

The sick rose

Testo: William Blake
Musica: Enrico Miaroma

Soprano
Mezzo-Soprano
Contralto

f O Rose, *mp* O Rose, thou art sick! *f* O Rose, thou art
f O Rose, *mp* O Rose, thou art sick O Rose, thou art
f O Rose, *mp* O Rose, thou art sick! Art sick! Thou art

5
S
sick! Art sick!
Mez.
sick! Art sick! Sick! The in - vi - si - ble worm that flies in the
Cont.
sick! Art sick! Art Sick! The

9
S
p In the how - ling storm, how ling storm, in the
Mez.
night, In the how - - - ling storm, in
Cont.
in - - - vi - si - ble worm that flies in the

12
S
how - - - ling storm, the how - - -
Mez.
the how - - - ling the how - - - ling
Cont.
night, the how - - - ling storm,

2
14

mp *pp* The sick rose

S
- ling storm, the how - - - ling storm, Has

Mez.
the how - - - - ling storm, Has

Cont.
mf *sfzpp*
the in - vi - si - ble worm that flies in the night,

18

S
found out thy bed Of crim - son joy: Has found out thy

Mez.
found out thy bed Of crim - son joy: Has found out thy

Cont.
p
night

22

S
bed Of crim - son joy: thy bed of crim - son joy: thy

Mez.
bed of crim - son joy: has found out thy bed of crim - son joy: thy

Cont.
mf *f* *mf*
Has found out thy bed of crim - son - joy: thy

26

rit. *a tempo* *f* *mp*

S
bed of crim - son joy: O Rose, O Rose, thou art sick! O

Mez.
bed of crim - son joy: O Rose, O Rose, thou art sick O

Cont.
f *mp*
bed of crim - son - joy: O Rose, O Rose, thou art sick! Art

30 *f* *mf*

S Rose, thou art sick! Art sick! Are sick!

Mez. *f* *mf* *p*

Mez. Rose, thou art sick! Art sick! Sick! Are sick! And his

Cont. *f* *mf* *p*

Cont. sick! Thou art sick! Art sick! Art Sick! and his dark se-cret love

35 *mp* *mp*

S And his dark se - cret love and his dark se - cret love

Mez. *p*

Mez. dark se - cret love and his dark and his dark se - cret love

Cont. *p*

Cont. and his dark se - cret love and his dark se - cret

40 *mp* *rit.* *p*

S Does thy life de - stroy.

Mez. *mp* *p*

Mez. Does thy life de stroy.

Cont. *mp* *p*

Cont. love Does thy life de - stroy.

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
in the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

William Blake

O Rosa sei malata!
L'invisibile verme
che vola nella notte,
nell'urlante tempesta,

ha violato il tuo letto
di purpurea gioia:
e di te col segreto
cupio amore fa scempio.

(traduzione)