

Lasciatemi morire

Claudio Monteverdi

1567-1643

La - scia - - te - mi mo - ri - re! La - scia - te - mi mo - ri - re!

- ri - re! E che vo - le - - te che mi con - for - te

in co - sì du - ra sor - te in co - sì gran mar - ti - re? La -

- scia - te - mi mo - ri - re! La - scia - te - mi mo - ri - re!

Have you seene but a whyte lillie grow?

Words by Ben Jonson

Anon.

Fairly slow

Have you seene but a whyte lillie grow be - fore rude hands have

toucht it? Have you markt but the fall of the snow be - fore the Earthe hath

smutcht it? Have you felt the wool of bea-ver or swan's downe

ev-er? Or have smelt of the bud of the bryer or the nard in the fire? Or have

poco cresc. *mf* *mp*

tast-ed the bag of the bee? O so whyte, O so soft, O so sweete,so sweete,

(2nd time *pp*)

— so sweete is Shee! O so — so sweete is Shee!

rall.