

# 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.

A.

T.

B.

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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S.



nec ve - ne - na - tis gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.  
 Cau - ca - sum vel quae lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus lam - bit Hy - das - pes.  
 ter - mi - num cu - ris va - gor ex - pe - di - tis, fu - git in - erm - em.

A.



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## Horace, Ode 1.22

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

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

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

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

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

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

Translation by Thomas Creech  
(1659-1700)

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

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

Of late, when cares forsook my head,  
 I strayed and sang ith' Sabine grove  
 My Lalage, my love,  
 A wolf saw me unarmed, and fled;

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.

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.

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.