

Me me and none but me

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Trascrizione Stefano Buschini

CANTVS

ALTVS

TENOR

BASSVS

1. Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quicklie, for I
2. Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: and yet a- live my

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Il Convitto Armonico

draw too long this i- dle breath: O howe I de-
ja- tall knelt I helpe to ring. Still I de-

draw too long this i- dle breath, O how I long
ja- tall knelt I helpe to ring. Still I de sire

drawe too long too long this i- dle breath. O how I long til
ja- tall knelt I helpe to ring. Still I de sire from

draw too long this i- dle breath. O howe I long till
ja- tall knelt I helpe to ring. Still I de sire from

long till I may fly to heaven a- bove, un- to my
sire from earth and earth- ly ioyes to flie, He ne- ver

till I may fly to heav'n a- bove un- to my faith- full
from earth and earth- ly ioyes to flie, He ne ver hap- pie

I earth may fly to heaven a- bove, un- to my
and eart- ly ioyes to flie, He ne ver

I may fly to heav'n a- bove un- to my faith
earth and earth- ly ioyes to flie, He ne- ver hap

Da .i.

faith full un hap-pie liv'd, He never hap-pie liv'd that cannot love to die. and be-lo-ved tur-tle dove. full pie and liv'd be that can-not love to die.

Me me and none but me

Me me and none but me,
 dart home o gentle death
 and quicklie for a draw
 too long this idle breath
 O howe I long till I may fly to heaven above,
 unto my faithfull and beloved turtle dove.

Like to the silver Swanne
 before my death I sing:
 and yet alive my fatall knell
 I helpe to ring.
 Still I desire from earth
 and earthly ioyes to flie
 He never happie liv'd
 that cannot love to die.

Me me e nessun altro

Me me e nessun altro
 riporta a casa, o morte gentile
 e presto poiché ho trascinato
 troppo a lungo questo respiro affannoso
 O come desidero volare nel cielo lassù
 alla mia fedele e amata tortora.

Come il Cigno d'argento
 prima di morire io canto:
 e ancora da vivo voglio aiutare a far
 risuonare il fatale rintocco a morto.
 Desidero ancora volar via dalla terra
 e dalle gioie terrene
 Lui non è mai vissuto felice
 ed io non posso che desiderare morire.

III Convitto Armonico