

Terje B^b Lerstad

(only)

1

I MOAN

for sang og viola da gamba

Durata: ca. 6'30"

VI

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in the pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Ravens did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone:
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
 That to hear it was great pity:
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
 Tern, Tern, by and by:
 That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs so lively shown,
 Made me think upon my own.
 Ah thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
 None take pity in thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 And thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both bequil'd.
 Everyone that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call:
 And with such like flattering
 "Pity but he were a king".
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

(Shakespeare: Sonnets to sundry notes of music)

Doloroso, ma non appassionato $\text{♩} = 100$

T.B.L. Op. 152

Mezzo-sopran

Viola da gamba (Crenessanse)

3/4 *mf* 2/4 4/4 *poco rit.* *a tempo* 3/4

As it fell u-pon a day, in the merry month of May, sit-ting in the plea-sant

p *mp*

2/4 4/4 2/4 3/4 *f*

shade Which a grove of myr-tles made, Beasts did leap, and birds did sing, Trees did grow, and plants did

f *pizz* *(arco)*

poco rit. $\text{♩} = 90$ $\text{♩} = 60$

spring: Eve-ry-thing did ba-nish moan, Save the night-in-gale a-lone: She, poor bird, as all for-lorn,

p *p* *(arco)* *V* *mp* *p*

2/4 3/4 5/4 4/4 *poco a poco accel.*

Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn, And there sang the dole-fullest dit-ty That to hear it was

pp *pp*

4 3 2 1

----- ♩ = 100

3/4 p 4/4 3/4 4/4 3/2

great pi-ty: Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry, Te-ru, te-ru, by and by: That to hear her so com-

Poco rit. ---

4/4 *f* 2/4 5/4 4/4 dim. --- 2/4

plain, Scarce I could from tears re- frain, For her griefs so live-ly shown Made me think upon my

----- ♩ = 80

5/4 4/4 PP 2/4 4/4 3/4

own. Ah, though I, thou mourn'st in vain; None take pi-ty in thy pain: sense-less trees, they can-not

2/4 4/4 mf 5/8 4/4

hear thee; ruth-less bears, they will not cheer thee. King Pan-di-on, he is dead; And thy friends are lapp'd in



Rit.----- Subito $\text{♩} = 100$

p f p mf

lead; All thy fel-low-birds do sing, Care-less of thy sor-row-ing. Even so, poor bird, like

poco rit.--- a tempo

$\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$

thee, None a-live will pi-ty me. Whilst as fick-le for-tune smil'd, Thou and I were both be-

mp

poco rit. ($\text{♩} = 90$)

$\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ f mp

guil'd. Eve-ry-one that flat-ters thee Is no friend in mi-se-ry. Words are ea-sy like the wind; Faith-ful friends are hard to

f p p mp

(arco)

pizz

$\text{♩} = 90$ $\text{♩} = 60$

$\frac{2}{4}$ mp $\frac{3}{4}$ p $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$

find. Every man will be thy friend, Whilst thou hast where-with to spend; But if store of

mp p

4/4 pp p $\text{d.} = 40$ $\text{M} = \text{D}$ $\frac{6}{8}$

crowns be Scant, No man will sup-ply thy want. If that one be pro-di-gal

3 2 pp p

5:6

Boun-ti-ful they will him call: And with such-like flat-te-ring "Pi-ty but he were a King".

5:6

7:6 7:6 7:6 4:4

If he be ad-dict to vice, Quick-ly him they will en-tice;

7:6 7:6 V

4

5:6

If to wo-men he be best, They have him at com-mande-ment;

2 V 5:6

2 5:6

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$
 $\frac{3}{2}$ $\text{♩} = 60$

But if for-tune once do frown, Then fare- well his great re-nown:
 They that fawn'd on him be-fore,

pp

Subito $\text{♩} = 80$

$\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ *f*

Use his com-pa-ny no more.
 He that is thy friend in-deed,
 He will help thee in thy need

pizz. arco

f

Subito $\text{♩} = 100$

$\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ *ff*

If thou sor-row, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he can-not sleep:
 Thus of eve-ry

pizz. arco

ff

$\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$ *pp*

grief in heart He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are cer-tain signs to know

pizz. arco

p *mf* *pp*

Subito $\text{♩} = 60$
4/4 PP

Faith-ful friend from flatte-ring foe.

Primal 4/12-82

pizz (right hand)

