey ho non-ny no,

5 non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, That o'er the green
 non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, These pret - ty Coun -
 non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, How that a life
 non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, For love is crown -

9 corn-fields did pass, that o'er the green fields did pass, in springtime,
 try folks would lie, These pret - ty Country folks would lie,
 was but a Flower, How that a life was but a Flower,
 ed with the prime, For love is crowned with the prime,

14 the on - ly pretty ring - time, When birds do sing Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding,

19 hey dingadiding, Lov - ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring,

24 the spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring-time, when birds do sing Hey

29 ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Lov - ers love - the spring.

It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Bassus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, with a hey
 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, with a hey
 3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, with a hey
 4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, with a hey

non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,
 non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,
 non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,
 non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,

That o'er the green fields, the green corn - fields did pass,
 These pret - ty Coun - try, these coun - try folks would lie,
 How that a life was, a life was but a Flower,
 For love is crown - ed, is crown - ed with the prime,

In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly ring - time,

When birds do sing hey dingadingading, hey ding - ading - ading, Sweet lov - ers love

the spring, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time,

when birds do sing Hey dingadingading, hey ding - ading Sweet lovers love the spring.

Springtime mantleth every bough

Cantus

Thomas Morley (1557 – 1603)

Spring-time mant-leth eve-ry bough, and bowers make for shep-herd's sport,
 5 birds and beasts are of con-sort: Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la
 9 la la la la la la la. la. Our hearts in true love we do vow, un-to that fai-ry
 15 shepherds' maid, we with true love are repaid. Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la
 21 la, fa la la la la la la la la la la. fa la la la, fa la la la la la. Our la.

Springtime mantleth every bough

Tenor

Thomas Morley (1557 – 1603)

Spring-time mant-leth eve-ry bough, and bowers make for shep-herd's sport,
 5 birds and beasts are of consort: Fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la la la la
 10 la la. Our hearts in true love we do vow, un-to that fai-ry shepherds' maid,
 16 we with true love are repaid. Fa la la la la la la. fa la la la la la la la. fa
 21 la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. fa la la la la la la la la la la. Our la.

Springtime mantleth every bough

Bassus

Thomas Morley (1557 – 1603)

8 Spring - time mant-leth eve-ry bough, and bowers make for
4 shep-herd's sport, birds and beasts are of con-sort: Fa la la
8 la la la la la la la la. la. la. Our hearts in true love
13 we do vow, un-to that fai-ry shep-herds' maid, we with true love
17 are re-paid. Fa la la la la la la la la la, fa la la
22 la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la. Our la.

Carmen

Cantus

Heinrich Isaac

① 2 3

10

17

24

30

35

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Carmen" by Heinrich Isaac, specifically the "Cantus" section. The score is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music begins with a circled number 1, followed by the numbers 2 and 3, indicating a first ending. The score consists of six lines of music, with measure numbers 10, 17, 24, 30, and 35 marked at the beginning of their respective lines. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Carmen

Tenor

Heinrich Isaac

1 ② 3

6

12

20

27

33

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the Tenor part of the song 'Carmen'. It consists of five staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a melodic line with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. Measure numbers 1, 6, 12, 20, 27, and 33 are indicated on the left side of the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth staff.

Carmen

Bassus

Heinrich Isaac

1 2 ③

10

21

31

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the Bassus part of the song 'Carmen'. It consists of four staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a more rhythmic and harmonic style, featuring many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. Measure numbers 1, 10, 21, and 31 are indicated on the left side of the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

Fortuna Desperata

Superius

Antoine Busnois (1430-1492)

① 2 3

For - tu - na, for - tu - na de - spe - ra -
 11 ta. de - spe - ra - ta in - i -
 21 qua e ma - le - di - cta che di tal do -
 31 na e - le - cta la fa -
 40 ma, la fa - ma ay de - ne -
 49 ga - ta, ay de - ne - ga - ta.

Translation:

Desperate fate,
 iniquitous and maledicted
 who blackened the good name
 of a woman beyond compare.

Fortuna Desperata

Tenor

Antoine Busnois (1430-1492)

1 ② 3

For - tu - - - na, for - tu - na de - spe -

9

ra - ta, de - spe - ra - ta.

20

in - i - - qua ma - le - di - -

30

- cta che di tal do - na e - le - cta

40

la fa - ma ay de - ne -

49

ga - - - ta, ay de - ne - ga - ta.

Translation:

Desperate fate,
 iniquitous and maledicted
 who blackened the good name
 of a woman beyond compare.

Fortuna dun gran tempo



*Josquin des Prez*¹

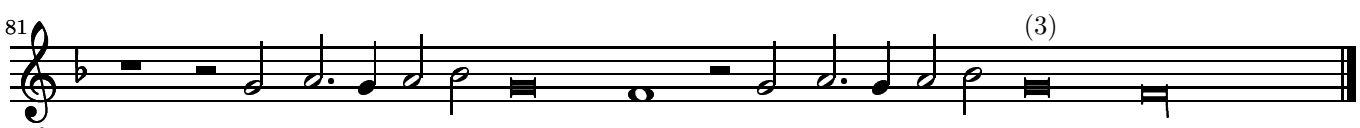
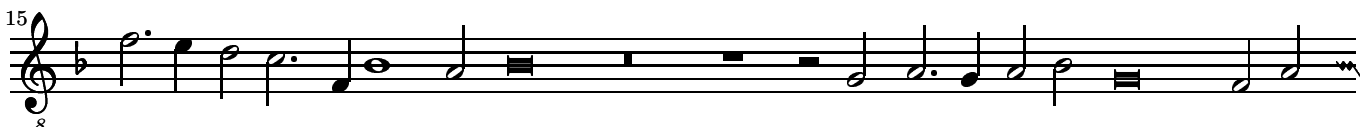
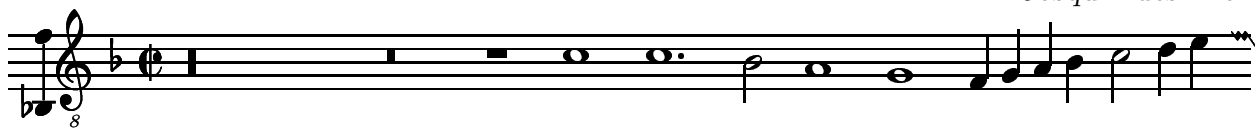
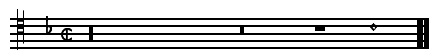


¹Odhecaton doesn't have the attribution to Josquin, that comes from "La plus des plus, five songs for three instruments", Hermann Moeck Verlag.

Fortuna dun gran tempo

Tenor

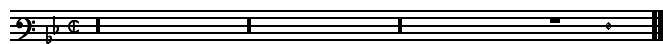
Josquin des Prez



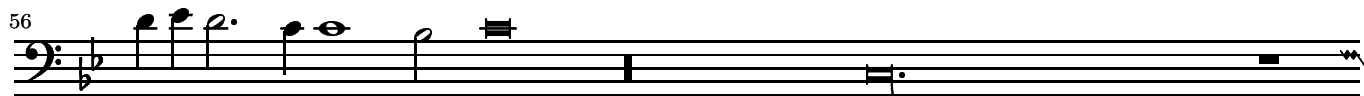
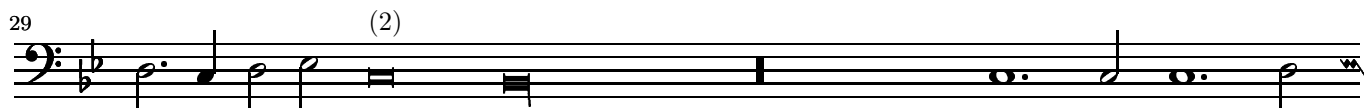
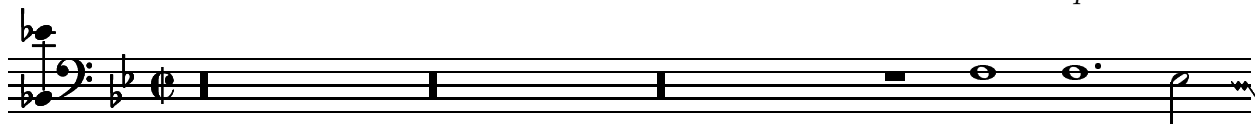
³This ligature is more often transcribed as two whole notes.

Fortuna dun gran tempo

Contra



Josquin des Prez



²Original has a ligature which is usually transcribed as 2 whole notes



The peacefull Westernne winde

Cantus

Thomas Campian



1. The peace - ful wes - terne winde The
And na - ture in each kind the
2. See how the morn - ing smiles On
And with soft steps be - guiles Them
3. What Sa - turn did des - troy, Love's
And now her na - ked boy Doth
4. If all things life pre - sent, Why
Why suf - fers my con - tent? Am



win - ter stormes hath tam'd. The for - ward buds so
kind heat hath in - flam'd.
her bright east - ern hill. The mu - sic - lov - ing
that lie slum - bring still.
queen re - vives a - gain; Where he such pleas - ing
in the fields re - main.
die my com - forts then? O beau - ty, be not
I the worst of men?



sweet - ly breathe Out of their earth - ly bow'rs, That
birds are come From cliffs and rocks un - known; To
change doth view In ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, As
thou ac - cus'd Too just - ly in this case; Un -



heav'n which views their pomp be - neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
see the trees and bri - ars bloom, That late were ov - er - flown.
if the world were born a - new, To gra - ti - fy the Spring.
kind - ly if true love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.



The peacefull Westernne winde

Altus

Thomas Campian



1. The peace - ful wes - terne winde The
 And na - ture in each kind the
 2. See how the morn - ing smiles On
 And with soft steps be - guiles Them
 3. What Sa - turn did des - troy, Love's
 And now her na - ked boy Doth
 4. If all things life pre - sent, Why
 Why suf - fers my con - tent? Am



win - ter stormes hath tam'd. The for - ward buds so
 kind heat hath in - flam'd. The mu - sic - - lov - ing
 her bright east - ern hill. The
 that lie slum - bring still. mu - sic - - lov - ing
 queen re - vives a - gain; Where he such pleas - ing
 in the fields re - main. O
 die my com - forts then? beau - ty, be not
 I the worst of men?



sweet - ly breathe Out of their earth - ly bow'rs, That
 birds are come From cliffs and rocks un - known; To
 change doth view In ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, As
 thou ac - cus'd Too just - ly in this case; Un -



heav'n which views their pomp be - neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
 see the trees and bri - ars bloom, That late were ov - er - flown.
 if the world were born a - new, To gra - ti - fy the Spring.
 kind - ly if true love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.

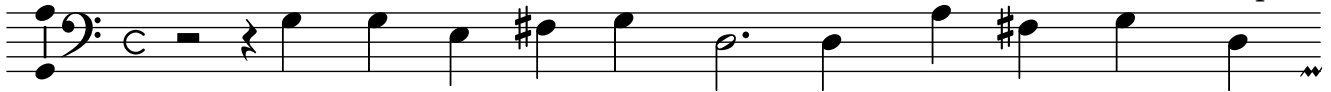
¹Facsimile has an e, but the lute tab shows a G chord.



The peacefull Westerne winde

Bassus

Thomas Campian



1. The peace-ful westerne winde The win - ter stormes hath
And na - ture in each kind the kind heat hath in -
2. See how the morn - ing smiles On her bright east - ern
And with soft steps be - guiles Them that lie slum - bring
3. What Sa - turn did des - troy, Love's queen re - vives a -
And now her na - ked boy Doth in the fields re -
4. If all things life pre - sent, Why die my com - forts
Why suf - fers my con - tent? Am I the worst of



tam'd. The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breathe Out
flam'd.
hill. The mu - sic - - lov - ing birds are come From
still.
gain; Where he such pleas - ing change doth view In
main.
then? O beau - ty, be not thou ac - cus'd Too
men?



of their earth - ly bow'rs, That heav'n which views their
cliffs and rocks un - known; To see the trees and
ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, As if the world were
just - ly in this case; Un - kind - ly if true



pomp be - neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
bri - ars bloom, That late were ov - er - flown.
born a - new, To gra - ti - fy the Spring.
love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.

Pasttime with good company

Cantus

Henry VIII (attributed)



1. Passe-tyme with gude com - pa-nye, I love, and shall un-
 2. Youth wyll have nedes da - lyauce, Of gude or yll some
 3. Com - pa - nye with ho - ne-ste, Ys ver - tu, vyce to



til I dye. Gruch who wyll, but none de - ny, So
 pas - taunce, Com - pa - nye me thynketh them best, All
 flee. Com - pa - nye ys gude or yll, But



God be pleeyd, thus lyfe wyll I. For my pastaunce: Hunt,
 thouts and fan - syes to dy-gest. For y - dle-ness, Ys
 e - v'ry man hath hys frewylle. The best en - syue, The



syng, and daunce, My hert ys sett! All
 chef ma - stres Of vy - ces all: Than
 worst es - chew, My mynd shall be: Ver -



gude - ly sport, Fore my com - fort, Who shall me lett?
 who can say, But myrth and play Ys best of all?
 tue to use, Vyce to re - fuse, Thus shall use me!

Pasttime with good company

Tenor

Henry VIII (attributed)



1. Passetyme with gude com - pa-nye, I love, and shall un - til I dye.
2. Youth wyll have nedes da - lyauce, Of gude or yll some pas - taunce,
3. Com - pa - nye with ho - ne-ste, Ys ver - tu, vyce to flee.



Gruch who wyll, but none de - ny, So God be pleeyd, thus
 Com - pa - nye me thynk-eth them best, All thouts and fan - syes
 Com - pa - nye ys gude or yll, But e - v'ry man hath



lyfe wyll I. For my pastaunce: Hunt, syng, and daunce, My
 to dy-gest. For y - dle - ness, Ys chef ma - stres Of
 hys frewylle. The best en - syue, The worst es - chew, My



hert ys sett! All gude-ly sport, Fore my com fort, Who shall me lett?
 vy - ces all: Than who can say, But myrth and play Ys best of all?
 mynd shall be: Ver - tue to use, Vyce to re - fuse, Thus shall use me!

Pasttime with good company

Bassus

Henry VIII (attributed)



1. Passetyme with gude com - pa - nye, I love, and shall un - til I dye.
2. Youth wyll have nedes da - lyauce, Of gude or yll some pas - taunce,
3. Com - pa - nye with ho - ne - ste, Ys ver - tu, vyce to flee.



Gruch who wyll, but none de - ny, So God be pleeyd, thus
 Com - pa - nye me thynketh them best, All thouts and fan - syes
 Com - pa - nye ys gude or yll, But e - v'ry man hath



lyfe wyll I. For my pastaunce: Hunt, syng, and daunce, My
 to dy-gest. For y - dle - ness, Ys chef ma - stres Of
 hys frewylle. The best en - syue, The worst es - chew, My



hert ys sett! All gude-ly sport, Fore my com fort, Who shall me lett?
 vy - ces all: Than who can say, But myrth and play Ys best of all?
 mynd shall be: Ver - tue to use, Vyce to re - fuse, Thus shall use me!



Allons, allons gai

Discantus

Adrian Willaert (c. 1490 - 1562)

① 2 3

Al-lons, al-lons gai, gai-e-ment, ma mi-gnonne, Al-lons, al-lons
gai, gai-e-ment, vous et moi
Mon père a fait faire un châ-teaux fait faire un
ch--teau, Il est pe-tit mais il est beau, gai-ement, ma mi-
gnon-ne, Al-lons, al-lons gai, gaie-ment vous et moi Il
est petit mais il est beau, D'or et d'argent sont les
cré--neaux, Le roi n'en a point de si beau, gai-e-ment, ma mi-
gnon-ne, allons allons gai, gai-ement, vous et moi. Le roi n'en a point de si
beau, gai-e-ment, ma mignon-ne, allons, allons gai, gaie e-ment, vous et moi.

Translation:

Let us ride gaily, my sweet, you and I. My father has built us a castle. It is small, but beautiful, Of gold and silver are the tower tops. The king himself has nothing so beautiful. Let us ride gaily, my sweet, you and I.



Allons, allons gai

Contraténor

Adrian Willaert (c. 1490 - 1562)

1 ② 3

Al-lons, al-lons gai, gai - e - ment, ma mi - gnon - - ne,

Al-lons, al-lons gai, gai - e - ment, vous et moi Mon père a fait faire

un châ - teaux, Mon père a fait faire un châ - teaux,

Il est pe - tit mais il est beau, gai - e - ment ma mi -

gnon - ne, Al - lons al - lons gai, gai - e - ment, vous et moi, Il est pe - tit mais

il est beau, Il est pe - tit mais il est beau, D'or et d'argent sont les

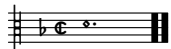
cré - neaux Le roi ne'en a point de si beau, gai - e - ment, ma

mi - gnon - ne, Allons, allons gai, gai - e - ment, vous et moi. Le roi n'en a point de

si beau, gai - e - ment, ma mi - gnon - ne. Allons, allons gai, gai - e - ment vous et moi.

Translation:

Let us ride gaily, my sweet, you and I. My father has built us a castle. It is small, but beautiful, Of gold and silver are the tower tops. The king himself has nothing so beautiful. Let us ride gaily, my sweet, you and I.



Allons, allons gai

Tenor

Adrian Willaert (c. 1490 - 1562)

1 2 ③

Al - lons, al-lons gai, gai - e-ment, ma mi-gnon-ne, Al-lons, al-lons
 gai, gai - - e-ment, vous et moi Mon père a fait faire
 un châ - teaux, Mon père a fait faire un châ-teaux,
 Il est pe-tit mais il est beau, gai - e - ment ma mi - gnon -
 ne, Al - lons al-lons gai, gai - e-ment, vous et moi, Il est pe-tit mais
 il est beau, D'or et d'argent sont les cré - neaux sont les cré-neaux
 Le roi ne'en a point de si beau, Le roi ne'en a point de si beau, gai-e -
 ment, ma mignonne, Allons, allons gai, gai-ement, vous et moi. Le roi n'en a point
 de si beau, gai-ement, ma mignonne. Allons, allons gai, gai-ement vous et moi.

Translation:

Let us ride gaily, my sweet, you and I. My father has built us a castle. It is small, but beautiful, Of gold and silver are the tower tops. The king himself has nothing so beautiful. Let us ride gaily, my sweet, you and I.

Fugge il verno dei dolori

Scherzi Musicali (1607)

Gabriello Chiabrera (1552 – 1638)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)

Ritornello. Si sona due volte prima che si cominca cantare

5

10

Fug-ge il ver - no dei do - lo - ri pri - ma - ve - ra de gl'a - mo - ri se ne tor - na

Fug-ge il ver - no dei do - lo - ri pri - ma - ve - ra de gl'a - mo - ri se ne tor - na

Fug-ge il ver - no dei do - lo - ri pri - ma - ve - ra de gl'a - mo - ri se ne tor - na

15

tut - ta a - dor - na di o - ret - ti la - sci - vet - ti ma non tor - no

tut - ta a - dor - na di o - ret - ti la - sci - vet - ti ma non tor - ni

tut - ta a - dor - na di o - ret - ti la - sci - vet - ti ma non tor - ni

19

tugia' mai Filli in - gra - ta di - spie - ta - ta a dar - ne a li miei gua-i.

tugia' ma - i Fil - li in - gra - ta di - spie - ta - ta a dar - ne a li miei gua-i.

tugia' ma - i Filli in - gra - ta di - spie - ta - ta a dar - ne a li miei gua-i.

Ritornello

2. Senti Ze ro che spira
 Vedi Amor che l'arco tira,
 E c'invita
 A dolce vita
 Vita quieta
 Vita lieta
 E tu sorda, e cieca, ahi lasso,
 Neghitosa
 Disdegnosa
 Ti starai qual duro sasso.

3. Senti piange Tortorella
 Quasi a itta vedovella,
 Che non trova
 Che le giova
 In suo errante
 Caro amante
 E tu viver sempre vuoi
 Sola in noie
 Da le gioie
 Nascondendo i sensi tuoi.

4. Tu non sai che lieto stato
 E il trovarsi accompagnato,
 Mira Filli
 Amarilli
 Quanto gode
 Con sua lode
 Di star sempre a Tirsi in braccio,
 Fillo quanto
 Farai pianto
 Se disprezzi questo laccio.

O rosetta

Scherzi Musicali (1607)

Gabriello Chiabrera (1552 – 1638)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)

Ritornello. Si sona due volte prima che si cominca cantare

Canto I
e' - g''

Canto II
e' - d''

Basso
G - c'

O ro-
O ro-
O ro-

11

set - ta, che ro - set - ta tra'l bel ver - de di tue fron - di ver-go - gno - sa ti na -
set - ta, che ro - set - ta tra'l bel ver - de di tue fron - di ver-go - gno - sa ti na -
set - ta, che ro - set - ta tra'l bel ver - de di me fron - di ver-go - gno - sa ti na -

16

scon - di, co-me pu - ra don - zel - let - ta, che spo - sa - ta an - cor non è.
scon - di, co-me pu - ra don - zel - let - ta, che spo - sa - ta an - cor non è.
scon - di, co-me pu - ra don - zel - let - ta, che spo - sa - ta an - cor non è.

Ritornello

2. Se dal bel cespo natio
Ti torrò non te caglia;
Ma con te tanto mi vaglia,
Che ne lodi il pensier mio,
Se servigio ha sua mercè.

3. Caro pregio il tuo colore
Tra le man a di colei,
Che governa a pensier miei,
Che mi mira il petto, e'l core,
Ma non mira la mia fè.

4. Non mi dir, come t'apprezza
La beltà di Citerea,
Io me'l so, ma questa Dea
E di gratia, e di bellezza
Non ha Dea semblante a se.