

O sia tranquillo il mare

Claudio Monteverdi

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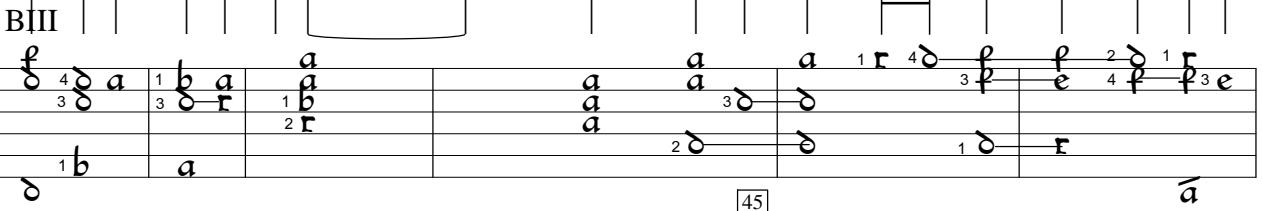
O si-a tran-quill'il ma-re o pien d'or-go-gli mai, mai, mai da que-st'on-de
 (Jim) [14]

io non ri-vol-go_ilpie-de io qui t'as-pet-to e qui de la tua fe-de tra-di-to_a-man-

te, mi la-men-to, mi la-men-to, mi la-men-to, tra-di-to_A-man-te, mi la-men-to,
 [20]

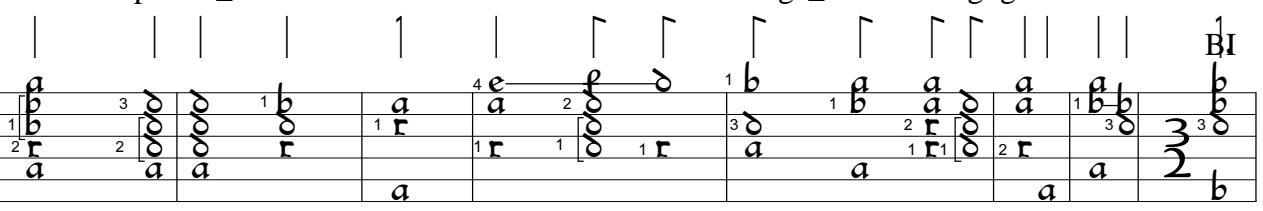
mi la-men-to e do-glio spes-so sa-lir su que-ste ru-pi io so-glio per ve-der se_il tuo
 BIII [25] [30]

le-gno_an-cor sen rie-de. per ve-der se_il tuo Qui-vi, qui-vi, qui-vi, qui-vi m'as-si-do_e

35 pian- go. On- de mi cre- de il mar un fon- te el na- vi- gan- te _ un sco- glio,
 BIII 

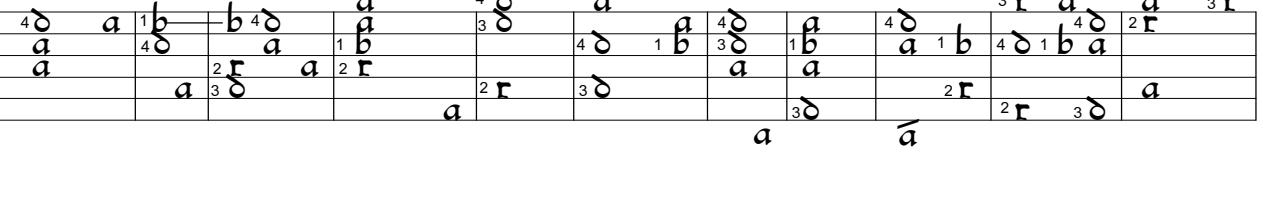
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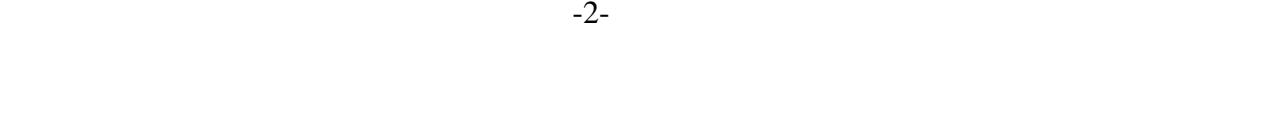
 45 el na- vi- gan- te _ un sco- glio, e spes- so ancor t'in- vi- o per mes- sag- gie- ri a ri-
 BII 

 50 dir la mia pe- na _ e'l mio tor- men- to del- l'a-ria va- ga_izef- fi- rileg- gie- ri. Ma
 BI 

 55 tu non tor- ni, non tor- ni, non tor- ni. Oh. oh, oh, oh, oh Fil- li, Fil- li, Fil- li, non
 BIII 

 60 

 65 

 70 tor- ni, Fil- li non tor- ni, oh, oh, oh, Fil- li, non tor- ni, ma tu non tor- ni, o Fil- li, non
 75 

Whether the sea be calm or full of pride,
Never will I turn my feet away from these waves.
I wait for you here, and here, as a lover,
I lament and complain of your betrayal of faith.
Often, I climb these rocks
To see if your woods are still without laughter.
There, I sit and cry.
So that the sea believes I am a spring,
And the sailors think I am a cliff,
And I still often send you messages
To tell of my pain and torment
Through the wandering air and light breezes.
But you don't come back, Phyllida,
And the breeze disperses my lament.
And one cannot expect such mercy
If you trust a lady with your heart
Or the winds with your prayers.