

**Ride la Primavera**

Spring returns, fair Chloris comes back;  
Hear the swallow; behold the grasses and flowers.  
But you, Chloris, even fairer in the new season, retain the old winter.  
Oh, if you have so girded your heart with eternal ice,  
Why, Lady, as cruel as you are kind,  
Do you carry the sun in your eye and April in your face?

**O Primavera**

Oh springtime, youth of the year, beautiful mother of flowers,  
Of new plants and of new loves, you return indeed, but with you  
Are not returning the bright and lucky days of my joys.  
You return indeed, you return, but with you also returns my dear lost treasure's memory,  
Sad and sorrowful.  
You are that one, indeed whom you were in the past, so lovely and beautiful,  
But I am not whom once I was, so valued in the eyes of others.

**Silvio, come son lassa**

Dorinda        Silvio, how weak I am! Alas, I can hardly hold myself up on this wounded thigh.  
Silvio         Be strong of heart, because for this a remedy is to be found. You shall be our  
                  dear burden, and we shall sustain you. Linco, give me your hand.  
Linco         Here it is, ready.  
Silvio         Hold her right and with our hands and mine we shall make a seat for her.  
                  Dorinda, you lie here and put your right arm around the neck of Linco and  
                  encircle mine with your left and adjust it gently so that your wounded side does  
                  not give you pain.  
Dorinda       Ah, cruel dart that pierces me!  
Silvio         Make yourself at ease, my love.  
Dorinda       Now it seems better.  
Silvio         Tell me, Dorinda, how deeply the arrow pierces you.  
Dorinda       Yes, it pierces me, my darling, but in your arms to be pierced is dear to me, and  
                  to die, sweet.

**O Miracol d'Amore**

Oh miracle of love! I yearn to look at you, sweetness of my life.  
To see you makes my heart open a new wound, for whom I die.  
But, before the death, mercy and joy, because this soul lives and does not die.  
I leave your heart, in you my dear heart is transformed, it searches for the blessed life.  
Oh my happy fate, if a thousand times a day I could experience death.

**Pur ti miro**

I adore you, I embrace you,  
I desire you, I enchain you,  
No more grieving, no more sorrow,  
O my life, O my treasure.  
I am yours, O my love,  
tell me so, you are mine,  
mine alone, O my love.  
Feel my heart, see my love, see.

**Al canto, al ballo**

Go there, happily: we here will await the arrival of Orpheus.

We will pass the hours with joyful songs.

*To sing, to dance, to the shade, to the adorned meadow,*

*To the happy and beautiful streams all of you shepherds run!*

*Sing sweetly on such a blessed day.*

Goddess of the forest and woodland nymphs,

You Satyrs and Sylans, leave your traps and dogs;

And come to the sound of the running brooks.

*To sing, to dance...*

Beautiful Mother of Love, from your high Chorus

Descend to our delights and with your handsome Cupids

Divide the clouds and heavens with your golden wings.

*To sing, to dance...*

Let the rivers and streams run with pure milk,

Distill with honey and manna every wild cane;

Pour ambrosia ye Celestial Gods.

*To sing, to dance...*

**Zefiro, torna**

Breeze, return! Bring back the beautiful time

With flowers and herbs; and exile winter's frost!

Swallows now chirp, Philomel laments, Spring is clothed in red and white.

The fields rejoice, the sky becomes serene, Jove smiles to behold his dearest daughter,

The air, the sea, the earth are full of love, each creature is reconciled to love.

But, for me I return to sad sighs as heaven does not allow me the keys of the heart.

The birds sing, increasing my pain and the beautiful sweet women, leave me desolate.

All is desert to me, the beasts are rough and wild.

**Strana armonia**

A strange and amorous harmony my heart composes as you sing to me.

The song's keys I compare to your sweet eyes, so fair.

The notes, the accents represent my suffering and my lament.

The sighs you sigh with me you share and to my woes in sharps and flats give vent:

In one thing different: The song you sing, my lady, pauses has,

But mine has none, nor ever will, alas!

**Interrotte speranze**

Broken hope, eternal faith, powerful flames and rays in the weak heart;

With just one sigh nourish the fervent ardor and hide your weakness from others;

Follow from the wandering, fugitive foot the tracks that lead towards willful erring;

Lose from the widespread seed both fruit and flower

And the expected mercy from the great anguish;

From just one look dictate the laws of thought and with chaste resolution stifle the desire,

And tears shall flow for lustrums;

I send you a large bunch of harsh and dire torments, cruel lady,

That shall be your trophy and my damnation.

**Tornate o cari baci**

Come back, oh precious kisses!  
Come back, oh precious kisses, to bring me back to life,  
Kisses, to bring welcome nourishment to my famished heart.  
You kisses of that bitter sweetness for which I gladly languish,  
Feed my ravenous desires with that which is not less nectar than venom,  
Kisses, in which even sighs taste sweet.

**Zefiro torna**

Return O Zephyr, and with gentle motion  
Make pleasant the air and scatter the grasses in waves  
And murmuring among the green branches  
Make the flowers in the field dance to your sweet sound;  
Crown with a garland the heads of Philomel and Chloris  
With notes tempered by love and joy, From mountains and valleys high and deep  
And sonorous caves that echo in harmony.  
The dawn rises eagerly into the heavens and the sun  
Scatters rays of gold, and of the purest silver,  
Like embroidery on the Cerulean mantle of Thetis.  
But I, in abandoned forests, am alone.  
The ardor of two beautiful eyes is my torment;  
As my Fate wills it, now I weep, now I sing.

**Ch'io non t'ami, cor mio?**

I love you not, my heart? I cease to be your life, you to mine?  
For some new dart of Cupid's fancy, I abandon you?  
Ere this he could combine, may Death my life undo.  
Since you my heart's blood are, whence life to me must sweet and pleasing be,  
The font of every good for which I sigh, how could I ever leave you and not die?

**Tu dormi**

Sleep you? Ah, cruel heart, indeed you sleep, now that in you sleeps Love.  
I cry and my sorrowful words, ah, to you, my uncaring beauty,  
Carry, in vain, my ardent desires.  
Ah, my pleas could move the wind; but my lament only makes you crueler.

**La vita caduca**

(The Transitory Life)

By a shady hedge, when the sun with its rays gilds the mountains,  
A vermilion rose, the splendor and glory of flowers, opens its beautiful bosom.  
But the leaves, fragrant and purple, surround the thorns,  
And the stem falls upon itself with pale agonies, when the king of lights leaves the sky.  
Therefore, quite weary I learn that earthly beauty,  
Like a flower surrounded by suffering in its transient life,  
Both languishes and dies.