

# The tyger

Musica: Mattia Culmone  
Testo: William Blake

**Allegro con fuoco** (♩=124-148)

Tenore *mp*  
Ty-ger ty - ger bur-ning bright in the fo-rests

Baritono *p*  
Ty-ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger

Basso *p*  
Ty-ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger

6  
8 *cresc.* *mf*  
of the night what im-mor - tal hand or eye could frame thy

— *cresc.* *mf*  
ty - ger what im-mor - tal hand or eye could frame thy

— *cresc.* *mf*  
ty - ger what im-mor - tal hand or eye could frame thy

10  
8 *f* *p sub.*  
fear - ful sim - me - try sim - me - try sim - me - try sim - me - try

— *f* *p sub.*  
fear - ful sim - me - try sim - me - try sim - me - try sim - me - try

— *f*  
fear - ful sim - me - try sim - me - try

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*mp*

In what dis-tant deeps or skies burnt the fi-re  
What the ham-mer what the chain? In what fur nace

*p*

Ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger

*p*

Ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger

20

*p*

of thine eyes? Ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger  
was thy brain? ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger

*mf*

On what wings dare he a-spire  
What the an-vil, what dread grasp? When the hand dare  
Dare it's dea-dly

ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger

24

*cresc.*

And what shoul-der and what art Could twist the si-news  
When the stars threw down the spears, and wa-ter'd hea-ven

*cresc.*

And what shoul-der and what art Could twist the si-news  
When the stars threw down the spears, and wa-ter'd hea-ven

*cresc.*

sieze the fire? And what shoul-der and what art Could twist the si-news  
ter-ror clasp? When the stars threw down the spears, and wa-ter'd hea-ven

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*f*

of thy heart? And when thy heart be-gan to beat, What dread hand and  
with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the

*f*

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*f*

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with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the

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1. *mf* 2.

what dread feet? Ty-ger ty-ger Ty-ger, ti-ger bur ning bright In the fo-rests  
Lamb made thee?

1. 2. *f*

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Lamb made thee?

1. 2. *mf*

what dread feet? Ty-ger, ti-ger bur ning bright ty-ger In the fo-rests  
Lamb made thee?

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*p sub.*

of the night What im-mor-tal hand or eye dare frame thy

*p sub.*

of the night What im-mor-tal hand or eye dare frame thy

*p sub.*

of the night ty-ger What im-mor-tal hand or eye dare frame thy

41

*cresc. molto* *f*

fear-ful sim-me-try sim-me-try sim-me-try sim-me-try ty-ger

*cresc. molto* *f*

fear-ful sim-me-try sim-me-try sim-me-try sim-me-try ty-ger

*cresc. molto* *f*

fear-ful sim-me-try sim-me-try sim-me-try sim-me-try ty-ger

## The Tyger

Tyger! Tiger! Burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tiger! Burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake da "Songs of experience"

Tigre! Tigre! che splendi che bruci  
Nelle foreste della notte,  
Quale mano immortale, quale sguardo  
Potè tramare la tua feroce simmetria?

In che abissi lontani, in che cieli,  
Bruciò l'incendio dei tuoi occhi?  
Su quali ali osa portare i suoi desideri?  
Quale la mano che osa catturare il fuoco?

E quali spalle, quale artificio  
Potè intrecciare i tendini del tuo cuore?  
E quando il tuo cuore cominciò a battere  
Quale mano, quale piede terribile?

Quale fu il martello? Quale la catena?  
In che fornace fu il tuo cervello?  
Quale l'incudine? E che stretta terribile  
Osa afferrarne gli implacabili terrori?

Quando gli astri scagliarono le lance  
E inumidirono il cielo di lacrime  
Sorrise lui nel vedere l'opera?  
Lui che fece l'Agnello, fece anche te?

Tigre! Tigre! che splendi che bruci  
Nelle foreste della notte,  
Quale mano immortale, quale sguardo  
Osò tramare la tua feroce simmetria?