Ridon hor per le piaggie

SATB recorders









Now the meadows are gaily bedecked with grass and flowers: that beguiling angel of a young woman whom I adore surely cannot fail to hear the strains of music, inspired by love, that are borne upon the breeze. But if cruel fate has gained the upper hand over me, I shall weep as I sing my verses and with a lame ox try to catch the breeze.

Translation by Mick Swithinbank