

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Combattuta da due venti

Combattuta da due venti,
Son qual nave in mezzo alle onde,
E le sponde già sospiro a ritrovar.

Approdar mi pare al lido,
Ma un nemico vento infido
Mi respinge a naufragar.

Battered by two winds,
I am like a ship amid the waves,
And already I long to find the shores again.

I seem to approach the shore
But a treacherous enemy wind
Pushes me back to shipwreck.

M'hai resa infelice

M'hai resa infelice:
che vanto n'avrai?
Oppressi, dirai,
un'alma fedel.

Le vele se darai
de' flutti al seno infido,
sconvolga orribil vento
l'instabil elemento,
e innanzi al patrio lido
sommèrgati, crudel.

You have made me unhappy:
what boast will you have?
You oppressed, you may say,
a faithful soul.

If you give your sails
to the treacherous breast of the waves,
may a horrible wind overwhelm
the unstable element,
and before your native shore
may you be submerged, cruel one.

O sleep, why dost thou leave me?

O sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why they visionary Joys remove?
O Sleep again deceive me,
To my Arms restore my wand'ring Love.

Prophetic raptures

Prophetic raptures swell my breast,
And whisper we shall still be blest;
That this black gloom shall break
away,
And leave more heav'nly bright the
day.
Da capo

Sweet bird

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of
folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song.

Or, missing thee, I walk unseen,
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.

Da capo

How blest the maid

How blest the maid ordained to dwell
With sweet content in humble cell,
From cities far remov'd,
By murm'ring rills on verdant plains
To tend the flocks with village swains,
By every swain belov'd.
Though low, yet happy in that low
estate,
And safe from ills, which on a princess
wait.

Da capo