

<p><b>Quel Augellin</b>, che canta  Si dolcemente  E lascivetto vola  Hor da l'abete al faggio  Et hor dal faggio al mirto,-  S'havesse humano spirto,  Direbb': Ardo d'amor, ardo d'amore!</p> <p>Ma ben arde nel core  E chiam' il suo desio  Che li rispond':  Ardo d'amor anch' io!  Che sii tu benedetto,  Amoroso, gentil, vago augelletto!</p>	<p>That little bird which sings  So sweetly  And gaily flies  Now from the fir to the beechtree  And now from the beech to the myrtle,  If he had a human mind,  Would say: I burn with love, I burn with love!  But in his heart he burns indeed  And calls to his beloved  Who replies to him:  I too am burning with love!  How fortunate you are,  Sweet little loving bird!</p>
<p><b>Ecco mormorar l'onde</b>  e tremolar le fronde  a l'aura mattutina e gli arboscelli,  e sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli  cantar soavemente  e rider l'oriente.  Ecco già l'alba appare  e si specchia nel mare  e rasserena il cielo  e [le campagne] imperla il dolce gelo,  e gli alti monti indora.  O bella e vaga Aurora,  L'aura è tua messaggera,  [e tu de l'aura  ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.</p>	<p>Here are the waves murmuring  and the foliage quivering  at the morning breeze; and the shrubs,  and on the tree branches the pretty birds  sing softly;  and the Orient smiles.  Here dawn looms up  and is reflected in the sea  and brightens up the sky  and beads the sweet ice  and gilds the tall mountains.  O beautiful and vague dawn,  the gentle breeze is your herald  and you [are the herald] of the breeze  which refreshes every burnt heart.</p>
<p><b>Madonna mia gentil</b>, ringrazio Amore  Che tolto m'abbia il core  Dandolo a voi ch'avete  Non sol beltà ma sete  Ornata di virtù tal che m'avviso  Stando in terra godere il Paradiso.</p>	<p>Sweet lady, I give thanks to Cupid  who has taken my heart away  and has given it to you,  to you who have not only beauty,  but who is so blessed with virtues,  that being on earth, I seem to be enjoying  Paradise.</p>

<p><b>Ultimi miei sospiri</b>  che mi lasciate fredd'  e senza vita.  Contate i miei martiri.  Ai chi mori mi vedde  et non m'aita,  et dite, o beltà infinita,  dal tuo fedel  ne caccia empio martire.  Et se questo gli e grato,  gitene rat' in ciel a miglior stato,  ma se pietà gli por g'il vostro dire,  tornat' a me,  ch'io non voro morire.</p>	<p>My last sighs  leave me cold  without life.  Count my martyrdoms  to the one who sees me  and does not help me.  And speak, O infinite beauty,  that your faithful one  may be spared pitiless suffering  and if this is pleasing to her,  go swiftly to heaven to a better state,  but if your words arouse her pity,  return to me  because I do not want to die.</p>
<p><b>Bleibe, Abend will es werden,</b>  und der Tag hat sich geneigt;  bleibe, Herr, bei uns auf Erden,  bis die letzte Klage schweigt.</p> <p>Wer soll unsre Tränen stillen,  wenn es deine Hand nicht tut;  wer des Herzens Zug erfüllen,  wenn nicht deine Liebesglut?</p> <p>Ach, so falsch ist ja die Erde,  ach, so schwankend ist das Herz.  Von der Erde voll Beschwerde  führe du uns himmelwärts!</p> <p>Bleibe, Abend will es werden,  und der Tag neigt sich zur Ruh;  bleibe, Herr, uns hier auf Erden,  uns im Himmel bleibe du!</p>	<p>Stay – it turns to evening,  And the day has been laid down;  Abide, Lord, with us on earth,  Until the last lament falls silent.</p> <p>Who shall stanch our tears  If your hand does not;  Who shall fulfill our heart's course,  If not your love's rapture?</p> <p>Ah, so false is this clay,  Ah, so faltering is this heart.  From the grievance-clotted earth  Lead us heavenward!</p> <p>Stay – it turns to evening,  And the day lies down to rest;  Abide, Lord, with us on earth,  And so abide for us in heaven!</p>