

Mentre vaga angioletta (While the Lovely Angel)

Mentre vaga angioletta
ogn'anima gentil cantando alletta,
corre il mio core e pende
tutto dal suon del suo soave Canto
e non so come intanto
musico spirto prende
fauci canoree seco forma
e finge per non usata vita
garula e maestrevol armonia.

Tempra d'arguto suon piaghevol voce
e la volve e la spinge con rotti accenti
e con ritorti giri, qui tarda e là veloce,
e tall'hor mormorando in basso e mobil suono
e alternando fughe e reposi e placidi respiri
hor la sospende e libra, hor la preme,
hor la rompe, hor la raffrena,
hor la saetta e vibra, hor in giro la mena,
quando con modi tremoli e vaganti,
quando fermi e sonanti.

così cantando e recantando il core --
o miracol d'amore --
è fatto un usignolo
e spiega già per non star mesto il volo.

While the lovely angel
delights every gentle soul by singing,
my heart runs and hangs completely
upon the sound of the sweet song,
and in the meanwhile, without my knowing how,
takes on a musical spirit, a singer's throat,
and with this creates and represents,
in an extraordinary way,
an eloquent and masterful harmony.

It modulates a flexible voice with a piercing sound,
and spins and directs it with broken accents
and twisted turns, here slowly and there quickly,
and at times murmuring in low moving sounds,
and alternating chases and pauses and quiet breaths,

now suspended and balanced, now pressing,
now broken off, now held back,
now shooting and darting, now led in rings,
at times with tremulous and wandering ways,
at times firm and sonorous.

Thus singing and singing again, my heart --
o miracle of love --
is made a nightingale,
and already takes wing to leave sadness behind.