

The tyger

Musica: Mattia Culmone
Testo: William Blake

Allegro con fuoco (♩=124-148)

SOPRANO 1 *mp*
Ty-ger ty - ger bur-ning bright in the fo-rests

SOPRANO 2 *p*
Ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty - ger — ty-ger ty-ger ty - ger

CONTRALTO *p*
Ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty-ger ty - ger — ty-ger ty-ger ty - ger

6 *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 *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

15

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 ty - ger.

p

Ty - ger 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 — ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger —
 was thy brain?

— ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger — ty - ger ty - ger ty - ger —

mf

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

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

28

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

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

32

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

2. *f*
 what dread feet? Ty-ger, ti-ger bur ning bright In the fo-rests
 Lamb made thee?

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

37

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?