

The Massacre of Glencoe

Ludwig van Beethoven,
26 irische Lieder, WoO 152

Adattamento di Mauro Zuccante

Versi di Walter Scott (1771-1832)

molto espress. mp

♩ = c. 100

Tenore I

1. Oh!

Tenore II

p *cresc.* *p*

tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum tum tum tum

Basso I

p *cresc.* *p*

nu - i nu - i nu - i nu - i nu - i nu - i nu - i tum

Basso II

p *cresc.* *p*

tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum

A

tell me, Har - per, where - fore flow thy way - ward notes of
not to these, for they have rest, the mist - wreath has the
hand that min - gled in the meal, at mid - night drew the
have my harp's best notes been gone, few are its strings, and

Tenore II

p *cresc.* *p*

tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum

Basso II

p *cresc.* *p*

tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi

p

wail and woe mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi
 moun - tain crest,
 fe - lon steel,
 faint their tone,

p

tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum

mp

tum tum tum Far down the des - ert of Glen - coe, where
 The stag his lair, the erne her nest, a -
 And gave the host's kind, breast to feel, need
 They can but sound in de - sert lone their

mp marcato

tum mi tum Far down the des - ert of Glen - coe, where
 The stag his lair, the erne her nest, a -
 And gave the host's kind, breast to feel, need
 They can but sound in de - sert lone their

B

f

tum mi tum mi tum Say, harp'st thou to the
 But those for whom I
 The frien - dly hearth which
 Were each grey hair a

f

tum nu - a tum tum tum tum Say, harp'st thou to the
 But those for whom I
 The frien - dly hearth which
 Were each grey hair a

f

none may list their me - lo - dy? Say, harp'st thou to the
 - bode of lone se - cu - ri - ty. But those for whom I
 for his ho - spi - ta - li - ty. The frien - dly hearth which
 grey - hair'd ma - ster's mi - se - ry. Were each grey hair a

f

none may list their me - lo - dy? Say, harp'st thou to the
 - bode of lone se - cu - ri - ty. But those for whom I
 for his ho - spi - ta - li - ty. The frien - dly hearth which
 grey - hair'd ma - ster's mi - se - ry. Were each grey hair a

14

8
 mists that fly, or to the dun deer glancing by, or
 pour the lay, not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey, not
 warm'd that hand, at mid - night arm'd it with a brand that
 min - strel string, each chord should im - pre - ca - tions fling, 'till

8
 mists that fly, or to the dun deer glancing by, or
 pour the lay, not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey, not
 warm'd that hand, at mid - night arm'd it with a brand that
 min - strel string, each chord should im - pre - ca - tions fling, 'till

mf
 mists that fly, or to the dun deer glancing by,
 pour the lay, not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
 warm'd that hand, at mid - night arm'd it with a brand
 min - strel string, each chord should im - pre - ca - tions fling,

mf
 mists that fly, or to the dun deer glancing by, mi
 pour the lay, not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
 warm'd that hand, at mid - night arm'd it with a brand
 min - strel string, each chord should im - pre - ca - tions fling,

17

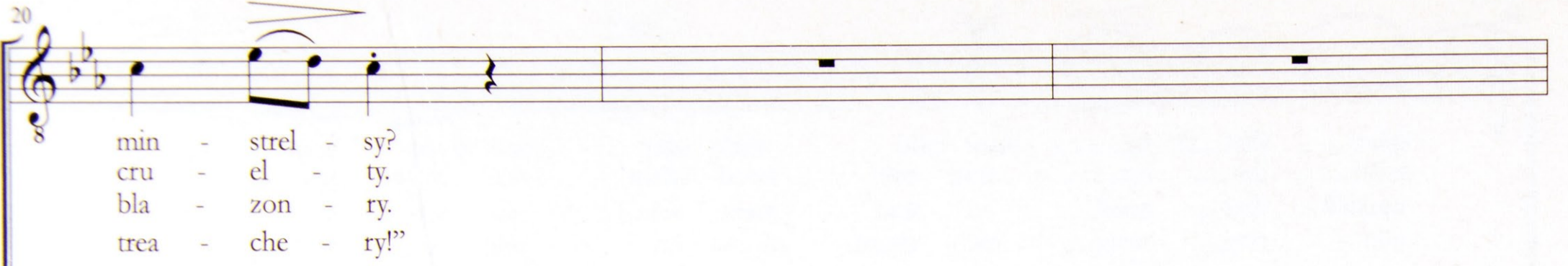
8
 to the ea - gle, that from high screams cho - rus to thy
 this deep dell that shrouds from day could screen from treach' rous
 bade de - stru - ction's flames ex - pand their red and fear - ful
 star - tled Scot - land loud should ring, "Re - venge for blood and

8
 to the ea - gle, that from high screams cho - rus to thy
 this deep dell that shrouds from day could screen from treach' rous
 bade de - stru - ction's flames ex - pand their red and fear - ful
 star - tled Scot - land loud should ring, "Re - venge for blood and

mp
 tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum

tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi

20



min - strel - sy?
cru - el - ty.
bla - zon - ry.
trea - che - ry!"



p *cresc.*
min - strel - sy? nu - i
cru - el - ty. nu - i
bla - zon - ry. nu - i
trea - che - ry!" nu - i



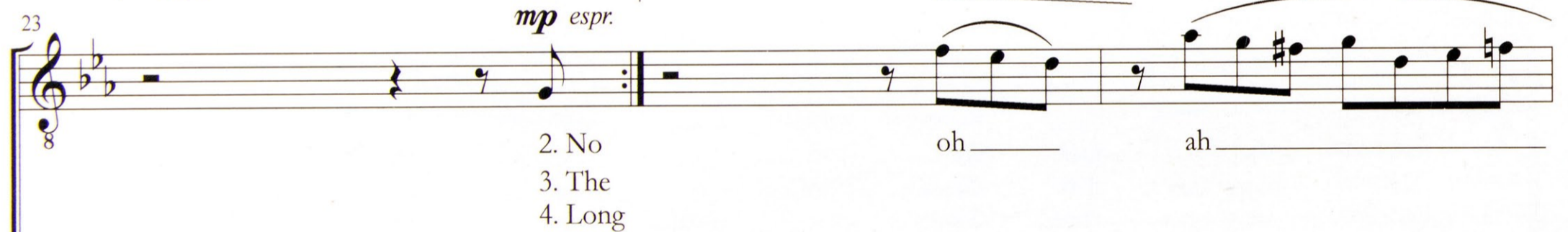
p *cresc.*
tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum tum nu - a tum



p *cresc.*
tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi tum mi

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*
1. 2. 3. 4.

23



mp espr.
2. No oh ah
3. The
4. Long



mf
nu - i tum nu - i nu tum



mf
tum tum tum tum tum tum tum



mf
tum mi tum tum mi tum tum

26 *allargando*

la la la la la la

tum nu - a tum tum tum tum

oh

oh mi tum

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?

No, not to these, for they have rest,
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"

Traduzione: Oh! Dimmi, bardo, perché le tue ostinate note di doloroso lamento fluiscono lontano nel deserto di Glencoe, dove nessuno può ascoltare la loro melodia? Ti rivolgi alla nebbia volante, o al grigio cervo scattante, o all'aquila, che dall'alto urla un ritornello alla tua canzone? No, non a loro, perché hanno un luogo dove ricoverarsi; la voluta di nebbia ha la cresta della montagna, il cervo la sua tana, l'aquila di mare il suo nido, dimora solitaria e sicura. Ma quelli per cui sgorgano i miei versi, non la profondità di un bosco selvaggio, né grigiore di montagna, non questa profonda conca che nasconde dal giorno potrebbe proteggere dalla crudeltà insidiosa. La mano che aveva condiviso il pasto, a mezzanotte sguainò il criminale acciaio, e fece provare al petto gentile dell'ospite la ricompensa per la sua ospitalità. Il cuore amichevole che scaldava quella mano, a mezzanotte la armò di una spada che fece distendere alle fiamme della distruzione il loro rosso, spaventoso blasone. Le migliori note della mia arpa sono scomparse da tempo, poche sono le sue corde, e fiacco il loro suono, non possono che suonare nel deserto solitario la miseria del loro padrone dai capelli grigi. Se ogni capello fosse la corda di un menestrello, ogni accordo dovrebbe lanciare imprecazioni, finché la Scozia sbigottita riecheggi "Vendetta per il sangue e il tradimento!"