



Zephyr returns and, with gentle motion,  
Makes pleasant the air and dissolves the grasses in waves,  
And, murmuring among the green branches,  
Makes the flowers in the field dance to the sweet sound.

Crown Phyllida and Chloris with a garland,  
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 shiniest gold, and purest silver,  
Like embroidery on the cerulean mantle of Tethys.

Only I, in abandoned and lonely forests,  
Passion for two beautiful eyes is my torment;  
As my Fate wills it, now I weep, now I sing.