Vedrai, carino, se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio ti voglio dar!
È naturale, non dà disgusto,
E lo speziale non lo sa far.
È un certo balsamo Ch'io porto addosso,
Dare tel posso, se il vuoi provar.
Saper vorresti dove mi sta?
Sentilo battere, toccami qua!

- Lorenzo da Ponte

You will see, my dear, if you'll be good
the cure I have for you!
It's natural It won't give you disgust
though no apothecary can prescribe it.
It's a certain balm I carry within me
which I can give you, if you'll try it.
You want to know where I keep it?
Then feel it beating, put your hand here.

- Camila Argolo Freitas Batista

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam eine junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn
Daher, daher, Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepfückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie, Zu ihren Füßen doch.

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

A Little Violet

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
Lowly, humble, and unknown;
It was a dear little violet.
There came a young shepherdess
With a light step and a merry spirit
Along, along, Along the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I only were
The most beautiful flower in nature,
Ah, only for a little while,
Until the darling had picked me
And pressed me to her bosom until I became faint,
Ah only, ah only
A quarter of an hour long!

Alas! but alas! the maiden came
And paid no heed to the little violet,
She trampled the poor violet.
It drooped and died and yet rejoiced:
And if I must die, yet I die
Through her, through her, Yet I die at her feet.

- Sharon Krebs
An Chloë
Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen, 
Hellen, offnen Augen sieht, 
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen 
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küße 
Deine Rosenwangen warm, 
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe 
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke 
Dich an meinen Busen fest, 
Der im letzten Augenblicke 
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet 
Eine düstre Wolke mir, 
Und ich sitze dann ermittet, 
Aber selig neben dir.

- Johann Georg Jacobi

To Chloë
When love shines from your blue, 
Bright, open eyes, 
And with the pleasure of gazing into them 
My heart pounds and glows;

And I hold you and kiss 
Your rosy, warm cheeks, 
Lovely maiden, and I clasp 
You trembling in my arms,

Maiden, maiden, and I press 
You firmly to my breast, 
Which at the last moment, 
Only at death, will let you go;

Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed 
By a gloomy cloud, 
And I sit then, exhausted, 
But blissful, next to you.

- Emily Ezust

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte
Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie, 
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde 
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde, 
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein, 
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder, 
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder, 
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben, 
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier. 
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben, 
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

- Gabriele von Baumberg

When Luise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover
Generated by ardent fantasy; 
In a rapturous hour 
Brought into this world - Perish, 
You children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence, 
So I restore you now to the fire, 
With all your rapturous songs. 
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters, 
There will be no trace of you here. 
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you, 
May still perhaps burn long in me.

- Emily Ezust
Stornello

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non t'amo...
Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.

Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia
Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

- Anonymous / Unidentified Author

Rhyme

You say that you don't love me, so I don't love you..
You say that you reject me, so I reject you.
You'll have your fish-hook set for other fishes
So I will pick new roses in other gardens.

Let us agree about it, now, together:
You behave as you like an' I'll do as you do.
I'll devote to myself, each one commands me,
Servant to everyone, but I won't serve for anyone.

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed inspiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonial or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ellà è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

- Anonymous

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

- Antonio Giuliano
Amor marinaro

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' o mare
Fravecata de penne de pavune,
Tralla la le la...

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare
E de prete preziuse li barchune,
Tralla la le la...

Quanno Nennella mia se va a facciare
Ognuno dice "mò sponta lu sole",
Tralla la le la...

- Anonymous (Neopolitan dialect)

Sailor's love

I'd like to build a house in the middle of the sea
Plastered with peacock feathers,
Tralla la le la...

With stairs of gold and silver
And balconies of precious stones,
Tralla la le la...

When my Nennella shows herself
Everyone says "look, the sun is rising",
Tralla la le la...

- Luk Laerenbergh

Must the winter come so soon?
Night after night I hear the hungry deer
Wander weeping in the woods,
And from his house of brittle bark hoots the frozen owl.
Must the winter come so soon?
Here in this forest neither dawn nor sunset
Marks the passing of the days.
It is a long winter here.
Must the winter come so soon?

- Gian Carlo Menotti

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing clouds that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden king-cup fields with silver edge,
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song of love.

- Dante Gabriel Rossetti
**Loveliest of trees, the cherry now**
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

- Alfred Edward Housman

**Danny Boy**

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

- Frederick E. Weatherly