

Mentre al bel letto

Adrian Willaert
(c.1490-1562)

(alto) 5

Men - tre al bel let - to Men - tre al bel let - t'o ve dor -

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8 mia Phe-ton - te Con lie - to mo - mo-rar lie - ta s'en - gi - a

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8 La va - ga Par - ma, dol - ce suon s'u - di - a Tal - hor al

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8 pian, tal - hor su l'er - to mon - te. Ri - le - v'hor - mai,

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8 ri - le-v'hor mai la glo - ri - o - sa fron - te, Au - rea cit -

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8 tà, au - rea cit - tà, si a - ven - tu - ro - sa pri - a,

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8 si a - ven - tu - ro - sa pri - a, Poin che'l ciel sua mer - ce -

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8 - d'an-chor de - si - a, L'an - ti - che spo - glie dar - te al - te - r'e con - te,

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8 l'an - ti - che spo - glie dar - te al - te - r'e con - te.

*While to the lovely bed where Phaeton was sleeping with contented murmurs fair Parma was going, herself contented,
a sweet sound was heard, at times in the plain, at times from the high mountain.
Raise now your glorious brow, O golden town, once so adventurous,
as Heaven still wishes to give you its reward: namely, the ancient spoils, haughty and well-known.
(translation by Paolo Faeti, ©2009)*

In te Marte

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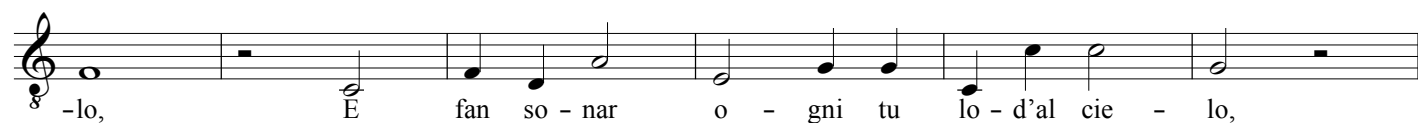


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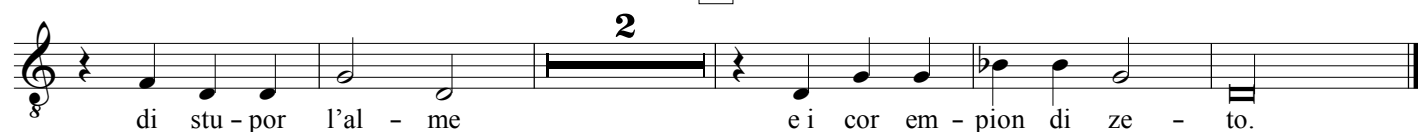


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In you Mars, in you Apollo, in you Minerva, rejoice! In you olive trees plant peace, and hail all of your glories to Heaven, and while sweet flocks of birds shape that sound, every murmur quietens, souls are filled with astonishment, and hearts with zeal.
(translation by Paolo Faeti ©2009)