

Interrotte speranze

Words by Giovanni Battista Guarini Claudio Monteverdi

1 1 | | | | | 5 | | | | | 10 | | | | | | | | |

r	r	r	r	δ	r	r	a	δ	δ	δ	r	r	r	r	e	r	e
a	a	a	f	e	a	a	b	a	a	a	r	e	e	a	r	δ	r
a	a	a	r	r	a	a	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	e	e	e
a	a	a	r	r	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a

15 | | | | | 20 | | | | | 25 | | | | | | | | |

r	a	a	a	f	e	δ	a	δ	r	a	δ	δ	δ	r	r	r	r	e	r	e			
e	a	a	a	f	e	a	a	a	b	a	a	a	r	δ	e	δ	e	δ	δ	a	r	δ	r
r	a	a	a	r	r	a	a	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	e	e	e
a	a	a	a	r	r	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a

30 | | | | | 35 | | | | | | | | |

r	δ	r	a	δ	a	f	δ	a	a	r	a	r	e	f	f	e	e	r	r	r	r	r	r	r
e	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	r	r	r	r	r	r	e	e	r	δ	δ	r	g	δ	δ	δ	δ
r	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	r	r	r	e	e	r	r	r	r	r	r
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a

40 | | | | | 45 | | | | | | | | |

δ	r	δ	δ	δ	δ	r	r	r	a	r	a	a	r	a	δ	r	e	e	r	r	a	δ	r	a	δ
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a

50 | | | | | 55 | | | | | | | | |

δ	δ	δ	δ	δ	δ	r	r	r	e	a	e	r	a	e	r	a	b	r	e	r	r	r	r	r
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a

60 | | | | | 65 | | | | | | | | |

r	r	r	r	f	r	b	r	e	f	b	r	b	r	δ	f	r	e	r	a	a	e	f	r	r
e	δ	e	a	δ	δ	r	δ	a	r	r	δ	r	δ	r	δ	e	r	a	e	e	e	e	e	e
r	r	r	r	r	a	r	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a

My translation (your mileage may vary):

Disappointed Hopes

Disappointed hopes, eternal faith,
Flame and powerful arrows in a sensitive heart,
Fierce passion nourished with nothing but sighs,
And hiding its pain when it sees others.
Following the wandering and fugitive footprints,
Of the feet that are deliberately directed away.,
By scattering the seed, losing both fruit and flower,
And languishing after the hoped-for reward.
Letting a single glance rule one's thoughts,
And by a chaste act of will, submerging desire
And wasting all one's inner light in weeping --
Cruel lady, these are what I send to you by the armful:
Harsh and bitter torments, cruel lady;
These will be your trophies and my funeral pyre.

En français:

Espérances déçues, foi éternelle,
flamme et désirs ardents dans un faible cœur.
Nourrir seulement de soupir une folle passion
et taire son mal quand on se voit préférer un rival.
Tandis que la trace fugitive des pieds adorés
se dirige volontairement ailleurs,
Perdre le fruit et la fleur de son amour.
Et languir en vain après la récompense espérée.
Faire d'un seul regard la loi de ses pensées,
et à une chaste rigueur soumettre son désir,
et passer son existence à pleurer.
Ce sont là les trophées, Femme cruelle,
qu'à vous j'envoie à pleines brassées
Femme cruelle, d'un bûcher où je souffre
d'âpres et terribles peines.