

# 42. Nova angeletta

Soneto 3 en ytaliano - Words from Petrarch, Poem 106. Luis Milán

5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70

1) b in orig.

1)

A new little angel with cunning wings  
Descended from heaven to the cool shore  
Where, as Fate would have it, I was walking alone.

When she saw me with no companion or escort,  
A trap that she had woven out of silk  
She set within the grass that greened my path.

Then I was caught, and I didn't mind--  
Such a sweet light came from her eyes.