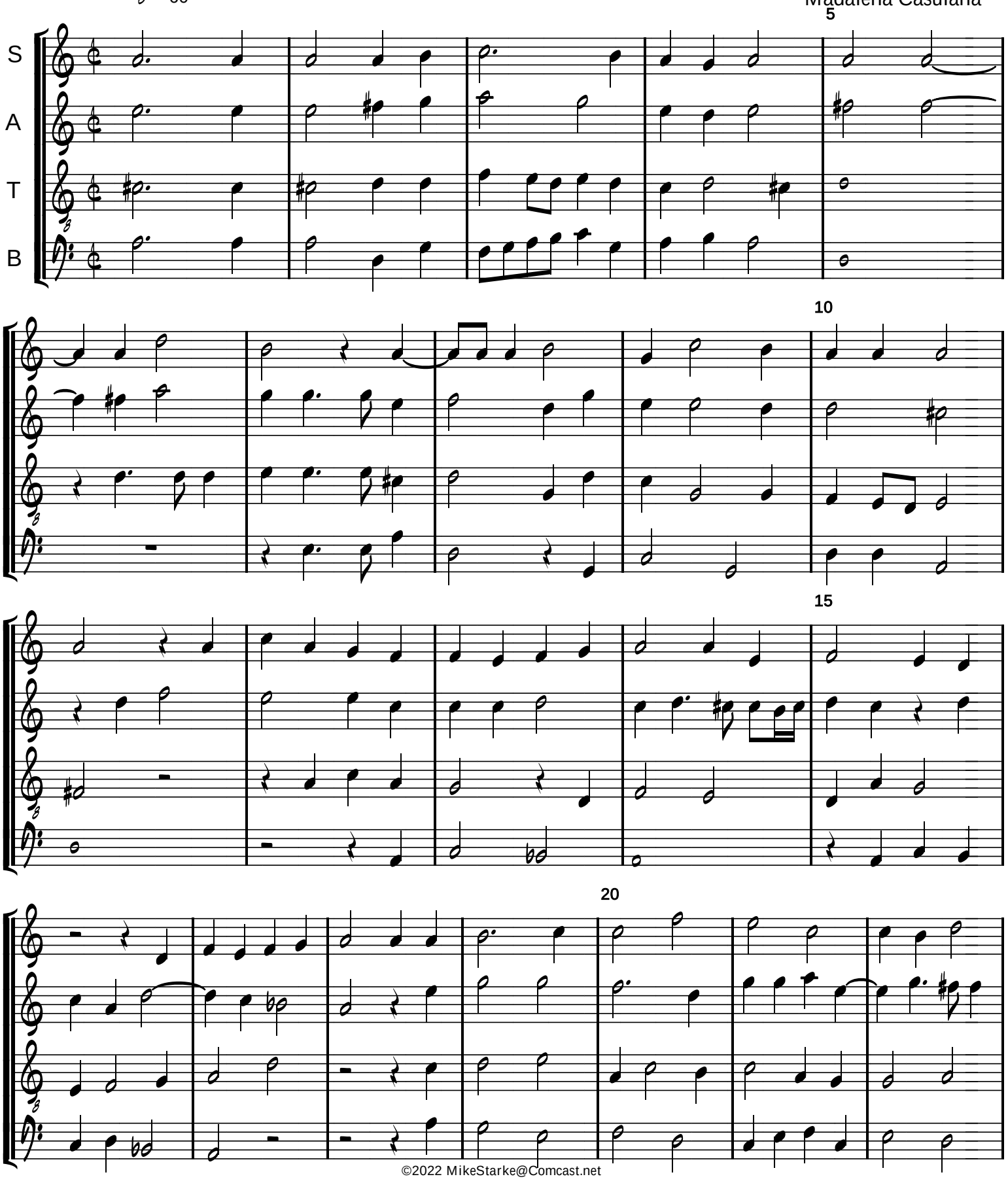
Ridon hor per le piaggie

SATB recorders



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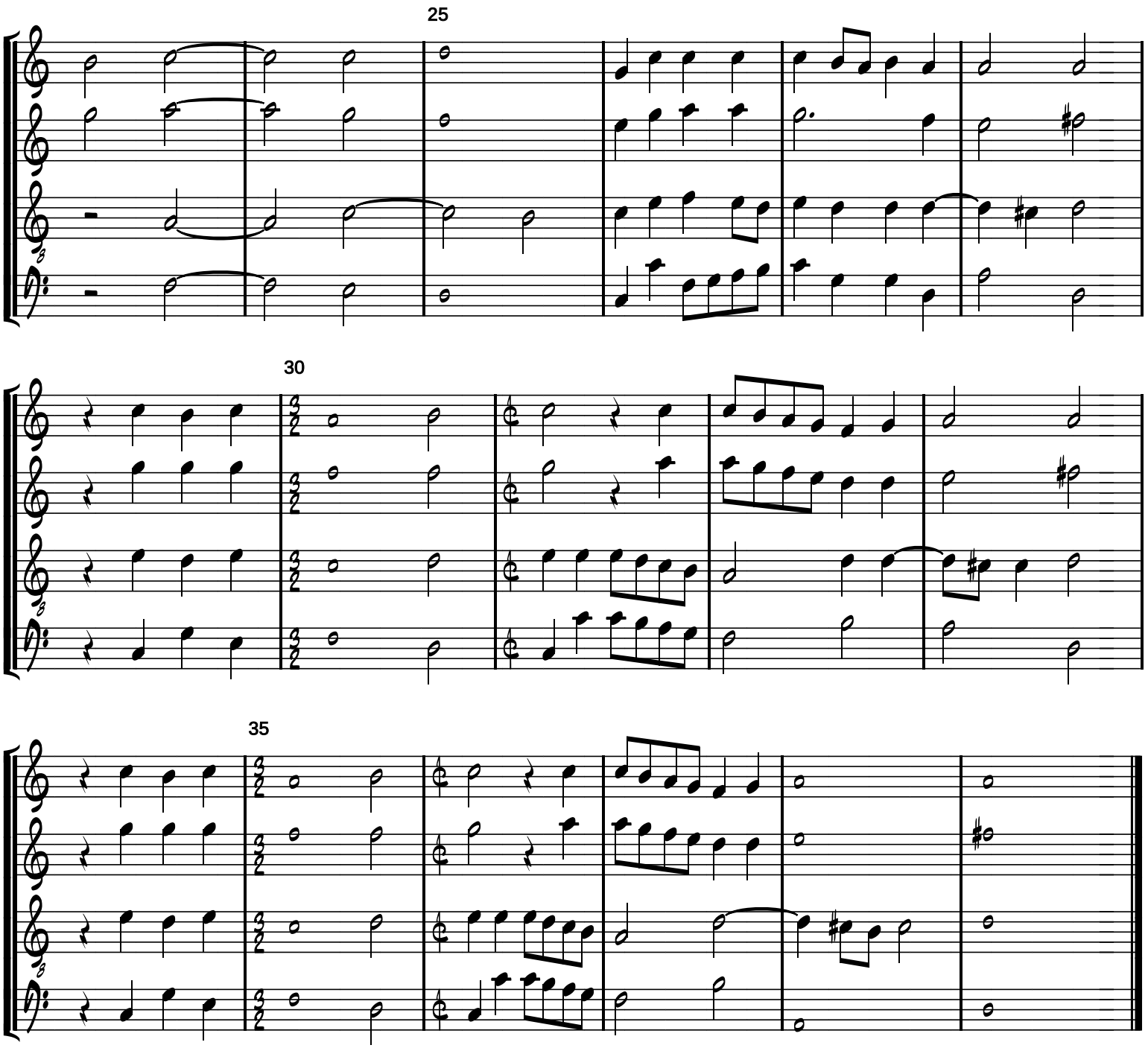

Now the meadows are gaily bedecked with grass and flowers:
that beguiling angel of a young woman whom I adore
surely cannot fail to hear
the strains of music, inspired by love, that are borne upon the breeze.
But if cruel fate has gained the upper hand over me,
I shall weep as I sing my verses
and with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

Translation by Mick Swithinbank