

# 60. Ich schwing mein Horn ins Jamerthal

(Ludwig Senfl)

Sebastian Ochsenkün

First system of musical notation, including a treble clef, a common time signature, and a lute tablature line with letters 'a', 'h', and 'r'.

Second system of musical notation, including a box containing the number '5' above the second measure of the tablature line.

Third system of musical notation, including a box containing the number '10' above the second measure of the tablature line.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and tablature.

Fifth system of musical notation, including a box containing the number '15' above the first measure of the tablature line.

Sixth system of musical notation, including a box containing the number '20' above the second measure of the tablature line.

Seventh system of musical notation, continuing the melody and tablature.

Eighth system of musical notation, including a box containing the number '25' above the second measure of the tablature line, and ending with a double bar line and a 'Coda' marking.

1. Ich schwing mein horn ins jamerthal / mein freüd ist mir verschwunden: / : Ich hab geiagt muß abelon / das Wild laufft vor den Hunden / Ein eden Thier in diesem feld / het ich mir außerkoren / das schied von mir als ich es meld / mein jagen ist verloren.
2. Farhin gewild in waldeslust / ich wil dich nimmer schrecken: / : Jagen deine schnee weisse brust / ein ander mueß dich wecken / Mit Jägers gschrey vnd hundes biß / das du keim magst entrinnen / halt dich in huet mein Thierle guet / mit leyd scheid ich von hinnen.
3. Kein hoch gewild ich fahen kan / das mueß ich offt entgelten: / : Noch halt ich stet auff jägerts ban / weiwol mir glück kompt selten / Magst mir nit bgirn ein hoch gwild schon / so laß ich mich benüegen / an Hasenfleisch / nit mehr ich weiß / das mag nich nit betriegen.

1. *I blow my horn into the vale of tears, My joy has vanished. I have hunted, but I must cease For the deer runs beyond the hounds. A noble beast in this field I had selected; It has fled me, as I sense well. My hunt is lost.*
2. *Farewell, deer, find joy in the forest! I will never frighten your snow-white breast with my hunting; It is for another to awaken you With hunter's calls and snapping hounds, That you may not outrun: Beware, my little beast! With sorrow I bid this place adieu.*
3. *I cannot capture any noble game, For which I often suffer, Yet I constantly follow the hunter's paths, and seldom does luck come to me. If I am not honored with a noble deer, Then let me be satisfied with a hare; nothing more do I demand, And it will not trouble me.*