

# Integer vitae sceleris purus

## Frottola

Horace Ode I 22

Michele Pesenti (1470-1524)

Cantus

Tenor

Altus

Bassus

In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris - que pu - rus,  
Si - ve per Syr - tis i - ter aes - tu - o - sas,  
Nam - que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na,

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S.

non e - get Mau - ris ja - cu - lis ne - que\_ar - cu,  
si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi - ta - lem,  
dum me - am can - to La - la - gen et ul - tra

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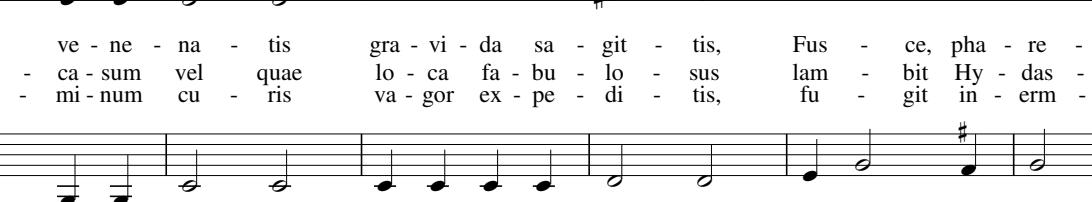
T.

8 non e - get Mau - ris ja - cu - lis ne - que\_ar - cu,  
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A. 

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B. 

Horace, Ode 1.22

Translation by Thomas Creech  
(1659-1700)

Integer vitae scelerisque purus  
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu  
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetra,

A man unstained, and pure from sin,  
No quiver fraught with poisoned heads,  
No Afric javelin needs,  
He has a guard and arms within;

sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas  
sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus  
lambit Hydaspes.

Whether o'er Syrtes' wandring sands,  
Or brutish Caucasus he goes,  
Or where Hydaspes flows  
And swiftly cuts the savage lands.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,  
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra  
terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
fugit inermem;

Of late, when cares forsook my head,  
I strayed and sang ith' Sabine grove  
My Lalage, my love,

quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunias latis alit aesculetis  
nec Iubae tellus generat, Ieonus  
arida nutrix.

A beast so large did never roar  
Ith' Daunian woods, and fright the Swains,  
Nor in her burning plains  
The lion's dry-nurse Afric bore.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,  
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque  
Iuppiter urget;

So place me where no sun appears,  
Or wrapped in clouds or drowned in tears;  
Where woods with whirling tempests tossed:  
Where no relieving summer's breeze  
Does murmur through the trees,  
But all lies bound and fixed in frost.

pone sub curru nimium propinquai  
solis in terra domibus negata:  
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
dulce loquentem.

Or place me where the scorching sun  
With beams too near, doth burn the zone,  
Yet fearless there I'll gladly rove,  
Let frowning, or let smiling fate  
Or curse, or bless my state  
Sweet smiling Lalage I'll always love.